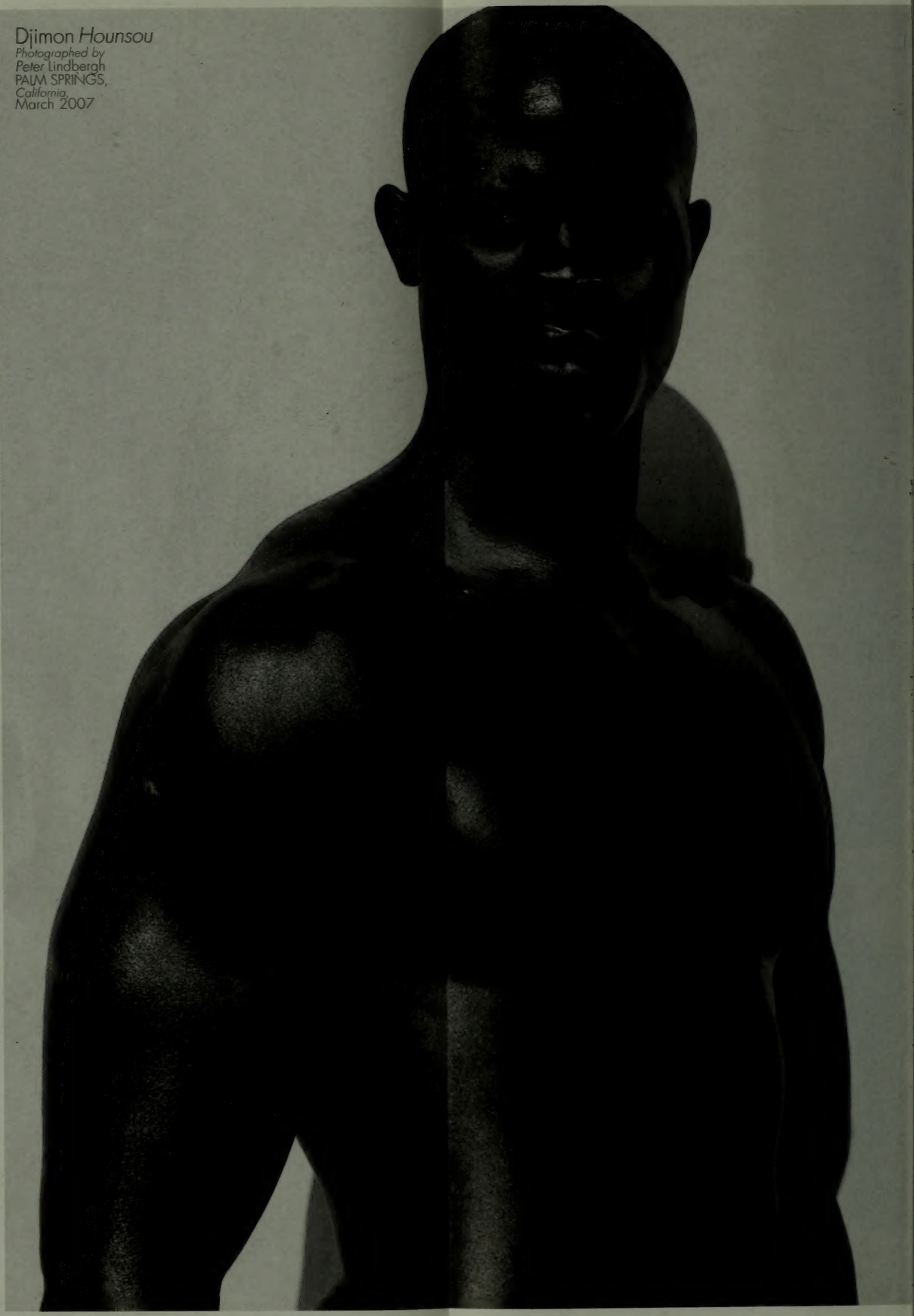
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SHION ICON P.384
ROR ALERT:
GIULIANI P.276
E COMO:
RUSSIANS ARE COMING! P.366
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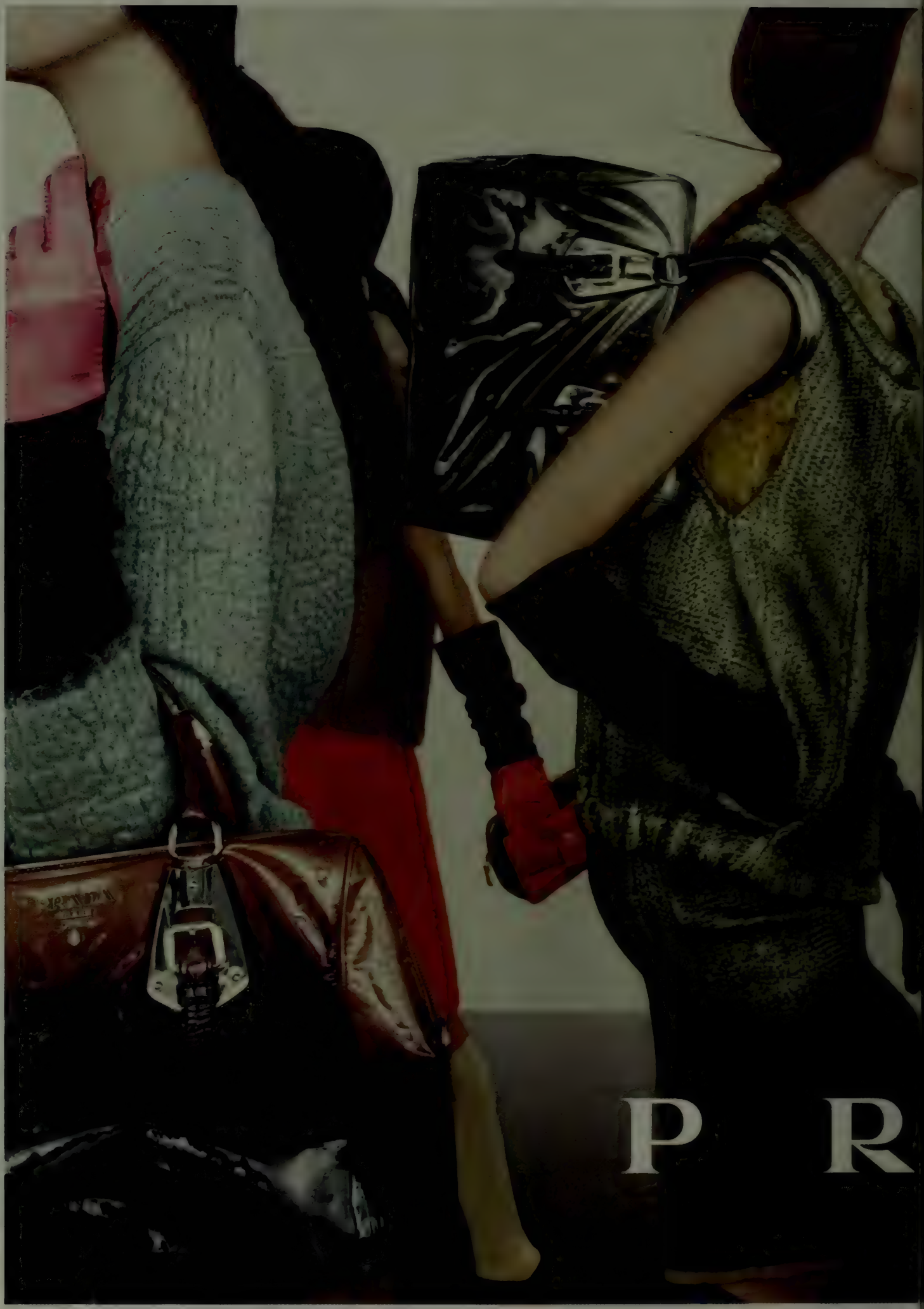
Sometimes, home is just a feeling. Take three, last day of shooting. Paris.

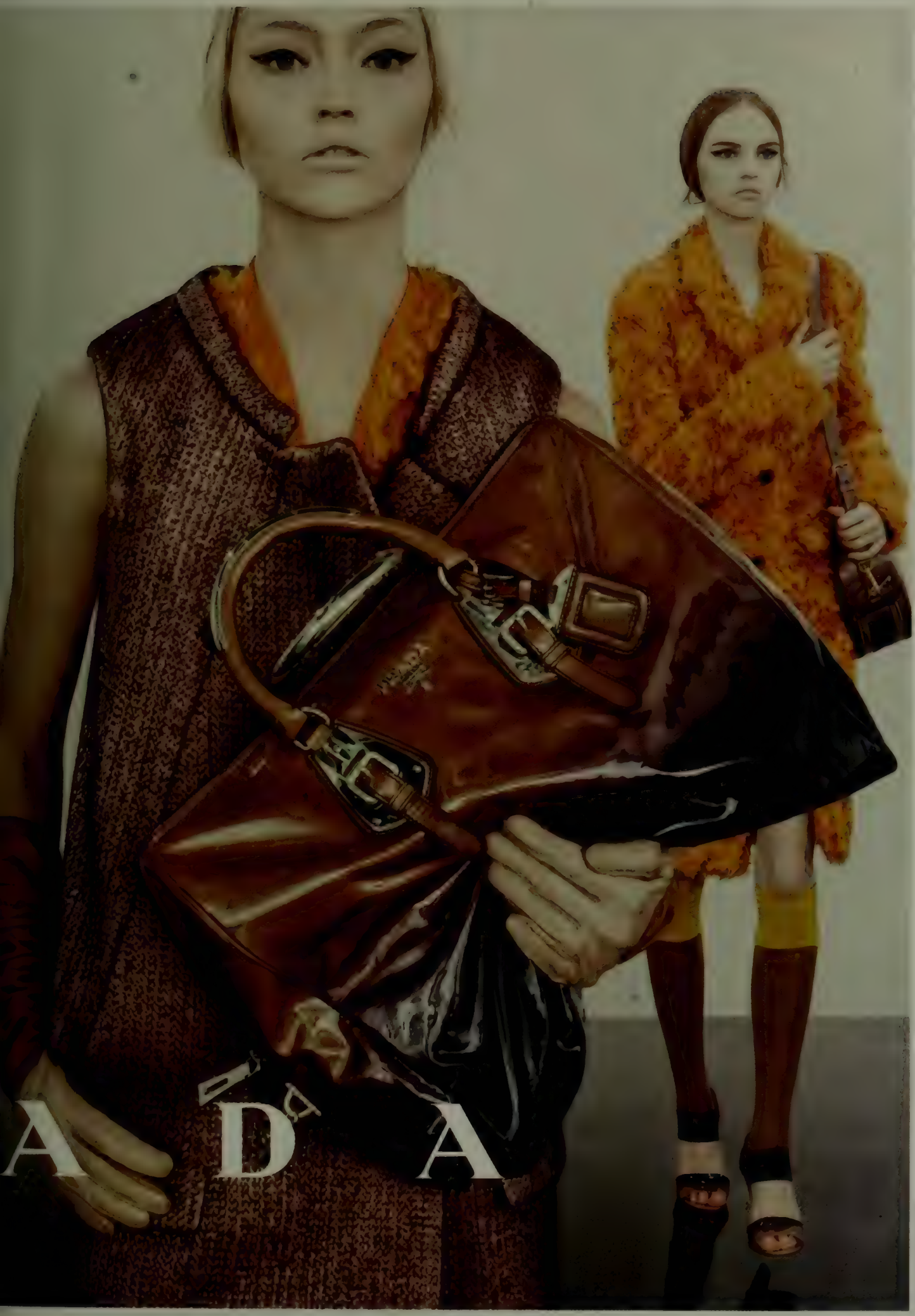
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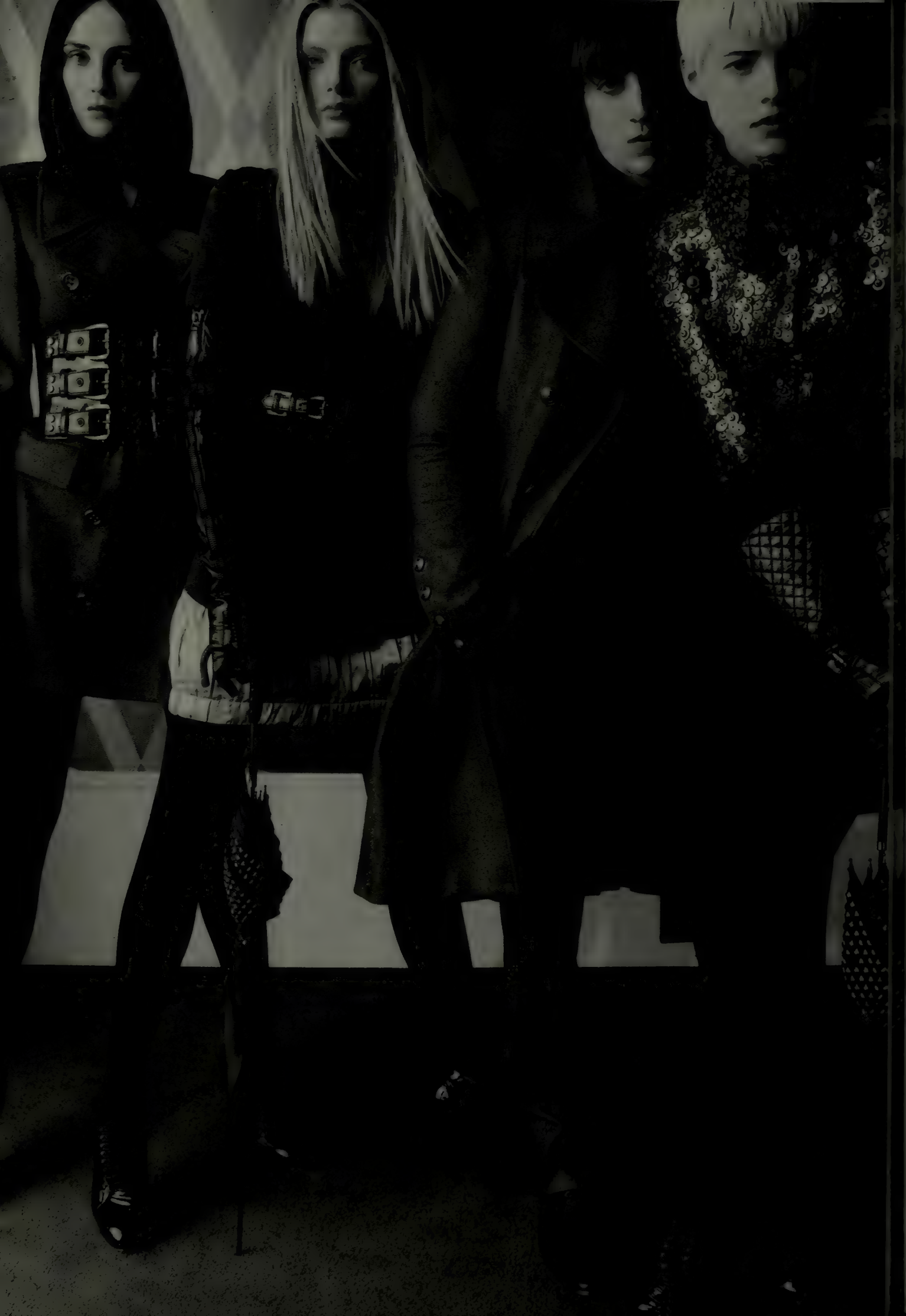

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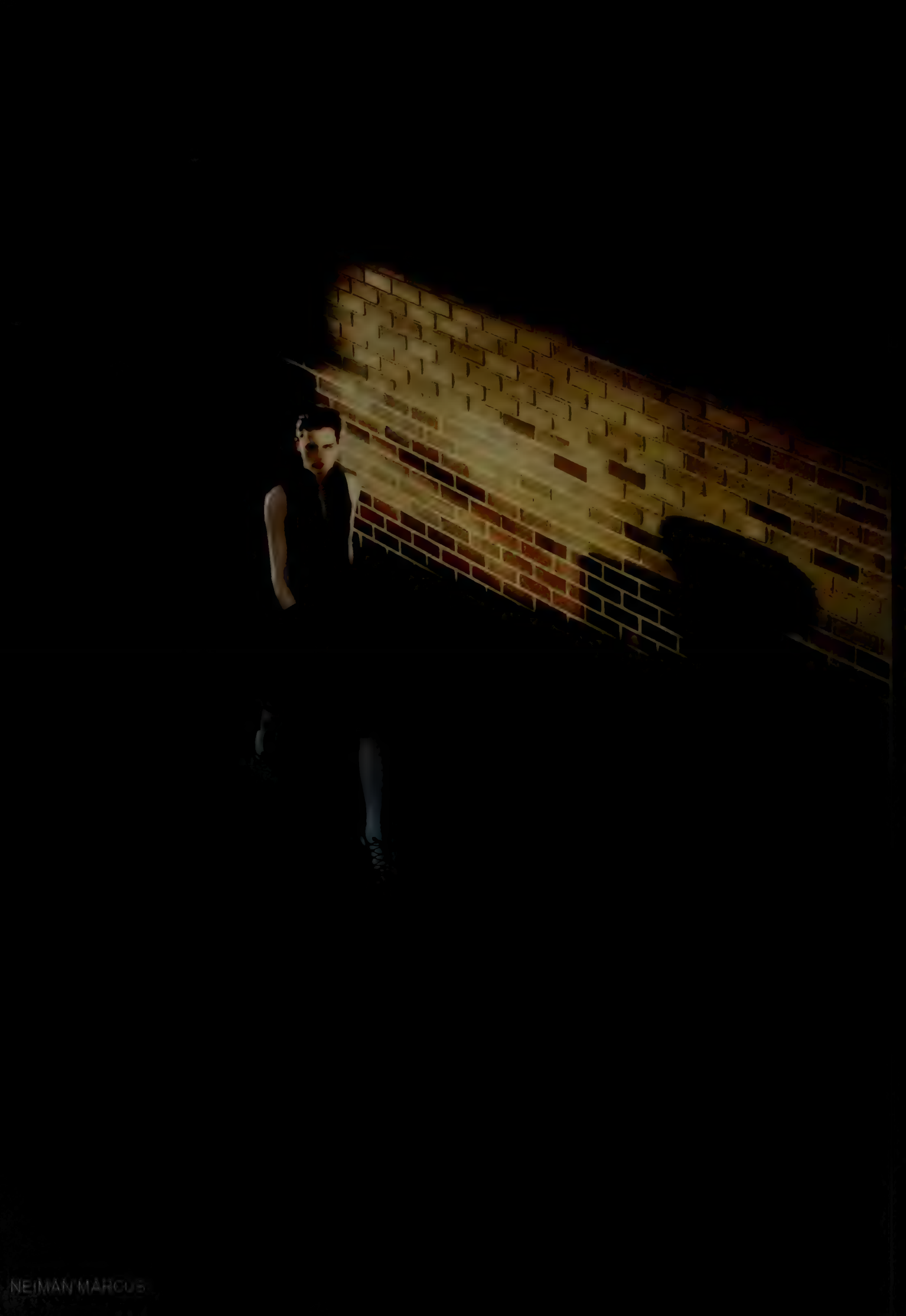
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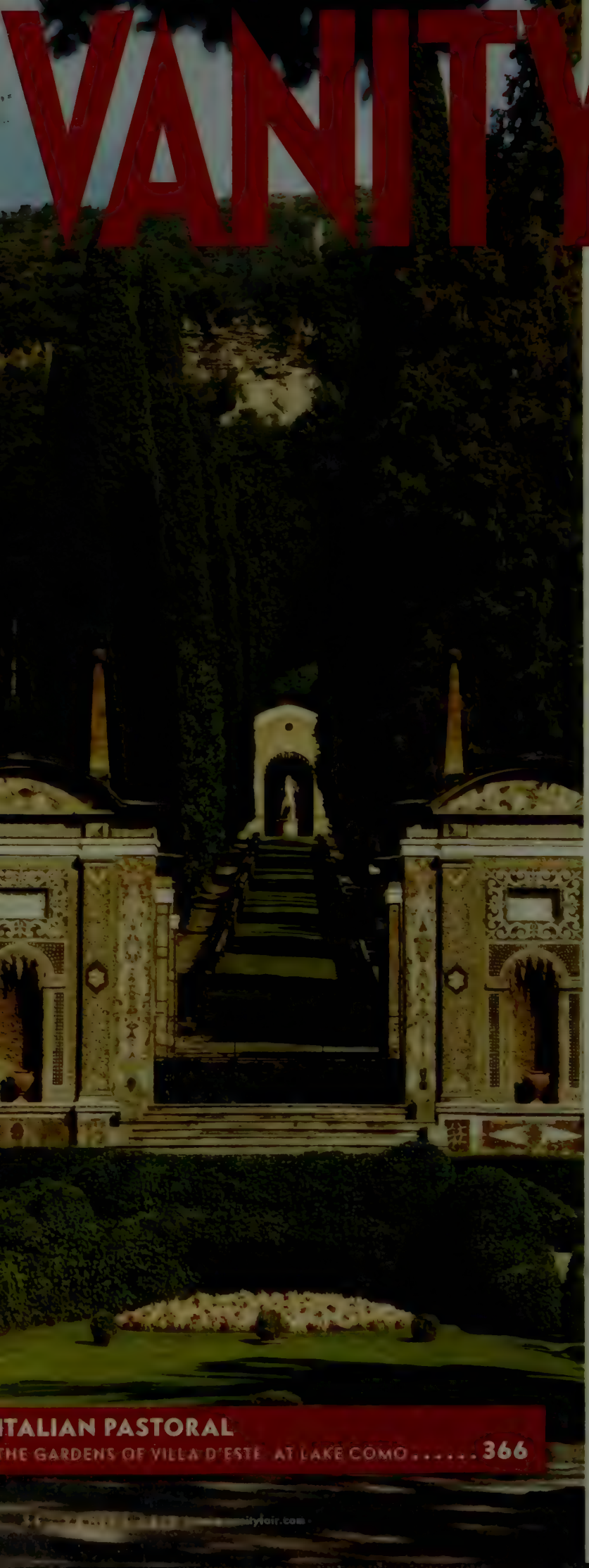
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- A BEST-DRESSED HALL OF FAME SLIDE SHOW
- MORE PHOTOS OF GISELE BÜNDCHEN

FEATURES

336 BLAME IT ON BRAZIL Brazil's frenetic energy infuses everything from its pulsating economy to its samba beat, to its sense of style. For a 24-page portfolio of the sizzling Rio fashion scene, photographer Mario Testino and fashion and style director Michael Roberts pull together an in-crowd *carnaval,* while A. A. Gill delivers the bottom line on a nation's lust for life.

360 AMERICAN DREAMER As Walt Disney re-invented Main Street, so Ralph Lauren idealized Wasp America, stripped away its exclusivity, made it better, and sold it to the world. With the $4.3 billion business entering its fifth decade, Paul Goldberger explains the power of Lauren's vision. Photograph by Jonas Karlsson.

364 TWO FOR THE MODE Patrick Demarchelier and Michael Roberts spotlight the models of the moment—Jamie Burke and Agyness Deyn—who are giving an indie look to luxury labels.

366 CRAZY FOR LAKE COMO The placid shores of Lake Como, long home to Italy's aristocrats, have been a haven for the likes of Wordsworth and Winston Churchill, J.F.K. and Marlene Dietrich. (Oh, yeah, George Clooney too.) But as Janine di Giovanni discovers, an invasion of the super-rich—from American venture capitalists to Russian billionaires—is sending ripples through Como's exclusive villas.

374 THE SPIRIT OF '76 Ingrid Sischy spotlights Bob Colacello's new book of photos, *Out,* snapped for Andy Warhol's *Interview* from 1976 to 1982, when the fun was still free.

376 FROM HERMÈS TO ETERNITY In 1837, Hermès opened its doors as a Paris saddlery. Today, with its impossible-to-obtain Birkin bags and Jean Paul Gaultier–designed prêt-à-porter, the family firm has become one of the planet's most coveted brands. Laura Jacobs hits Hermès's headquarters as the reins are passed to a sixth generation. Photographs by Todd Eberle.

384 FINAL BLOW The May suicide of English fashion maven Isabella Blow—famous for her outrageous headwear as well as her pioneering eye—shook London society. But to those who knew her, it was no surprise. Beneath the trappings of aristocratic eccentricity, Edward Helmore learns, Blow struggled with tragedy, depression, and a talent she couldn't sell.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

ITALIAN PASTORAL
THE GARDENS OF VILLA D'ESTE AT LAKE COMO 366


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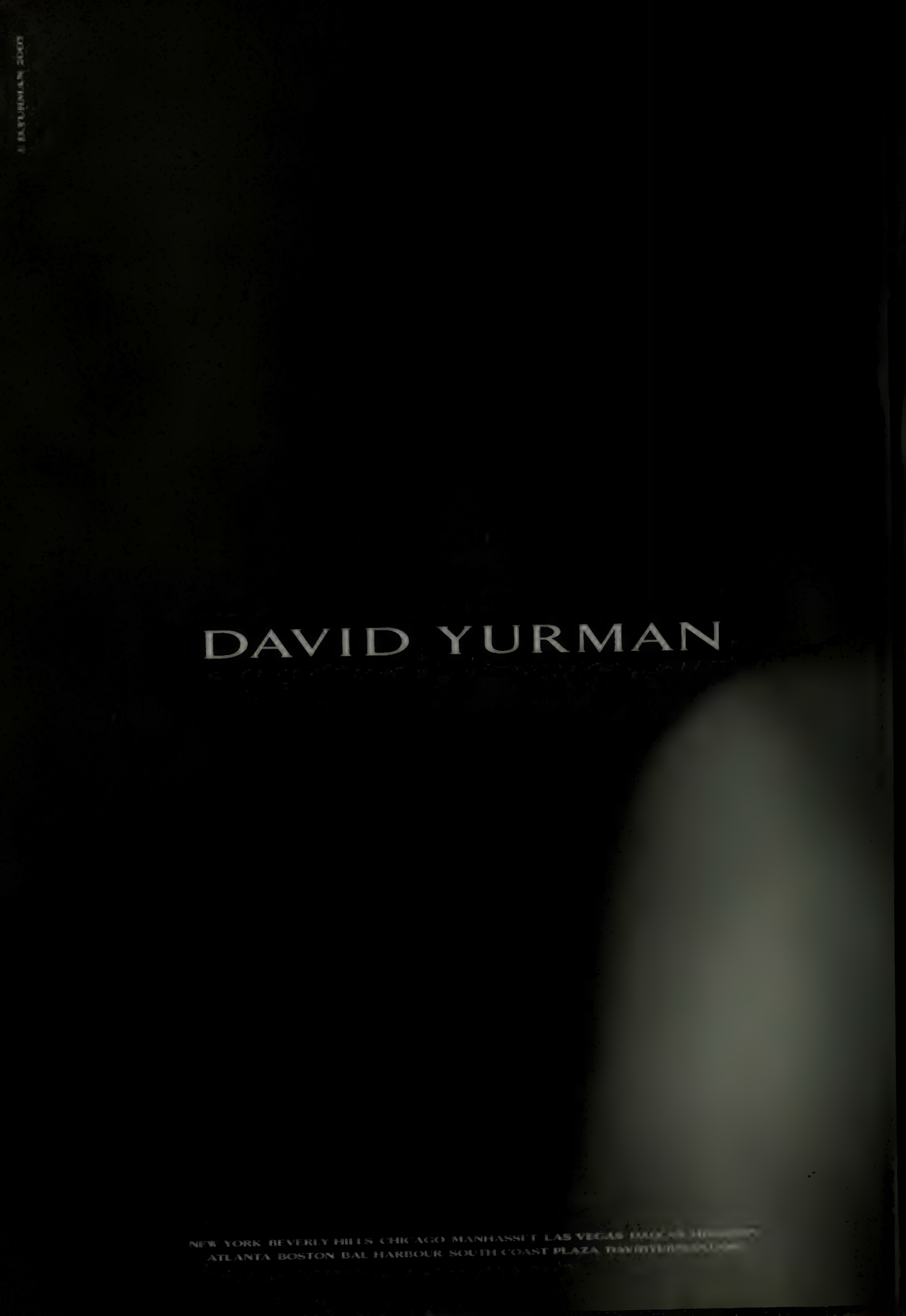
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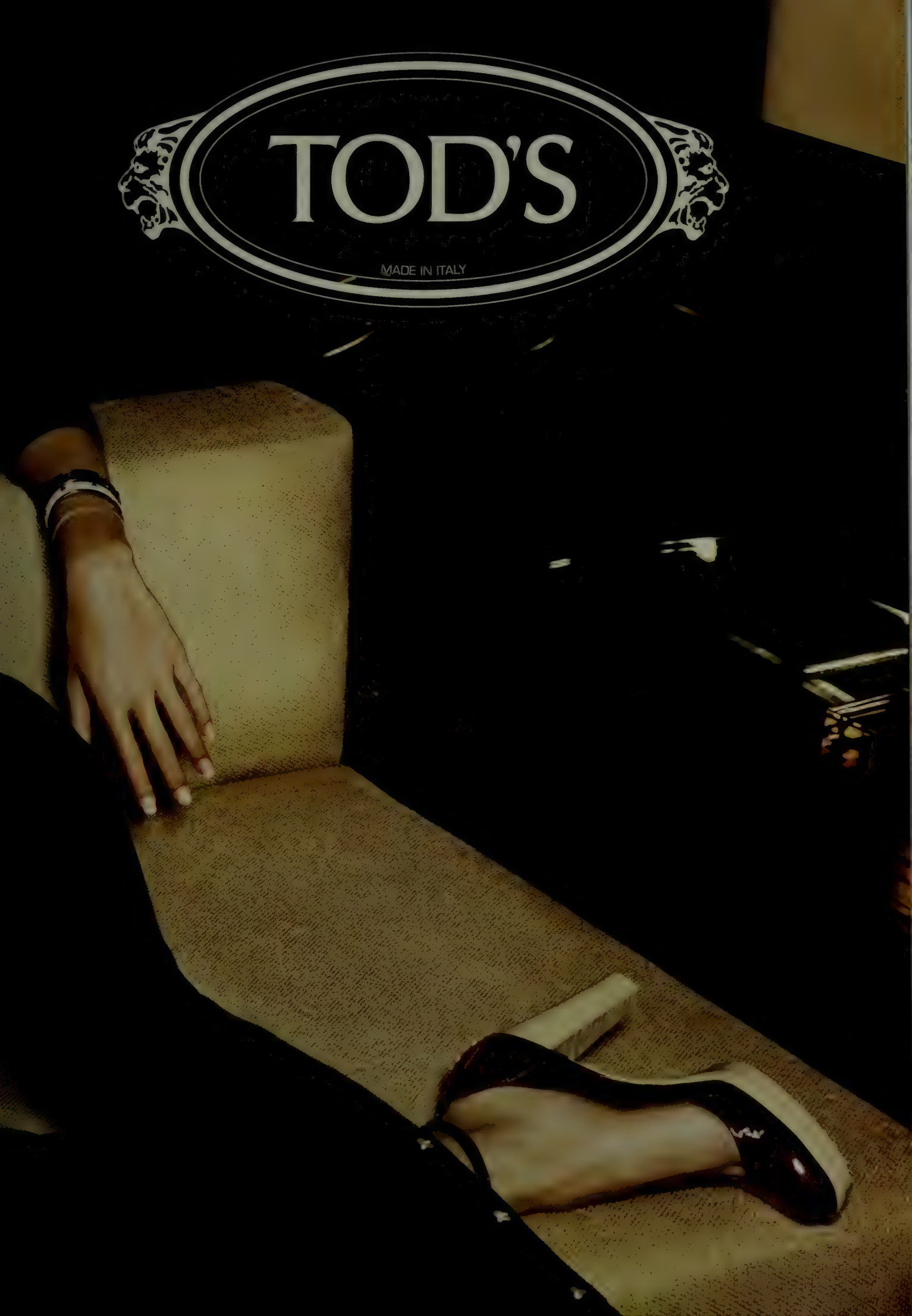


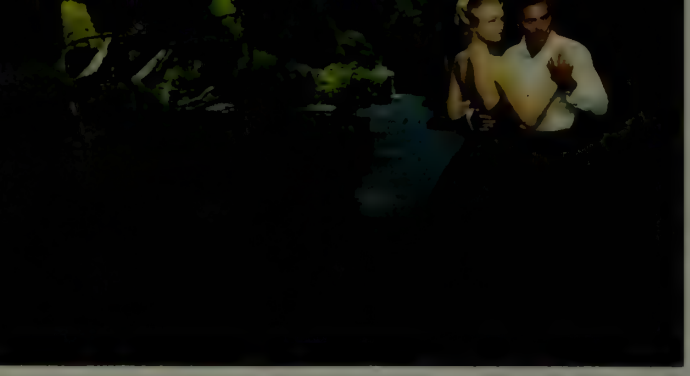





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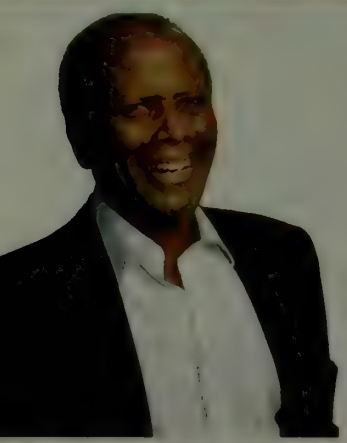






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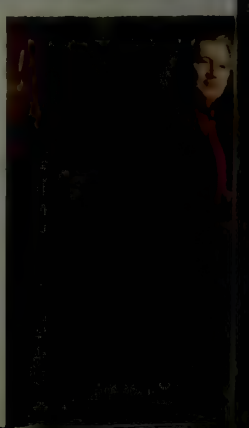


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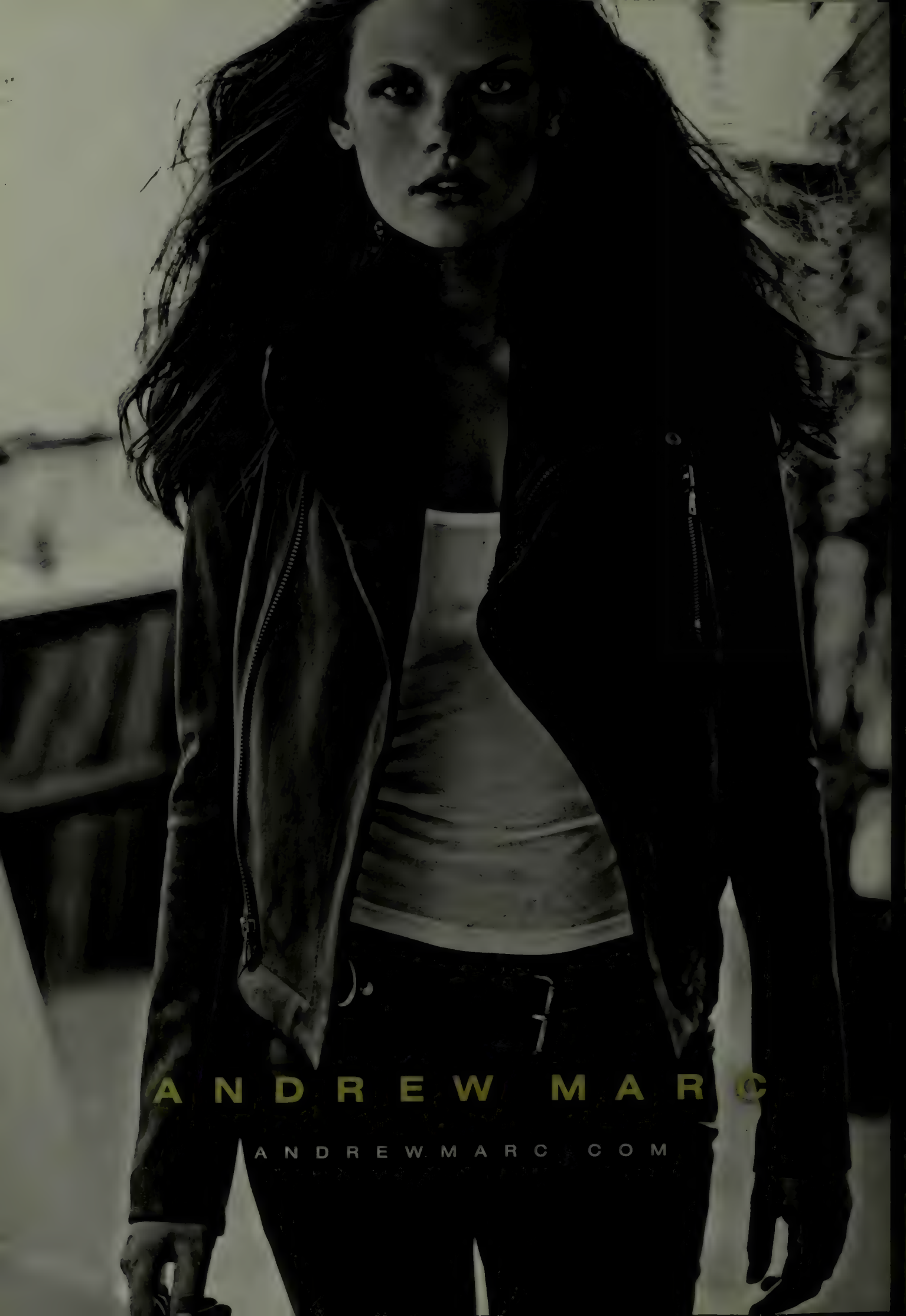



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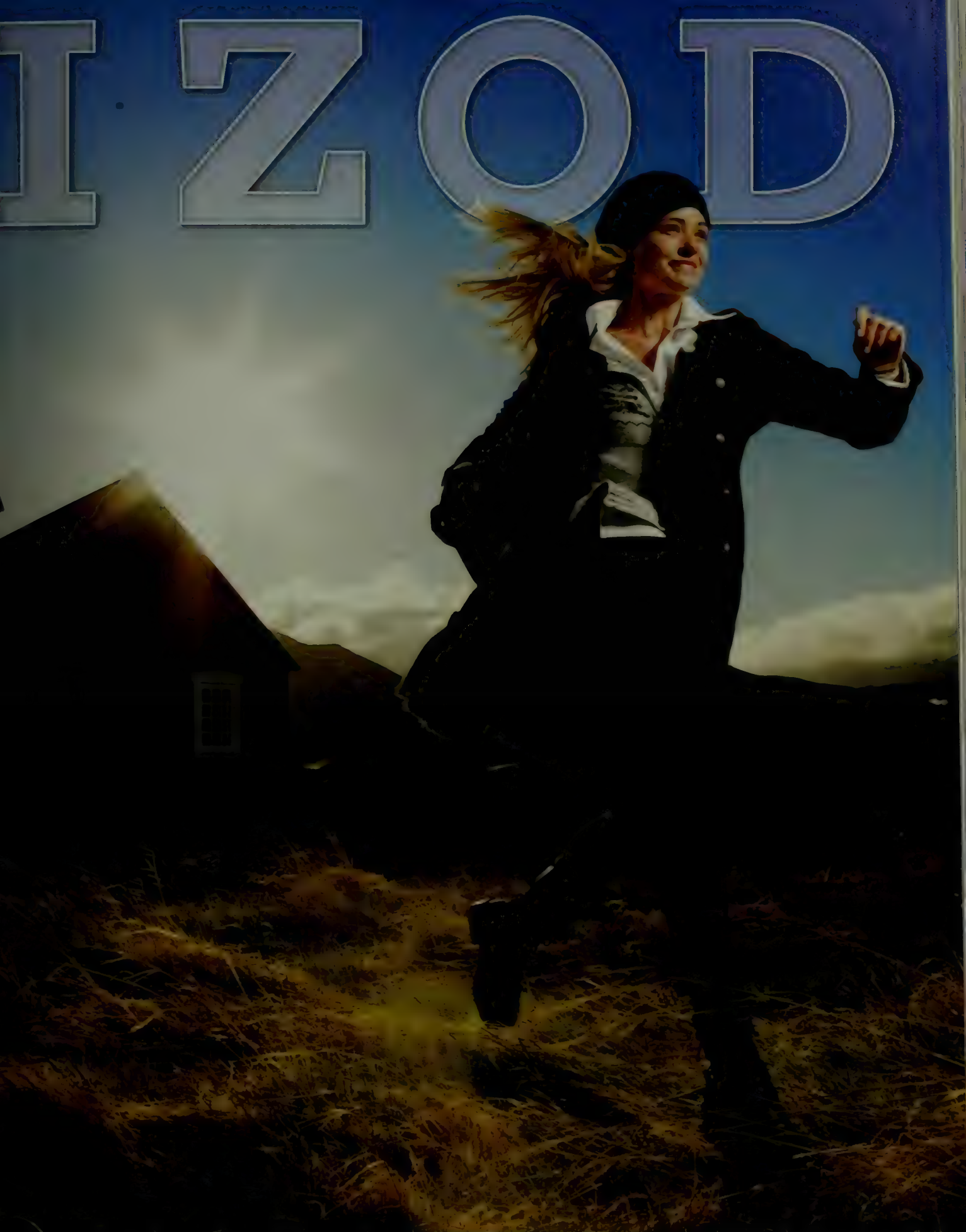

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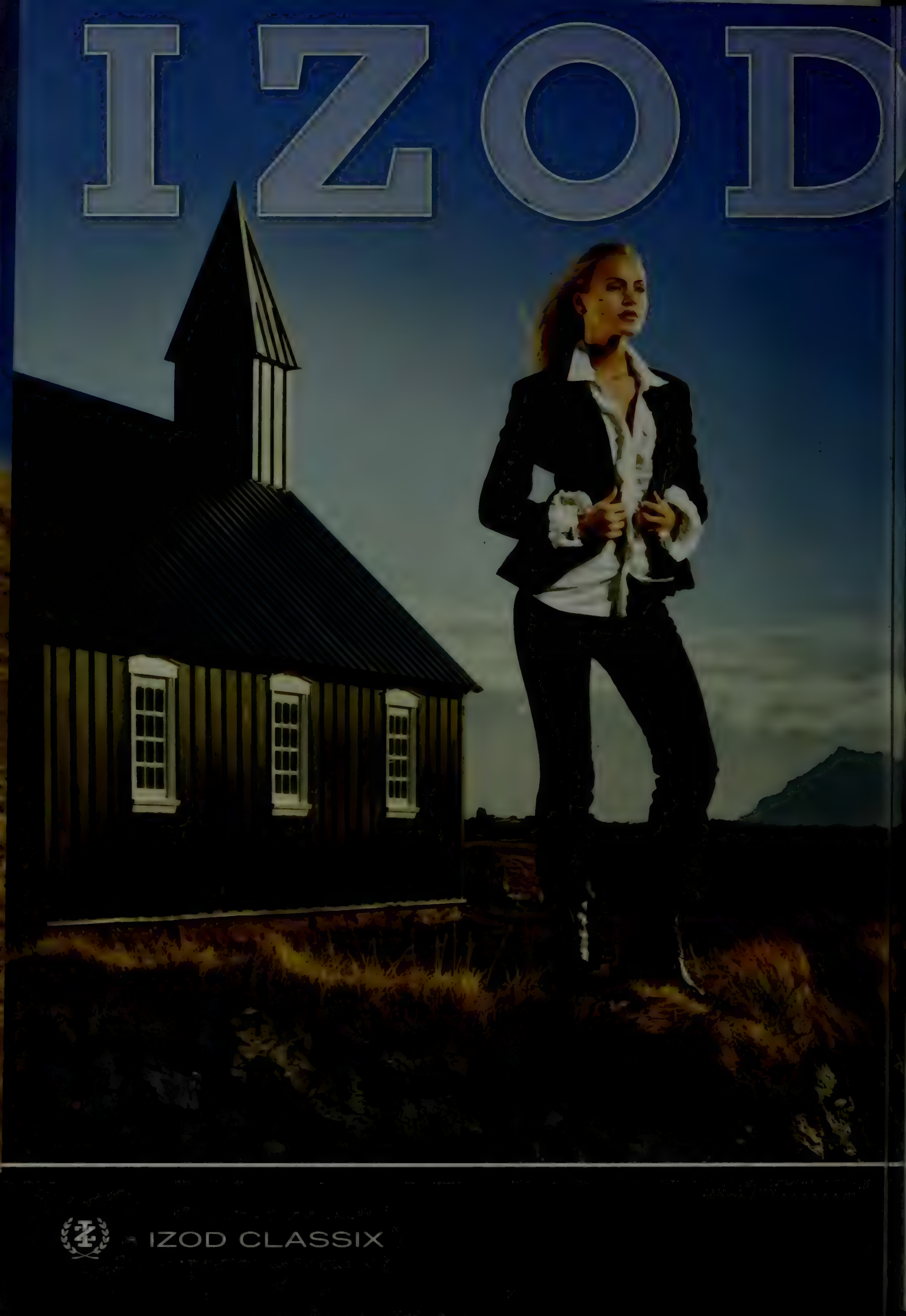


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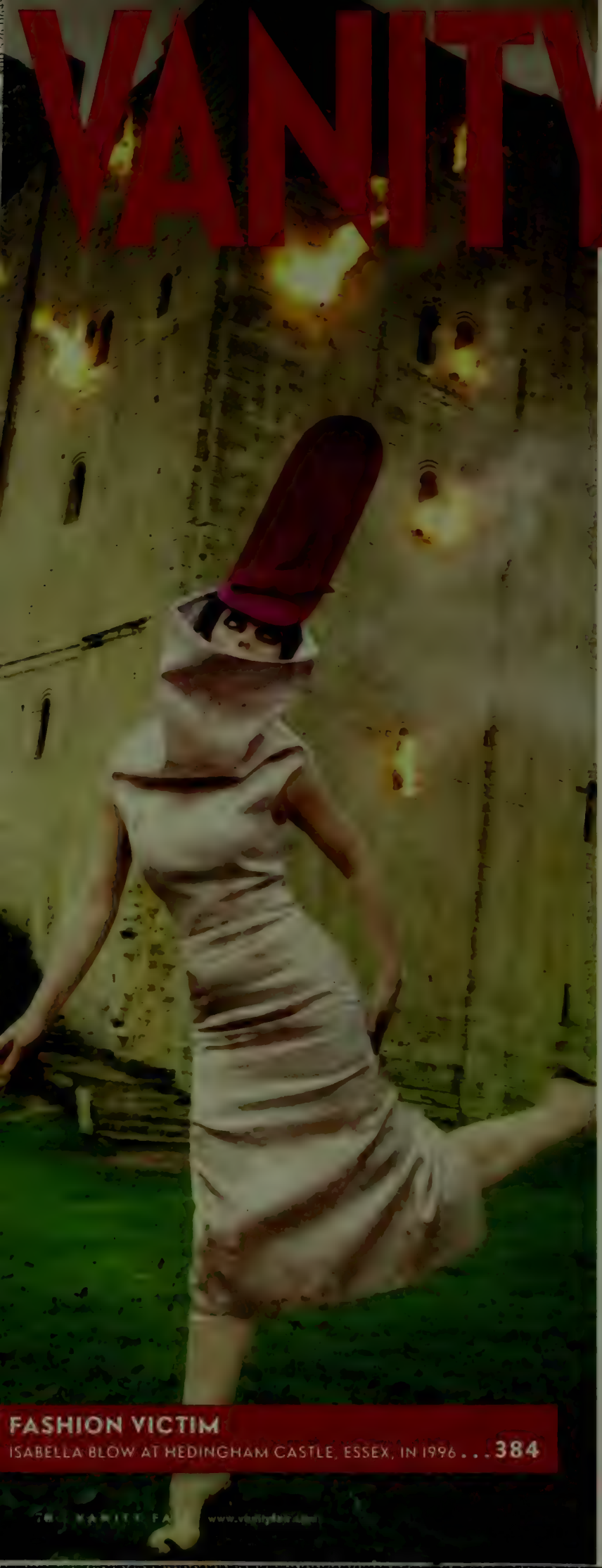
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VANITY FAIR

September 2007 No. 5

FASHION VICTIM
ISABELLA BLOW AT HEDINGHAM CASTLE, ESSEX, IN 1996 . . . 384

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FANFAIR

197 30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Tully Jensen strikes a pose for Michael Roberts in Sicily. The Cultural Divide. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Matt Tyrnauer reserves a room at La Bandita; Edward Helmore does the math on antique calculators. My Stuff: Rashida Jones; 826 finds another home in Boston; Punch Hutton worships at 583 Park Avenue. Leslie Bennetts takes a deep breath of a classic Chanel fragrance with a twist. Matt Tyrnauer's favorite design innovations. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. My Desk: Rick Rubin. Krista Smith visits artist Annie Morris. Bruce Handy reviews *In the Shadow of the Moon* and *Toots;* A. M. Homes studies *Fierce People.* The season's eye-catching gems. Jessica Flint says *Mais oui* to Sarah Jessica Parker's Covet; fall's most fashionable fragranc

COLUMNS

232 GOD BLESS ME, IT'S A BEST-SELLER! On his *God Is Not Great* book tour, Christopher Hitchens challeng the faithful from Raleigh, North Carolina, to Austin, Texas What a revelation.

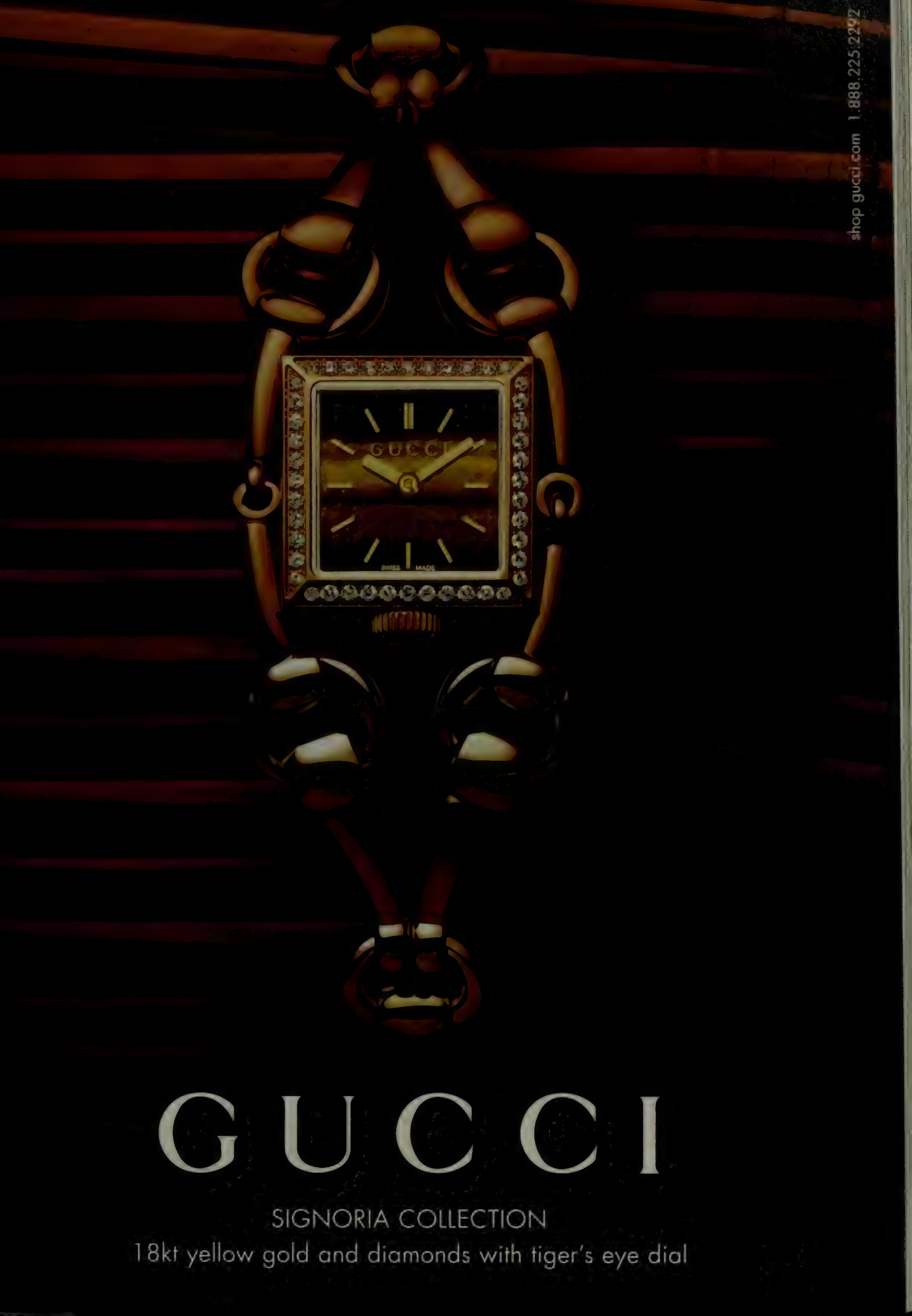
236 MURDOCH'S PRIVATE GAME With Rupert Murdoch grab for *The Wall Street Journal,* a media-establishment nightmare came true. But, argues Michael Wolff, the perf hobby for a print-loving mogul's golden years could also teach the Murdoch-haters a thing or two. Photo illustrati by Michael Elins.

244 CHEATING ON PHIL (WITH PARIS) Dominick Dur is temporarily sidetracked from the Phil Spector murder trial by the latest Hilton hoopla, squeezing cocktails wit Paris's parents into a jam-packed schedule of courtroom theatrics. Photograph by Just Loomis.

252 ARTHUR MILLER'S MISSING ACT Author of such masterpieces as *The Crucible* and *Death of a Salesm* Arthur Miller stood as a moral beacon for his time. But he had a dark secret, one he tried to keep until his death, in 20 Suzanna Andrews reveals how the playwright cut his son, born with Down syndrome, from his own private drama

266 "I'M WITH *HER!*" The reflected celebrity of Nicole, Paris, Lindsay, et al. is a guaranteed career booster for th boys who orbit them. Club-hopping with the likes of D.J. Steve Aoki, Pete Wentz, and Joel Madden, Nancy Jo Sal maps out L.A.'s most marketable romances. Photographs by Brett Ratner.

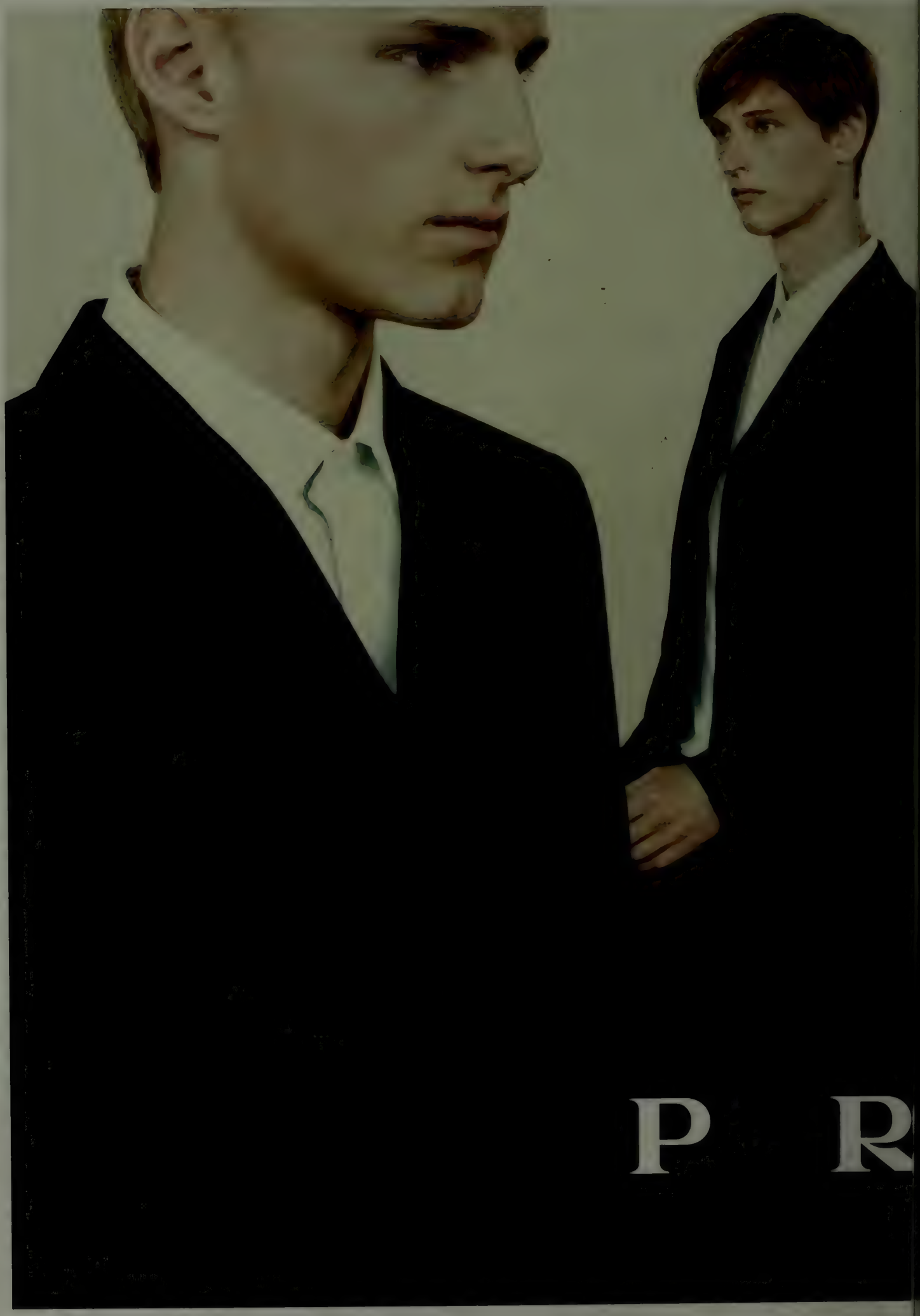
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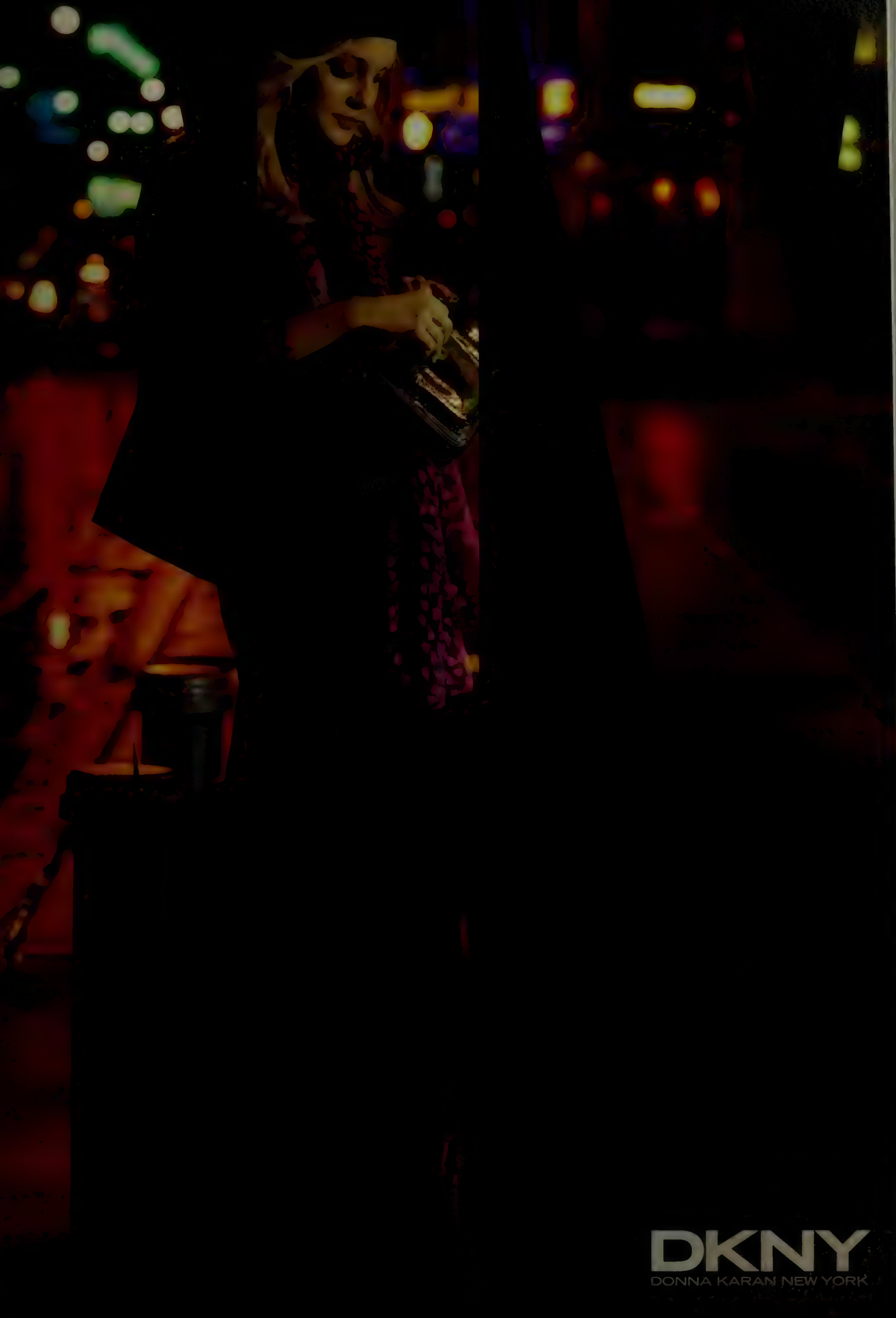
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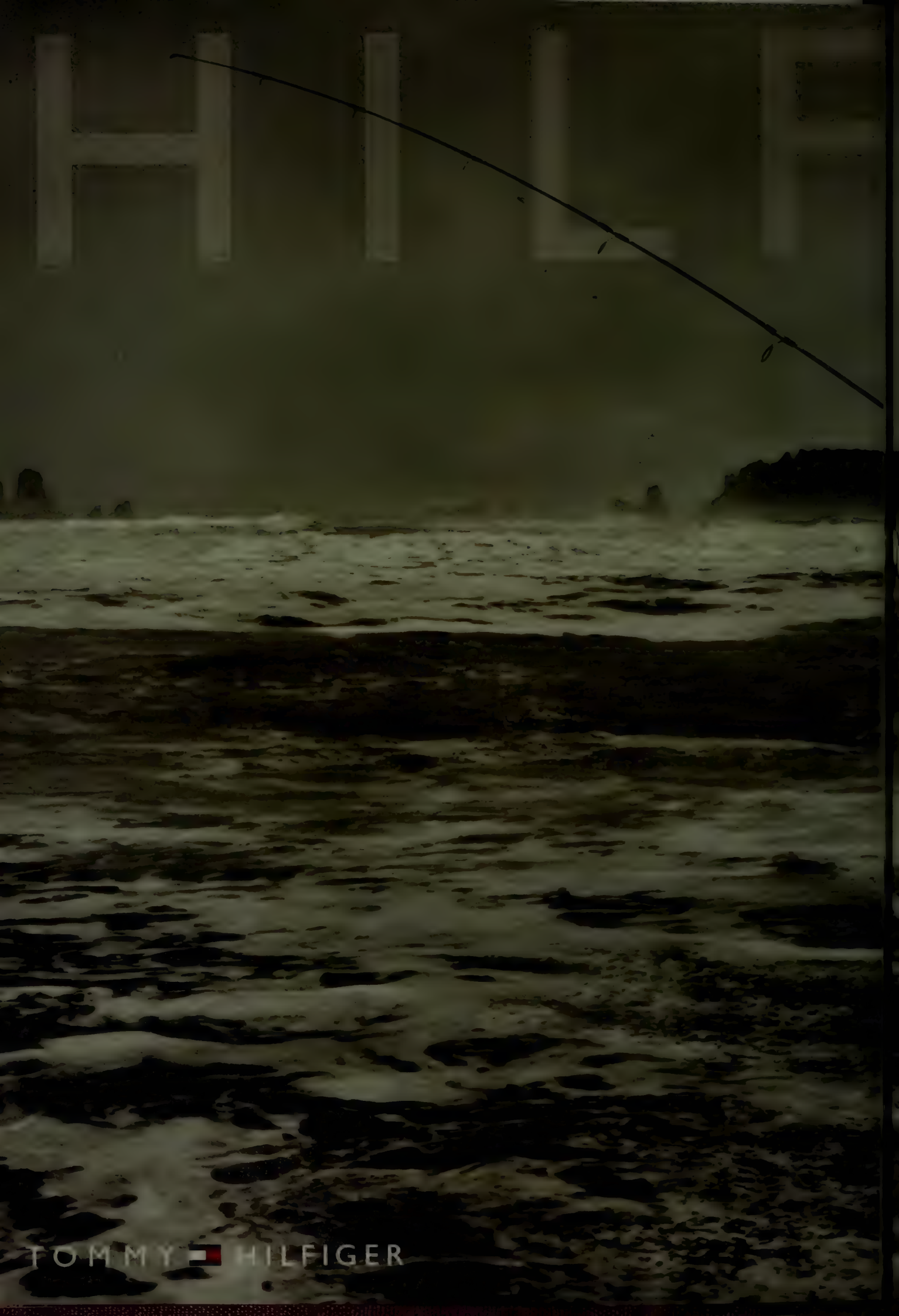

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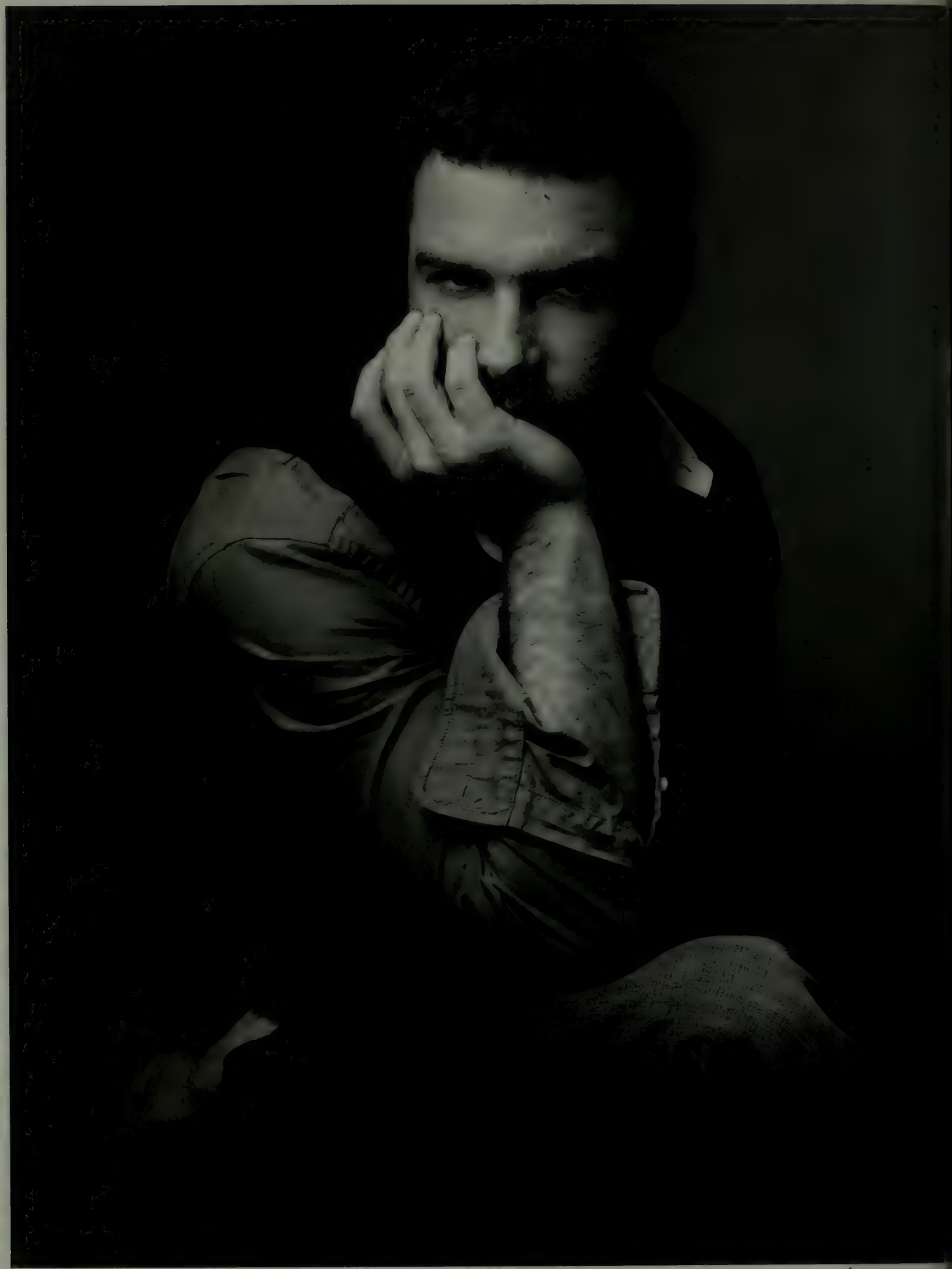
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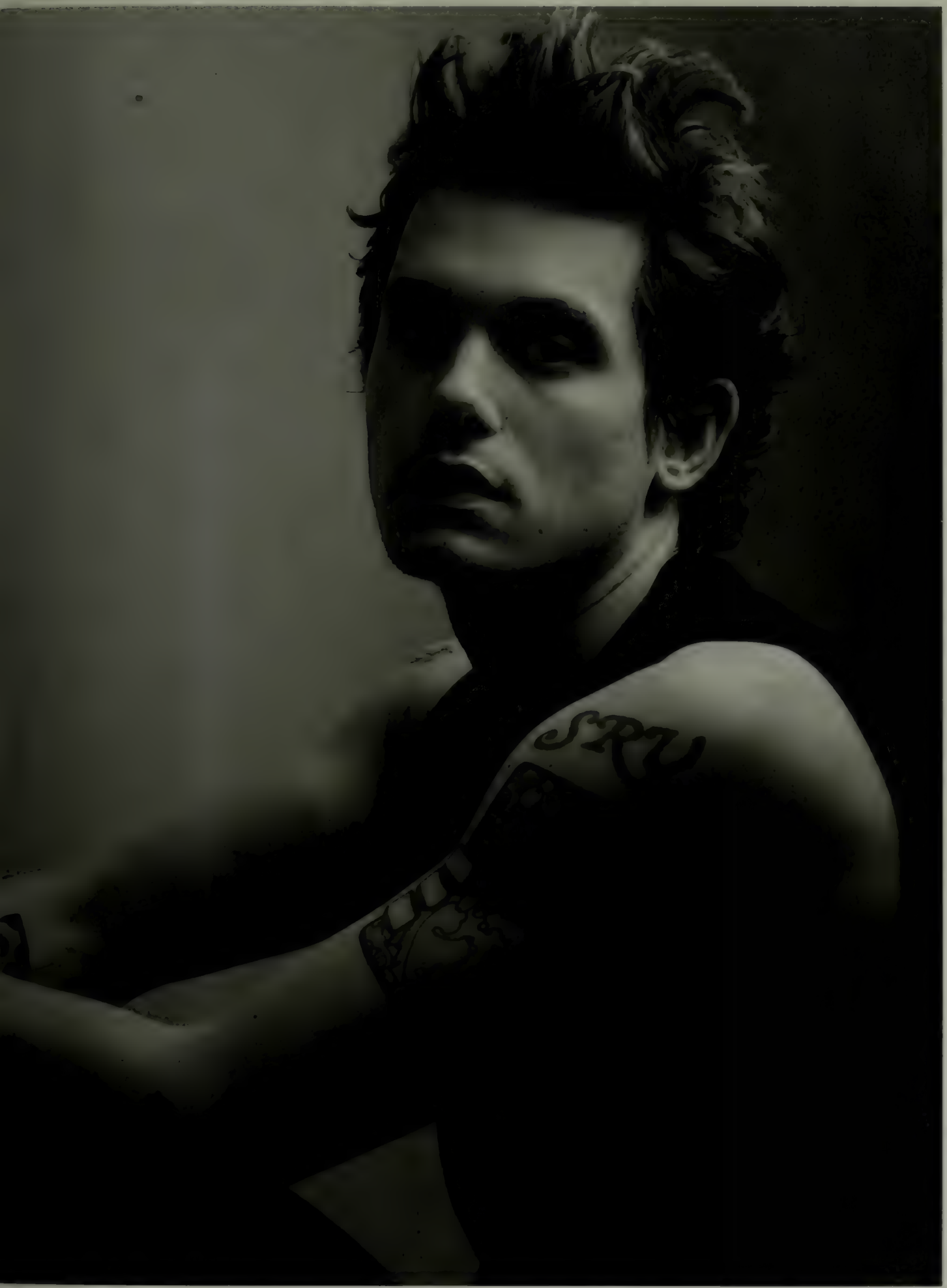


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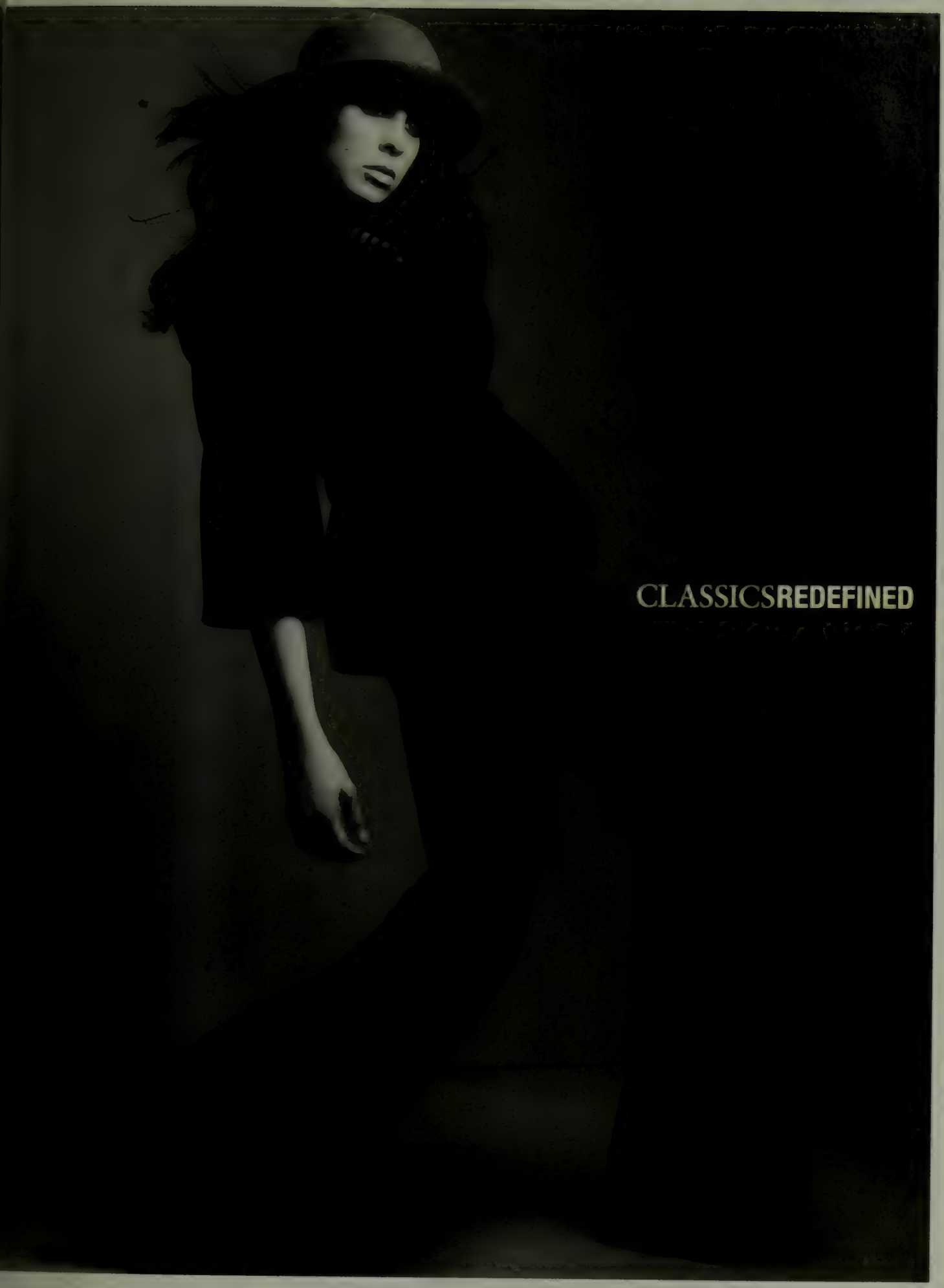


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VANITY FAIR

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276 GIULIANI'S PRINCESS BRIDE Controversial First Ladies are nothing new, but Judi Giuliani seems prepared to raise the bar, alarming her husband's campaign staff and delighting the gossip pages with her diva demands. Judy Bachrach goes in search of the woman who would be queen.

288 THE BOYS WITH THE BUZZ Michael Roberts and Evgenia Peretz spotlight four young actors whose chat-room reviews spell big Hollywood futures.

290 THE 68TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL BEST-DRESSED LIST Whether it's an Empire-waist gown, a 7XL zoot suit, or David and Victoria Beckham's latest his-and-hers ensembles, the 2007 edition of the annual fashion roll call decides who wore it best. Find out who's new, who's back, and who (besides Sofia Coppola and Anderson Cooper) made the Hall of Fame.

324 THE SHAPE OF THIGHS TO COME From Rubens to Mattel, Hercules to Hedi Slimane, the ideal body shape changes almost as often as the styles that cover it. So those Abercrombie abs and that Jessica Simpson rack may be on the way out, reports Amy Fine Collins.

VANITIES

329 ALEXA THE GREAT Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield on the candidates' spouses. How to hurry your adopted child through paparazzi; That Was Then & This Is Now; Howard Schatz photographs Joan Allen as an aging heiress; the secretary of defense, and a hotheaded ad executive. Bruce Feirstein uncovers the true lies of celebrity journalists.

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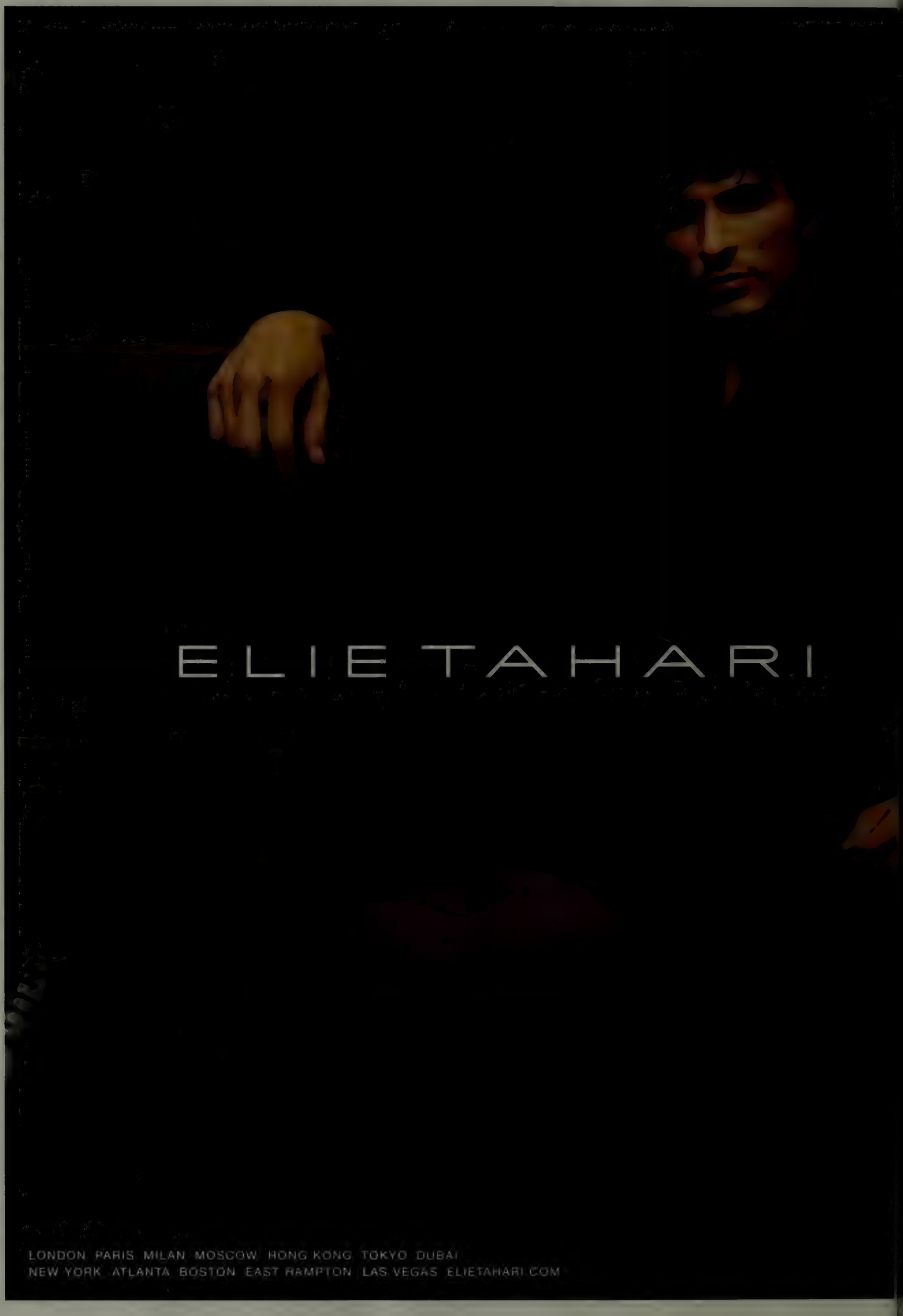

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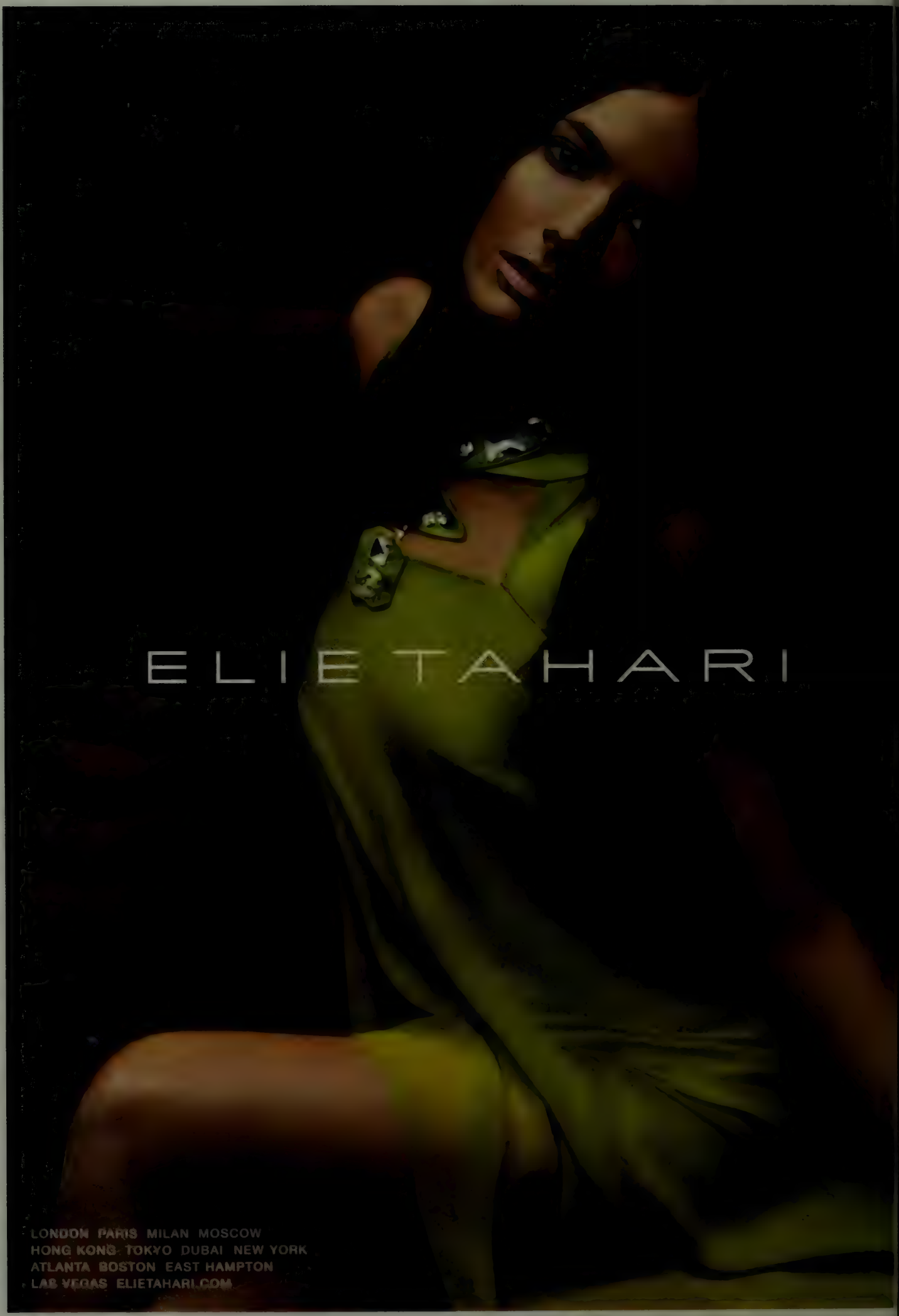

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Antonio Melani drawstring bag in black crinkle patent and ultrasuede. Houndstooth hat from Preston & York. www.dillards.com 1-800-345-5273

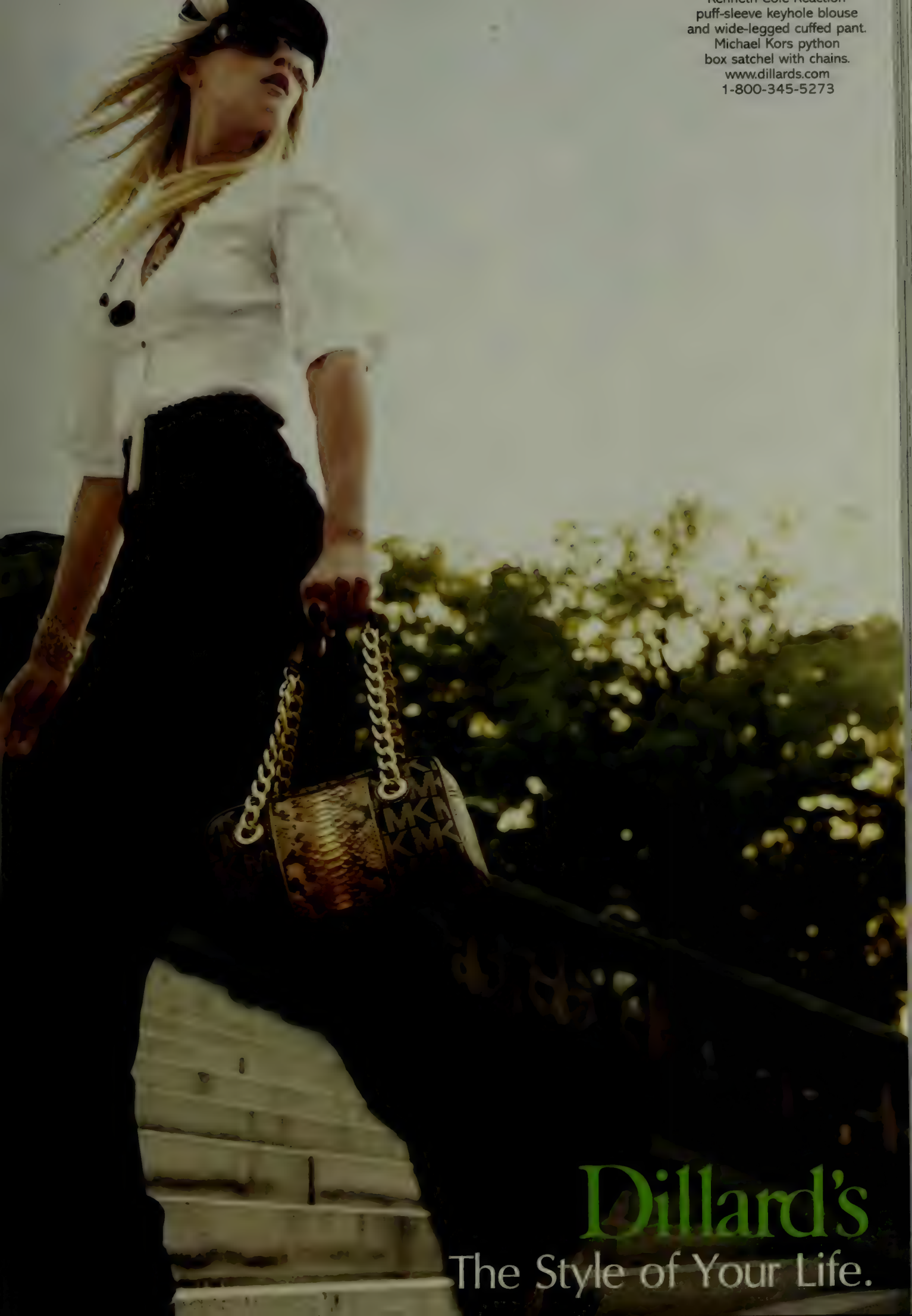

Sigrid Olsen clear tote.
Silk animal print scarf
from Preston & York.
"Luvvy" polka dot shoe
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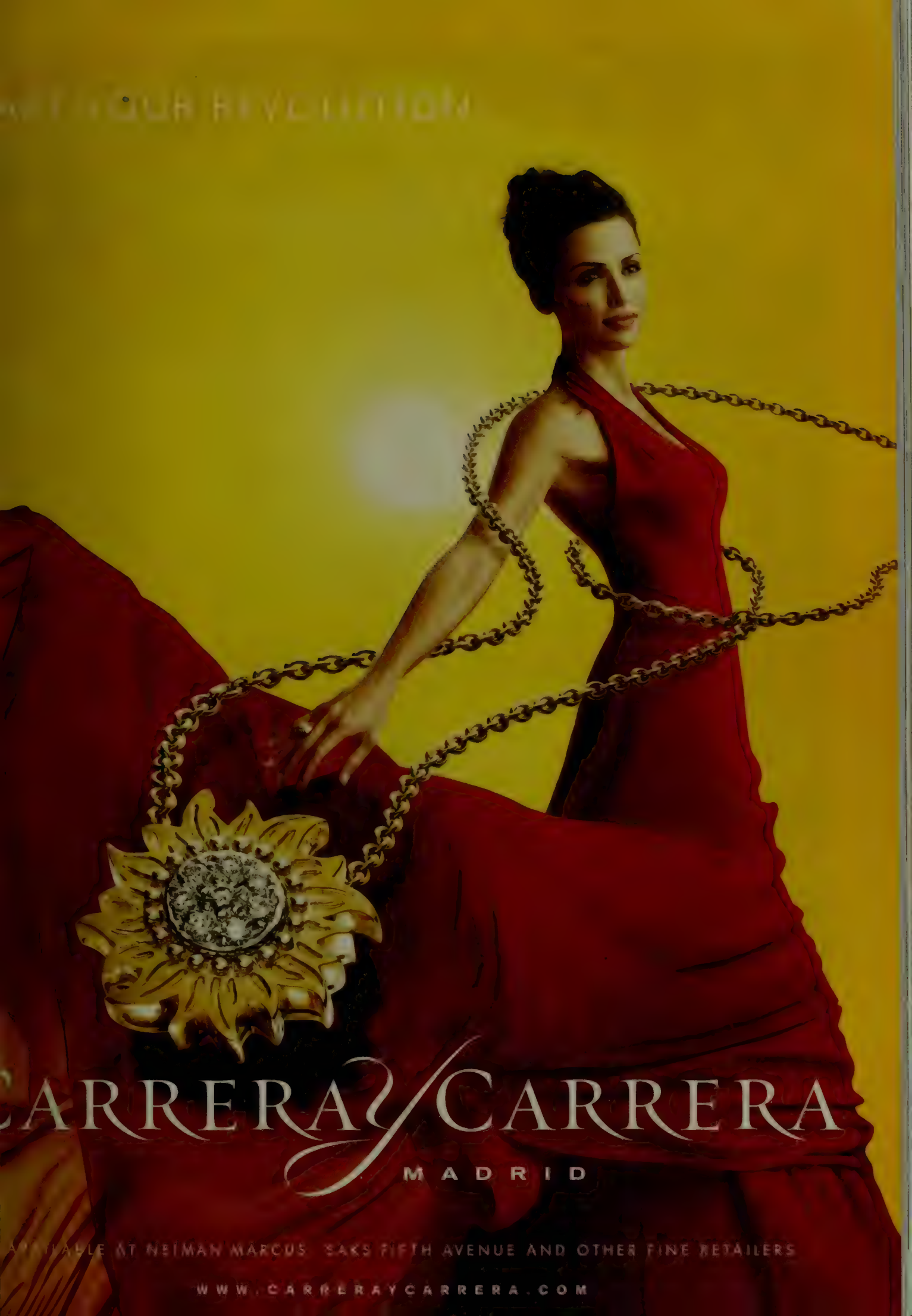
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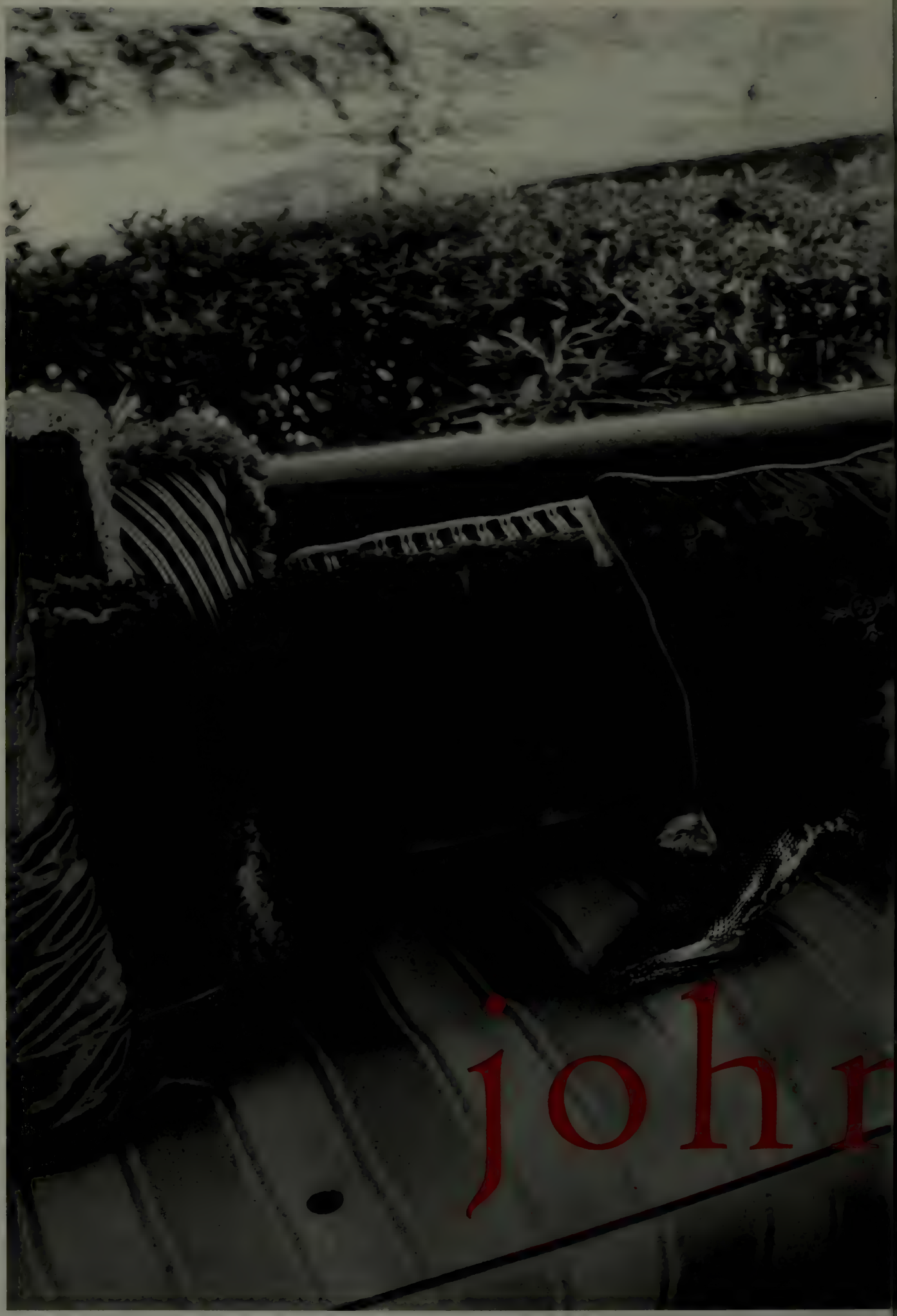

Kathy Van Zeeland silver ultrasuede satchel with foil motifs. "Tease" black scrunch belted boot by Gianni Bini. Chain and bead necklace from Erica Lyons.
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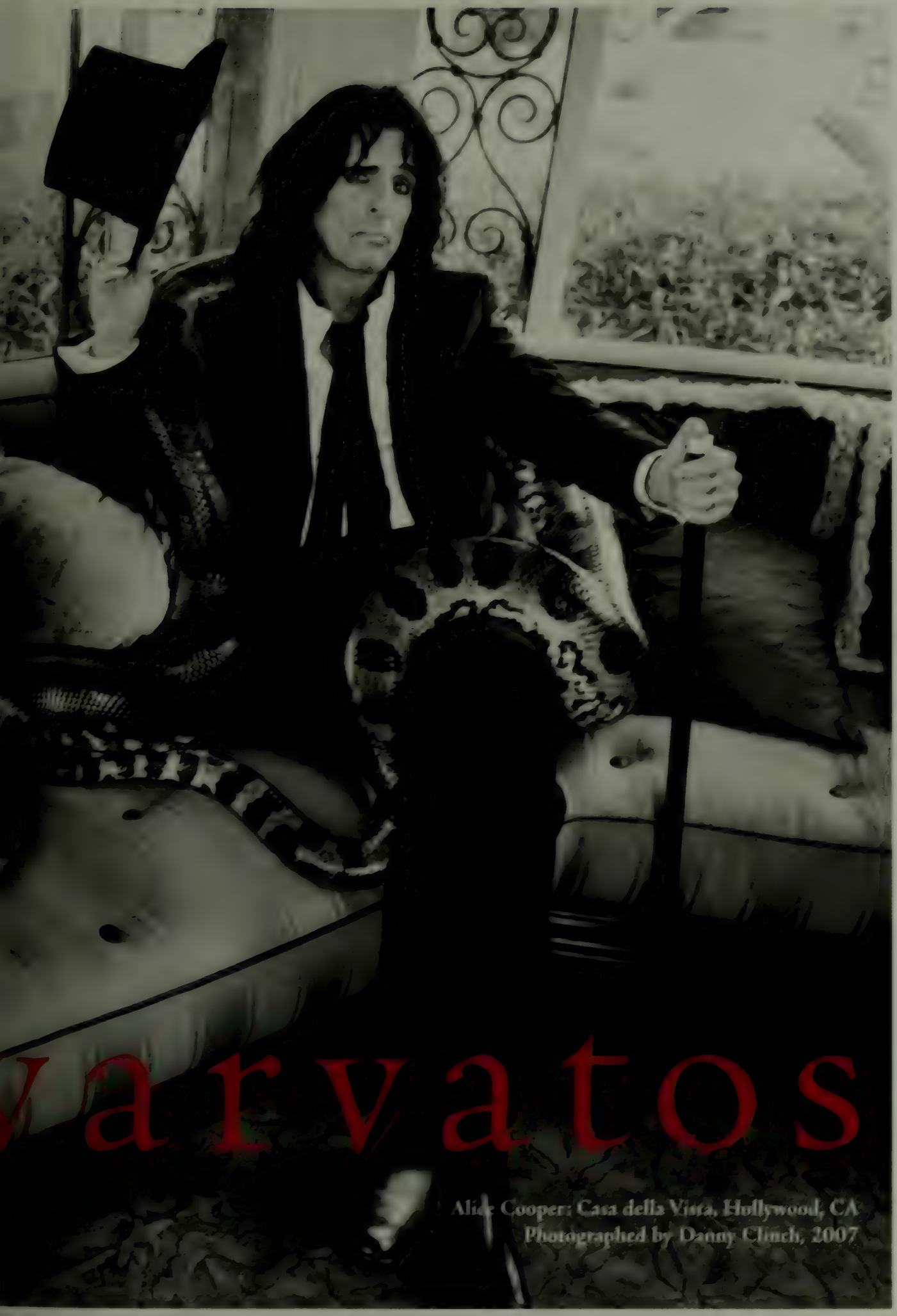

Kenneth Cole Reaction
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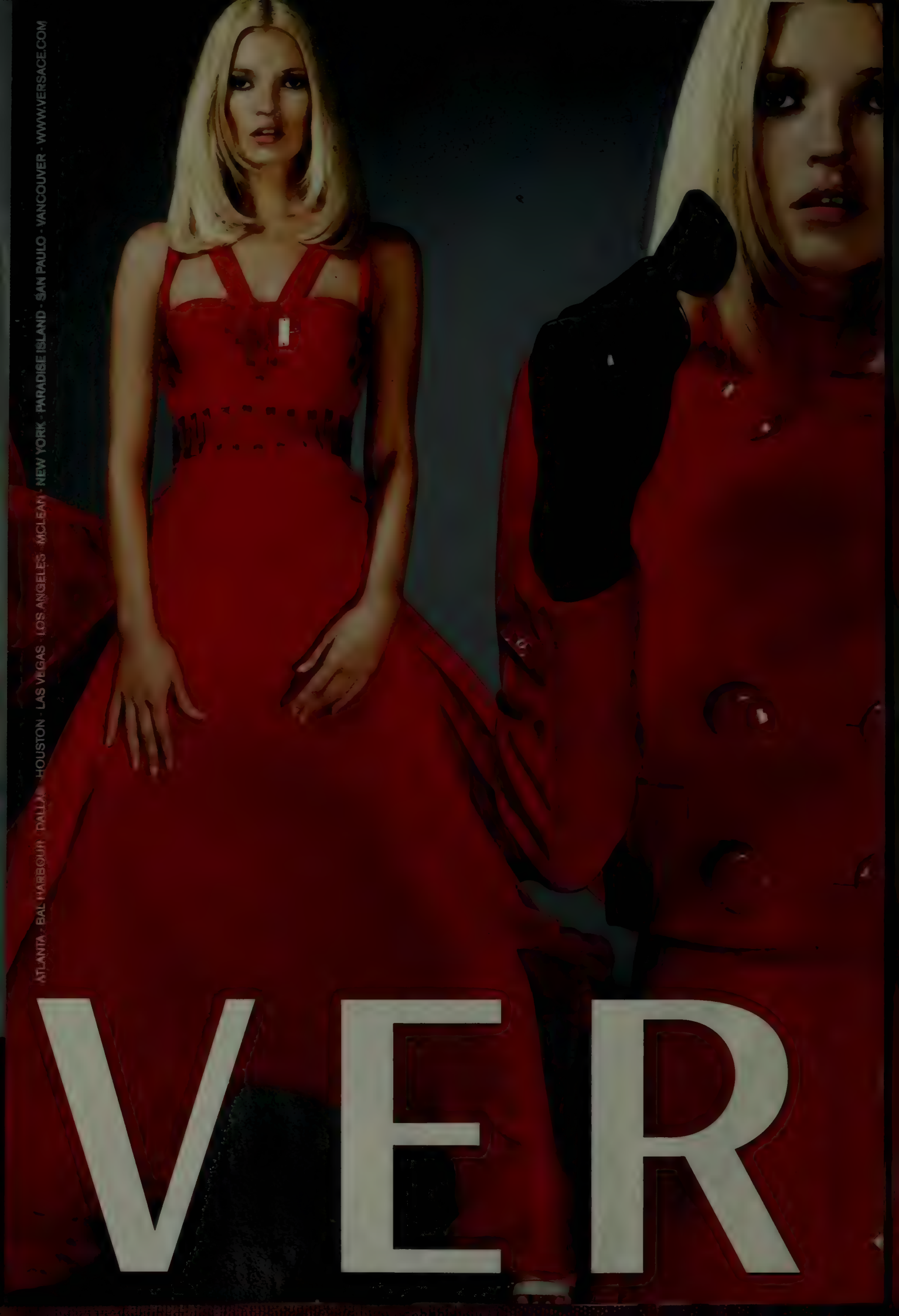

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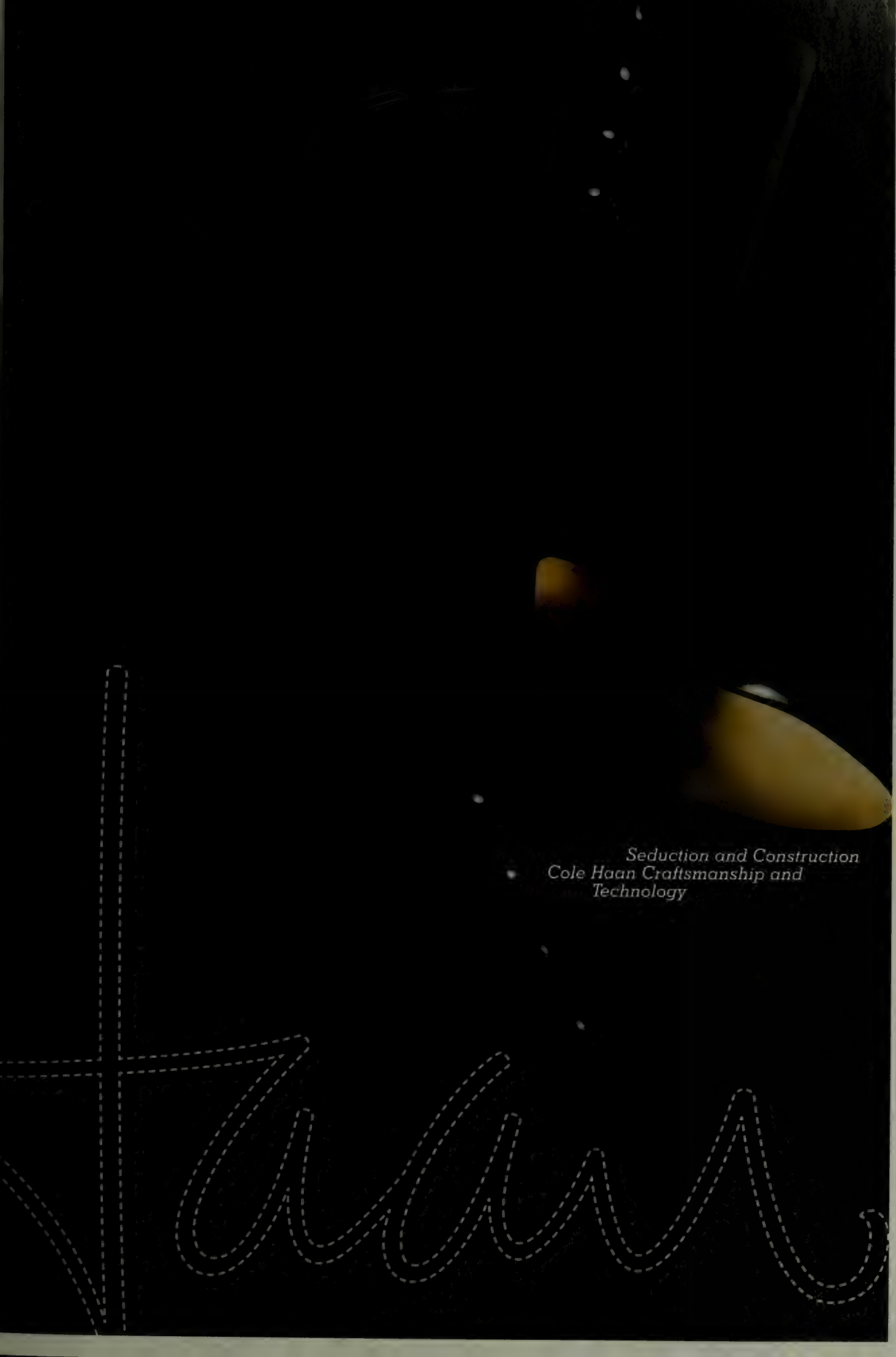

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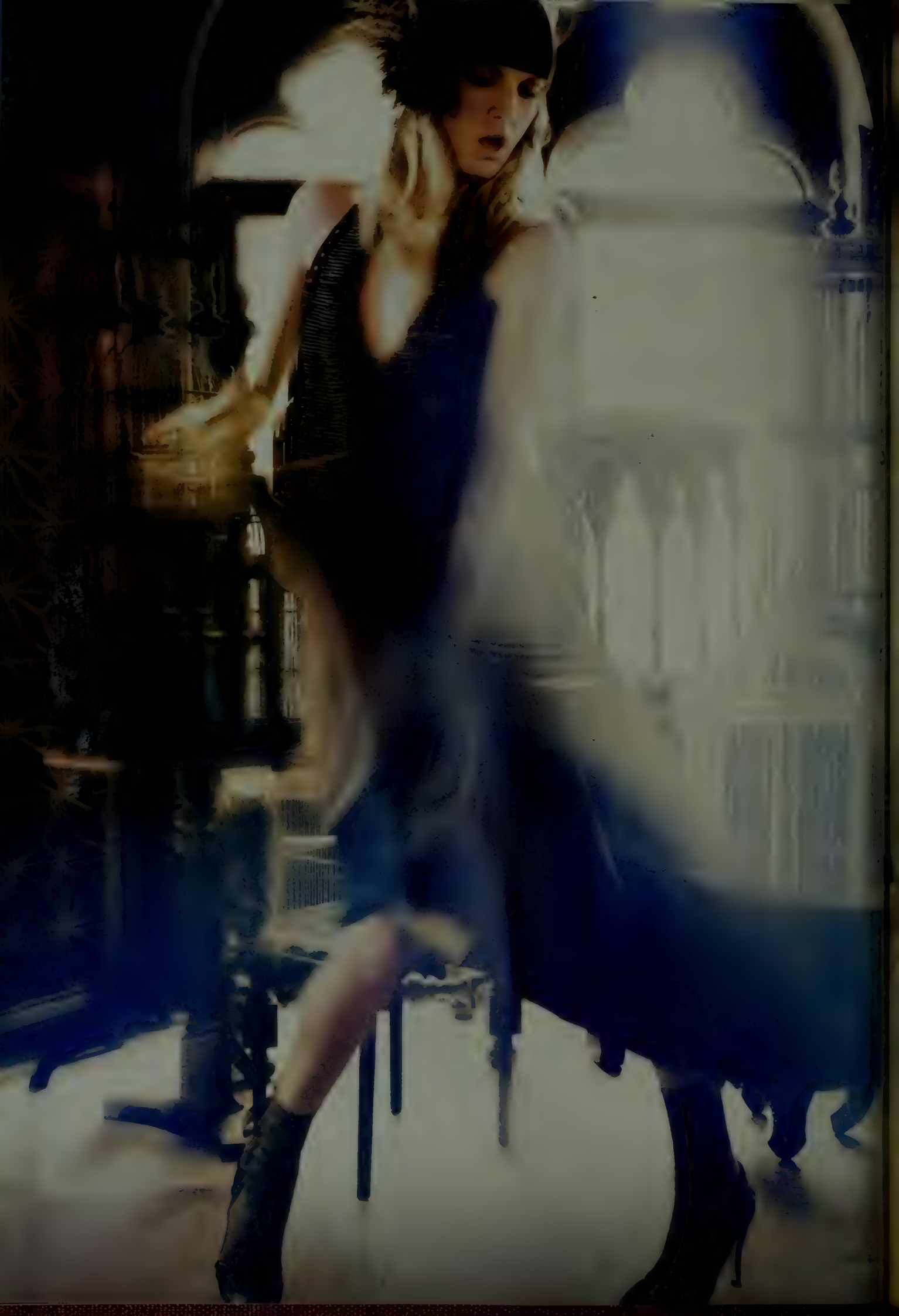

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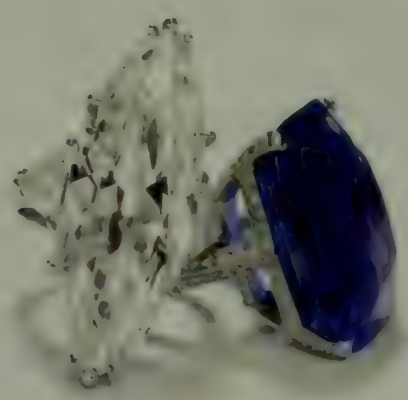
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Making Time for Art

On May 16, art lovers and downtown insiders gathered at the Victorinox Swiss Army boutique in New York City for the launch of gallery owner Paige West's first book, *The Art of Buying Art*. Hosted by Victorinox Swiss Army and *Vanity Fair*, the cocktail party featured an exhibition of artwork by Leah Tinari, Rob Nadeau, and Julianne Swartz, as well as shopping from the Victorinox Swiss Army collection to benefit the charity Westbridge.



r Paige West with artist Rob Nadeau and ne Shepley Siff of Victorinox Swiss Army.

Fall for Pattern: The Polka-Dot Dress ▶

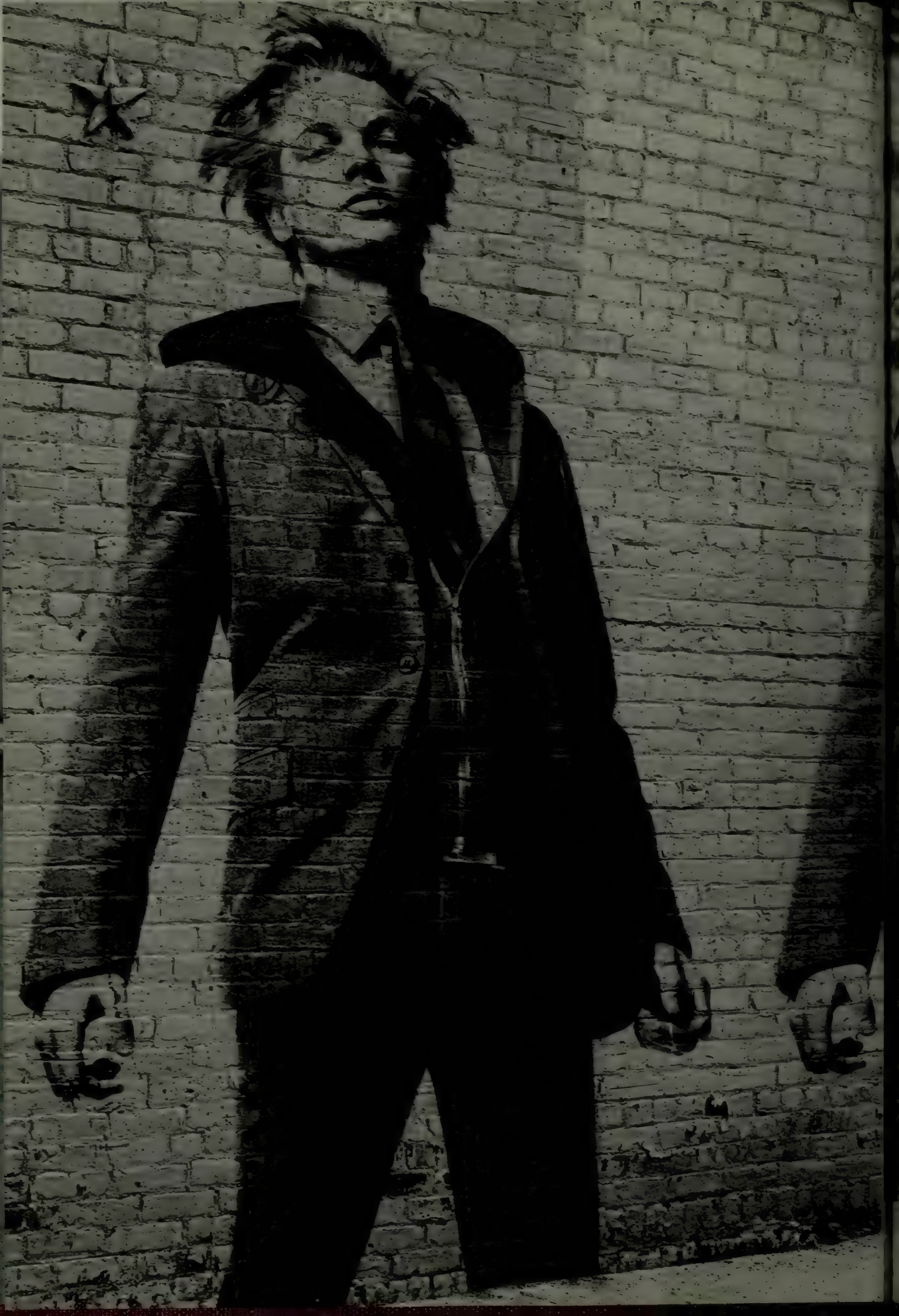
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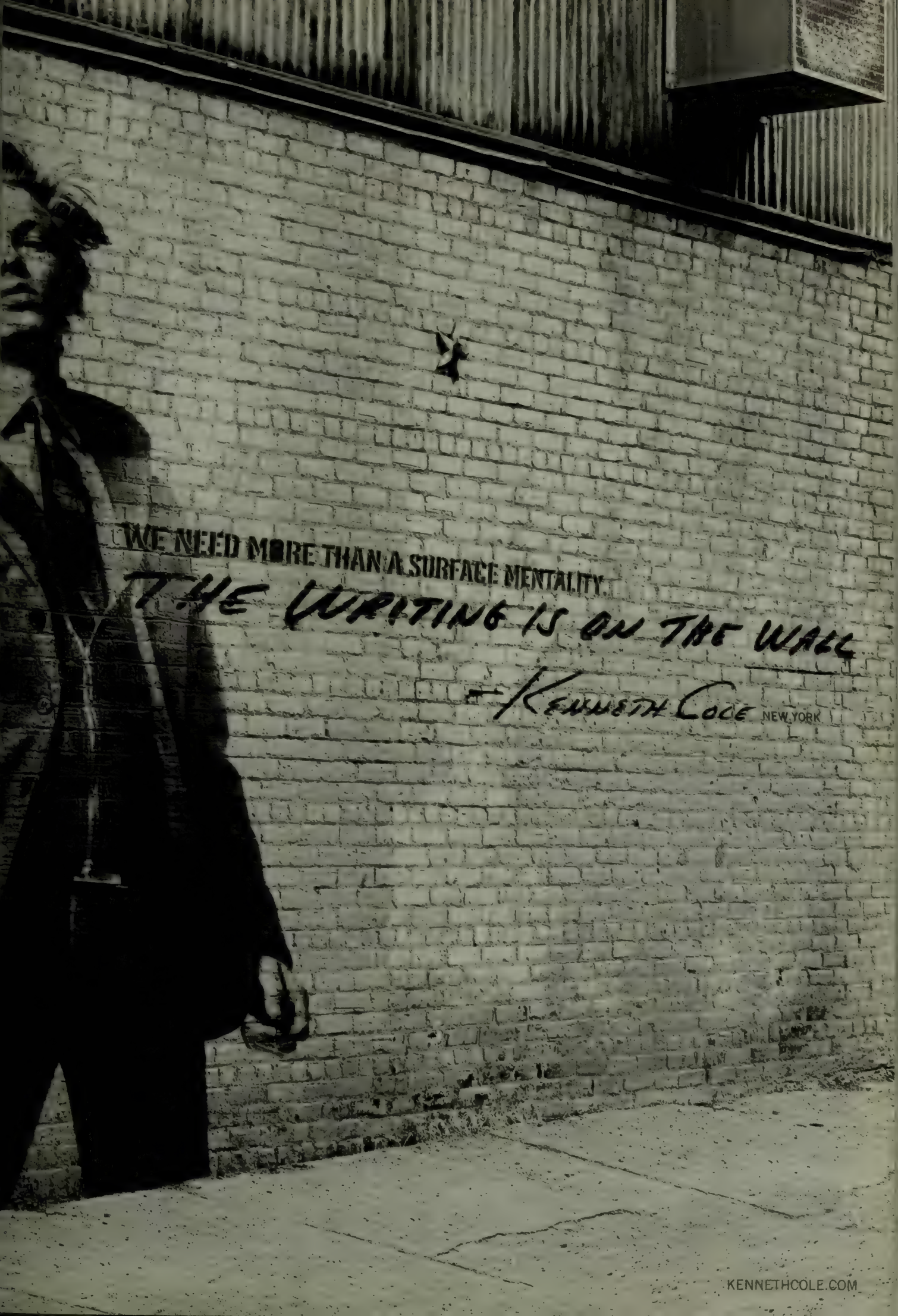




House of Campari Celebrates Art

On May 18, Campari, *Vanity Fair*, and the MOCA Contemporaries hosted the exclusive opening party for the third annual House of Campari program in Los Angeles. The evening unveiled the Distinctive Messengers exhibition,




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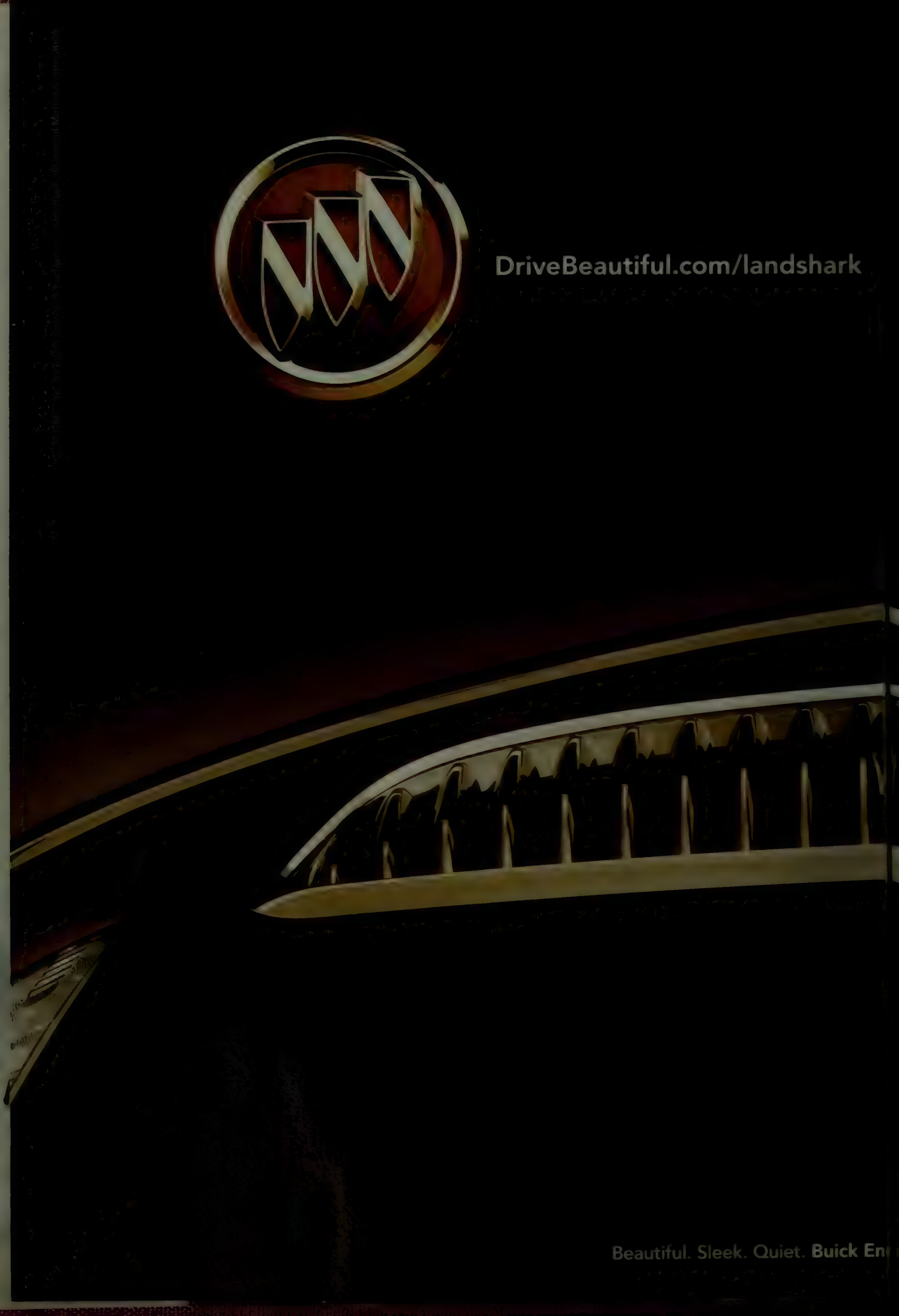

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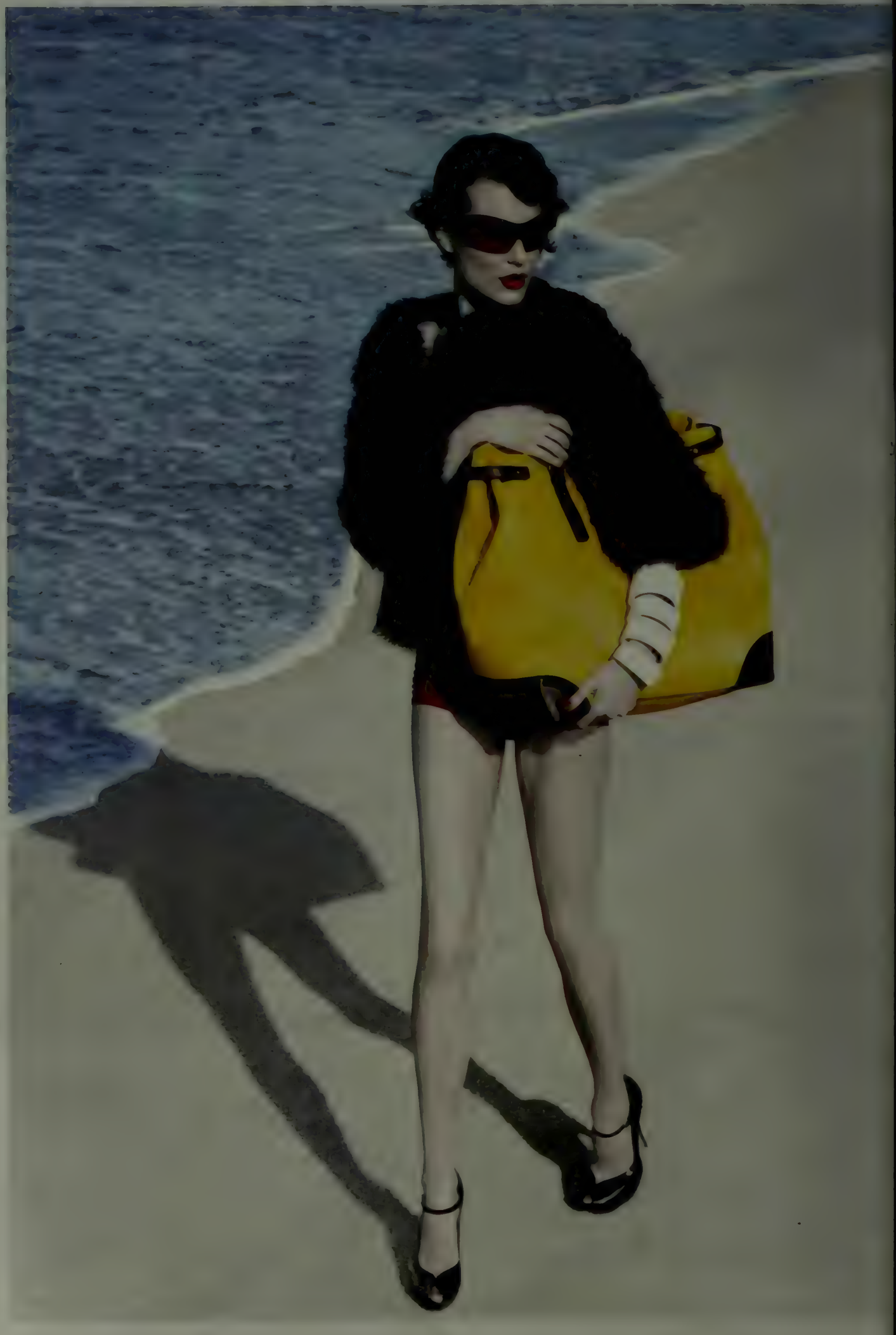
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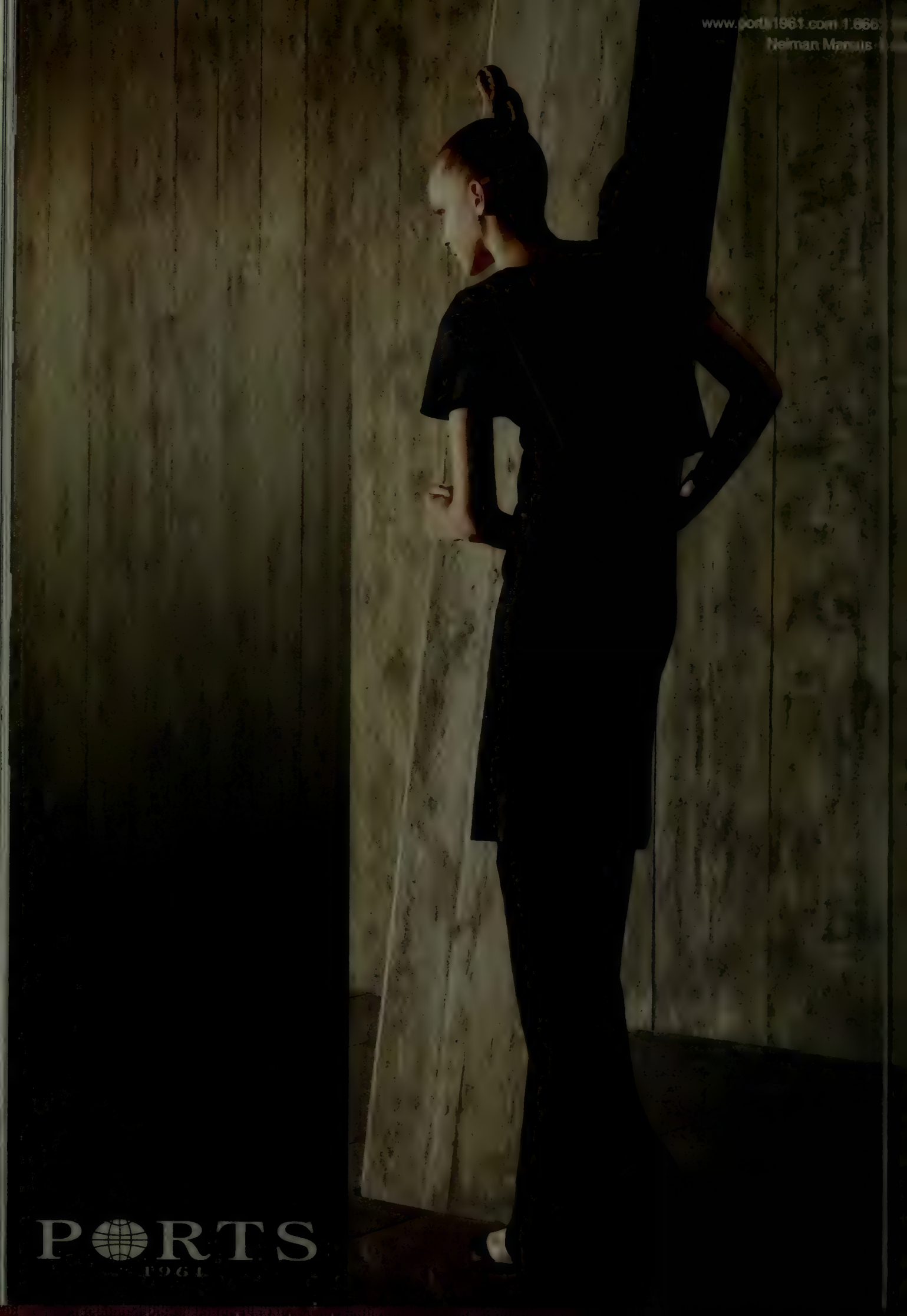


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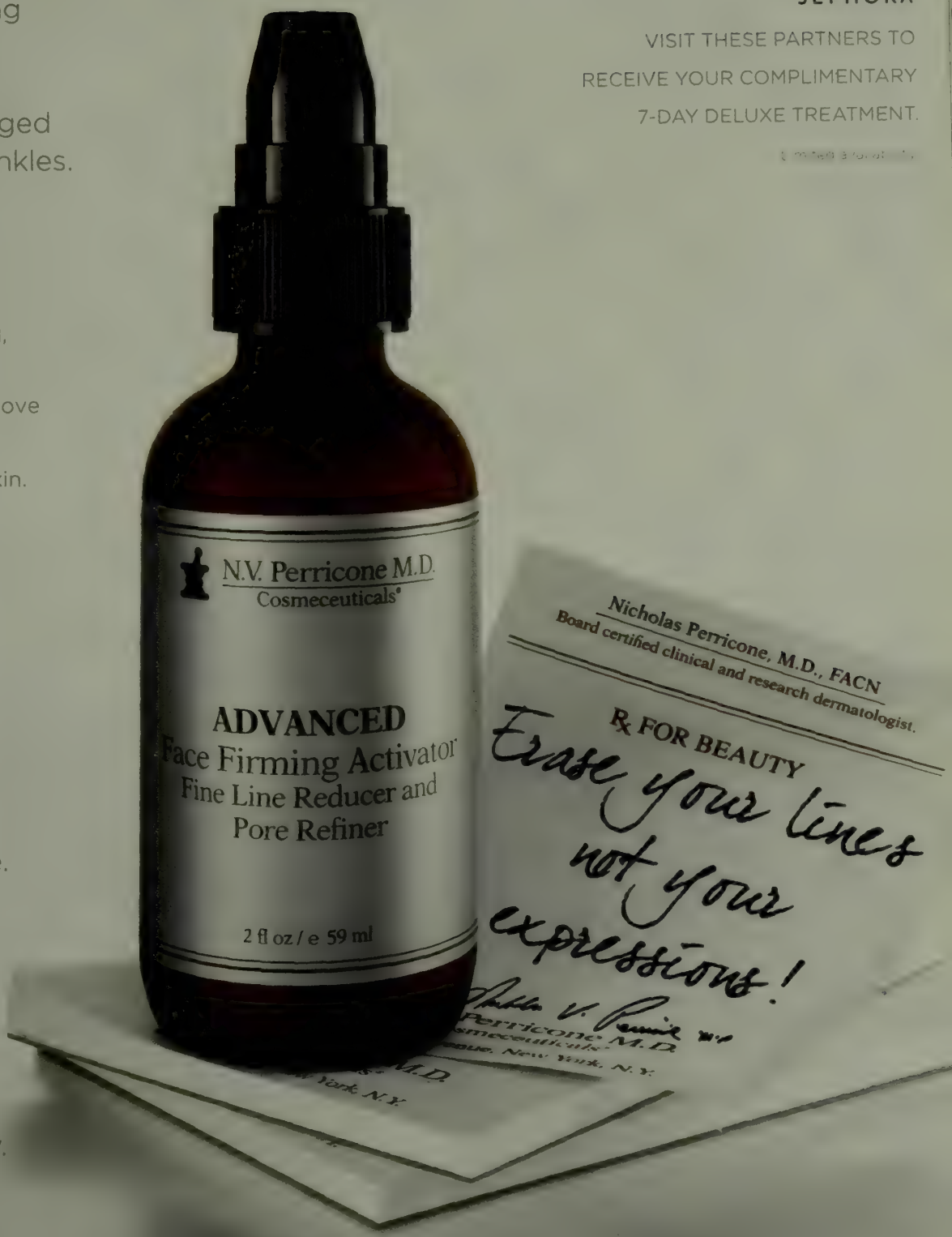
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Three Horsemen of the Apocalypse



Arrogance, ignorance, and incompetence. Not a pretty cocktail of personality traits in the best of situations. No sirree. Not a pretty cocktail in an office-mate and not a pretty cocktail in a head of state. In fact, in a leader, it's a lethal cocktail. Our president and his administration were arrogant during the lead-up to the Iraq war in that they listened only to those who would tell them what they wanted to hear. They were ignorant in the lack of scholarship and due diligence they brought to the matter of how the invasion would be received by those being invaded. And they were incompetent at almost every level in the execution of the war and its aftermath. What the political commentator Bill Maher described last year as "fuck-up fatigue" in regard to this administration has moved to the next stage. Around our kitchen table—and I suspect yours—the current stage is outrage fatigue, a simmering frustration and anger over what this administration has done in our good name.

The president—now with one of the lowest approval ratings of any U.S. leader ever—has dangerously isolated us from the rest of the world. We have the beginnings of a new Cold War with the Russians. We are out of favor in South America, never mind the Arab world. The French and the Germans don't have much time for our opinions—although they will take our money. A majority of our English-language confederates in Britain, Canada, and Australia think the invasion was a horrible mistake. And Americans themselves are weary of the constant fearmongering, the gut feelings of impending doom, and the absence of any advance in the true war on terror—the one against al-Qaeda along the Afghanistan-Pakistan border.

This administration almost always chooses politics over what is best for the country. Balance the budget or run up vast deficits with politically motivated tax cuts? Choose politics. Watch over the nation's health or suppress medical information and research in the interest of big business and the Republican political base? Choose politics. Maintain the delicate equilibrium of our courts or stack them with right-wing jurists? Choose politics. Protect our environment or turn public lands and waterways over to Republican-base polluting interests? Choose politics.

At all levels of the Bush White House, political hackery mingles with incompetence, ignorance, and arrogance. It is a strain that runs wide and runs deep. It begins at the top, of course, with a president who is now perceived beyond our shores to be one of the most dangerous men in the world. Indeed, many Americans have a similar opinion of him. We have our secretive, power-mad vice president, who can't decide whether he is part of the executive branch of government or the legislative branch. And then there are the boobs they surround themselves with. We've got Attorney General Alberto Gonzales, who has turned the Justice Department into a right-wing backwater salted with White House cronies and assorted partisan nincompoops. For his role in the politically motivated firing of eight U.S. attorneys, Gonzales should go. For his role in covering up the firings, he should go up the river. His boss ordered former White House employees called before the congressional committees investigating the matter to keep mum. The president did this by exercising his "executive privilege"—which under this administration is just a fancy term for breaking the law.

Jim Nicholson, the secretary of veterans affairs, had to step down in the wake of revelations about the scandalous treatment of our returning troops. Xavier William Proenza, whom Bush's commerce secretary appointed to head the National Hurricane Center, in Miami, was ousted after just six months on the job, having alienated both superiors and underlings—a rare feat even in this administration. Over at the General Services Administration, the agency in charge of keeping the other departments running smoothly, Lurita Doan, the woman the president named to the top job, was found to have violated the Hatch Act, which prohibits civil servants like her from participating in partisan politics while on the job. Investigators found that she had asked employees to attend a PowerPoint presentation by a Karl Rove deputy in which they were told how they could help Republican candidates in the 2008 campaign. Congressional investigators wanted details of the meeting, but Doan said she couldn't remember any. She had been distracted, she said, "reviewing" e-mails on her BlackBerry.

Everything in Washington, it seems, is showing stress fractures. In an echo of the flu-shot shortage a few years back, the State Department doesn't have enough qualified employees to sort through the huge passport-application backlog. The Food and Drug Administration is so understaffed that it now checks less than 1 percent of the food that comes into this country. Thirty-five years ago, the department conducted 50,000 inspections. Last year it managed just 5,000. Across the country, there are vital shortages of teachers, cops, nurses, and, not surprisingly, military recruits. One indication of the direness of the situation is how the armed forces have bent the rules for a segment of the population that actually wants to wear a uniform: gays. Last year just 612 gays and lesbians were forced out of the armed services, compared with 742 the year before.

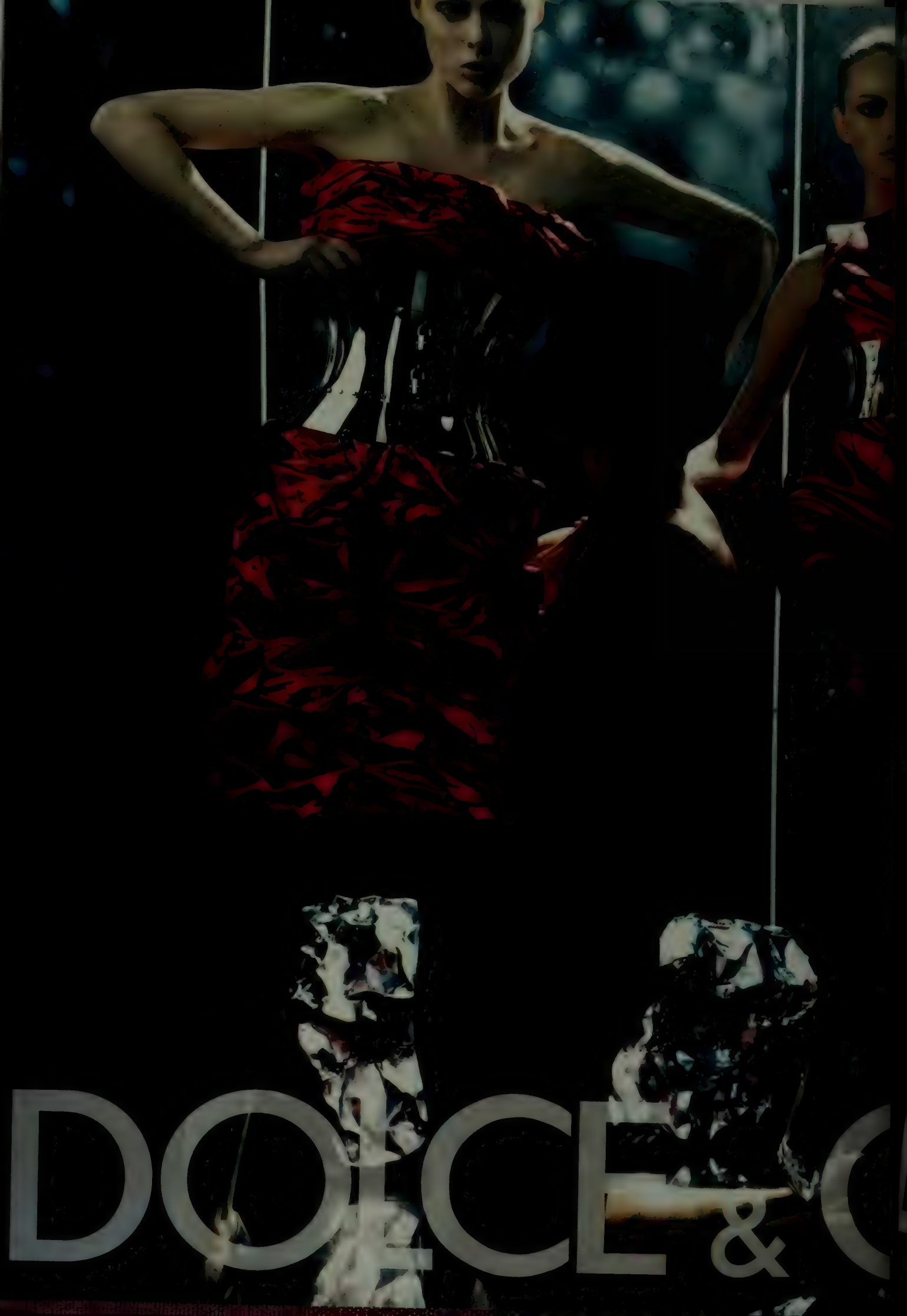
Accountability is spotty at best. Exhibit A: the virtual amnesty the president shamefully gave the vice president's former attack dog Scooter Libby for lying to a federal grand jury that was looking into who leaked C.I.A. operative Valerie Plame's name to journalists. A few days later, the president announced that it was time to "move on"—surely one of the most grating expressions of our age. He made the statement the same week that Zheng Xiaoyu, the former top food and drug regulator in China, was executed for taking bribes and permitting the sale of tainted drugs. Now that is top-down accountability.

Competent members of the Bush circle have their own set of issues. There was the illuminating testimony of Richard H. Carmona, the former surgeon general, who left office in 2006 after his term expired. He told a congressional panel that senior people in the Bush administration forbade him to speak to the press about emergency contraception, sex education, stem cells, and mental-health issues. Reports that would hurt Republican Party piggy banks, such as Big Tobacco, were watered down. Plus, he was ordered to mention President Bush three times on every page of every speech he delivered.

Returning to the lethal cocktail of arrogance, ignorance, and incompetence, which knows no national boundaries: in a documentary shown on Britain's Channel 4 recently, a former senior adviser to Tony Blair recounted the meeting Blair, our president's ally, had with Jacques Chirac just before the invasion of Iraq. According to the adviser, the French president, who fought in Algeria in the 1950s, worried that neither Bush nor Blair fully understood the ugly nature of war and issued the following warnings: (1) If the U.S. and U.K. invaded Iraq they would not be welcomed by the Iraqi people. (2) The invasion could spark a civil war. (3) A country run by a Shiite majority should not be confused with a democracy. As he left Chirac, Blair turned to an aide, rolled his eyes, and said, "Poor old Jacques, he doesn't get it, does he?" Arrogance and ignorance. The incompetence was there, too, but it really surged later.

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Mario Testino

For London-based photographer Mario Testino, being involved in a *Vanity Fair* project on South America was a true joy—as he is originally from Lima, Peru. "Being South American myself, I took it to heart to show what South America has to offer," he says. Testino says his photos for "Blame It on Brazil," page 336, "represent a fresh approach to South America, without constraints and with no preconceived references." In May 2007, Testino's adoration for Brazil, in particular, was reciprocated: he received the Tirandentes Medal of honorary citizenship from the legislative assembly of the state of Rio—a high honor recognizing individuals for their work in Brazil.



GERRY DE BASTIANO

Michael Roberts

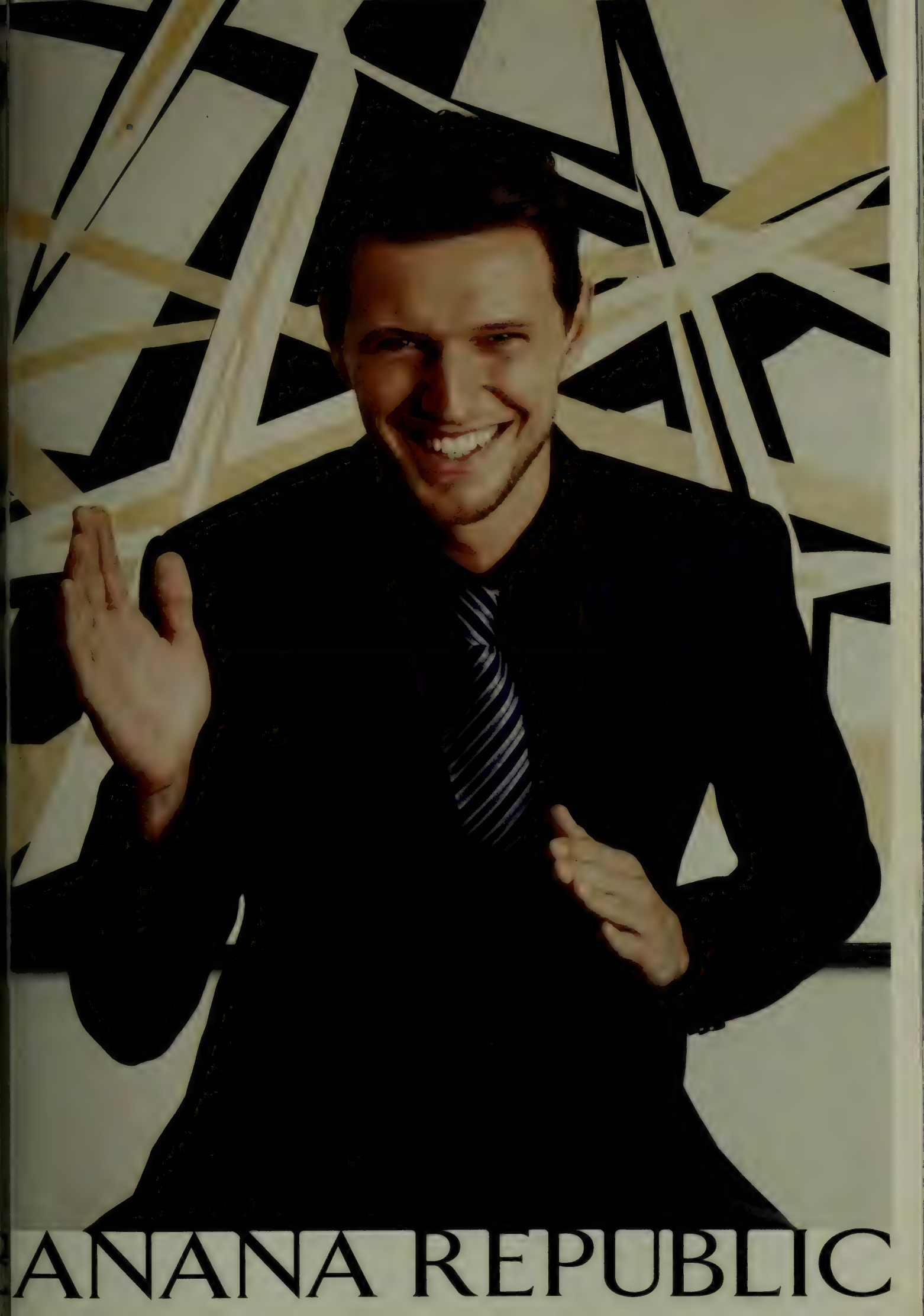
Vanity Fair's fashion and style director, Michael Roberts, kept a full schedule working on the magazine's second Style Issue, between photographing four up-and-coming actors for "Young Hollywood" (page 288) and styling the photo shoot for "Blame It on Brazil" (page 336). Of his original Rio-party concept for the shoot, Roberts says, "The fall fashion gave me the idea for the spreads—the bright colors and the return of a very obvious kind of sexiness. Such elements look best on these very good-looking Brazilians." Once again, Roberts—who also appears inside the pages of this issue as one of 2007's best-dressed fashion professionals (page 290)—teamed up with longtime friend and photographer Mario Testino to strike a seamless balance of fun and flash. "It's implicit in Testino's work that life is a party, and you don't have to explain fashion to him. He gets it and he loves it." Roberts also has a photography book, *Shot in Sicily* (Edition 7L), due out in September. A sneak peek appears on page 197.

Jonathan Becker

Contributing photographer-at-large Jonathan Becker has worked extensively for *Vanity Fair* in many of Italy's most stunning locales: Venice, Capri, Naples, Rome, Milan, and Florence. Still, he was unprepared for the sight of Lake Como. "It's drastically beautiful," Becker says. "I was amazed at the scale of the mountains and the lake—all in shades of deep green and azure—a marvel of natural aesthetics." Becker also found himself won over by the Comaschi, as the area's inhabitants are known. "Most of them are noble Milanese families, and they were absolutely charming," he says. "It's quiet on the lake—a wonderful, old tradition of villa life. One feels Napoleon's ghost."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168




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A Vanity Fair Premiere

On Thursday, June 7, more than 400 Chicago notables walked the red carpet at the AMC River East Theatre for "Reel Relief": the Chicago premiere of *Ocean's Thirteen*. The event benefited the International Rescue Committee for Not On Our Watch, an organization founded by George Clooney, Brad Pitt, Matt Damon, Don Cheadle, and Jerry Weintraub to focus attention and resources to stop and prevent mass atrocities.

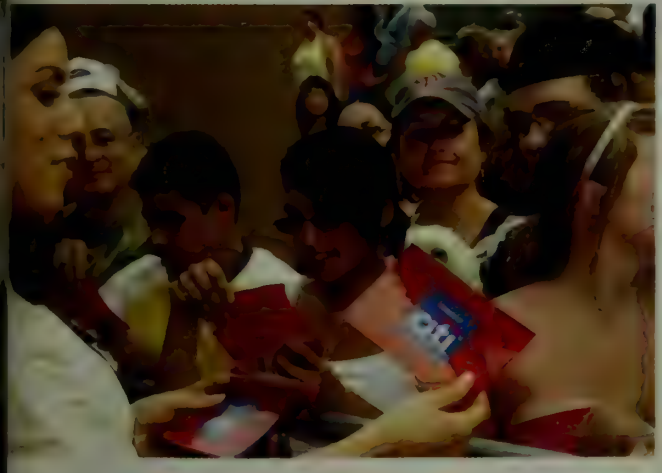
The film's producer, Jerry Weintraub, and cast members George Clooney, Matt Damon, Bernie Mac, Ellen Barkin, and Don Cheadle were there, along with Bruce Willis, Chicago mayor Richard M. Daley, Brian Urlacher of the Chicago Bears, and film critic Richard Roeper. Plus, more than 3,000 fans turned out to watch the excitement of the arrivals.

Following the premiere, an exclusive after-party was held at the hot spot Room 21, where guests enjoyed cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, and a live performance by soul singer Leela James.



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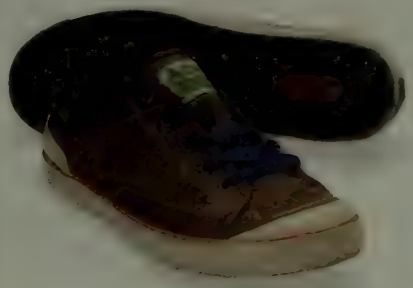






Clockwise from top left: Mayor Richard M. and Eleanor Daley with Bruce Willis, the theater; Ellen Barkin, George Clooney, Bernie Mac, Jerry Weintraub, Don Cheadle, and Matt Damon; guests sampled Cacao Reserve by Hershey's chocolate; the stars arrived in the 2007 Buick Enclave; Finlandia vodka on display; Leela James performing; [yellow tail] wine was served; fans receiving AMC Theatre concession passes, compliments of Citi; George Clooney signing autographs.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162



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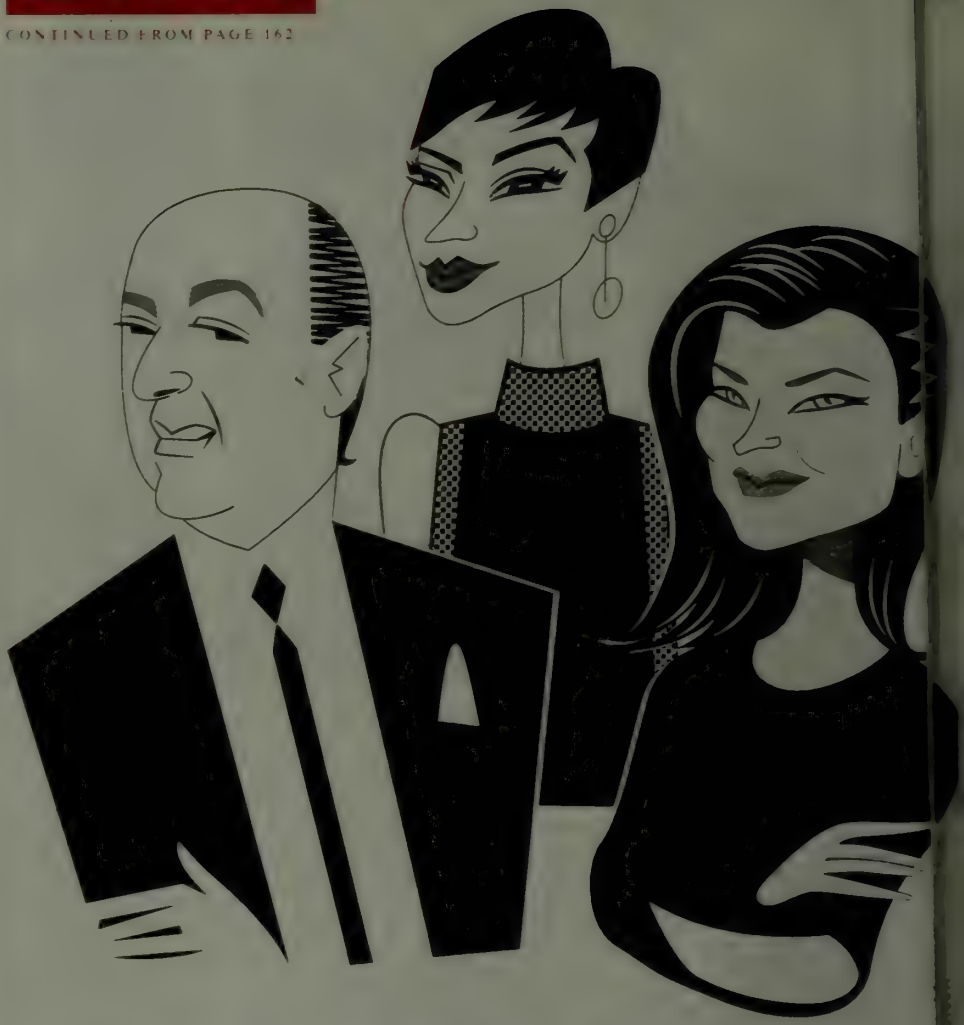
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Reinaldo Herrera, Amy Fine Collins, Aimée Bell

Vanity Fair special correspondent Amy Fine Collins, contributing editor Reinaldo Herrera, and deputy editor Aimée Bell teamed up again this year to edit the annual International Best-Dressed List, which is now in its 68th year. It was founded by the late Eleanor Lambert, who handed the list down to the trio, and to editor Graydon Carter, in 2002. Although this year's roster includes some flamboyant figures, conventional wisdom still applies to dressing well. "If you want to be best dressed, buy a full-length mirror!," Herrera says. But Collins, who also wrote "The Shape of Thighs to Come," which begins on page 324, doesn't stop there. "I'd go one step further than Reinaldo," she says, "and propose a full-length, three-way mirror. It tells the whole truth from every angle."

Suzanna Andrews



In her article on page 252, "Arthur Miller's Missing Act," contributing editor Suzanna Andrews reports on the playwright's troubling 39-year effort to conceal the existence of his son Daniel, who was born with Down syndrome in 1966. Whether or not this hidden chapter of Miller's life should affect our appreciation of his work, Andrews says, it certainly complicates our understanding of the man. "Here is someone who cast himself as a humanitarian and a moralist very publicly," she says, "and that's where the deception becomes very interesting in terms of judging him as a human being." Today, Daniel is living a happy, independent life. "It's a sad story," says Andrews, "except for Danny's part of it, which is inspiring."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168



BRIGITTE LACOMBE

Brett Ratner

The director of *Red Dragon, X-Men: The Last Stand,* and the *Rush Hour* franchise (the third installment of which is out this month), Brett Ratner has established himself as a master of the moving image. But he's no slouch with a still camera either, as evidenced by his photographs in this issue of the "Lords of the Fly"—the rotating cast of guys who date such tabloid mainstays as Paris Hilton, Nicole Richie, and Lindsay Lohan—at his Beverly Hills estate, Hilhaven Lodge. "I was extremely flattered when I received a phone call from *Vanity Fair* requesting that I photograph the 'I'm with *Her!*' story," Ratner says. "Aside from being completely relieved that I was not going to be featured in the article, it is an honor to shoot for the publication."

Laura Jacobs



"Even as a teenager, I realized there was something about Hermès that was very special and rare," says contributing editor Laura Jacobs, who this month writes about the history of the luxury house in her piece "From Hermès to Eternity," which begins on page 376. "I had a horse, and the object of every horsey girl was an Hermès saddle, but it was beyond the reach of all of us." Jacobs has written about design labels ranging from Lulu Guinness and Lilly Pulitzer to Cath Kidston and Jo Malone, but Hermès, she says, is in a league of its own. "It was fascinating to look at a company that has an eye for timelessness and an edge that never looks old, but also doesn't look too new. That's a real balance to hit, and I think Hermès is striking that balance brilliantly."



TOM CRAIG

A. A. Gill

As his essay "Blame It on Brazil" (page 336) makes clear, contributing editor A. A. Gill is smitten with Brazil. But it's not just the booming economy and bronzed buttocks (although that's all well and good). "It's one of the few Latin-American countries that don't suffer from gringo envy," Gill says. "Brazil neither despises nor wants to be like America. It's almost completely self-sufficient in its practical needs—food, energy—but it also produces all the culture it needs." And for all of America's hand-wringing about Hugo Chávez's Venezuela, Gill points out, Brazil is clearly emerging as the giant of Latin America. So have a caipirinha! Gill's most recent book, *The Angry Island: Hunting the English,* is out now from Simon & Schuster.

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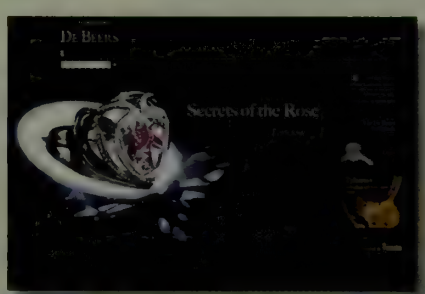
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A Ferragamo Afternoon

On June 4, Jacqui Getty and *Vanity Fair* hosted an intimate al fresco luncheon in honor of James Ferragamo. Held at Getty's home, in the Hollywood Hills, the festive afternoon provided guests, including Anjelica Huston, Kristin Davis, Krista Smith, Gina Gershon, and Shiva Rose McDermott, with the opportunity to preview Ferragamo's new Eleonora handbag and Varina ballet flat.





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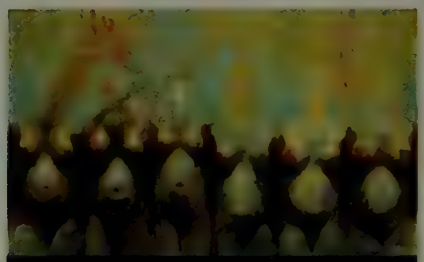
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A painting by 2007–08 Academy Fellow Mary Raap, from the Naomi Watts collection.

Emerging Artists at the New York Academy of Art

Tribeca's liveliest art spot is the New York Academy of Art, whose faculty includes Eric Fischl and Jenny Saville. From October 2 to 23, discover the next Damien Hirst among the three NYAA alumni showcased in the prized Fellows Exhibition. Then in late October, snap up one of 250 works at the annual Take Home a Nude art auction. For details, e-mail katie@nyaa.edu.

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Nancy Jo Sales



This month, contributing editor Nancy Jo Sales describes the lurid, fickle, and often obscene spectacle of Young Hollywood's liaisons in "I'm with *Her!*" (page 266). Sales, who wrote a seminal Paris Hilton profile for *V.F.* in 2000, when the reigning scene queen was just ascending her throne, describes the fame game played by those ubiquitous P.Y.T.'s and the dudes who court them. "When I was growing up, Hollywood romance seemed so sophisticated, something that grown-ups did. So glamorous. This feels as if we're all back in high school and Jenny broke up with Johnny at the high-school dance. And then Johnny put a sex video of Jenny on YouTube." Sales suspects that seeking infamy is a compulsion for these starlet couples; since "they have rehab for everything else, maybe one day they'll have rehab for the addiction to fame. It'll be called Anonymous Anonymous."

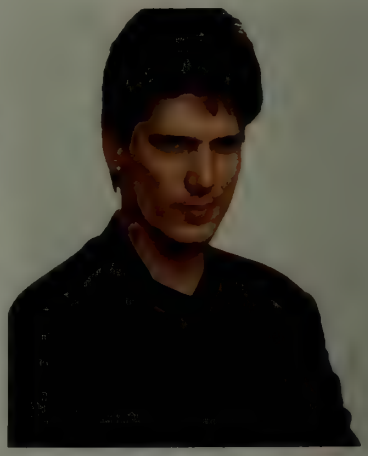


EMMA HARDY

Christopher Hitchens

Venturing deep into the Bible Belt to discuss his best-selling polemic against religion, *God Is Not Great*—a trip he chronicles for his column this month, beginning on page 232—contributing editor Christopher Hitchens (featured at left being interviewed by David Frost) was quite pleased at the response he got. "I've long thought there are more people who are unorthodox—if not unbelievers—especially in the South, than people allow," he says. "That's why I wanted to do it. But it was much more of a success than I had thought it would be." Though Hitchens concedes that religion is probably "ineradicable," he believes a shift toward secularism may be upon us: "The tipping point may have been Terri Schiavo, when people said, This religious business has gone too far." Hitchens is editing and writing the introductions to *The Portable Atheist* (Da Capo), with selections from Lucretius, Spinoza, Mark Twain, Richard Dawkins, and others, due out in November.

S. P. Nix



International Best-Dressed List research coordinator S. P. Nix is well acquainted with discerning the world's most astutely attired. Having assisted the list's founder, the late Eleanor Lambert, Nix continues to realize her vision in this month's issue by helping to assemble *Vanity Fair*'s largest International Best-Dressed List ever. "The list has grown dramatically, both in terms of those named and those who vote," Nix, who also compiled the captions for the list, says. "But it never would have without Miss Lambert's standards, and it might not have achieved the success it has had she not entrusted it to our editors, who approach each B.D.L. meeting as if she were there." When not tracking the Best-Dressed candidates, Nix works as a *V.F.* copy editor.


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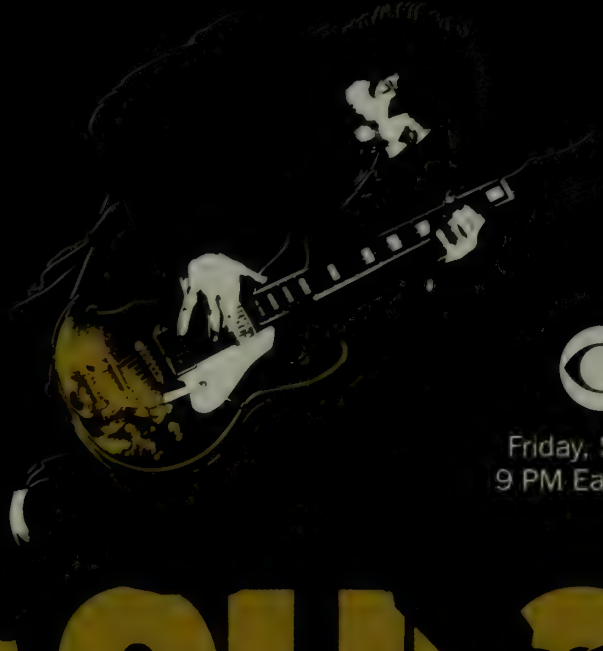



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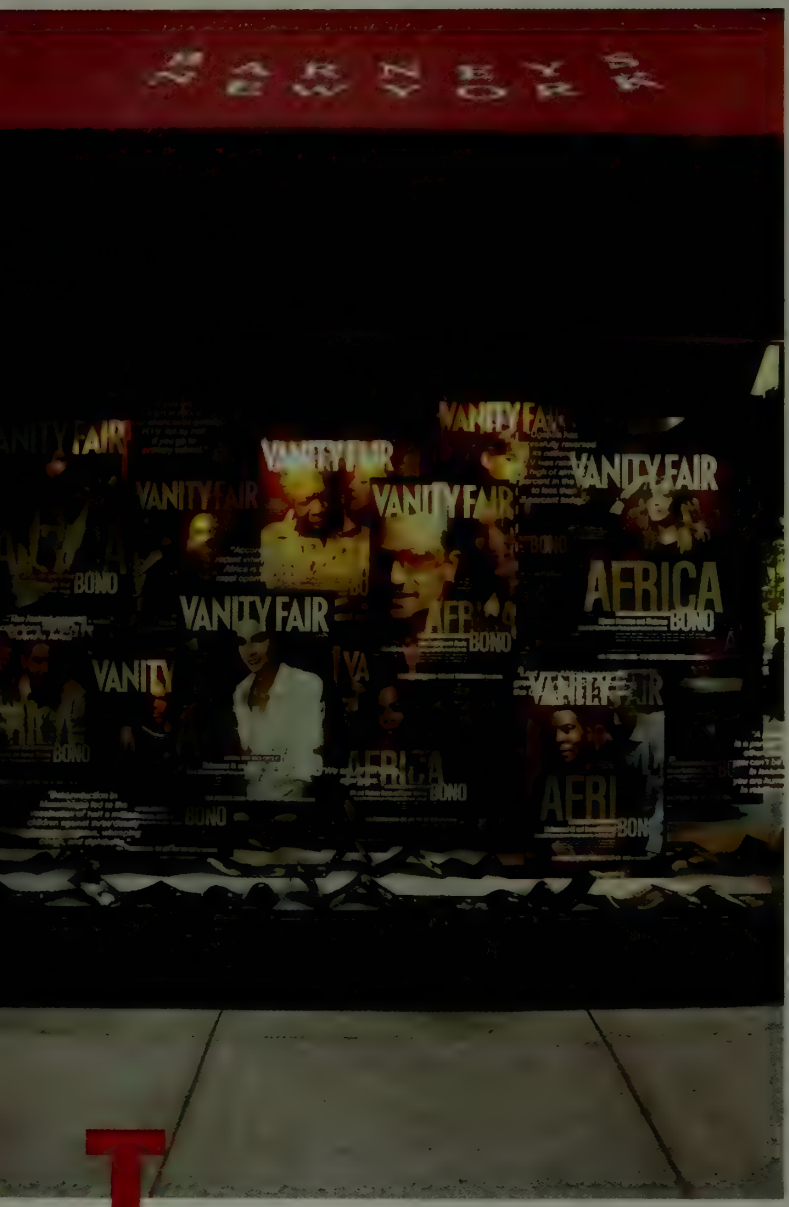
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Perspectives on Africa; (Red) reactions; leaving poverty behind; certified: inhumane; and unfair typecasting





COVERING MANHATTA
Vanity Fair's Africa issue, with its 2 different covers (displayed in Barney windows and wild postings down Lafayett Street at Great Jones), shed new ligh on the Dark Continen

Thank you for the brilliant Africa issue [July]. As a recent college graduate, I can honestly tell you that I have learned more about Africa and global awareness from this one magazine edition than in my entire education. As a humanitarianism junkie I am constantly looking for ways to engage my knowledge and become involved in positive change. I applaud *Vanity Fair* for helping to raise awareness, for jump-starting a worldwide campaign for Africa, and for promoting peace and prosperity in our world. *V.F.* is now ahead of the game and leading the way for what seems to be a new revolution; thank you for this leadership.

KATIE NEUMAN
Tempe, Arizona

HAVING RECENTLY graduated with a degree in international public health, I am quite idealistic in my goals of saving the world and ameliorating the H.I.V. epidemic in Africa. With that said, I have been skeptical of the activist bandwagon that many celebrities and corporations seem to be jumping on lately, and curious where exactly their motivations and goals lie. So I was pleasantly surprised by the Africa issue. The articles featured provided concrete, and at times controversial, reporting on real issues facing Africans and presented the actual role (and obligation) of celebrities and corporations in helping to make Africa's future generations healthy and prosperous. Thank you for opening my eyes a little wider.

MANDIE SELIN
Baltimore, Maryland

YOUR ISSUE on Africa was quite impressive and comprehensive, but it still presents Africa as a poverty-stricken continent. Nothing could be further from the truth. Africa is the storehouse of the world's strategic minerals, oil, gold, diamonds, and bauxite. In that regard, no African country is poor. The root of the problems is bad governance, which translates into unequal distribution of wealth, corruption, wars, lack of resources to feed hunger, an uneducated populace, and the degradation of our environment. Africa is orphaned by lack of leadership. Is it any wonder the likes of Bono and Madonna are playing the roles African leaders should be assuming? Africa's salvation must ultimately come from within.

Oh, Congo is the home of African mu-

MAN MARCUS
GDORF GOODMAN



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sic, not Mali, as Tom Freston depicts in "Showtime in the Sahara." Congolese music is universal. Mali, like the rest of West Africa, is the home of fabrics, high fashion, and music, in that order.

EMEKA IGWEBE
Imo State, Nigeria

I AM TOTALLY DISGUSTED with the July issue. We are citizens of the United States of America, and the vast majority of Americans couldn't care less about Africa. The U.S. has an abundance of poor, needy children and adults. And what do *V.F.* and the American government concern themselves with? Africa. Get real. The continent will never improve, and *V.F.*'s issue just adds fuel to the fire. I am not an extremist; I am an American, and I, along with a whole host of other Americans, am tired of hearing about Africa! I will not be renewing my subscription.

JAMES DIXON
Montgomery, Texas

I AM WRITING to thank you for your crucial Africa-themed issue. As a student intern for a nonprofit organization seeking to connect Americans and Africans, I am forever searching for ways to move our society to act and to reach out to Africa. This month, I was able to both educate and empower my peers by simply urging them to buy a magazine.

LAURA BENACK
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I'VE BEEN a subscriber to *Vanity Fair* for nearly 20 years, and it used to be that I couldn't wait for each issue to arrive; I read it cover to cover. Over the last year I have been very disappointed with the content. From the Green Issue to the current Africa issue, the magazine seems to have become a platform for self-serving celebrities to tout their greatness. I miss the in-depth articles you used to publish on a variety of topics, including society and true crime. It's what sets your magazine apart from all of the others. For the first time ever I don't think I'll be renewing my subscription.

DIANE EAKES
San Diego, California

YOUR ISSUE on Africa was absolutely amazing! It is so critical that information about the plights of the people in the countries of Africa get to the general public. I love how Annie Leibovitz's photographs crossed political-party lines, because helping Africa is not a political issue. It is a human issue.

WHITNEY O'NEAL
Union, Kentucky

ONE HOPES YOU FEEL your social responsibilities for the year have been significantly accomplished. I am certain a lot of people worked diligently and with personal sacrifice to put this July magazine together. Too bad it just didn't work. This was the most boring issue I can recall thumbing through in a long time.

R. J. MARTINSON
Rockton, Illinois

I WAS REALLY TOUCHED by *Vanity Fair*'s Africa issue. I love the fact that Africa was brought to life but not in a manner that was degrading. Being Ethiopian myself, I hear the jokes about the little African children with flies around their faces. Never does anyone address the issues and at the same time acknowledge the beauty Africa has to offer.

AMIRA SEYOUM
Palmdale, California

THE CRISES in Africa rightfully deserve the full attention of an entire issue of *Vanity Fair*. However, the continent of Africa does not stand alone in its suffering. It seems that when references to human crises are made today everyone thinks of Africa, especially with the number of celebrities pushing for change there. Meanwhile, Asia is like a forgotten continent, and Southeast Asia in particular. There you will find the Hmong people of Laos living on tree sap and rain water; the refugees from Burma, who have no place to turn and who are probably the only group of people right now in the world who would welcome a U.S. intervention; and the child-prostitution industry thriving in Cambodia. It would be nice—in the spirit of increasing awareness of global crises—to also include the world's largest continent.

JAGDISH GILL
Waltham, Massachusetts

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

MORE FROM THE *V.F.* MAILBAG

"It is totally unnecessary to be so sarcastic when responding to your readers," says Carol Weiss, of Hobe Sound, Florida. "Your Mailbag staff is certainly full of themselves. Your readers are your bread and butter—you urge them to write, so treat them with respect even if you don't like what they say!!!"

Well . . . you're right. The sad fact is the Mailbag has sarcasm-management issues. We admit it. We're working on it. Maybe this edition will prove to be a turning point!



Readers overwhelmingly loved the Africa issue (except, presumably, for the two square inches given over to the sarcastic, disrespectful, and—let's face it—probably self-loathing Mailbag). It's true that the happenstance nature of who got what cover led to several "Certainly not the George I was hoping for"–type comments (that particular one from Marybeth Kasten, in Normal, Illinois). We'll leave it to your imagination as to whether it was Clooney they really wanted, or Bush. And you know that in this instance politics has nothing to do with it . . .

Anyway: "I picked up your Africa issue at the airport. . . . All I can say is it was the shortest plane ride that I've ever had. I sat engrossed and horrified and yet strangely inspired by what I read. . . . If your goal was not only to educate but also to inspire action, sleep well tonight. You earned it" (Melissa Emery, Los Angeles). "You have published one of the greatest issues of any magazine" (Barry Kellman, New York City).

Nancy Hughes, of Philadelphia, speaks for a number of readers when she writes, "Loved the info, but how can I help?" (Check out our Africa resources page, at vanityfair.com/politics/Africa, for some ideas.) And Donna L. Kinsler, of Van Nuys, California, says, "I am overjoyed about the issue on Africa. *Vanity Fair* and Bono deserve a Nobel." (For what it's worth, the Mailbag's money is on Bono.)

Other matters: "You asked in the *V.F.* Mailbag of May 2007 whether anyone read the Hollywood Issue," writes Katrina McBeath, from Melbourne, Australia. "Well, yes, I did, in its entirety, and I've only *just* finished!!! Please, 500 pages never again."

"I love this magazine and I adore Graydon Carter's Editor's Letter each month," says Tracey Howard, of Las Vegas, Nevada, "particularly when he gives it to 'the Bushies.'" (Which Editor's Letter was that? The Mailbag must have missed it.) "What I don't like is Mr. Carter's hair. A closer haircut would make [him] look so much more, dare I say, distinguished."

Well, what about a readers' poll? Does the editor need to rethink the whole hair thing? The lines are open.



Diana Krall's extensive knowledge of the jazz repertoire earns her the respect of old school aficionados, while her innovative spirit earns her the admiration of everyone else. Hence her place in jazz history among the few who not only speak the language fluently, but also rewrite it. Night after night.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 182

THANK YOU FOR INCLUDING the leader of the Free World in your series of covers for your Africa issue. Like President Bush or not, he has made a large contribution of aid to Africa. Involving him shows that your magazine is fair and unbiased—something that is very refreshing to see in the media today.

NANCY HADLEY
Madison, Wisconsin

AS A FORMER game warden in West Africa and as the M'gula Naa (the chief of friendship and love) among the Wala people of northern Ghana, I want to congratulate you on your July issue. I have always been very positive about Africa's long-term prospects, because of the power and energy of her people. You are the first magazine I have ever seen that has acknowledged the problems but has also identified and profiled the positive processes that are taking place there.

BOB JAMIESON
Ta Ta Creek, British Columbia

WE FEEL AS IF we're the kids whose shirt says, MY PARENTS WENT TO EUROPE, AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT. Annie Leibovitz photographed some of the most inspirational people of our time, and all we got was a cover with George Bush and Condoleezza Rice.

JOHN BODY
Florence, Massachusetts

WITHOUT EXTREME population-control measures, Africa is doomed. You can throw all the money you wish at the continent, but a lot of it goes no further than the corrupt governments. Conquering disease and poverty will only mean future hardship for those who have been saved, as populations explode and suffering becomes more extreme. Leave Africa alone and put the time, effort, and money into making our own population healthier. I hate to say this, but Africa will be saved only when its leaders decide to act from their hearts and not from their bank accounts.

WILLIAM TAYLOR
Gloucester, Massachusetts

THANK YOU for the Africa issue. Your readers may want to know that they can check out the financial health of charities to which they are considering contributing at charitynavigator.org. Charity Navigator is an independent evaluator that rates charities on their organizational efficiency and capacity.

LORRAINE MEEHAN
Hampton, New Jersey

I'M NOT a trendsetter, not really into high fashion or up on the latest celebrity gossip. Therefore, I have never really felt a need to read your magazine. (I like NPR, basic black apparel, Dansko clogs, and folk music.) I am not trying to sound snotty; I just didn't feel I fit your demographic. But after seeing the topic of your July issue, I realized we had a lot more in common than I thought: Africa. Screw buying just this one issue. If a magazine is going to take a risk like this and devote an entire issue to topics that need to be on our minds, add me to your subscriber list. I can't wait to see what the other issues bring.

WENDY CHAMBERLIN
Seattle, Washington

SEEING (RED)

AFTER READING "The Lazarus Effect" [by Alex Shoumatoff, July], I was shocked to learn the annual cost of an antiretroviral treatment. With a yearly tab of nearly $10,000 in developed nations, treatment comes at no small price. However, I was even more dismayed to learn that the only reason four pharmaceutical manufacturers had been persuaded to provide ARVs for $140 a year in undeveloped countries was that selling a thousand times the amount of drugs at a hundredth of the price is still a net gain. I think this country needs to take a serious look at pharmaceutical-patent law, especially in regard to the current AIDS epidemic. Why should pharmaceutical companies profit from the infirmity of others?

MEGAN CASTLER
Berkeley, California

AS A CONSUMER and a self-proclaimed shopaholic, I found "The Lazarus Effect" very interesting. As a student who is currently taking an anthropology-of-AIDS course at a prestigious public university, I found it ignorant. I learned more about Bono than about the actual AIDS problem that is overwhelming Africa. It is great to know that people who couldn't afford treatment are now being properly treated, but there needs to be more to the story. This article seems to be another advertisement for the (Red) campaign.

FOR MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GO TO VF.COM.

JULIA SOUVOROVA
Berkeley, California

AS A 35-YEAR-OLD South African woman who has been living with H.I.V. for 17 years, I was excited to read *Vanity Fair*'s Africa issue. The (Red) campaign has done


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a tremendous job of providing lifesaving medication to people living with AIDS in Africa, but treatment is only part of the solution. The increase of access to treatment in poor areas and the proliferation of clinics have not managed to erode one of the most destructive effects of AIDS: stigma. In South Africa, where women make up 58 percent of those living with H.I.V., gender discrimination often leaves them unable to negotiate condom use or disclose their status to their families and partners (who are often infected as well). Many women today still refuse to be tested, and women receiving antiretroviral treatment have been known to hide their medicines under their beds for fear of being "found out" and bearing the punishment of abuse and alienation. The (Red) campaign should be the gateway movement into a larger effort that also prioritizes prevention and positive sexuality. The more you know, the better.

PRUDENCE MABELE
Executive director, Positive Women's Network
Johannesburg, South Africa

SACHS APPEAL

I FEAR that Jeffrey Sachs's intervention ideas are simplistic ["Jeffrey Sachs's $200 Billion Dream," by Nina Munk, July]. The Somali tribes described in your article, who won't cut grass for hay, are emblematic of the deep-rooted problems in Africa, problems that $100 a person a year won't even touch. Sachs is ignoring the overarching political problems

POSTSCRIPT

Before American journalism trended downward into the celebrity-dreck cycle of today, and at a time before the Internet when newsrooms still debated facts and fairness, there was Richard Jewell, the security guard accused of the Atlanta Olympics bombing. In February 1997, *Vanity Fair* writer-at-large Marie Brenner explored how Jewell became the media's prey, as the era of the 25-hour news cycle was dawning ("American Nightmare: The Ballad of Richard Jewell").

On July 26, 1996, in Centennial Park, Jewell spotted a suspicious backpack and emptied out the immediate area. Minutes later, the package exploded, killing one person and wounding 111 others. Jewell was applauded for his deftness, but praise soon turned to torment when *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* printed that Jewell was an F.B.I. suspect. Media mayhem ensued: CNN, NBC, and newspapers worldwide ran with the story, while throngs of reporters hovered around their target. Then, three months later, after Jewell, with the help of real-estate lawyer Watson Bryant, had endured a trial of public opinion, the F.B.I. cleared Jewell's name by dropping its investigation of him—which is where Brenner's article left us hanging. What happened next?



Richard Jewell, at the plea hearing for Eric Rudolph, the true Olympic Park bomber, April 2005.

Following the hubbub, Jewell, with flashy lawyer Lin Wood leading the charge, sued a number of media companies for libel. Most organizations settled, including CNN and NBC; however, *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* held its ground. The case is still pending.

For a year after the bombing, Jewell couldn't find work. He eventually landed outside of Atlanta in Meriweather County, where he's currently a sheriff's deputy. "Richard got married," says Bryant, who is still doing transactional law. "He has no kids, but he has 10 dogs."

In 2006, Jewell was honored at Georgia's capitol. Vindication, however, had come a year earlier, when anti-government militant Eric Rudolph—who had outfoxed 200 federal agents in a five-year, $24 million manhunt—pleaded guilty to the bombing. Rudolph received four life sentences, evading the death penalty by revealing where he had stashed 250 pounds of dynamite.

Have the media learned their lesson? Not entirely. With no standards set in place, reporters—and lawyers and bloggers too—continue to rush to judgments, as evidenced by the "Jewell syndrome" feeding frenzies surrounding JonBenet Ramsey's parents, Kobe Bryant's sexual-assault accuser, and Anna Nicole Smith's former partner Howard K. Stern. Incidentally, all on this list are also clients of Wood's.

To read the original story, go to VF.com.

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of Africa: violence, corruption, tribalism, lingering colonial patterns, and distortions. On the other hand, Sachs is absolutely right that these political problems have been used as excuses for decades, often by the established development agencies and their founders. (Note: I am a former administrative and budget officer for the United Nations World Food Programme.)

The media attention Africa is getting is fabulous, and this issue of *Vanity Fair* redresses a century of inattention. Now maybe if the media and stars, such as Sachs, can take the lead and shine a meaningful light on these countries, world opinion will help shame predatory African elites into behaving like responsible adults and induce them to really help their people instead of themselves.

BRUCE WHITACRE
New York, New York

NINA MUNK'S eloquent account of poverty and disease in Africa and Jeffrey Sachs's proposal to end this through modest expenditures on health and food production leave one mystery. How did Africa get into this state? Africa was as rich as Europe in 1800 and living conditions were better than those in Asia. Now it is the poorest region of the world. The answer is that Africa has remained trapped in a Malthusian regime where precisely the measures Sachs advocates, particularly health improvements, have paradoxically reduced material living standards. Modern medicine and hygiene created unprecedented population growth. As population has pressed on fixed land resources in these rural societies, Africans have become poorer than ever. That poverty is greatest in some of the countries, such as Malawi, which escaped warfare and internal violence and consequently have the lowest amount of farmland per person. To achieve sustained growth, economies such as Uganda's have to switch employment to manufacturing and services. Despite the astonishingly low wages of these economies—apparel workers in East Africa earn about 40 cents an hour, whereas in the U.S. and E.U. it is between $10 and $20—Africa has attracted little industry. There is no simple formula for industrialization, but that is where the focus of attempts to help Africa should be. The Sachs plan is a proposal to ameliorate the symptoms of poverty, not treat its cause.

GREGORY CLARK
Professor of economics
University of California, Davis
Davis, California

TRUTH IN LABELING

I APPLAUD *Vanity Fair*'s Green Issue for highlighting the important connections between food and the environment. My only disappointment was its consumer-labels matrix ["Buyer Beware: Food Labels," May]. As someone who has long worked on supporting environmentally sustainable, humane farming, I have closely followed the development of various labels and certifications. In my opinion, the Certified Humane label, praised by *V.F.*, is actually unacceptably weak.

The Certified Humane program allows animals to be raised in what I consider "factory farms," large, corporately owned total-confinement facilities. Specifically, among other things, these farms use environmentally disastrous liquid-manure systems, as well as engaging in practices widely considered inhumane, such as cutting off pigs' tails and keeping sows in metal crates. The program even fails to require outdoor access.

In contrast, the Animal Welfare Institute standards ("Animal Welfare Approved") require that animals be allowed to live as naturally as possible and that they be raised on real family farms. I have long considered the A.W.I. standards to be the true "gold standard" in animal husbandry. Niman Ranch has been following A.W.I.'s pig-farming standards for more than 10 years. I encourage your readers to seek out meat and dairy products raised according to such environmentally sound, humane standards.

NICOLETTE HAHN NIMAN
Bolinas, California

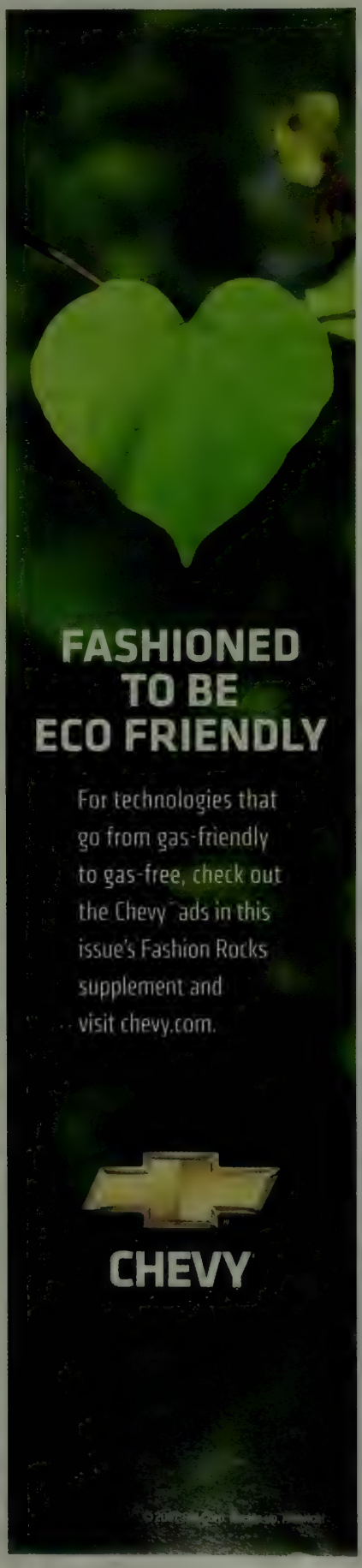
GAY, BAD. PSYCHOPATH, GOOD.

I FIND IT SAD that Tina Brown chose to describe Gianni Versace's killer as a "gay psychopath" ["Diana's Final Heartbreak," July]. Versace was not described as a gay designer, nor should he have been. His sexuality was irrelevant. As was Andrew Cunanan's. I'm sure Brown fully understands the power of words, and using the word "gay" in such a pejorative manner only serves to subtly enforce stereotypes that I'm quite sure she does not hold.

CHRIS HODGINS
London, Ontario

CORRECTIONS: On page 34 of the July issue, we failed to make clear that Lesotho is a sovereign country. On page 191 of the July issue ("Spirit of Africa"), we misspelled Lulu Vilakati's name.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.











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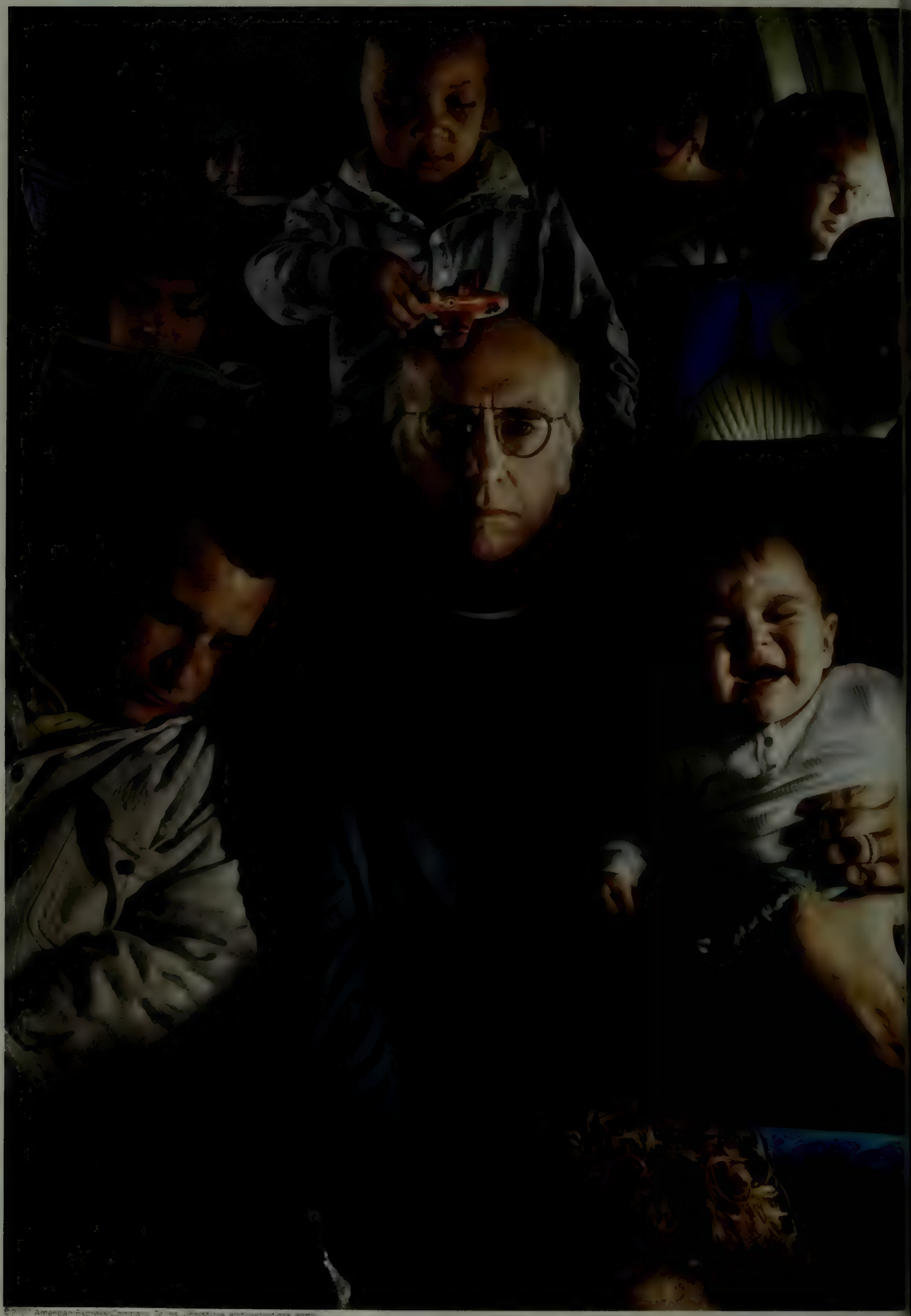
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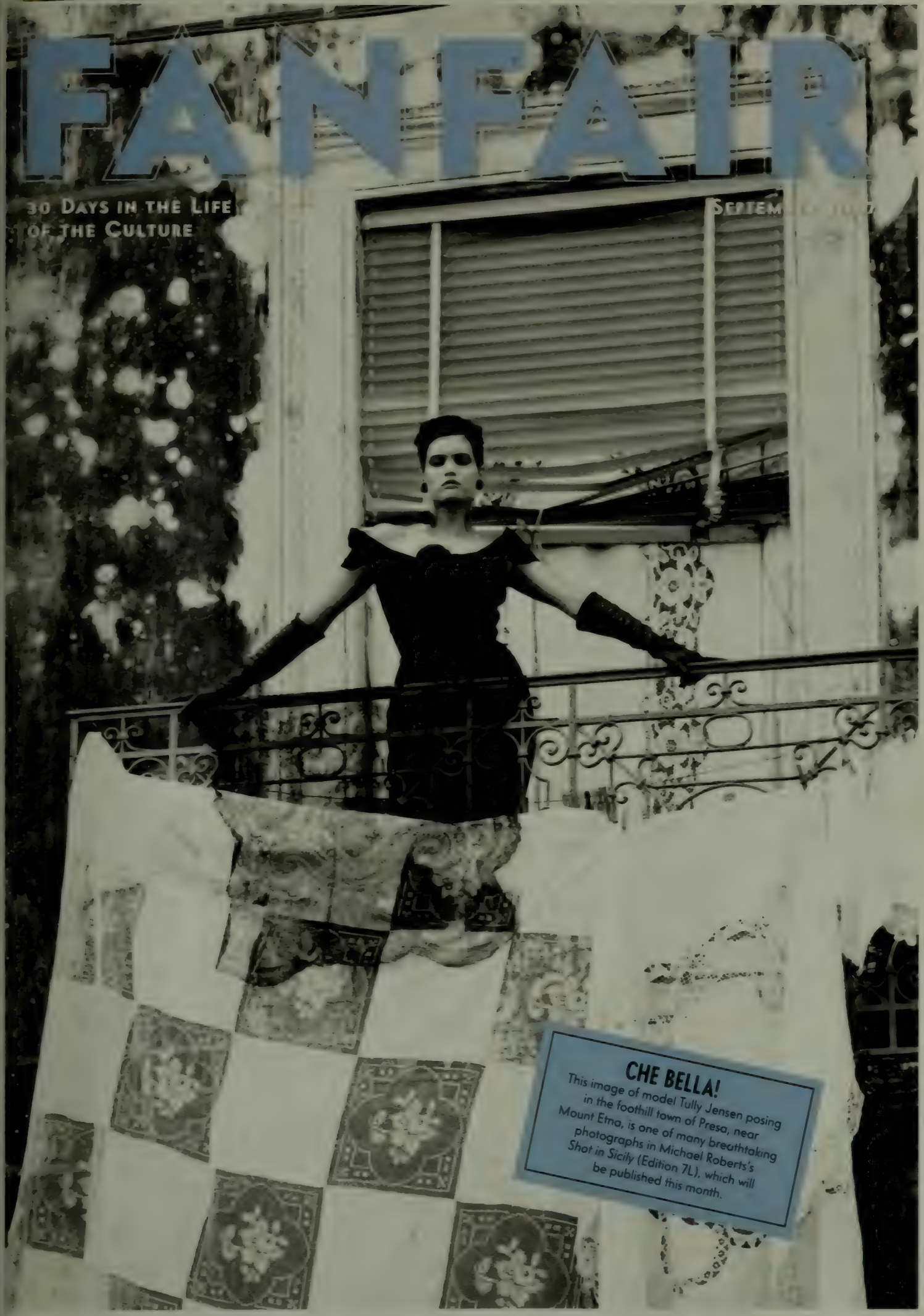
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SEPTEMBER 2007



CHE BELLA!
This image of model Tully Jensen posing in the foothill town of Presa, near Mount Etna, is one of many breathtaking photographs in Michael Roberts's *Shot in Sicily* (Edition 7L), which will be published this month.



FENDI

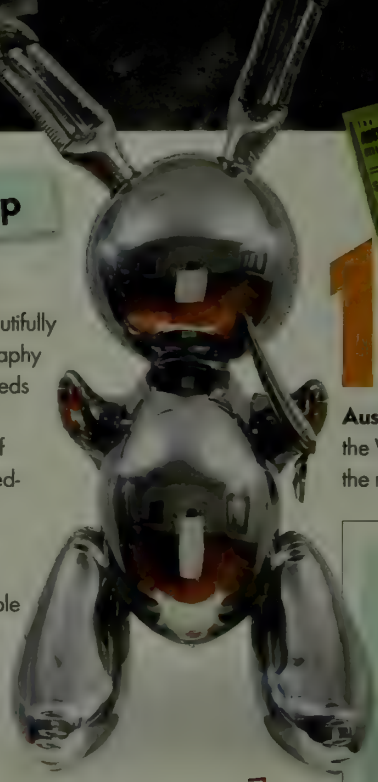
22

Christian Dior's 1947 couture collection put the venerable Parisian house on the map. **"The Golden Age of Couture,"** at London's V&A, celebrates his achievements, and those of his contemporaries, with an exhibition of more than 100 pieces and outfits. (9/22–1/6)

This photo of **Yves Saint Laurent** at 30 Avenue Montaigne, after his first show for Dior, in February 1958, is one of hundreds of images collected in the 400-page coffee-table book *Dior* (Assouline), out this month.

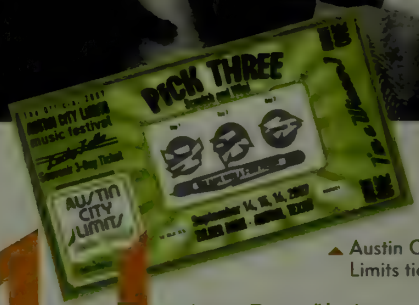
Post-Pop

Taschen's ***Jeff Koons*** is a beautifully illustrated biography featuring hundreds of large-format images. Each of the 1,500 limited-edition copies is signed and numbered by Koons. (Available now, 888-TASCHEN)



Rabbit, 1986, ▸ from *Jeff Koons* (Taschen).

14



▲ Austin City Limits ticket.

Austin, Texas, "the Live Music Capital of the World," plays host to the sixth annual **Austin City Limits Music Festival.** Bob Dylan, the White Stripes, and Arcade Fire are among the more than 130 performers. (9/14–9/16)



GET GROOVY

The **Summer of Love 40th Anniversary Concert** in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park will feature musical acts from across the country, on September 2. (2b1records.com)

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

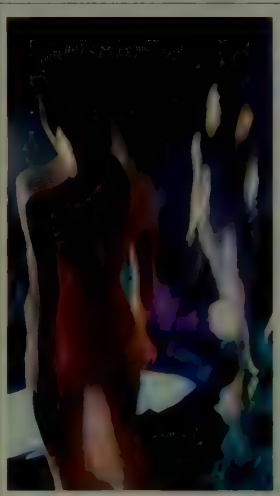
September

Curtain Call

Richard Danielpour and **Toni Morrison's** acclaimed opera, ***Margaret Garner***—a heartbreaking story of slavery and parental love—opens on September 11 at the New York City Opera, at Lincoln Center.

06

The entertainment community says good-bye to summer and heads north to the **Toronto International Film Festival,** where more than 200 films will screen. Among them are favorites from this year's Cannes and Berlin festivals. (9/6–9/15)



Fashion Forward

▸ Editors, celebrities, and socialites gather under the tents at Bryant Park to view the future of fashion at the spring '08 runway shows in N.Y.C. (9/5–9/12)

◂ *Left,* an image from photographer **Sante D'Orazio's *Gianni and Donatella*** (teNeues), out on September 15.



▲ Oscar de la Renta Resort

▲ Proenza Schouler

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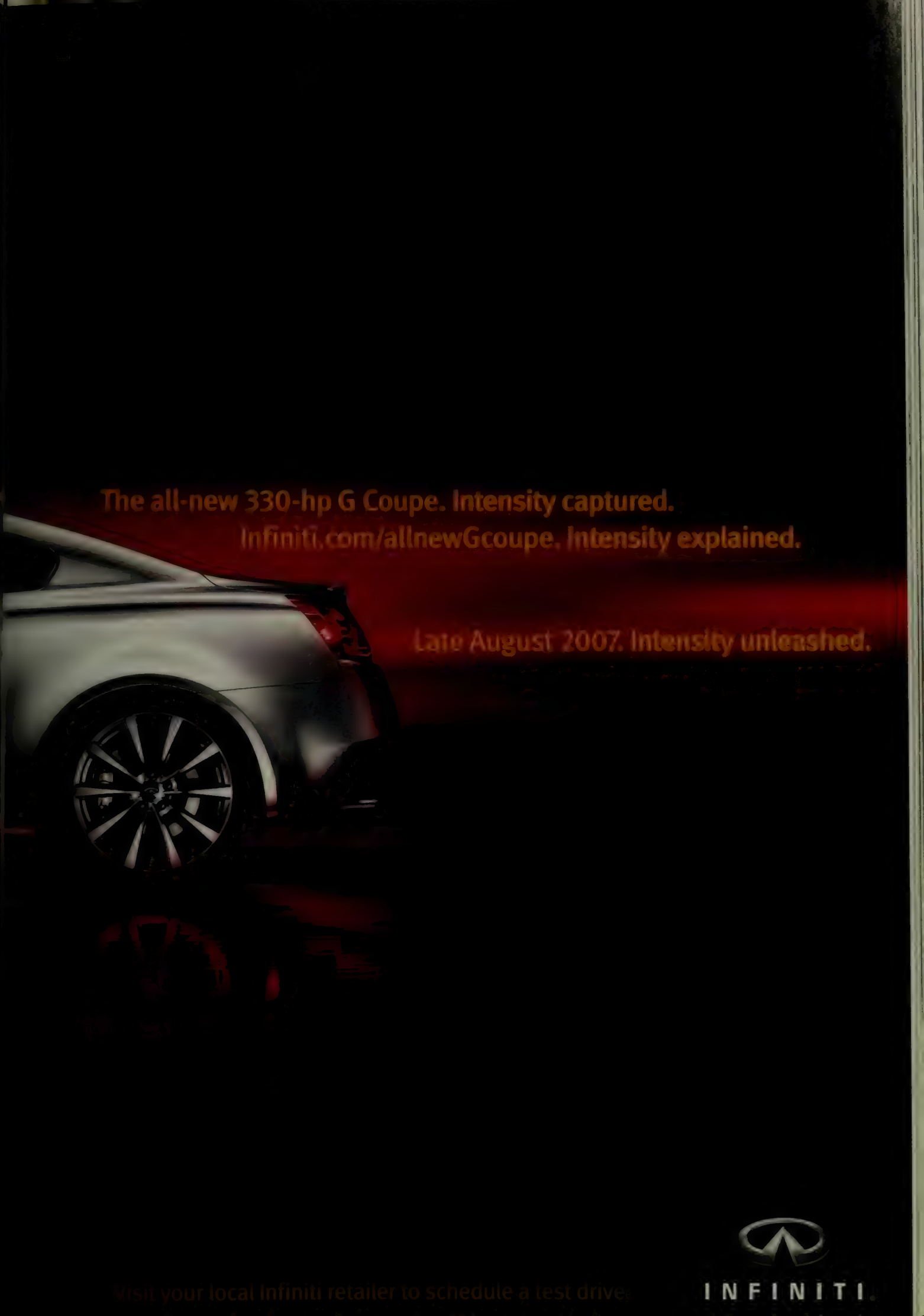
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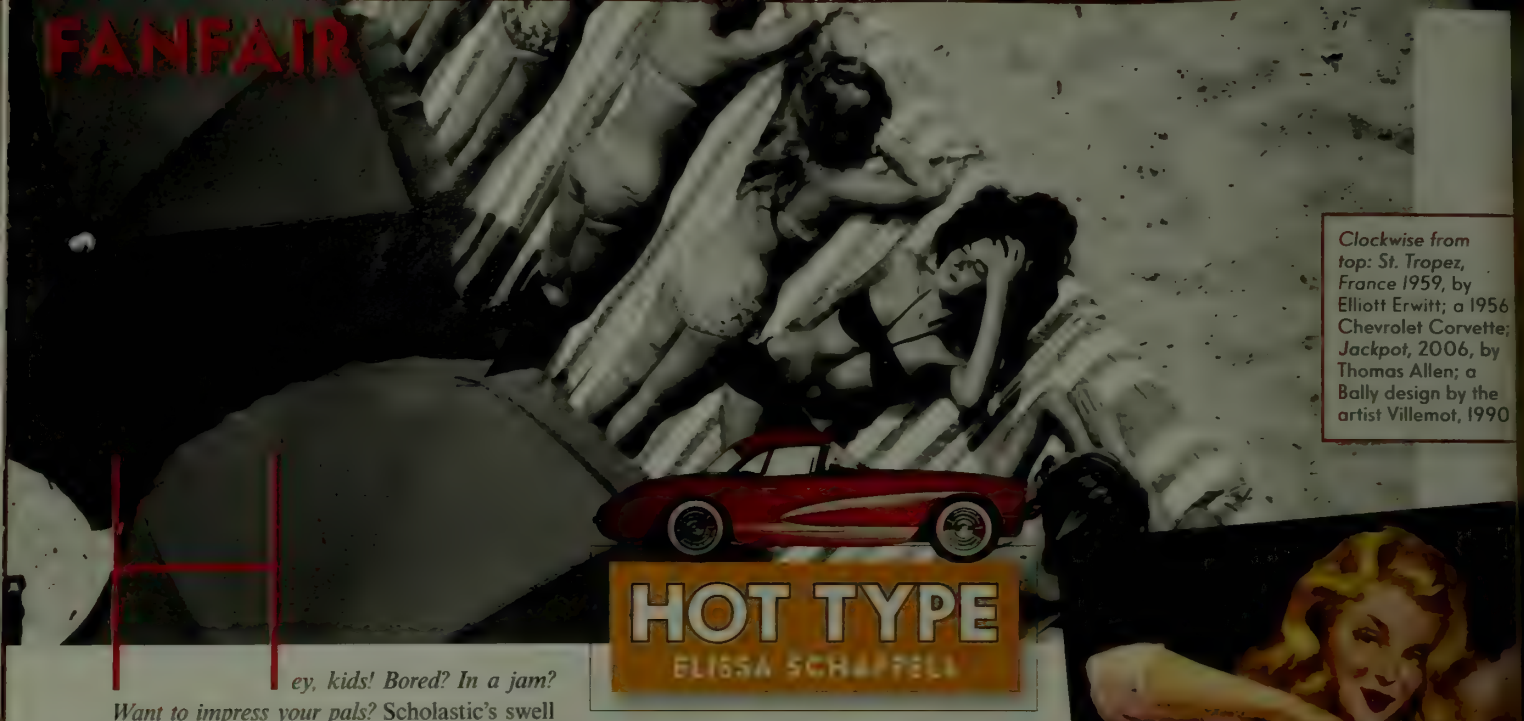
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The all-new 330-hp G Coupe. Intensity captured.
Infiniti.com/allnewGcoupe. Intensity explained.
Late August 2007. Intensity unleashed.
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Clockwise from top: St. Tropez, France 1959, by Elliott Erwitt; a 1956 Chevrolet Corvette; Jackpot, 2006, by Thomas Allen; a Bally design by the artist Villemot, 1990

HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Hey, kids! Bored? In a jam? *Want to impress your pals?* Scholastic's swell "How to Be the Best at Everything" handbooks *The Boys' Book* and *The Girls' Book* teach children skills any future world leader might need, such as how to hypnotize a chicken, build a volcano, and deal with bullies. For tips on how to subvert democracy, check in with **Charlie Savage,** who explains how the Bush-Cheney administration's sneering disregard for the Constitution (let's re-write it!) and fondness for dirty tricks (warrantless wiretapping and "presidential signing statements") paved the way for "the return of the imperial presidency" in *Takeover* (Little, Brown).



For those focused on both the bottom line and the coastline, **Paul Brown's** *Global Warning* (Dakini) predicts the way changes in climate will transform the economic landscape of the world. Conveniently enough, and in the hopes of saving the polar ice caps from becoming so small they can float in a punch bowl, **Laurie David** and **Cambria Gordon** volunteer *The Down-to-Earth Guide to Global Warming* (Scholastic).

In *Only Connect* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), education-reformer *extraordinaire* **Rudy Crew** spells out his mission to revitalize our failing schools. After drowning in praise 11 years ago, **Junot Diaz** surfaces with *The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao* (Riverhead). *Ladies' Home Journal* columnist **Stephen Fried's** essays sort the darks and lights of *Husbandry* (Bantam). The 1919 Paris atelier of Coco Chanel was the muse for **Gioia Diliberto's** novel *The Collection* (Scribner). Hunter S. Thompson's former assistant and widow, **Anita Thompson,** honors the creator of gonzo journalism in *The Gonzo Way* (Fulcrum). Silver fox **Anne Kreamer** gets to the root of what *Going Gray* (Little, Brown) means in our youth-obsessed culture.

France called me stupid! America is looking at me funny! **James R. Gaines** recalls the gawky adolescent governments of General Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette, who were leading their countries in parallel revolutions all *For Liberty and Glory* (Norton).

Quick takes: **Jill Bialosky** opens up in *The Life Room* (Harcourt). **Louis Auchincloss** teases out *The Headmaster's Dilemma* (Houghton Mifflin). **Paola Jacobbi** is sole-ful in *I Want Those Shoes!* (Scribner). **Bill Flanagan** romps through *New Bedlam* (Penguin Press). **Bruce Watson** judges *Sacco and Vanzetti* (Viking). **Denis Johnson** burns it up in *Tree of Smoke* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). See the *Unseen* prints of **Elliott Erwitt** (teNeues). **Matt DeLorenzo** waxes rhapsodic about *The Corvette Dynasty* (Chronicle). *Uncovered* (Aperture) unleashes **Thomas Allen's** pulp-inspired photographs. **Moreno Gentili** cobbles together the design history of *Bally Since 1851* (Skira). **Alan Greenspan** steers readers through *The Age of Turbulence* (Penguin Press). **Patrick McMullan** shoots *Glamour Girls* (Abrams).

Wait, how do you hypnotize a chicken?



CURIOUS GEORGE

Now hear this. Even though MacArthur-Foundation-100-Percent-Certified-Grade-A Genius **George Saunders's** first nonfiction collection, *The Braindead Megaphone* (Riverhead), is more rooted in the cultural terra firma of reality than his surreal and absurdly funny fiction, essays such as his account of chilling in the jungle with "the Buddha boy" of Nepal, and the satirical manifesto of P.R.K.A.—"People Reluctant to Kill for an Abstraction"—still straddle the line between ridiculous and deadly serious, like a Girl Scout with a piece of spaghetti hanging out of her mouth, holding her troop hostage with an Uzi. Saunders's bitingly clever and compassionate essays are a Mark Twain–style shot in the arm for Americans, an antidote to the dumbing-down virus plaguing our country. Well, we live in hope. —E.S.


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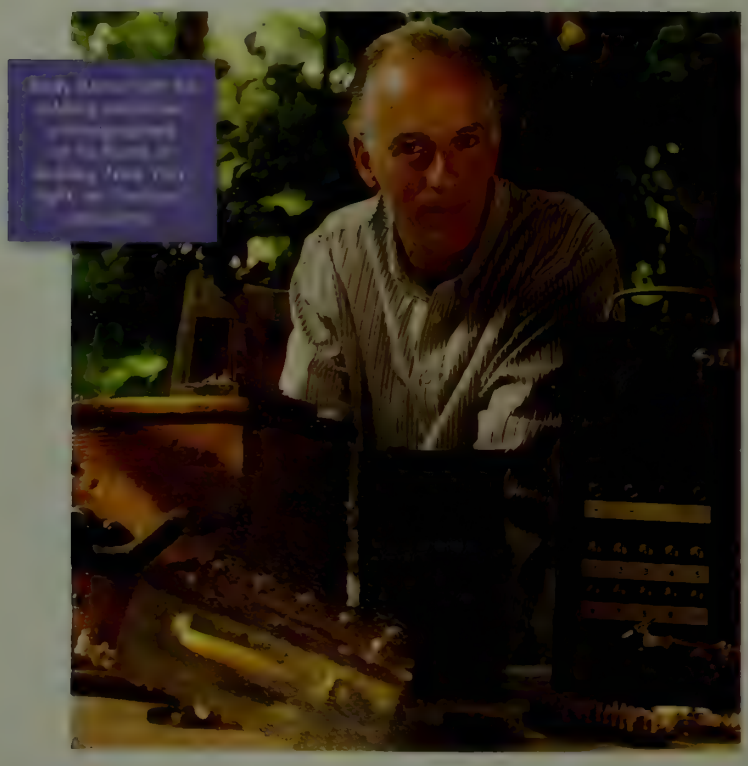


Under the Tuscan Sun

RECREATING TO LA BANDITA

A year ago, sheep were still living in the 1930s farmhouse in the southern Tuscan Val D'Orcia that **John Voigtmann,** a former Sony BMG record executive, recently transformed into a minimum-chic hotel. **La Bandita** (the Preserve) is a hilltop outpost with bright white interiors, travertine floors, and some streaks of terra-cotta accents. The eight-room hotel—really more of a private villa with guest rooms—is located near the famous wine town of Montepulciano, and overlooks a humble farming region of great natural beauty. The day I visited, a flock of sheep greeted me at the gate; very appropriate, since one of Italy's Pecorino-cheese capitals, Pienza—a Renaissance jewel designed by Pope Pius II—is minutes away. Voigtmann and his wife, **Ondine Cohane,** a travel writer, are gracious on-premises hosts, both ebullient Italophiles willing to direct you to the best trattoria, arrange a special winery visit, or tell you the right time to show up at the local monastery to hear the monks perform their Gregorian chants. Voigtmann worked with a team of architects (the London firm of Ab Rogers, Ernesto Bartolini of D.A. Studio, in Florence, and, locally, Fabrizio Bardelli) to achieve the reserved luxury of the hotel. The design team used materials made only in Italy (terra-cotta from Impruneta, in Tuscany, marble from Bagno Vignoni, in southern Tuscany, linens from Busatti, in Umbria). "The goal was to always have a Tuscan feeling, but not a dark traditional Tuscan farmhouse interior. I wanted the star to be the view, to draw your eye outside and emphasize the landscape," says Voigtmann. Mount Amiata, a sacred Etruscan site, looms in the distance. From the terrace, you can see the weather moving in and the sheep moving, en masse, around the hills. "I fought Italian bureaucracy, international finance laws, and my own periodic panics to get it done," says Voigtmann. A particular challenge on the town-council lobbying front: the swimming pool, which, he says, will be the last one permitted in this part of Tuscany. The ability to swim with a view of a country almost unchanged since the time of Leonardo made it all worth the effort. *senza dubbio.*

—MATT TYRNAUER



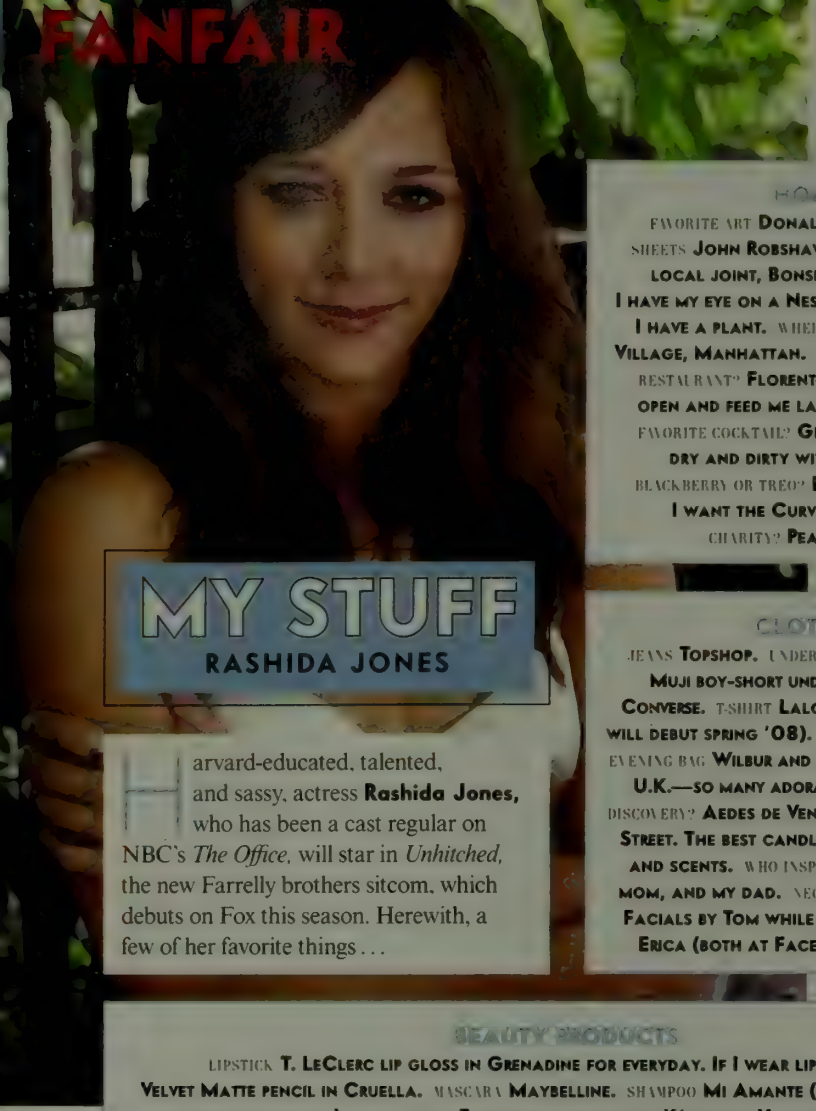
IT'S ALL ADDING UP

With Wall Street bonus season approaching again, it's hard to imagine a more satisfying way for a private-equity manager to calculate the magnitude of this year's wealth accumulation than by adding it all up on one of **Andy Aaron's** deliberately archaic adding machines. Conceptually residing between the abacus and the supercomputer, these machines are the product of Aaron's back-to-the-future type of obsession, a marriage of 70s-era calculator technology, L.E.D. displays, and old, old switches in still older wooden boxes. Some have a nautical vibe, some agricultural, others look like they might be magic contraptions—all are unique and ingenious. "They are about the juxtaposition of mutually exclusive ideas and the stimulation, humor, and beauty in that," explains Aaron. "People think they're seeing a 19th-century calculator—an impossible object. It's that jolt of recognition when they realize that what's going on is what I'm going for." At a time when lightning-fast calculation is taken for granted, Aaron's machines (available at aaronaddingmachines.com) offer deliberate purposefulness to everyday calculation. "They work," says Aaron. "You can put them on your desk and use them to add up your billion-dollar fund. They're not just a joke."



—EDWARD HELMORE


Ermenegildo Zegna
REAT MINDS THINK ALIKE



Rashida Jones, photographed at Abingdon Square Park, in the West Village, New York City.

MY STUFF

RASHIDA JONES

Harvard-educated, talented, and sassy, actress **Rashida Jones,** who has been a cast regular on NBC's *The Office,* will star in *Unhitched,* the new Farrelly brothers sitcom, which debuts on Fox this season. Herewith, a few of her favorite things . . .

HOME

FAVORITE ART **Donald Baechler print.** SHEETS **John Robshaw.** COFFEE-MAKER **My local joint, Bonsignour Café. But I have my eye on a Nespresso machine.** PETS **I have a plant.** WHERE DO YOU LIVE? **West Village, Manhattan.** FAVORITE NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT? **Florent—they are always open and feed me late when I'm drunk.** FAVORITE COCKTAIL? **Grey Goose martini, dry and dirty with three olives.** BLACKBERRY OR TREO? **BlackBerry 8800. I want the Curve now.** FAVORITE CHARITY? **Peace Games.**

CLOTHES

JEANS **Topshop.** UNDERWEAR **Hanky Panky, Muji boy-short underwear.** SNEAKERS **Converse.** T-SHIRT **Laloo (my brand, which will debut spring '08).** DAY BAG **Chanel 2.55.** EVENING BAG **Wilbur and Gussie, a line from the U.K.—so many adorable prints.** FAVORITE DISCOVERY? **Aedes de Venustas on Christopher Street. The best candles, beauty products, and scents.** WHO INSPIRES YOU? **Oprah, my mom, and my dad.** NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE? **Facials by Tom while I get a mani/pedi by Erica (both at Face Place, in N.Y.C.).**

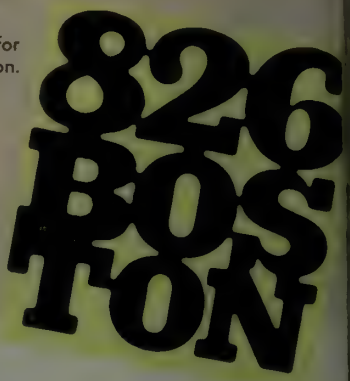
BEAUTY PRODUCTS

LIPSTICK **T. LeClerc lip gloss in Grenadine for everyday. If I wear lipstick, NARS Velvet Matte pencil in Cruella.** MASCARA **Maybelline.** SHAMPOO **Mi Amante (you can get it only at reynabeauty.com).** MOISTURIZER **Epicuren.** HAIR PRODUCT **Kérastase Volumizer Spray.** PERFUME **Susanne Lange, Midnight Orchid.** TOOTHPASTE **Rembrandt Mint.** SOAP **Burt's Bees Tear Free Shampoo and Wash.** NAIL POLISH COLOR **Dashing Diva Rubys Slippers.** WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR HAIR CUT? **Corey Morris at Jason Croy Salon, in N.Y.C.** BROWS WAXED? **Anastasia, in L.A.**

READING, WRITING, AARGH!

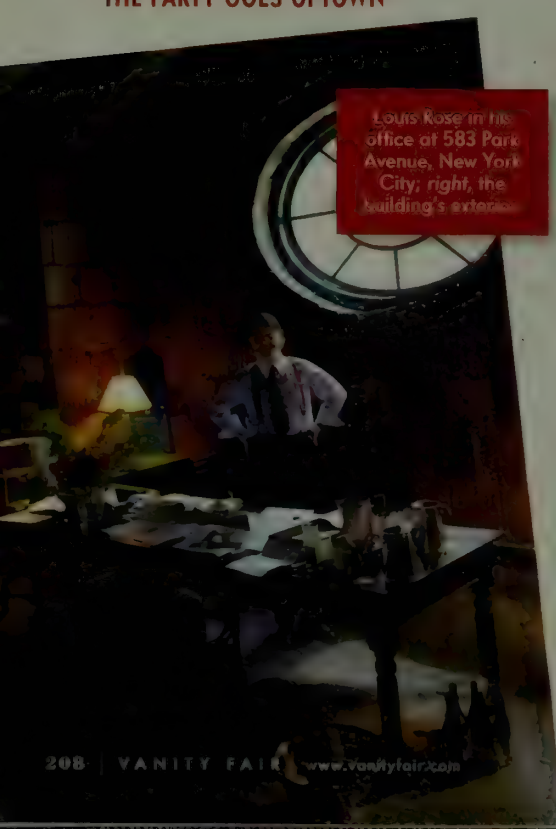
Dave Eggers rose quickly to literary stardom with his 2001 national best-seller, *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius.* He parlayed that success the following year into a tutoring workshop for students, supported by a volunteer staff of more than 1,500 teachers, writers, editors, and parents, at a building known as 826 Valencia (both the workshop's name and the street address) in San Francisco's Mission District. Because, all cliché aside, Eggers truly aims to make learning fun, the space is fronted by a pirate shop that sells everything from planks by the foot and lard by the pound to parrots and peg legs. Already a wild success in the neighborhood, 826 has now spread across the country. To date, there are branches in six cities, with a seventh slated to open in Boston this month. In keeping with the tradition of quirky storefronts (superhero supplies in Brooklyn, space-travel essentials in Seattle), **826 Boston** will sell crypto-zoology essentials. —L.K.

A sign for 826 Boston.



Social Services

THE PARTY GOES UPTOWN



Louis Rose in his office at 583 Park Avenue, New York City; *right,* the building's exterior.

If you've ever strolled Park Avenue in Manhattan, you've probably noticed the beautiful Christian Science church on the corner of 63rd Street—it's the one that suddenly got everyone talking.

A year and a half ago, the entrepreneur **Louis Rose,** who at 35 is so true to his Upper East Side roots that he has the trademark zebra wallpaper from his favorite restaurant, Gino, hanging in his house, found out that the congregation was interested in renting out the building for special events.

"I called them and said I'd be interested in renting out the space every day of the year," recalls Rose. After intense negotiations, Rose and his family signed a 30-year lease. They removed the pews—and turned the beautiful wood into wainscoting for the lower level—secured a liquor license, and hired **John Stevenson,** a wunderkind chef from the Pierre (where Rose's father, **Herb Rose,** has overseen all private banquet affairs for the past 30 years) who specializes in old-school American cuisine. However, Rose says, "if someone wanted egg rolls, I'd call **Michael Tong** at Shun Lee. . . . Our adage is simple, 'You get what you pay for.'" As for the Christian Scientists, not only do they get a percentage of the revenue from each party Rose produces, but they also still worship there throughout the week.

Designed by **William Adams Delano** and **Chester Holmes Aldrich** and built in 1923, the building is newly renovated. The grand ballroom, with its 50-foot-high ceilings, has been painted Navajo white, with gilding, and retains the original light fixtures, including the 2,500-pound chandelier. The Arcade, downstairs, feels very Annabelle's in London, with its more intimate design, arched windows, corked herringbone floors, and Steinway grand. It's called simply **583 Park Avenue,** and if you're thinking of booking it, get in line. Socialite **Minnie Mortimer** and filmmaker **Stephen Gaghan** celebrated their wedding there. The C.F.D.A. honored its outgoing president, **Stan Herman,** there, and **Oscar de la Renta's** spring 2008 collection will be shown in the ballroom this month. —PUNCH HUTTON



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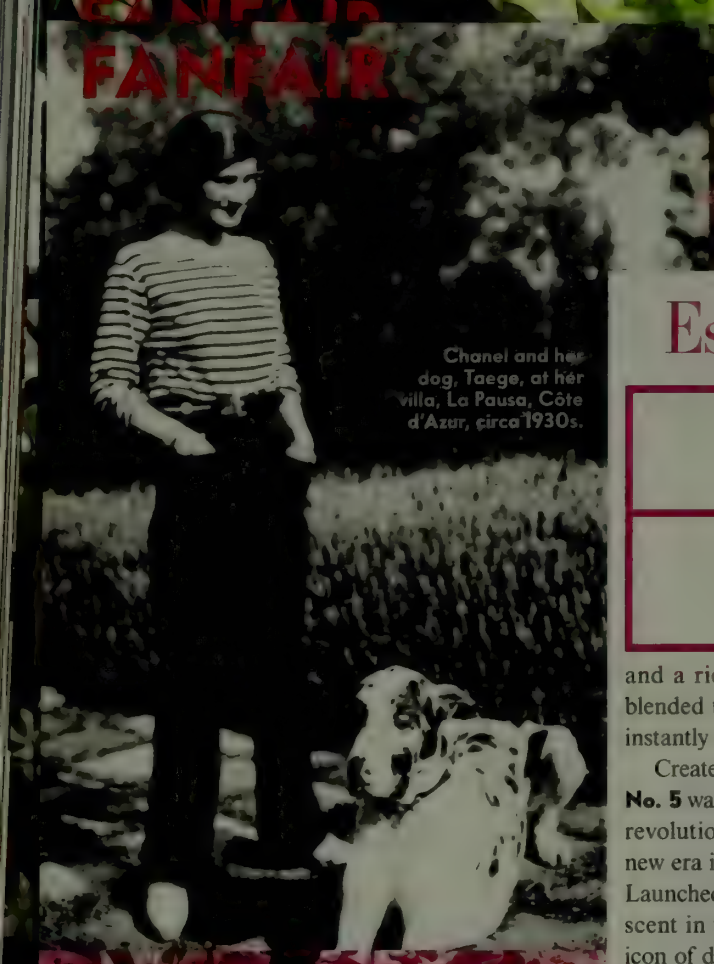
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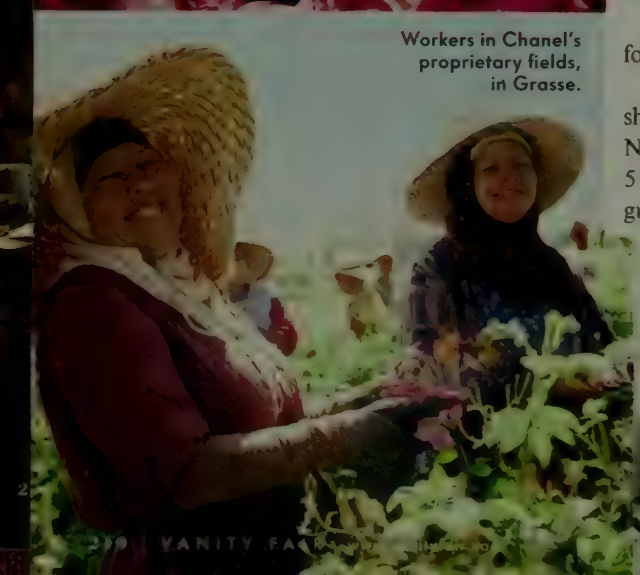
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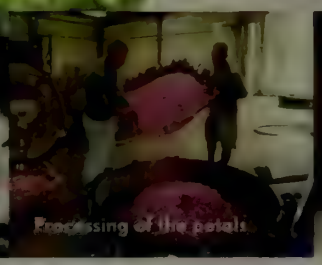
Chanel and her dog, Taege, at her villa, La Pausa, Côte d'Azur, circa 1930s.



Classic Chanel No. 5 bottle on a bed of roses.



Workers in Chanel's proprietary fields, in Grasse.



Processing of the petals.



Renee Mul, caretaker of the Chanel fields in Grasse.

Essence of Time

Ever the sorceress of style, she chose haunting scents from all over the world—jasmine and lush pink May roses from the medieval Provençal town of Grasse, creamy yellow ylang-ylang blossoms from the Comoro Islands off the east coast of Africa, rum-scented tonka beans from South America, vanilla and sandalwood, and a rich mélange of other ingredients—and blended them all into a sensuous fragrance that instantly captivated *le tout Paris.*

Created at the dawn of the Roaring 20s, **Chanel No. 5** was as modern a perfume as **Coco Chanel's** revolutionary clothes were the harbingers of a new era in fashion for sexy, emancipated women. Launched in 1921, Chanel No. 5 is the best-selling scent in the world as well as a groundbreaking icon of design; its sleek, androgynous packaging was exhibited at New York's Museum of Modern Art and immortalized in a series of silk screens by **Andy Warhol.**

But now the House of Chanel has recalibrated its classic fragrance in a new product called **No. 5 Eau Première.** Retaining the essential character of the original while refreshing its appeal was a job for Chanel's venerable master perfumer, **Jacques Polge,** known in the rarefied world of scent as the Nose.

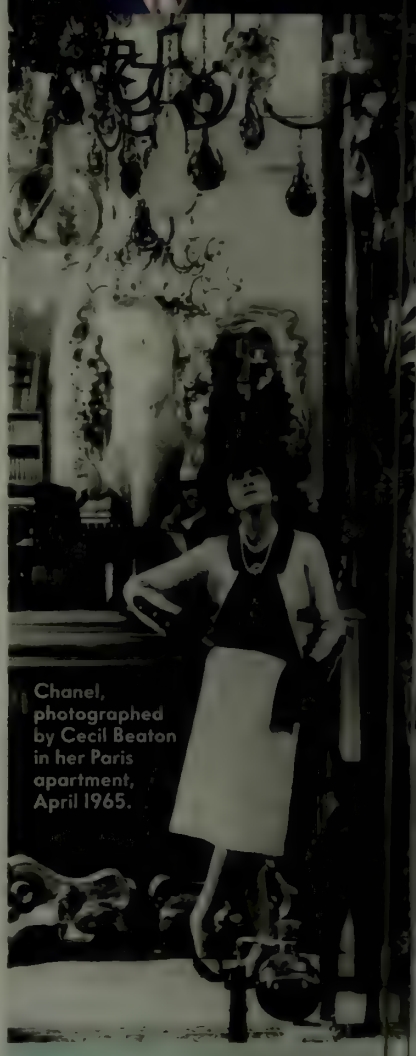
"We needed to re-interpret Chanel No. 5 for the modern era," says **Christopher Sheldrake,** Polge's deputy, or—as he puts it—the second nose of Chanel.

The result of their alchemy is a youthful fragrance whose effect is brightened by the orange-flower-oil neroli and Damascene roses from Turkey and Bulgaria, which have a fresher, greener aroma than the honeyed May roses.

"No. 5 can be like one's mother's fragrance, and Eau Première is certainly younger," Sheldrake explains. "No. 5 can also be an evening fragrance, but Eau Première is a fragrance you can wear all day long."

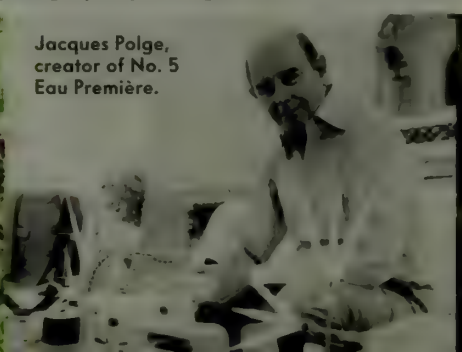
But some things don't change. "A woman looks for mystery in a fragrance," Sheldrake says.

A journalist once asked **Marilyn Monroe** what she wore to bed, and she cooed, "Just a few drops of No. 5." It's the ineffable *je ne sais quoi* of Chanel No. 5 that has ensured its timeless appeal, and a truly beguiling mystery never grows old. —LESLIE BENNETTS



Chanel, photographed by Cecil Beaton in her Paris apartment, April 1965.

The countryside near Grasse.



Jacques Polge, creator of No. 5 Eau Première.



SURVIVAL GUIDE



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Construction of the Beijing National Stadium, the main venue for the 2008 Olympic Games.

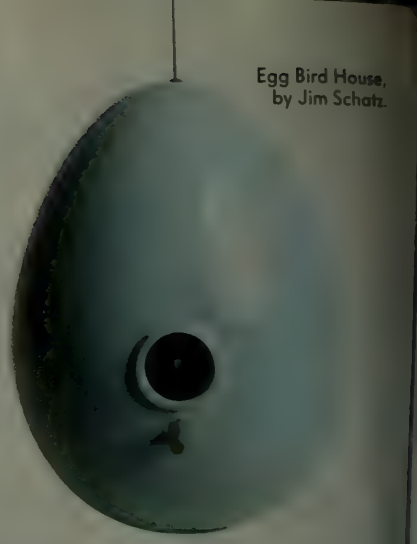
Nest of Dreams

There are some buildings which capture the imagination of an age (think TWA terminal at J.F.K., Sydney Opera House, Guggenheim Bilbao). Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron's National Stadium, for the Beijing Olympics, will surely join this club. Known as "the Bird's Nest," the structure is made of steel elements, interwoven in such a way as to defy immediate comprehension. The tangled form is, of course, a highly complex feat of engineering. When it is finished—some predict five minutes before the opening ceremonies—in August 2008, it will seat 91,000 people.

DESIGN FOR LIVING

MATT TYRNAUER

Egg Bird House, by Jim Schatz.

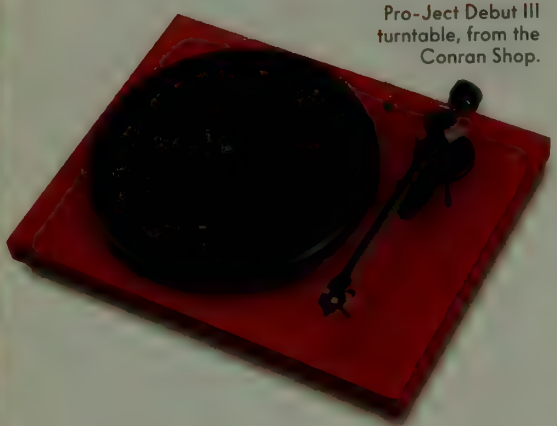


Good Egg The egg, one of nature's primal shapes, is an obsession of Jim Schatz, a ceramics designer, who has eggified the lamp, the hanging planter, the piggy bank, and, now, the birdhouse. The Egg Bird House, sort of a hanging fortress, keeps evil birds and thieving squirrels at bay, and supplies a touch of class for your little chickadee. jschatz.com

Marc Newson goes galactic . . . a record for simplicity . . .

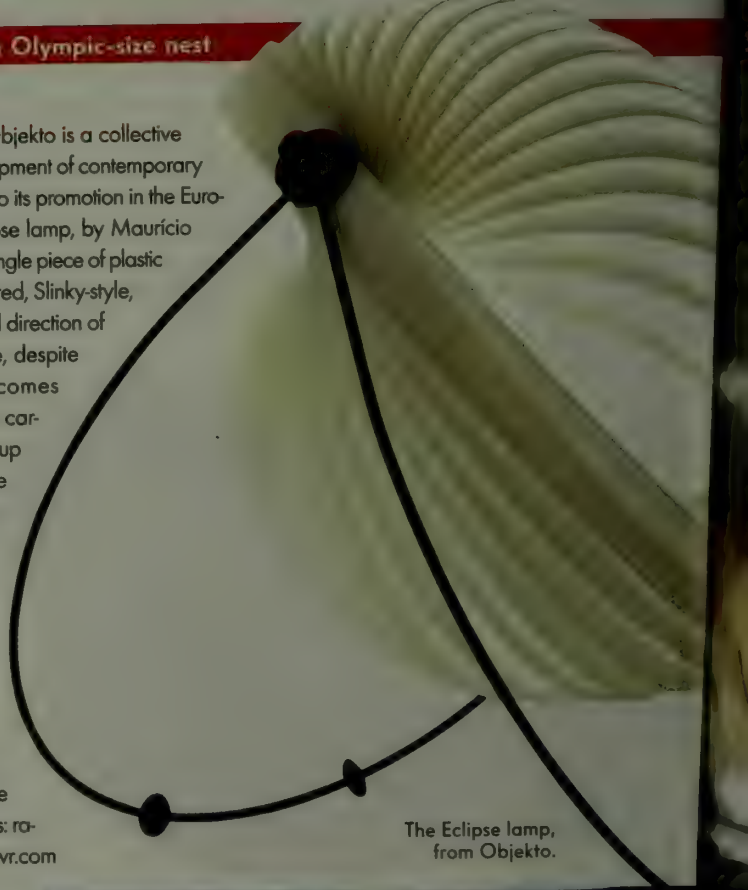
a chic home for your chickadee . . . an Olympic-size nest

Pro-Ject Debut III turntable, from the Conran Shop.

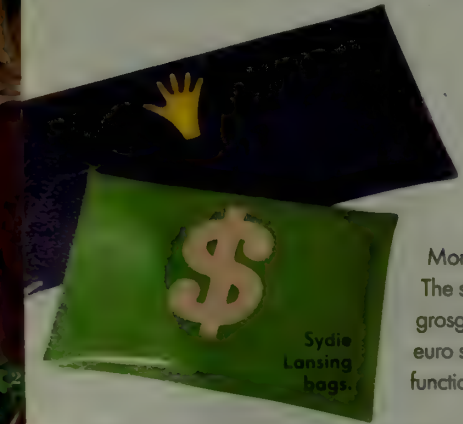


Turn, Turn The Pro-Ject Debut III turntable has the air of retro, Eastern-bloc chic. The device was designed in Vienna and is manufactured by the venerable Pro-Ject precision-mechanics factory, in the Czech town of Litovel, which has created electronics for the Mitteleuropa market for more than 50 years. The Pro-Ject screams, *Form follows function,* with its unadorned, primary-colored base and square-edged shape. conranshop.co.uk

L'Éclipse Objekto is a collective devoted to the development of contemporary Brazilian design and to its promotion in the European market. Its Eclipse lamp, by Maurício Klabin, is made of a single piece of plastic that can be manipulated, Slinky-style, to adjust the level and direction of the light. (The Eclipse, despite its flowing shape, comes in a pizza box–style carton.) The Objekto group bases its vision on the revolutionary style principles of Le Corbusier and Oscar Niemeyer (the godfather of Brazilian design), and you can see the Niemeyer influence in the Eclipse: a compound curve with repeating arches: rational but sensual. dwr.com



The Eclipse lamp, from Objekto.



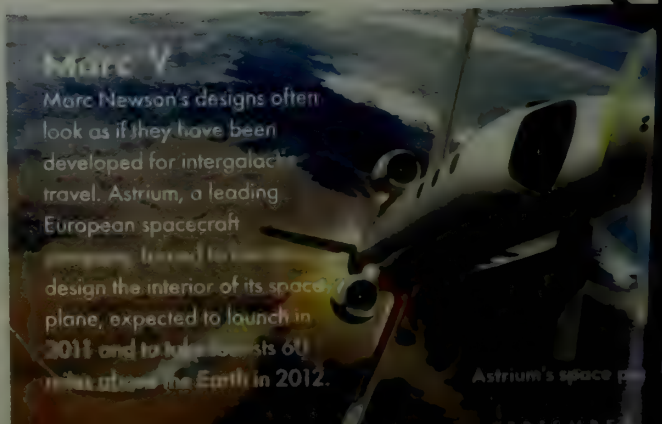
Sydie Lansing bags.

Cash Clutch

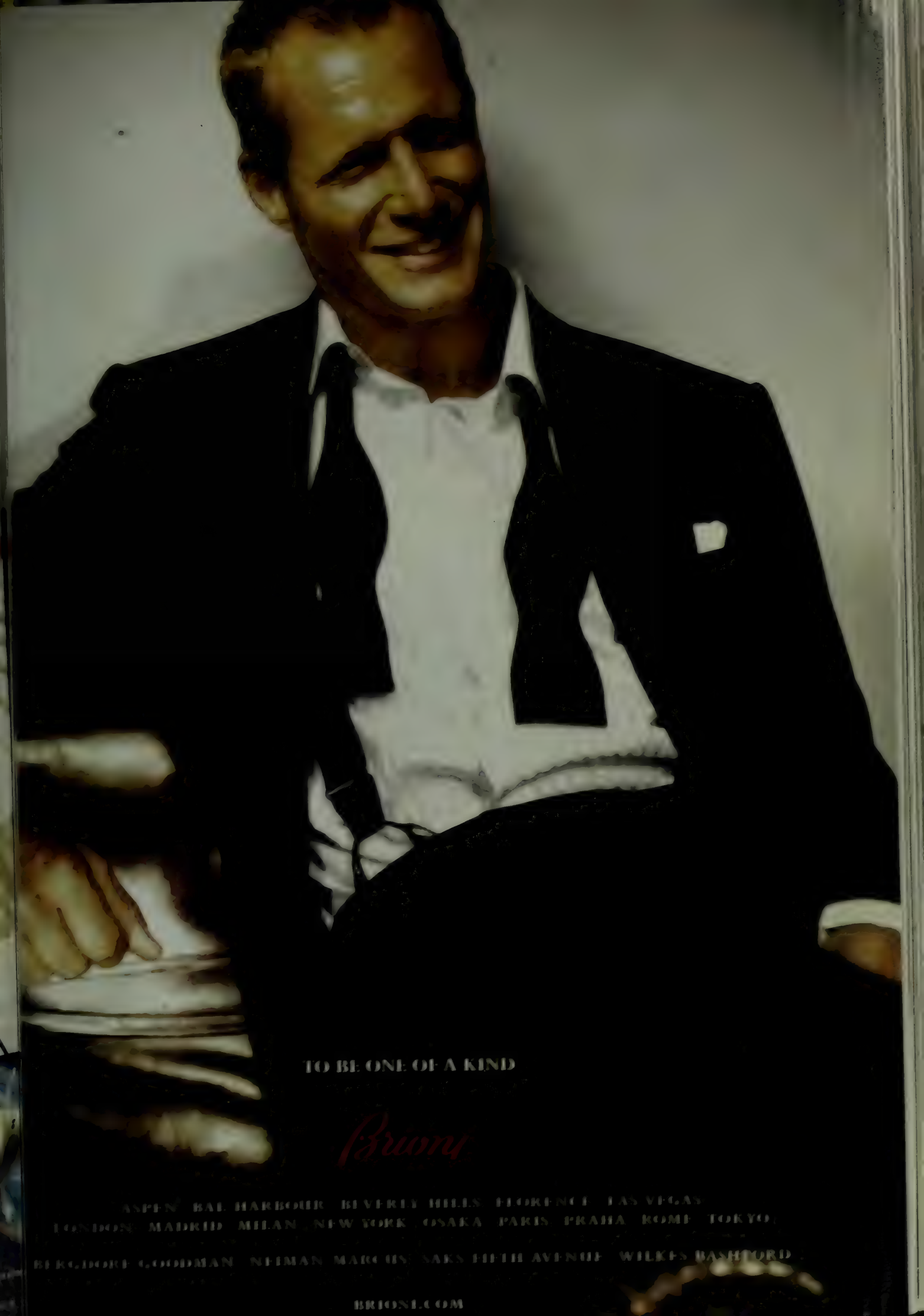
Sydie Lansing, a sculptor and art philanthropist, has designed a line of Pop-ish accessories with graphic icons. Lansing calls the wallet the Money Bag and the clutch the Hand Bag. The symbols on the patent-leather-and-grosgrain Money Bags (dollar, pound, and euro signs) are also allusions to the bags' function. momastore.org

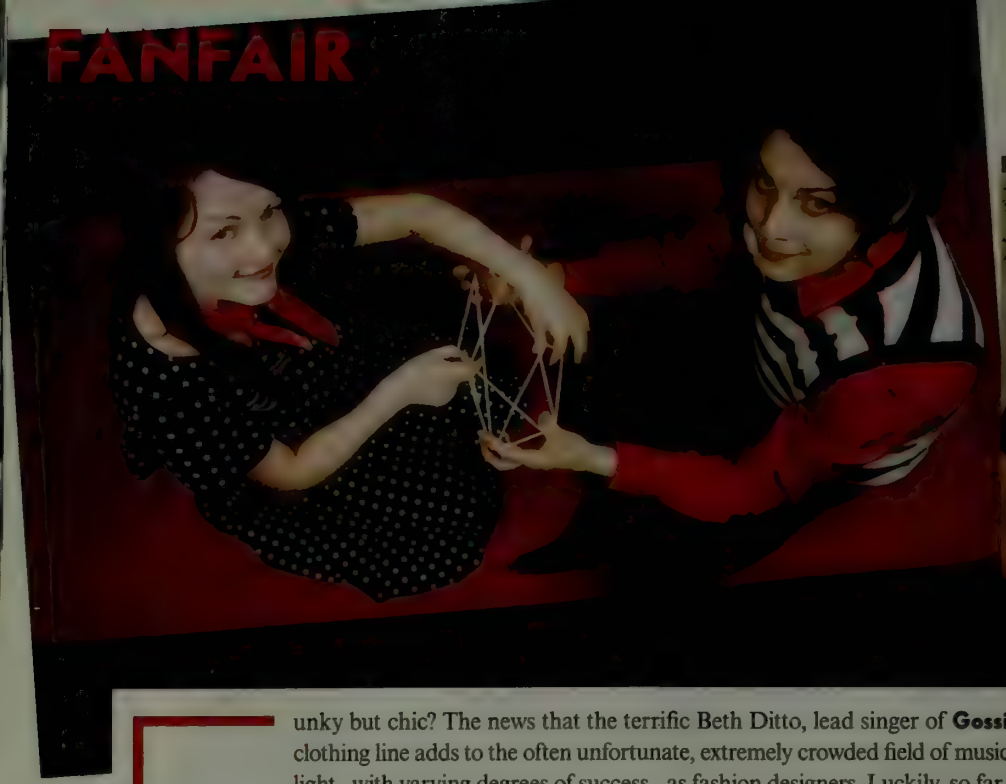
Marc V

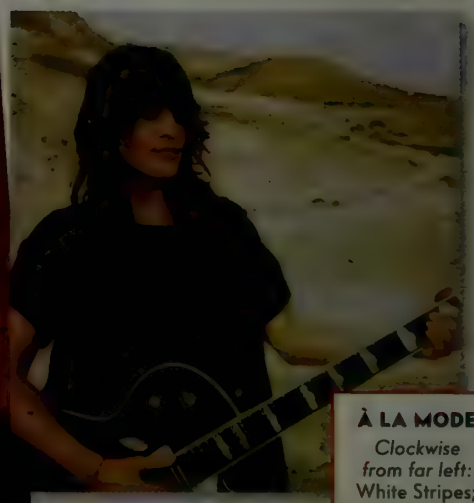
Marc Newson's designs often look as if they have been developed for intergalactic travel. Astrium, a leading European spacecraft [illegible] to design the interior of its space plane, expected to launch in 2011 and to take tourists 60 miles above the Earth in 2012.



Astrium's space p[illegible]


TO BE ONE OF A KIND
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ASPEN BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS FIORENCE LAS VEGAS
LONDON MADRID MILAN NEW YORK OSAKA PARIS PRAHA ROME TOKYO
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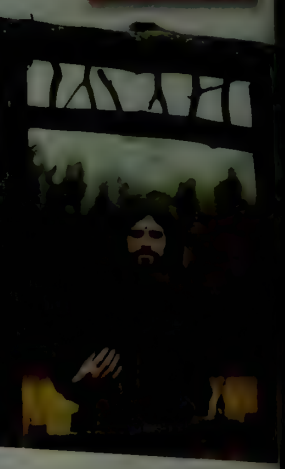




À LA MODE
Clockwise from far left: White Stripes; Keren Ann; Devendra Banhart.

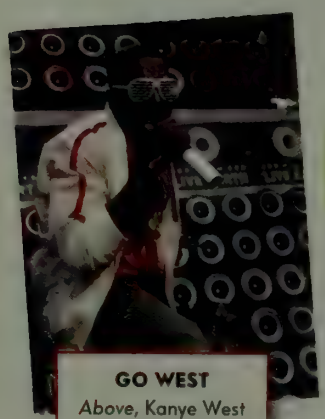
Funky but chic? The news that the terrific Beth Ditto, lead singer of **Gossip,** is planning a clothing line adds to the often unfortunate, extremely crowded field of musicians who moonlight—with varying degrees of success—as fashion designers. Luckily, so far, real fashion designers are still just *listening* to music.

Californians Laura and Kate Mulleavy, the sisters behind the elegant Rodarte line, are inspired these days by **Redd Kross, Wire,** and **X,** whose John Doe and Exene, says Laura, represent Los Angeles better than anyone: "They are true stray cats." Karl Lagerfeld, reportedly an iPod fanatic, is currently listening to **Rufus Wainwright, Scissor Sisters,** and **Patrick Wolf,** and, for his last couture show, used music from **the Polyphonic Spree, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark,** and **Biffy Clyro.** Lagerfeld has even released a double CD, *Les Musiques Que J'aime,* with songs from **Devendra Banhart, LCD Soundsystem, Xavier Cugat, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Igor Stravinsky,** and others of that ilk. Jean Paul Gaultier has recently been obsessed with **Mika, Les Rita Mitsouko,** and **Michel Polnareff.** Zac Posen's current musical selections include **Stylofone, the Virgins, Patti Smith's** cover album *(Twelve), The Anthology of American Folk Music,* and *Instant Karma: The Campaign to Save Darfur.* Liliana Casabal's designs for Morgane Le Fay look the way **Roxy Music's** *Avalon* sounds, but her favorite band? **The Red Hot Chili Peppers.** Lanvin's Alber Elbaz, who never listens to music when he draws because it has too big an impact on him, likes **Ofra Haza** and **Keren Ann.** For his summer vacation in Ibiza, Matthew Williamson plans to listen to **Calvin Harris** and **Schneider TM;** other faves include **Blondie, the Knife,** and **the Pixies.** And the designer most often associated with rock 'n' roll, Anna Sui, has always been a fan of **Nick Drake, the Cure, the Rolling Stones,** and **White Stripes;** and is currently listening to **the Raconteurs, the Good the Bad and the Queen, the Greenhornes,** and **Kasabian.**



HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON

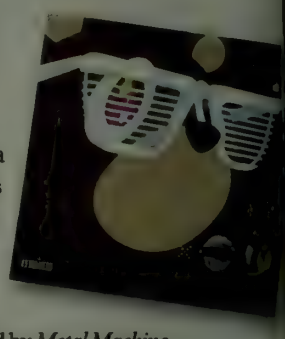


GO WEST
Above, Kanye West at Live Earth; *right,* Takashi Murakami's artwork for the single "Stronger."

Kanye West, named to the 2006 International Best-Dressed List, is a dedicated follower of fashion. So it comes as no surprise that he's teamed up with Japanese pop artist, sculptor, and the man behind those Louis Vuitton cherry bags, Takashi Murakami, for videos, graphics, artwork, and Web design for West's new album, *Graduation.*

West's trademark bear is back, this time sporting snazzy striped shades—the same ones worn by the rapper-producer Grammy winner at recent concerts. As for the actual music, there are contributions again from extraordinary producer **Jon Brion** as well as **T-Pain** and **Coldplay's** Chris Martin. Watch for more new music from such fashionable acts as **the Rakes**—whose song about a male model, "The World Was a Mess but His Hair Was Perfect," is on *Ten New Messages,* and *Smokey Rolls Down Thunder Canyon,* from Devendra Banhart. A live performance of **Lou Reed's** originally "misunderstood" *Metal Machine Music* is out from avant-garde chamber-music group **Zeitkratzer,** with Reed on guitar. *Strawberry Jam* is out from **Animal Collective,** who undoubtedly were influenced by *Metal Machine Music,* and there is new work from **Beirut** and **PJ Harvey.** A **Fats Domino** tribute album, *Goin' Home,* features **Lenny Kravitz** (named to this year's Best-Dressed List), **Norah Jones,** and others, and will benefit the rebuilding of Domino's home and a community center in New Orleans's Ninth Ward. Reissues of note are *Lonely Just Like Me: The Final Chapter,* which continues the re-discovery of the late, great soul singer **Arthur Alexander,** and the magnificent *Basie at Birdland,* a companion to the already digitally remastered *Sinatra at the Sands* (with Count Basie and the orchestra)—two of the most stylish albums of all time.

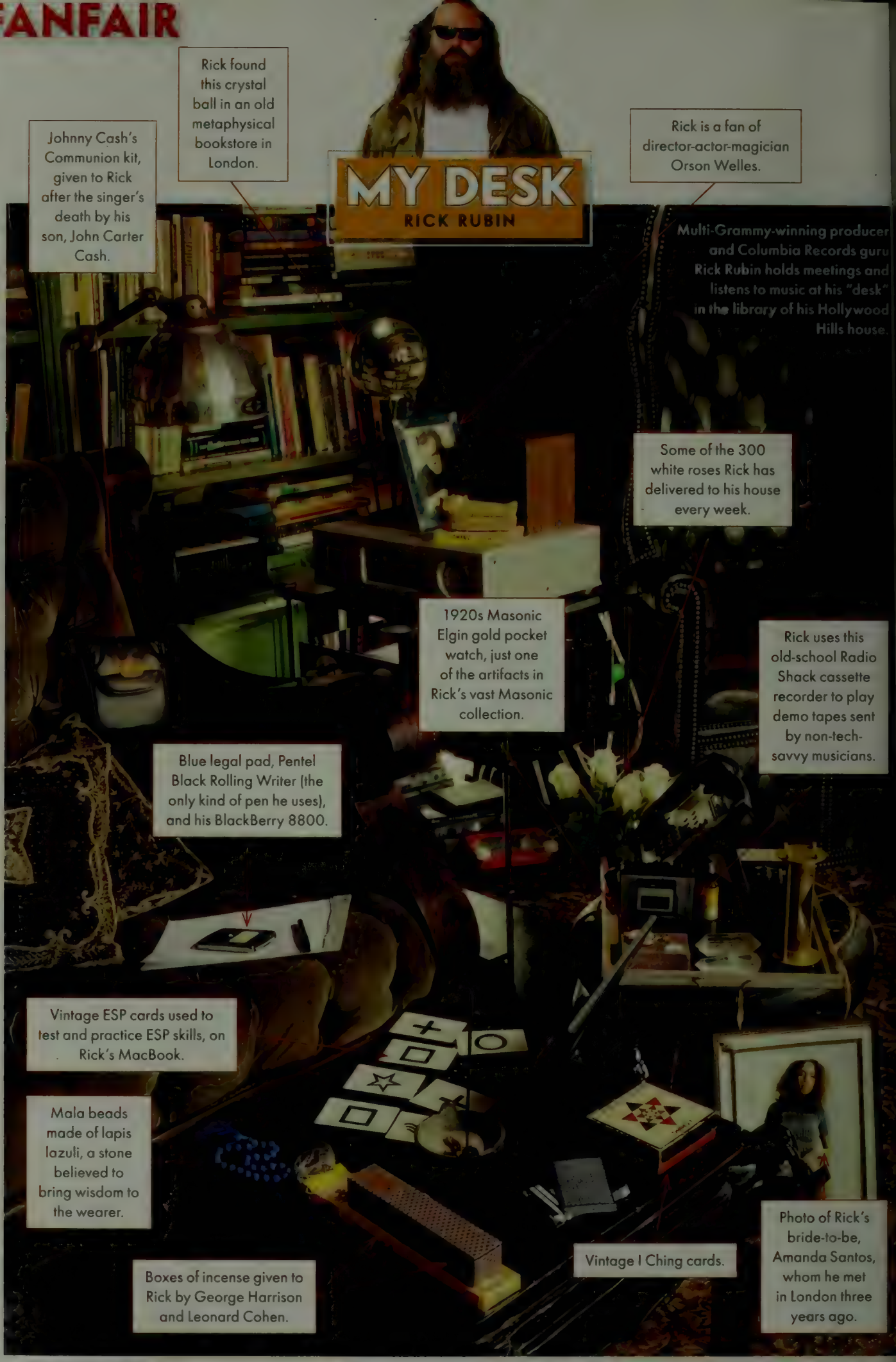
When you've lived and loved the way Frank has, you really know what life's about.




Radiant

MY DESK

RICK RUBIN



Multi-Grammy-winning producer and Columbia Records guru Rick Rubin holds meetings and listens to music at his "desk" in the library of his Hollywood Hills house.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER



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AN ARTIST'S SPACE

Annie Morris in her studio, in downtown Los Angeles.

PRIVATE LIVES

ANNIE MORRIS

Artist **Annie Morris,** 29, has two solo shows on exhibit this September—one at the Allsopp Contemporary, in London, and the other at New York City's Jeannie Freilich Fine Art. Born and raised in London, Morris had her first brush with fame at the age of three: "I was taught nursery school by the [late] Princess of Wales." Morris was selected, along with schoolmate **Clemmie Hambro,** as a possible flower girl for **Diana's** wedding to **Prince Charles.** "She got it," Morris tells me with disappointment in her voice. But then she quickly laughs, saying, "I got a pretty white box with Princess Diana's wedding cake. I've kept it all these years—Princess Diana's fruit cake is in my desk." Not a bad consolation prize. Last year Morris relocated to downtown Los Angeles to prepare for her exhibitions. "The studio spaces here are excellent—much better and bigger than in London. It's a perfect place to really work—way less distractions."

Influenced by **Paul Klee** and **Robert Rauschenberg,** Morris studied painting at the École Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, in Paris. "I went to Paris because I always wanted to learn French. I was only going to go for a year, then . . . I saw the Beaux-Arts—this fantastic kind of weird, wonderful school." She ended up staying for four years. Morris completed her education at the Slade School of Fine Art, in London. Her work comprises a series of collages, sculptures, and paintings using wooden clothespins, painted postcards, and various other materials. "At school [in France] I worked in the sculpture department, although I was painting. I'm always really attracted to different materials, not just canvas. My work is usually made up of lots of smaller pieces that come together to make one big piece. I like almost a ridiculous amount of detail."

Her break came in 2003 when she illustrated good friend **Sophie Dahl's** best-selling novella, *The Man with the Dancing Eyes.* Since then it has been a whirlwind. At 25, she had her first gallery show. "A book is fairly different to execute. An exhibition is like a play—it comes down and it goes back up. I showed lots of paintings with pigment, lots of birds and huge oversized women, and I had about four peg pieces. We sold everything but one painting—which I donated to my mum."

Last year **Christopher Bailey,** the creative director of Burberry, commissioned Morris to make a dress entirely out of her meticulously painted clothespins. The garment, roughly 30,000 pins in all, made the cover of London's *Independent Magazine* and then was displayed in the window of Colette, the high-end fashion store in Paris. She quickly became one of Britain's most collectible young artists.

When asked whom she would most like to walk through her upcoming shows, Morris says **Louise Bourgeois,** the sculptor-artist. "She has this salon in New York every Sunday. She's done it for over 30 years—I think she's in her 90s. She doesn't leave the house. You bring your work to her, and she gives you a mark. If she came to the gallery and gave me a 9 out of 10 . . . that would be pretty good." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON BELL


JIMMY CHOO

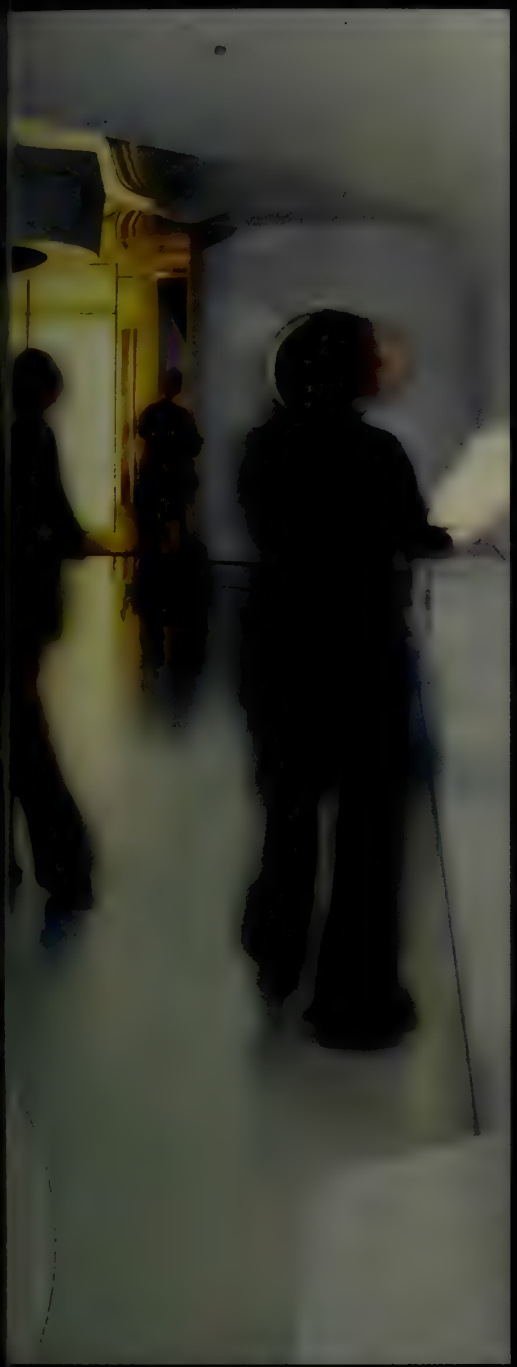


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TEN GIANT STEPS

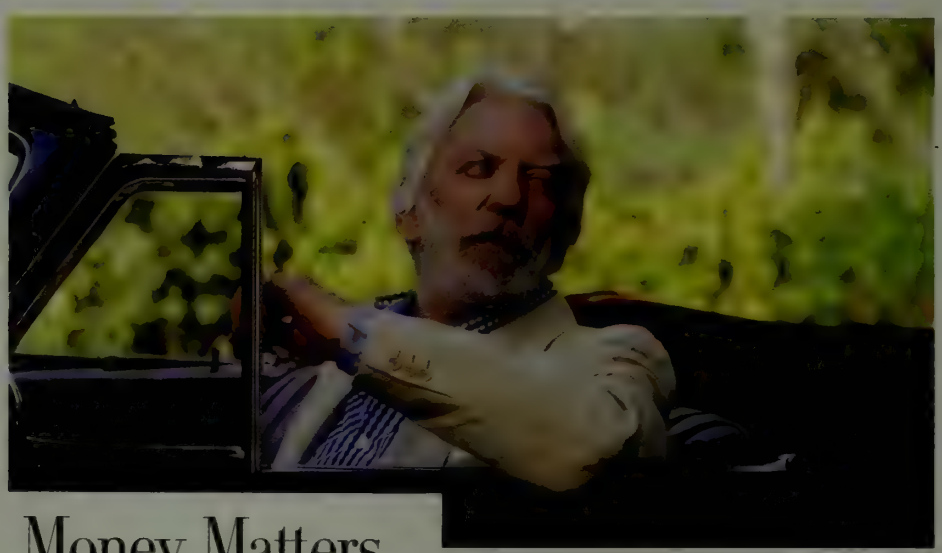
It has been almost 35 years since astronauts last set foot on the moon, which can make the endeavor feel as dated as a NIXON'S THE ONE bumper sticker and, yet, maybe even more unreal and science-fictiony than it seemed back when people still knew what an L.E.M. was (lunar-excursion module). So a not inconsiderable value of the new documentary *In the Shadow of the Moon* is that it reminds us that, no shit, men really did walk on the moon! Director **David Sington** makes wonderful use of archival footage: a Saturn V rocket lifting off in slow motion, wreathed in white smoke, looks like the world's mightiest wedding cake; the Day-Glo orange flames from rocket thrusters and carpet bombings (seen during a brief detour to Vietnam) are a visual essay on the polar extremes of American power. Better still are the recent interviews with 10 of the 18 still-living astronauts who made the trip; famously cool customers, they tell their stories with humor and all due awe. Give the film bonus points for this sad indication of how times change: in a montage of reactions to the first moon landing, a Frenchwoman says, "I always trusted America. I knew they wouldn't fail." I could have cried.

—BRUCE HANDY



Neil Armstrong, Mike Collins, and Buzz Aldrin (Apollo 11) from *In the Shadow of the Moon.*

HOT REELS



Money Matters

Fierce People is a sometimes funny, sometimes terrifying coming-of-age film that's set in an insular *über*-wealthy landscape where social climbing is a blood sport. It's directed by **Griffin Dunne** with a screenplay by **Dirk Wittenborn,** based on his novel. Finn (**Anton Yelchin**) is a New York City teenager who was planning on spending the summer in the rain forest studying the Ishkanani people with the anthropologist father he has never met. Instead he's hauled off to an estate deep in the wilds of New Jersey by his working-class cokehead masseuse mother, Liz (**Diane Lane**). In an effort to clean up her act, Liz accepts the offer of a summer in the country from an enormously rich ex-client, Mr. Osborne (**Donald Sutherland**). As the outsider looking in, Finn realizes that the wealthy offer as much anthropological opportunity as the Ishkanani and begins comparing the cultures of his father's documentary to the behaviors of the rich, juxtaposing the mores of high society with the savagery of the Ishkanani tribe. The story intensifies when Finn falls in love with Osborne's granddaughter Maya (**Kristen Stewart**) and seeks acceptance in the moneyed tribe—thus threatening the No. 1 grandson. As the Osborne family unravels, their extreme and violent behavior reminds us of how seductive money and power are and how primitive even those of us with the most toys can be. But, in the end, Mr. Osborne's favorite phrase triumphs: "*Ex Malo Bonum,*" Good out of Evil.

—A. M. HOMES

Donald Sutherland in *Fierce People.*



Toots Shor, the thinking man's big lug, was the gold-standard New York saloonkeeper, running an eponymous restaurant from 1939 to 1971, first on West 51st Street, then around the corner on West 52nd. It was the Elaine's of its day, only bigger—because the times were bigger, or at least it seems that way now. Certainly the times were drunker, which is probably why no one makes much of a case for Toots's food. But Shor was a natural host, a man who put other men at ease, and all the name entertainers, movie stars, politicians, judges, ballplayers, fighters, writers, and mobsters thronged his joint. *Toots,* an entertaining new documentary by his granddaughter **Kristi Jacobson,** recalls one evening when he arranged a special dinner for **Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby,** and **Jack Dempsey.** And then, as Sinatra says in archival footage (from a lecture at Yale, no less), "When **Babe Ruth** walked in I damn near wet my pants." Imagine. But really, as the film makes clear, with vivid clips and new testimony from patrons such as **Walter Cronkite, Gay Talese, Mike Wallace, Frank Gifford,** and **Yogi Berra,** that was just another night at Toots's.

—B.H.



Façonnable

THE MODERN ELEGANCE FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA



Fall's Golden Palette

1. **Mish New York** *Hana bamboo wide-hinged cuff in 18-karat gold with hand-carved tigereye stones and cognac-colored diamond accents, $33,600.* 2. **Agas & Tamar** *pink Russian rose-cut-stone necklace with a unique clasp in 18-karat gold, $600.* 3. **Etro** *bracelet, $70.* 4. **Pomellato** *Sirene 18-karat white-gold ring in moonstone and rock stone, $8,000.* 5. **Dimitri Design** *18-karat-gold repoussé earrings in the style of a fourth-century-B.C. Grecian bird design, $1,600.* 6. **Nancey Chapman** *gold-and-diamond flower hoop earrings, $6,600.* 7. **De Beers** *Babylon talisman medallion in yellow gold, $20,000.* 8. **Carrera y Carrera** *Aqua yellow-gold ring, $1,950.* 9. **Verdura** *baroque-South-Sea-pearl-and-gold-wrapped earclips, $10,700.* 10. **Chanel** *Paris Monte Carlo Collection ring in metal, pearly glass stone, strass, and resin, $2,250.* 11. **Agas & Tamar** *dark necklace of 22-karat-gold beads, $750.* 12. **Armenta** *18-karat-gold Maltese-cross earrings with diamonds, $1,690.* 13. **Shamballa** *Meucci diamond ring, $3,400.* 14. **Cathy Waterman** *22-karat-gold Madagascar-sapphire slice ring, $6,630.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN LEWIS



BALLY

SINCE 1851







STEALING BEAUTY
Clockwise from top left: Goude (far left) and Parker filming the Covet commercial; a commercial still; Goude sketching out the story.

Mise-en-Scent

There's a new scent in the city—**Sarah Jessica Parker's Covet.**

Parker wanted to concoct a perfume that was more whimsical than her first fragrance, Lovely. She partnered with Coty Prestige to create a new eau de parfum, which blends floral and lemony top notes with a musky base, and spritzes out of a jewel-encrusted bottle. The accompanying body lotion and bath gel are fashioned in green-with-envy packaging.

Legendary photographer and director **Jean-Paul Goude,** who has devised clever advertising spots for Chanel, Louis Vuitton, and other luxury labels, jumped on board to direct Covet's commercial extravaganza.

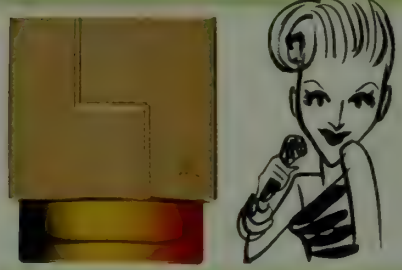
"We wanted the ad campaign to tell the story of a woman who throws caution and reason out of the window after being tempted by this fragrance she desires," Parker says. "It is something that she wants and needs and would stop at nothing to get."

It was lights, camera, action for three days in Paris at the Place Vendôme, with Parker, clad in a fabulous **Christian Lacroix** haute couture gown, attempting a fragrance felony: eyeing a bottle of Covet in a boutique, she becomes entranced and shatters a glass window with her stiletto. She snatches the perfume and makes a run for it, but the cops catch her and cart her away. "Ultimately I end up behind bars, all in the name of Covet," Parker says. —JESSICA FLINT

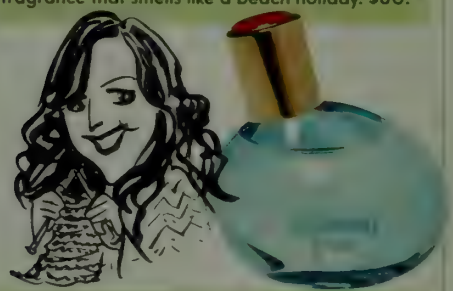
BEAUTY

The Couture Collection of Fall's Scent-sational New Fragrances

GWEN STEFANI'S L, her first fragrance for L.A.M.B., is a floral bouquet of rose and muguet with a base note of sensual musk. $70.



MISSONI ACQUA weaves bright bergamot, blue freesia, and Tuscan iris to create a fragrance that smells like a beach holiday. $80.



RALPH LAUREN'S POLO EXPLORER is a woodsy blend of Sicilian bergamot, sandalwood, and amber. $67.50.





MARC JACOBS'S DAISY is a warm mix of violet leaves and layers of gardenia and white woods. $70.



TOM FORD FOR MEN blends rare ingredients to create a strong, clean mix of lemon-leaf oil, black pepper, tobacco, and oakmoss. $78.

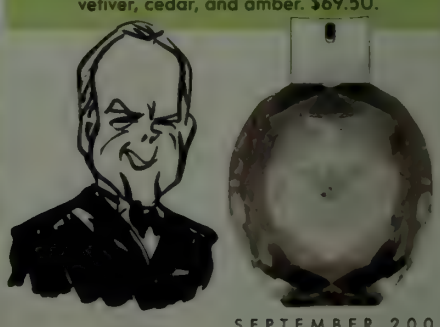
BELLE EN RYKIEL BY SONIA RYKIEL is an aromatic blend combining red currant with coffee blossoms, amber, and mahogany. $85.



DKNY DELICIOUS NIGHT is a seductive cocktail of chilled pomelo, blackberry martini, and night-blooming florals. $68.



EMPORIO ARMANI DIAMONDS is a floral fragrance based on the rose, with facets of vetiver, cedar, and amber. $69.50.



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VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

If you have a grand dream of the way you would like your life to be, and you put your whole heart and soul into it, you'd sure like to have a guarantee that it's going to come true. It's the same way with people. If you have loved someone deeply, you obviously couldn't give them up and walk away without shedding some tears and feeling some pain. The trouble is, when an outer planet leaves your 12th house, life isn't likely to follow your directions. That's when you have to put the wind to your back and bravely move on.

Donna Karan



LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

It appears that you've set out on a new course in life—one that allows you to be more spontaneous and experiment with a lifestyle that offers adventure, if not the traditional idea of security. Meanwhile, your 11th house has helped you gain enough distance, detachment, and objectivity to be there for people who can't always be there for you. Now you know what it means not only to *have* a true friend but to *be* one.

Gemma Ward



SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Isn't it strange? With Saturn in your solar midheaven, you're both bucking the system and courting it at the same time. Try as you might to avoid playing politics, you can't stop angling for recognition, power, and position. And because you crave validation from the ruling regime but loathe the box the leaders of that regime want to squeeze you into, you invariably get caught up in the rat race you've always sworn you abhor. The truth is, you are now where you've always wanted to be. Well, almost.

Tyson Beckford



SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Dealing with family business has been a major burden for you over the past several months. Sure, it's fulfilling on a personal level, but reining in the chaos on the domestic front has tested your sanity, and it hasn't helped that you've been forced to think about your 2nd house—the one that controls finances—every other minute. Despite that seemingly constant distraction, and your built-in resistance to higher education, you've managed to ace some demanding tests in your personal and professional life. Guess what. It's graduation time.

Cary Grant



CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

You've got to hand it to the mighty caterpillar. Now that your ruling planet has completed its passage through your solar 8th house, you should be feeling empathy for any creature that has to remain encased in a coffin-like shell it has already outgrown while waiting patiently for a sign that it is time to break out. Claustrophobia and a screaming case of death anxiety aside, you've got to be pretty damned happy that you can finally spread your wings and fly away.

Christian Dior



AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Every once in a long while, the universe puts in your path someone who has the power to alter the course of your life. It's probably good that such connections are so rare, since the people we love the most also end up being the most annoying. But when Saturn occupies an exalted position in your solar horoscope, as it's doing now, you can expect to come face-to-face with your shadow personality—the individual who perfectly mirrors all your desires. The irony: it's usually the one person you can never possess.

Natalia Vodianova



PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 2

The old saw about 10 percent inspiration and 90 percent perspiration has proved to be too true, hasn't it? Even Pisceans those masters of avoidance and distraction, have come to see that what makes greatness is attention to detail. The ruler of your solar 11th house in your 6th enables you to focus, achieve clarity and consistency, and hang in there until the job is done. It also helps you stay healthy and serve a greater goal with humility—let's hope without too much screaming.

Elle Macpherson



ARIES. MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Maybe you are being compulsive when you throw yourself into projects and relationships with the fervor of a missionary, only to drop them when your enthusiasm flags. Yes, you've left a few symphonies unfinished, but you can't help it. You live by your instincts, and your solar 5th house makes you part creative artist, part passionate lover, and, when you have to be, part used-car salesman desperate to unload a lemon.

Issey Miyake



TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Stop beating yourself up for being stuck in the same old place. It's simply *not* a case of the usual Taurean denial, hatred of change, fear of abandonment, or financial insecurity. Ever since last April, when your 9th-house ruler went direct in your 4th after a five-month retrograde, you have been dealing with serious family stuff. It's no easy task to continue nurturing someone when you know that good-byes are going to have to be said before too long, but that's what loyalty is all about. Bless you.

Naomi Campbell



GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

If you have siblings, you may wish you didn't right about now. With the planetary ruler of your 8th house transiting your 3rd, your efforts to avoid getting entangled in the web of family dynamics are likely to end in bitter feelings. Those feelings include guilt, when the relatives you've been avoiding get into scrapes you think you could have helped them avoid, and resentment, after they pull a Houdini just when you need them most. Either heal the splits or split yourself. Enough already.

Will Ferrell



CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Do you want to know why the rich keep getting richer and richer? Here's the secret and the paradox: they choose to act as if they were poor, mainly because if they acted the way poor people think rich people live, they'd be broke in no time. That doesn't mean you should be cheap and selfish. But as you should have learned from all the planetary activity in your solar 2nd house, thrift and prudence are far better keys to prosperity than a lot of hysterical worry and pointless nail-biting.

Nan Kempner



LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Congratulations! You made it. There were a few shaky moments when you doubted yourself and became convinced that you couldn't handle the hassle, but you handled it all right. The transit of Saturn may well be a time of self-realization, as astrologers never tire of pointing out, but it's also a total bitch. Take this opportunity to reflect on how mature you've become over the past two years, then go out and treat yourself to a delicious meal. When the check comes, just say, "Screw the money. I deserve it."

Dear Ketel One Drinker
If aliens ever land here,
chances are,
you'll be one of the people
they want to talk to.

God Bless Me, It's a Best-Seller!

The author's book tour—for *God Is Not Great*—takes a few miraculous turns, including the P.R. boost from Jerry Falwell's demise, a chance encounter with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and surprising support for an attack on religion

One of America's most seminal books is William James's *The Varieties of Religious Experience,* in which he argues that the subjective experience of the divine can be understood only by the believer. I have just been finding out how true this is. You hear all the time that America is an intensely religious nation, but what you don't hear is that there are almost as many religions as there are believers. Moreover, many ostensible believers are quite unsure of what they actually believe. And, to put it mildly, the different faiths don't think that highly of one another. The emerging picture is not at all monolithic.

People seem to be lying to the opinion polls, as well. They claim to go to church in much larger numbers than they actually do (there aren't enough churches in the country to hold the hordes who boast of attending), and they sometimes seem to believe more in Satan and in the Virgin Birth than in the theory of evolution. But every single time that the teaching of "intelligent design" has actually been proposed in conservative districts, it has been defeated overwhelmingly by both courts and school boards. A fascinating new book, *40 Days and 40 Nights,* describes this happening in detail in the small town of Dover, Pennsylvania. Its author, Matthew Chapman, is the great-great-grandson of Charles Darwin, which helps make Dover the modern version of the Scopes "Monkey Trial," in Dayton, Tennessee, in 1925, with the difference that this time the decision went the other way. A Republican-appointed judge described the school board's creationist effort as "breathtaking inanity."

Could there be a change in the *Zeitgeist* coming on? I think it's possible. A 2001 study found that those without religious affiliation are the fastest-growing minority in the United States. A generation ago the words "American atheist" conjured the image of the slightly cultish and loopy Madalyn Murray O'Hair. But in the last two years there have been five atheist best-sellers, one each from Professors Richard Dawkins and Daniel Dennett and two from the neuroscientist Sam Harris. As the author of the fifth of these books, I asked my publishers to arrange my book tour as a series of challenges to the spokesmen of the faithful, and to send me as far as possible to the South. The following is an account of some of the less expected moments of the trip.



ON THE ROAD AGAIN
Christopher Hitchens, head not bowed in prayer, at Seattle's Town Hall—one of 12 stops on his book tour.

April 22, Little Rock, Arkansas: I leave the *Vanity Fair* party, given at my apartment after the White House Correspondents' Dinner, at 4:30 A.M. to catch the red-eye from Washington to the Arkansas Book Fair. My last memory of the D.C. bash is of Justice Antonin Scalia debating some of the sharper points of Catholic doctrine with California attorney general Jerry Brown. I decide against wearing my black-tie evening attire for the day-trip. On the road from the Little Rock airport is an enormous black-and-yellow billboard bearing the single word JESUS: this is just how people like to imagine Dixie. My book isn't even technically published, yet there's an overflow Sunday crowd. I start by mentioning the sign. I know the name, I say, and I have used the expression. But on its own the word "Jesus" seems to say both too much and (somehow) too little. This gets more of a laugh than I might have predicted. At the end of the event I discover something that I am going to keep on discovering: half the people attending had thought that they were the only atheists in town.

May 1, New York City: An evening at the Union League Club, sponsored by the conservative David Horowitz. A full house of upscale right-wingers who at least agree with me on the single issue of fighting Islamic jihadism. A generally receptive and friendly audience as I am interviewed by the publisher Peter Collier. He's just closed the meeting when a man in a clerical collar puts up his hand. In a magnanimous mood, I say, Fair enough—let's extend the event for a man of the cloth. This turns out to be Father George Rutler of the Church of Our Saviour, who announces that he's on the committee of the club and will make sure that I am never invited there again. There's some shock at this inhospitable attitude, but I think: Gosh. Holy Mother Church used to threaten people with eternal damnation. Now it's exclusion from the Union League Club. What a comedown. In a brisk exchange near the elevator, the good father assures me that I shall die a Catholic. Why do people think this is such a good point?

May 3, New York City: To the Lou Dobbs show, on CNN—Mr. Middle America at prime time. Mr. Dobbs displays a satirical paragraph from my book, about the number of virgin births that all religions have always claimed. He tells me off-air that he quit Sun-

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THE DIRECTOR OF "HENRY V," "HAMLET" AND "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"



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day school as a very small boy, and that he's raised all his children without religion. He lets me bang on a lot. At the end, he refers to my new American citizenship, the oath of which I swore at the Jefferson Memorial on April 13 (Mr. Jefferson's birthday, and mine). I get to try out my latest slogan, echoing what Jefferson said about the "wall of separation" between church and state: "Mr. Jefferson—build up that wall!" Mr. Dobbs leans over and, on-camera, pins an American flag to my lapel. Patriotism and secularism in the same breath, on middle-class TV. It can be done. As I leave, Dobbs says wryly that he'll now have to deal with all the e-mails. I promise him that they will be in his favor and ask to have them forwarded. The mailbag eventually breaks about 70-30 in support, though one woman does say that she'll never tune in to CNN again.

May 7, New York City: To the New York Public Library to debate Al Sharpton, a man who proves every day that you can get away with anything in this country if you can shove the word "Reverend" in front of your name. To a question about Mormonism and Mitt Romney, I reply that it's high time the governor was asked about the official racism of his Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: a policy of exclusion that persisted until 1978. Sharpton responds that the "real" Christians will be numerous enough to defeat Romney next year: a remark which earns itself a 24-hour media life. I notice again how much the Christians love one another, and I get the chance to go back to Lou Dobbs and say so on-air.

May 11, Washington, D.C.: In the studio of *The Christian Science Monitor* to debate with Pastor Stephan Munsey, leader of a megachurch in Indiana, plus a Baptist theologian from Wake Forest University. The Baptist theologian rather astonishes the host by saying that he basically agrees with me, and Mr. Munsey rather astonishes me by announcing that the good lord cured his daughter of Hodgkin's disease (though he waited until she had lost most of her hair and her body weight before deciding to do so). Hodgkin's disease is actually much more easily cured these days, largely owing to advances in stem-cell research which will now be halted or delayed to please the faithful.

May 14, Austin, Texas: A phone-in with WPTF ("We Protect the Family"), a conservative talk-radio station in North Carolina. The questions are very civil until the end, when I am asked if I know the anti-Christian works of Friedrich Nietzsche. I say that I have my differences with Nietzsche, but that I know his stuff. Am I aware, inquires the questioner, that when he was writing that very stuff he was suffering from terminal syphilitic decay? Slightly baffled, I reply that I have heard as much but don't know it to be true. Do I think, comes the next question, that there is a similar explanation for my own work? Should have seen that coming. My response is that I obviously can't be the best judge but that it's very compassionate of him to ask.

In the evening to debate with Marvin Olasky at the L.B.J. Library. Olasky is the man who coined the term "compassionate conservatism" and helped evolve Bush's "faith-based initiative." He's a convert from both Judaism and Communism. He tells the audience that his record as a married man improved after he became a Christian. I'm ready to believe it. He also mentions many nice people who do good things because of their faith. I reply that I am ready to believe that too, as long as it's admitted that many people behave worse because of their religion. My challenge: name an ethical statement or action, made or performed by a person of faith, that could not have been made or performed by a nonbeliever. I have since asked this question at every stop and haven't had a reply yet.

Olasky's book on presidential morality (which sadly was written before this president took office) says that George Washington won the Revolutionary War because he forbade drinking and swearing in the ranks of his army, whereas the British forces were awash in immorality. I argue that the war was won largely by the French, who were not strangers to wine or oaths, and that the American troops at Valley Forge were much inspired by Thomas Paine, who may not have cursed all that much but who never left the brandy bottle alone and who thought that Christianity was a joke. Moreover, the Brits—indicted by Olasky for their indulgence in adultery and even buggery—did manage to hold on to Canada, India, much of the Caribbean, and much of Africa in spite of divine disapproval. "God on Our Side" is one of the oldest and weakest arguments in human history.

May 15, Raleigh, North Carolina: At the airport, strangers approach to say, "Thanks for coming to take on the theocrats." Apparently the good folks at WPTF announced after my appearance on their show yesterday that I was going to hell. This doesn't prevent a huge crowd from showing up, which in turn means that Quail Ridge Books has to move the event into a neighboring Unitarian church. (The rector whispers to me, "I ought not to say this, but the church has never been this full before.") My opponent tonight is the very courteous Dr. Adam English, from the religion department at Campbell University. He's another Baptist, but when I ask if he believes Calvin's teaching about hell and pre-destination, he doesn't love the question. Southern hospitality is rightly famous, and he may think it would be rude to condemn a visitor to hell-fire. Then again, he can easily tell that the audience is not with him. Many southerners are annoyed by the presumption that they are all snake handlers and shout-and-holler artists, and the most critical questions all go to Dr. English, who has unwisely told the local paper that he'll win the argument because god is on his team. Again I notice two things: the religious types are unused to debate and are surprised at how many people are impatient with them, or even scornful.

HALF THE PEOPLE ATTENDING HAD THOUGHT THAT THEY WERE THE ONLY ATHEISTS IN TOWN.

Jerry Falwell—another man who managed to get away with murder by getting himself called "Reverend"—dies without being bodily "raptured" into the heavens. Indeed, his heavy carcass is found on the floor of his Virginia office. The cable shows start to call and I have a book to sell: maybe someone up there does love me after all.

May 16, Atlanta: My publishers had at first told me that I couldn't find a debater in this great city, but the Margaret Mitchell House now asks if I can do not just one session with an opponent but two sessions back-to-back, in order to accommodate excess demand. The museum and library are magnificent and show a picture of the young Martin Luther King Jr. in the little-boys' choir at the opening night of *Gone with the Wind.* I consider myself free of superstition, but I have to confess that I still find that quite arresting. The defender of the faith on this occasion is Timothy Jackson, a professor of Christian ethics at Emory University, and he cheerfully agrees to do the "second house." He's by far the best yet, and obviously enjoys the argument, but is clearly surprised by the roars of applause that greet any of my attacks on Falwell. (One sees the same pinched and flabby look on the faces of Sean Hannity and the other TV hosts who want me

to say at least a compassionate word about this departed fraud. At one point, Hannity wheels out Ralph Reed as a mourner, as if unaware that ostentatious grief from the friends of Jack Abramoff is exactly what the Christian right might have wanted to avoid at this moment of bereavement.)

The motto of the Confederacy was *Deo Vindice*, or "God on Our Side." Atlanta was burned to ashes by people who thought that the deity took the other view. I basically implore the audience to get over it, and to consider the strong possibility that heaven takes no side at all in human affairs. I know that this is still a minority position, but it's quite easy to defend and very difficult to disprove, as I think the devout Dr. Jackson might agree.

May 17, Coral Gables, Florida: I owe an apology. It is absolutely not true, as urban legend has it, that Orthodox Jews conduct sexual congress through a hole in the sheet. I should never have mentioned this slander, even in passing, in my book. (It won't appear in the reprint.) At the Temple Judea, a Reform synagogue that seats a thousand people, I make this concession in an exchange with Nathan Katz. But when I go on to attack the Jewish prayer that thanks god for not making you a woman or a Gentile, I get quite a bit of applause. As well as featuring Katz, the panel of my critics contains a Muslim woman scholar, a Buddhist nun, and a charismatic Catholic. What if all these people were to walk into a bar at the same time? Surely the barman would ask if it was some kind of joke.

The Second Presbyterian Church in New York puts up a sign in big letters, reading, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT. These are the people whose early dominance of America was described by Jefferson as witchcraft and inquisition. As against that, my book is climbing the best-seller list and is outselling the Pope's volume on Jesus Christ.

June 5, Los Angeles: A three-hour debate with the Reverend Mark Roberts, senior pastor of Irvine Presbyterian Church, in Orange County, on Hugh Hewitt's conservative Christian chat show. Very nice of Mr. Hewitt. The Rev doesn't accuse me of not knowing what I'm talking about: indeed, he's very civil about the book. At one point I ask him if he believes the story in Saint Matthew's Gospel about the graves opening in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion, and the occupants walking the streets. Doesn't it rather cheapen the idea of resurrection? He replies that as a Christian he does believe it, though as a historian he has his doubts. I realize that I am limited here: I can usually think myself into an opponent's position, but this is something I can't imagine myself saying, let alone thinking.

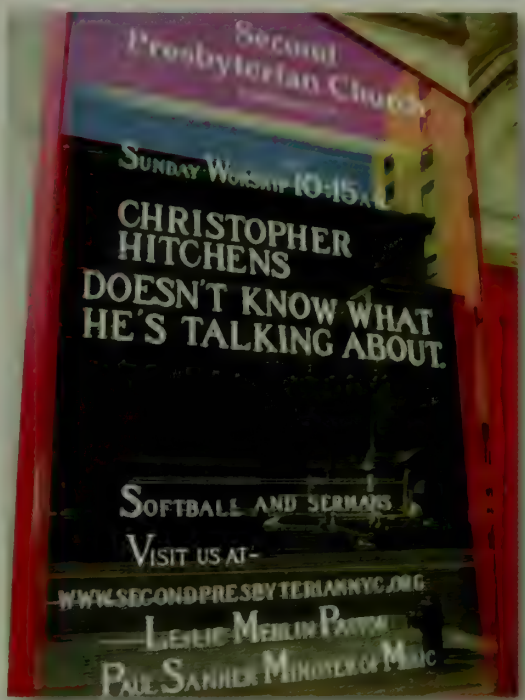
June 7, Seattle: A host on the local Fox radio station says he's appalled that I can't find a debate partner for this evening's event at Town Hall. After all, Seattle is the home of the Discovery Institute: powerhouse of the "intelligent design" movement. We go on to debate matters on-air, and when I say that I also can't find any Catholic who really believes in the Virgin Birth, he responds that he jolly well does. No you don't, I reply, not really. Yes I do, he insists. I believe in the Immaculate Conception of Jesus Christ. I have to break it to him that the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth are two different things: it was Mary who, according to a Vatican dogma dating back only to 1854, was immaculately conceived. I run into this kind of thing all the time: what else do people imagine they are believing? And hasn't it come to something when I have to tell Catholics what their church teaches?

June 10, Washington, D.C.: It's been weeks on the road, and after a grueling swing through Canada I am finally home. I tell the wife and daughter that's it: no more god talk for a bit—let's get lunch at the fashionable Café Milano, in Georgetown. Signor Franco leads us to a nice table outside and I sit down—right next to the Archbishop of Canterbury. O.K., then, this must have been meant to happen. I lean over. "My Lord Archbishop? It's Christopher Hitchens." "Good gracious," he responds, gesturing at his guest—"we were just discussing your book."

The archbishop's church is about to undergo a schism. More than 10 conservative congregations in Virginia have seceded, along with some African bishops, to protest the ordination of a gay bishop in New England. I ask him how it's going. "Well"—he lowers his voice—"I'm rather trying to keep my head down." Well, why, in that case, I want to reply, did you seek a job that supposedly involves moral leadership? But I let it go. What do I care what some Bronze Age text says about homosexuality? And there's something hopelessly innocent about the archbishop: he looks much more like a sheep than a shepherd. What can one say in any case about a religion that describes its adherents as a flock?

According to a report in *The Wall Street Journal*, my book is selling particularly well in the Bible Belt, on a "know thine enemy" basis. And I get encouraging letters from atheists in foxholes in Iraq and Afghanistan, as well as from people who feel that they are at last emerging from some kind of closet. One day a decent candidate for high office will say that he is not a person of faith, and the sky will not fall. Everywhere I speak, I find that the faithful go to church for a mixture of reasons, from social to charitable to ethnic, and take their beliefs à la carte or cafeteria-style, choosing the bits they like and discarding the rest. The Christianity Today Web site, which has hosted me in an online debate with its champion Douglas Wilson for the past two months, writes to say that Mr. Wilson wants to send me a wheel of Washington State cheese, as a token of appreciation. A nice surprise. Blessed are the cheese-makers. □

GOD IS NOT GREAT IS ON THE BEST-SELLER LIST AND IS OUTSELLING THE POPE'S VOLUME ON JESUS CHRIST.



WHEN PRESBYTERIANS ATTACK
They may be right about Hitchens, but he does know how to spell "sermon," unlike those responsible for the signage at Second Presbyterian Church in New York City.

MICHAEL WOLFF



HOW NOW, DOW JONES? Rupert Murdoch plans the next move for his media empire.

Murdoch's Private Game

Behind the howls of outrage that greeted Rupert Murdoch's bid for *The Wall Street Journal* were two assumptions: Murdoch is evil. Murdoch is unstoppable. Yet the man who terrorized a generation of journalists may be the last mogul standing who truly loves print

There isn't anyone, except his family (Kennedy-esque in its familial fierceness), and people on his payroll (which has come to include a fair percentage of the media world—my own daughter, a reporter at the *New York Post,* among them), who has wanted Rupert Murdoch to succeed, or even wished him well. And yet, here we are—he's getting his prize: *The Wall Street Journal.* The day-late-dollar-short question is this: How come Murdoch, opposed by *everybody,* always gets what he wants?

Just as I was asking myself this, just as Murdoch was going in for the kill at Dow Jones and *The Wall Street Journal* in a storm of media coverage, Steve Jobs was releasing the iPhone in an equal blizzard of press, and Paris Hilton, similarly awash, was getting out of jail. Which is when, watching these simultaneous demonstrations of iron will and showmanship, I understood: publicity geniuses are different from you and me. They have the stomach for it. This temperamental combination of imperviousness and egomania that allows them, compels them, to dominate the media (and Murdoch dominates as both owner and actor) means, too, that they dominate reality, that it's their world and we just . . . well, you know.

Reality reversal: On March 29, Murdoch tells the Dow Jones C.E.O. he's willing to pay $60 a share for the company. The amount is a dramatic gesture—at more than 60 percent above the share price, a heart-stopping premium. It will make the C.E.O., Richard Zannino, in the job for little more than a year, rich. (It will reportedly make him in excess of $20 million, in fact.) Now, the Bancrofts, the attenuated, old-money family that holds voting control over Dow Jones, have always said, explicitly, the company isn't for sale. They've rejected all past offers, including one from *The New York Times.* The code of buy and sell is clear: equivocation means you're in play; giving someone the back of your hand means you're not. If Zannino had stonily spurned Murdoch, we'd probably never have heard about the bid (you don't make public offers for unbuyable companies). But Zannino chose to remain

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"neutral." Since there are many Bancroft-family members, and they're a bit of a stumblebum group, there was no single voice to do the official spurning. Hence, the appearance of equivocation. And then word of the offer was leaked by we know not whom (the Murdoch people deny they are the leakers). Equivocation, combined with the $60 offer, meant the share price immediately went from $36 to $56, suddenly turning everybody's worthless options into gold. To then reject the offer would literally have involved taking money away from people—try that sometime.

While this meant that Murdoch had cornered the company, it also meant a panicked, howl-of-rage reaction on the part of those he'd cornered—some of the most important journalists in the world (or self-important). This is something, such bad press, an engulfing storm of scorn, contempt, and investigation, that any other C.E.O.—all of them with their enormous vanity and their judgmental shareholders—would have avoided perhaps more than death itself.

Murdoch's son-in-law, Matthew Freud, expresses some wonder and, perhaps, worry about the Dow Jones move.

Murdoch, on the other hand, seems to uniquely appreciate that a wounded-bear media is not necessarily dangerous. In fact, he's got some Pavlovian mastery of it—he knows how to get the media to react in a way that makes him look, however vile (a "rotten old bastard," in the description of *Slate*'s ever fulminating media critic, Jack Shafer), unstoppable.

It's an unlikely accident that he's gotten more press—been the subject of controversy far more often and for far longer—than any other modern executive (than, perhaps, any other executive in history, save for William Randolph Hearst and Henry Ford).

To be talked about like this, for your name to become so much a part of this incredible wall of sound, is the way to go from outsider to insider, from marginal player to the center of attention, from schlockmeister to powerful figure.

Except that's already happened, this particular reality inversion. Mission accomplished. Murdoch long ago outplayed the Establishment to become the Establishment. He runs a $70 billion company. He's held more power over more time than any other contemporary figure.

In other words, his bid for Dow Jones requires yet another reality adjustment: How can you stop behaving like a steward of a major public company, with all the usual branding, regulatory, public-relations, and shareholder issues, and, instead, suddenly wake up and just go for broke? And for what? A newspaper? A *newspaper?*

At News Corp., no one, to say the least, opposes Rupert. As a C.E.O. he's an entirely *sui generis* figure—not a replaceable manager, not even an iconic entrepreneur, but more like a giver of life. For most of News Corp.'s history, Murdoch himself was the only power—the company was his instrument. And yet, quite naturally, as Murdoch grows older, and the company ever larger, it has become a more ordinary corporate enterprise. And, within it, it was suddenly possible to detect if not objections then questions about what in bloody hell Rupert was doing. What was the point—inviting all this bad press, this negativity and opprobrium? Why risk it? And for a declining business—*and* to pay almost twice the market value for a declining business? Was this really the best use of News Corp.'s time and capital?

Peter Chernin, the company's president and C.O.O., a larger and larger figure within the company (and not, as a Murdoch insider recently explained to me, necessarily "a believer" in all things Murdoch), stayed remote from the deal, in fact was concerned primarily with a much larger transaction—a potential deal with Yahoo involving MySpace, which News Corp. owns, for as much as $10 billion. Nor was Roger Ailes, the powerful executive who runs Fox News, and who will direct the new cable business channel for which, presumably, Murdoch was buying the *Journal,* much involved. Even James Murdoch, Rupert's 34-year-old son, who runs SkyTV in the U.K. (in this dynasty-fixated family, his brother, Lachlan, 36, and sister, Elisabeth, 39, while still deeply engaged in family business matters, had themselves both quit their jobs in their father's company—to his chagrin), was getting a little testy about all the bad press.

This was Rupert's deal. He was running it with a small group in New York (in the middle of the negotiations a pipe burst on the News Corp. executive floor, causing lots of water damage and a terrible smell, and giving the operation a sense of can-do pluckiness). Approaching his ninth decade, he was still a newspaperman. And, however contrary to every media trend (even his U.K. papers, once great cash cows, were shrinking), he wanted another newspaper—the most famous he'd ever bought. What's more, even having prevailed against almost everybody who'd ever opposed him, he was, apparently, still spoiling for a fight, and had turned to the last group (somehow unaware that the war was over and that Rupert had won) who, truly, murderously, hated him. Lived to hate him.

This recalcitrant group included the Bancroft family, whose identity was bound up in their historic association, if not actual close contact, with the *Journal.* It included the Sulzberger family, who control *The New York Times,* and who clearly saw Murdoch's move against Dow Jones as threatening to its own position. And, most of all, it centered on a certain sort of journalist who continued to see Murdoch as the news world's most rapacious predator, a view largely unchanged since the 1980s (that special age of predators), and his takeover of the *Journal* as an ultimate assault on the norms of authority and legitimacy.

It really isn't possible to overstate the visceral revulsion to Murdoch among this ever dwindling set of select American journalists. It's a moral position (he's a bounder—he'll say anything to get what he wants); it's a class position (he's made his money servicing down-market audiences—that's his business model); and it's an aesthetic one (he's a vulgarian—his notion of look and feel is naturally trashy). It's also a rank-and-file one—to the degree that journalists at *The Wall Street Journal,* the *Times, The New Yorker, Slate,* and the *Columbia Journalism Review,* sinecure holders at the nation's journalism schools, and the biographer Tina Brown, that paragon of journalistic virtue (who jumped in to say that Murdoch's owning the *Journal* would be "a horror show"), are rank-and-file. It's an Everyman-journalist bond, hating Murdoch. (Journalism's real rank and file had long ago lost its voice inside of newspaper-chain conglomerates like Gannett.)

For them, Murdoch is a manipulator of men, markets, and governments.

He represents an inversion of the natural order. Indeed, the journalists most unhappy about the prospect of Murdoch taking over are, generally, unhappy themselves. Unhappy because their jobs are insecure (*The Wall Street Journal* has had waves of layoffs), influence waning, workload increasing, and paychecks shrinking—unhappy always knowing that they have to worry about Murdoch's taking over (this has long been the ultimate, worst-case scenario at the *Journal*). The people, on the other hand, who work for Murdoch are, for the most part, quite happy, possibly among the hap-

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piest people in the media business. It's hard to get fired from News Corp. As a newsman at News Corp., your influence has increased rather than dimmed (both Fox News and the *New York Post* take a manic delight in their influence). And Rupert, different from so many news-organization executives afraid of their own shadows, is fiercely (even outlandishly) loyal. Even if you talked dirty to an underling, as Bill O'Reilly did, or took money and favors from your sources, as Richard Johnson at the *New York Post* did, News Corp. is inclined to stand by you—the hypocrisy of institutional virtue isn't going to bite you in the ass at News Corp. What's more, removing a big psychological burden, at News Corp. you don't have to pretend you are such a virtuous person.

Indeed, contemporary journalism's air of religious calling, which replaced journalism as a freewheeling, Falstaffian, ironic, irreligious, working-class profession—which image, to the extent it still exists, exists at Murdoch publications—was, in no small way, developed as a response to the 30-year Murdoch march.

Certainly both Bill Keller, the executive editor of *The New York Times,* and his boss, Arthur Sulzberger Jr., the paper's publisher, were, in cocktail-party conversations, busily characterizing Murdoch as the end of the world. That's how Keller angrily confronted Gary Ginsberg, a key Murdoch lieutenant: "How can you work for the Antichrist?"

Hence, every serious, or, if you will, earnest, publication—"the commentariat," in a News Corp. executive's description—each with a vested anti-Murdoch bias (in some sense, each defining itself by its anti-Murdoch bias), unleashed its furies on him.

In a curious sense, a takeover of Dow Jones is a reversion to an old strategy, one of the central, guiding News Corp. plays. By acquiring a famous media brand, you took over its cachet and standing. (The view, espoused by William Powers in the *National Journal,* that "the second that Murdoch owns *The Wall Street Journal,* the brand will lose the implicit integrity and credibility that made it desirable in the first place," has not particularly played out in his past deals.) The *New York Post, New York* magazine, *The Village Voice, The Times* of London, Harper & Row, *TV Guide,* Twentieth Century Fox: these are some of the brands that put Murdoch on the map. Except now he was bigger than all of them. Bigger certainly than Dow Jones and *The Wall Street Journal.*

Or, perhaps most of all, the assault on Dow Jones recalled his siege, nearly 10 years ago, of Manchester United, the iconic English football team. There was no bigger red flag that could be waved—the outsider trying to swipe this ultimate British institution. It was a declaration: I'm this big. It was a dare: Try and stop me if you can. (In the end, the Monopolies and Mergers Commission stepped in and blocked the sale.)

Murdoch's son-in-law, Matthew Freud (more famous for being married to the daughter of Rupert than for being the great-grandson of Sigmund), one of the leading P.R. executives in the U.K. (media is the family language), expresses some wonder and, perhaps, worry about the Dow Jones move. He points out that, in the U.S., Murdoch has largely been spared the virulent, *ad hominem* vitriol he's been subjected to for so long in the U.K., and before that in his native Australia. Freud notes that the move against Dow Jones might be suddenly spreading this "virus" to the U.S.

Of course, this virus has, with a little critical interpretation, only ever made Murdoch stronger. It's all part of his badassness. His audacity. It's about having people frightened of you. That's the Murdoch narrative: I'm coming to get you. "A hint of menace," says a Murdoch confidant, "isn't necessarily a bad thing."

Let me offer a hypothesis: Murdoch's mean, louche, finger-in-the-eye reputation is, to some extent, a cultivated one.

You can certainly make a decent argument that Murdoch ought to rate no worse than any other media-conglomerate news owner, and, maybe, better. His news operations are better funded, more dynamic, and more diverse than those of the other media consolidators. (You want to defend any of the television-network news operations, systematically downsized and demoralized over 20 years? Or how about those cost-cutting Rotarians at Gannett? Or have you read a newsmagazine lately?) He's certainly not a homogenizer (try to defend Time Inc. here), and, sometimes, not even that controlling.

"A hint of menace," says a Murdoch confidant, "isn't necessarily a bad thing."

Investing millions (hundreds of millions), he changed the *New York Post,* a dull, liberal-ish tabloid, into a racy, right-wing (more or less) one. It carries out his political will, but, also, say what you want, it's a must and entertaining read for many of the journalists now actively opposing him. He wickedly wrested *New York* magazine from its founder, Clay Felker, but, other than hiring a new editor (in one of the few successful protests of this sort, most of the original staff quit—though not too successfully, because Rupert just hired a new staff), largely left it alone. He tolerated and didn't much touch *The Village Voice,* which he owned for almost 10 years and hated for most of that time. He did change *The Times* of London—making it less clubby, less elite, more



POWER COUPLE Rupert Murdoch and his third wife, Wendi Deng, at the annual Allen & Company media conference, in Sun Valley, Idaho, on July 15.

functional—but it's also grown from a daily circulation of 100,000 to 800,000. (It still loses money, and Murdoch still continues to invest.) As for HarperCollins (combining Harper & Row in the U.S. and William Collins & Sons in the U.K.), it's largely indistinguishable from the other major book publishers; likewise, the Fox movie studio has committed no exceptional gaucheries. He's created a slightly more downmarket fourth network at Fox, which, at the same time, has made its share of highbrow-lowbrow contributions—*The Simpsons*, most of all. Which leaves Fox News as his central affront to high-end sensibilities.

If you must have a new owner, he is, in many ways, a less risky one, a less mysterious one, even a less menacing one, than most others. Certainly, less than that inveterate rationalizer G.E., which, with the *Financial Times*, was briefly a contender for Dow Jones. Or, for god's sake, Ron Burkle, the grocery-store owner, who made an underfinanced offer. Or . . . Sam Zell, the real-estate developer who just bought the Tribune Company, owner of the *Los Angeles Times*. Or private equity. Or those geniuses over at Time Warner, who've done such great things with CNN. Also, Murdoch's the only media conglomerator who has any interest whatsoever in print.

Bill Keller and Arthur Sulzberger Jr. were, in cocktail-party conversations, busily characterizing Murdoch as the end of the world.

So why the being-and-nothingness, end-of-our-very-way-of-life commotion? The party line as articulated by *The New York Times*'s media commentator, David Carr, is that Murdoch "has demonstrated a habit over time of using his media properties to advance the business interests of his organization." (Since his business interests are, in fact, media, rather than, say, armaments or supermarkets, it's not clear why this is so bad—or at least why it's bad for people in the media.) And, too, that he will have newsroom influence in some more or less insidious way which is somehow different from the way that G.E. influences NBC, or Disney ABC, or Arthur Sulzberger *The New York Times*.

No, it's got to be something else. It's fear—a fear focused on one man rather than a disembodied bureaucracy, like G.E. or Time Warner. Murdoch is a different kind of bugaboo than your faceless, corporate bugaboos, because we know him. And because he's proud of being a bugaboo. And because, in an industry where there's no prescription for success, he has, by his relentless maneuvering, singular longevity, and try-anything-at-least-once strategy, come to seem, net-net, more successful more often than anybody else, meaning he seems like the only person who understands it all, meaning he must be practicing some dark arts.

He's made himself the terror of insecure people, and there are few people more insecure than media people. If you've got doubts about yourself, you doubt yourself more in the face of Rupert. He's a pantywaist-killer. And he just keeps going, decade after decade. Hence, if Rupert wants your company, you give it to him. And it's not just journalists he's terrified; he's cowed his shareholders too—they're *letting* him pay double the *Journal*'s value so he can own it, after all. We may not like him, but we believe he's inevitable. Which is some incredible personal-branding job.

And then there is Dow Jones. You can't be any more insecure or pantywaist than they are over there. They screwed the pooch.

Even beyond the fact that Dow Jones has missed every opportunity to participate in the most lucrative parts of the fast-growing business-information market, the *Journal* itself has seemed, more and more, out of it. This may have to do with its counterintuitive decision to be a paid-only Internet presence, meaning *Journal* stories don't come up when you search something on Google—hence it's fallen way out of the information loop. Or it may have to do with the evident condition that it doesn't understand its own subject. The pre-eminent business authority is bad at business—that's a difficult position. Having lost its centrality in the business world, its advertisers, no longer awed by the importance of the paper, have gotten restless and looked for cheaper, more efficient avenues.

Now, the point journalists everywhere are making is that *The Wall Street Journal* should be free to keep up its considered and critical view of business. To investigate. To report. To do what journalists do. Except that's only a part of the reason people read the *Journal*—perhaps the smaller part. *Journal* readers surely want insiderism more than outsiderism. They want a knowledgeable reflection of the prevailing business winds. (Dean Starkman, writing for the *Columbia Journalism Review*, went so far as to argue that the *Journal*'s mission is to be a watchdog of the capital markets instead of, in fact, their handmaiden, the paper's historic role.) To the degree *The Wall Street Journal* is supposed to reflect the business establishment—and that is, surely, what the paper is supposed to do—it could, in Murdoch, hardly have a better owner.

It's to this point, if you will, of trying to give readers what they want, where the big Murdoch changes will occur.

The word they use at News Corp. to express the view or attitude or position they are most against is "preciousness." Likewise, a word that's used by antagonists to characterize the people at News Corp. is "mediocrities." That is, only mediocrities (retainers, hangers-on, hacks) will do Murdoch's bidding.

This is part of the rub: journalism at the *Wall Street Journal* level is an Ivy League profession (or it's people who would have liked to have gone to the Ivy League), with a set of conceits about process and legitimacy and respectability; journalism on the Murdoch level is a rougher trade, faster, more direct, less "precious" (and graduating from a crappy college isn't a problem).

That'll be *The Murdoch Journal*, a certain leveling, the loss of a few points of I.Q., a quickened pace, a higher sense of drama, less accurate, perhaps, but less tedious too, and, likely, a keener instinct for following the money.

It is, finally, easier to explain how he got here, how his own tabloid talents let him create the irresistible story of the Murdoch juggernaut, which let him dominate the media and the media world, than why he'd want to be here, now, at the *Journal*. The unique thing, after all, about Murdoch as a newspaperman is that he is, truly, the only one of his kind to understand that, to survive, he had to get beyond newspapers, way beyond.

But this too—buying the *Journal*—may be, I suspect, part of the same story. The juggernaut may actually be ending—or Murdoch is getting off. News Corp. and Murdoch are, perhaps, preparing to separate, the former going on in an orderly, rational corporate fashion, the latter not retiring to Florida and the golf course but, naturally, slowing down, smelling the flowers, and needing something to do in the afternoon.

So now he can indulge his longtime passion, keeping tabs on who's winning, who's losing, who's screwing whom and how in business (as a little cream on top, he can slap *The New York Times* around).

I think *The Wall Street Journal* is a nice, sentimental, and, in some sense, well-deserved present to himself. Which doesn't mean that he won't, shortly, get bored and be on to something else. □



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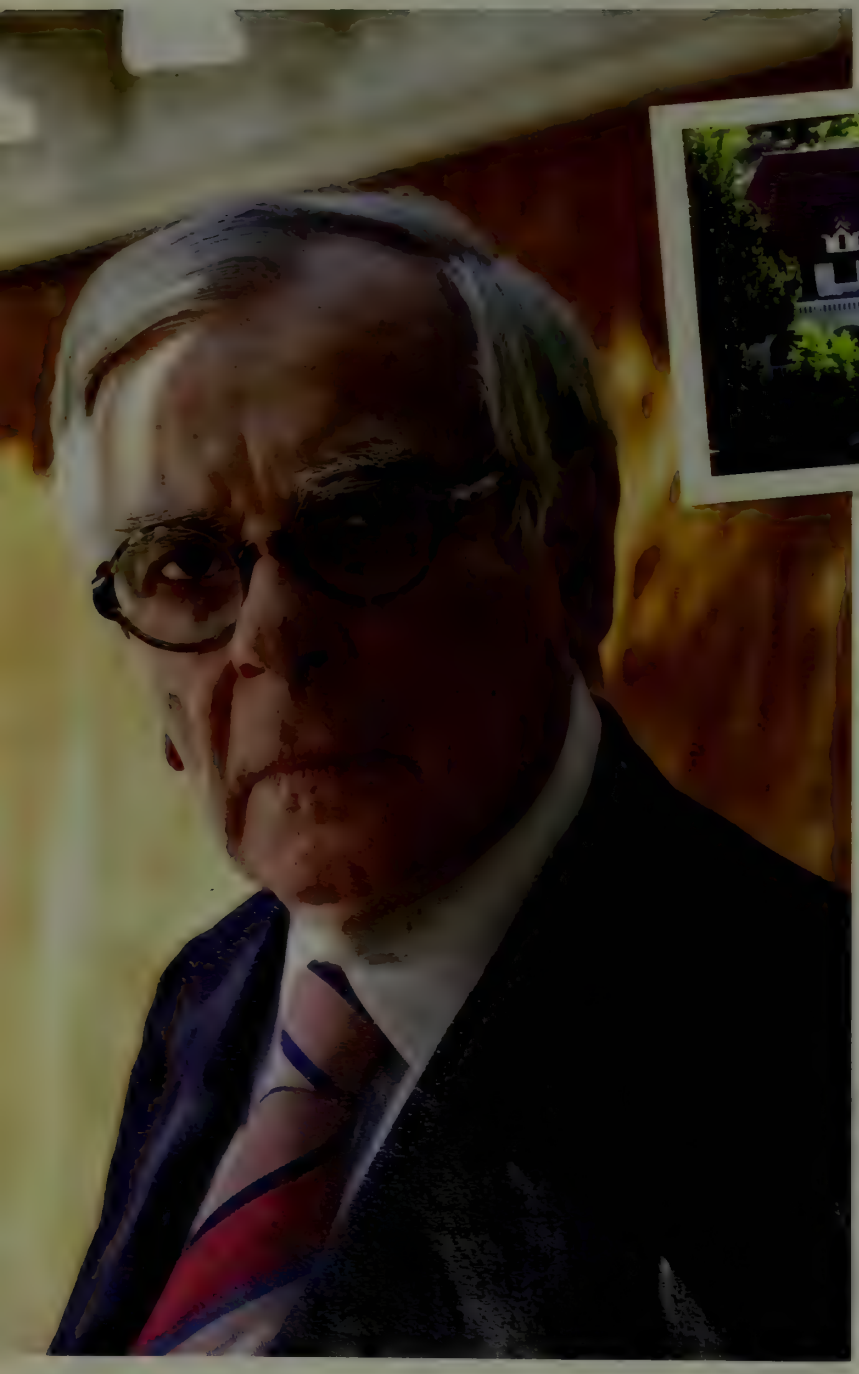
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Cheating on Phil (with Paris)

Covering Phil Spector's murder trial, with its roller-coaster testimony and cross-examination, is the author's top priority. But when the Paris Hilton story explodes all around him, it's hard to resist a detour—and an invitation to the Hilton estate

I wanted a castle . . . and there aren't many left.
—Phil Spector, in an interview with Mick Brown that appeared in the *Telegraph* magazine in London on February 1, 2003, two days before the shooting death of Lana Clarkson. An altered version appears in Brown's biography of Spector, *Tearing Down the Wall of Sound.*

I've been up to Phil Spector's castle in Alhambra a few times. Just to gawk and have my picture taken there for this magazine. I'm fascinated by it. Inside the front gate 88 stone steps lead to the entrance. He liked visitors to walk up these steps, as Lana Clarkson did on the last night of her life, with Phil, who was allegedly very drunk. She had met him that night at the House of Blues, where she was a hostess, and had agreed to go home with him. It's not like a Disneyland castle. You can't see much of it from either the front or back entrance gates to the estate, but it looks like a real castle, of the kind that Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria might have built. It's very lonely-looking. It must be spooky at night, when the wind is blowing through all the tall trees that block it from the road. I kept wondering what Phil and Rachelle, his 26-year-old wife, whom he married last September and who likes to be called Chelle, talk about at dinner in that solitary castle, where Lana Clarkson died of a gunshot through the mouth. The bergère chair with white damask upholstery, in which Lana Clarkson's body was found slumped, with her long legs stretched out in front of her, is one of a pair of French chairs placed in the foyer, with a French chest next to the carved wooden banister of the staircase. A holster matching the Colt Cobra .38 revolver that killed Clarkson was in the drawer of the chest. The revolver itself was next to her left foot, as if she had dropped it, although she happened to have been right-handed. Spector's chauffeur, Adriano De Souza, who was waiting in the driveway to drive Lana home that night, has already testified that Spector was carrying a .38-caliber gun when he came outside and said the five words that have been at the center of this trial: "I think I killed somebody."





CASTLE KING
The diarist, photographed outside Phil Spector's castle, in Alhambra, California. *Inset,* an aerial view of Spector's castle.

Forensic scientist Lynne Denise Herold of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department said on the stand that the blood on Lana's face had been wiped off, possibly with a wetted diaper that was found by the police in a downstairs lavatory. Spector's hands were clean when he was arrested, and as there were no blood traces in the drain of the sink, it was suggested by the prosecution that he could have washed his hands in the burgundy-colored toilet bowl. Later, when I came out of the men's room, Rachelle Spector, who was waiting for her husband, asked me jokingly, "Did you wash your hands in the toilet?" A pair of false eyelashes were found on top of the toilet, an oddity that has not yet been explained.

I never did get inside the castle. I never got past the front or back gates, as a matter of fact. I even stood in front of the security camera a few times and waved, hoping that Phil might be watching and invite me in and show me around the castle. It didn't happen, but I did get friendly with one of his guards, when he came down from the castle and very nicely



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asked me to leave, which I did, as I had accidentally set off an alarm when I leaned against the gates. The guard and I now call each other "Horace" and "Dominick." His company is called Big Time Protection.

The wall around the estate has huge cracks in it, as if from an earthquake. The place has begun to look a little run-down, but I suppose Spector must think, What's the point of keeping it up when the future is so uncertain and the legal bills are so enormous? At a couple of parties I've been to since I got to L.A. to cover this trial, high-up folks in the music industry wonder if Spector can afford the assault his legal fees are making on his fortune. High-priced lawyers get their money up front, so he has already laid out several million bucks, for prominent lawyers such as Robert Shapiro and Leslie Abramson, both of whom he has since dumped. It is known that just before the trial Spector took out two loans on his castle in Alhambra and a third loan on a town house he owns a short distance away. The total amount came to $1,271,000. He's got a lot of people on his team he has to pay. Not to mention the upcoming civil trial, which will follow the criminal trial. The lawyer who will bring the lawsuit against Spector, Roderick Lindblom, sits next to Lana Clarkson's mother, Donna, every day in court. They are quite friendly. The media have been instructed by Lindblom not to speak to Donna Clarkson. No one has.

I received a very nice note from Phil, which was handed to me in the courtroom, thanking me for lending him the book from Ahmet Ertegun's memorial service at Lincoln Center last April. It was Ahmet Ertegun, the Sultan of Rock, who introduced Phil and me back in the late 80s. "Dear Dominick," he wrote. "Thanks so much for letting me peruse Ahmet's Memorial Book. I'm so sorry I could not personally attend the Memorial. It's so difficult for me to picture a world with Ahmet not in it. I did so enjoy reading the words about our dear friend; and the pictures were a treasure. Thanks for thinking of me. Love, Phillip." His stationery is bordered with the musical notes of one of his songs, like sheet music, with his corrections on it. It was signed with a very elaborate signature, which, it took me a long time to figure out, is just "Phillip."

Although my dedication to the Phil Spector trial is total, I must confess to a momentary unfaithfulness when I became involved in the Paris Hilton drama that seemed to captivate the world for a couple of weeks. I happen to know and like Paris's parents, Rick and Kathy Hilton. They send out a family photograph each Christmas, of the six of them sitting in a paneled library with chintz-covered chairs. Paris is not prominently featured in the photograph. She's just one of the four Hilton kids, along with her sister, Nicky, and her rarely photographed brothers, Conrad and Barron, named after their great-grandfather and grandfather. I've met Paris only once. It was at Barry Diller and Diane von Furstenberg's annual picnic the day before the Academy Awards in 2006. Paris was with Stavros Niarchos, of the Greek shipping family, who was her boyfriend at the time. I told her she and I had gone to the same strict, Catholic boarding school, Canterbury, in New Milford, Connecticut, about a hundred years apart.

She said, "Oh, I only lasted about three months there." She was funny and friendly.

Little did I know that Paris's bachelorette house is just up behind the famous Chateau Marmont, the hotel where I have been staying these past two months during the Spector trial. One morning I was awakened before six by helicopters hovering above and the echo of loud voices coming through my open window, which I realized were the voices of photographers, cameramen, pre-dawn fans, cops, and angry neighbors bitching about Paris's special treatment. Sheriff Lee Baca, a controversial figure in Los Angeles, had let Paris out of jail during the night, after she'd served only 3 days of her 45-day sentence. I couldn't resist going up to take a look on my way to court, which turned out to be a mistake. I ended up on local television, with about 50 microphones in my face, calling the early release from prison "rich-kid justice." "Do you think the judge was making an example out of her?" someone asked me along the way. Yes, I do think the judge made an example out of Paris, but I also think that Paris was crying out to be made an example of. It was time for her to change her act.

I must admit that I was taken aback a bit when I watched on the local news and saw that Kathy Hilton was the most notable and photographed guest at the ceremony for Barbara Walters when she received her star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, on Hollywood Boulevard, a hallowed tradition of the entertainment community. Watching her, you'd never have thought that her famous daughter was in jail and on the front pages of newspapers around the world. I found it curious that she would be there. Then I was invited to a cocktail party the Hiltons gave in honor of Barbara. As their Bel Air house is undergoing extensive renovations, they gave their party at the magnificent estate of Barron Hilton, Rick Hilton's father. Long known as the old Paley estate, it's one of the great old Los Angeles mansions, with big rooms and wide halls and a Georgian exterior.

Rick Hilton phoned Barbara Walters at two in the morning.



STAR WITNESSES
Kathy and Nicky Hilton at the ceremony for Barbara Walters's star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame.

It was the day before Father's Day, and Paris's Father's Day card to Rick was placed on a chair for all to see. It was elaborately homemade, about three feet high and two feet wide. Large pasted-on rhinestones edged the four sides of the card, making a frame. Inside were family photographs, mostly of Paris and Rick over the years, each one bordered with smaller rhinestones. "Love, Paris" was printed in blue in the lower right-hand corner. I think we were meant to believe that Paris had made the card and pasted on all those rhinestones, but I can't imagine where she found the time or the rhinestones to do all that in the Century Regional Detention Facility.

There were 30 or 40 people at the party, a mixed bag of prominent Angelenos who didn't seem to know one another. I talked to Dan Tana, who owns the restaurant of the same name, where Phil Spector had dinner on the night Lana Clarkson died. Everyone I talked to wanted to hear about Phil Spector. It was less awkward than discussing the plight of the hosts' daughter. It was a strange time to give a party. After an hour or so, the Hiltons showed a short documentary of Barbara Walters's career, and after Rick introduced her, Barbara spoke briefly. Barbara, looking very chic in New York black in a roomful of ladies in pastel, was go-

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PARIS TRAFFIC
Paris Hilton waves as she leaves her interview with Larry King. *Top,* traffic clogs the streets outside of her grandfather Barron Hilton's mansion, in Holmby Hills, Los Angeles.

ing straight from the party to the airport to catch the red-eye for New York. I figured out the reason for the public display of affection between Barbara and the Hiltons was that Barbara had apparently snagged the first interview with Paris when she got out of jail.

But things didn't turn out that way. Barbara would have been the perfect person for the interview, but money got in the way. The story goes that Rick Hilton phoned Barbara in New York at two o'clock in the morning and left a message to tell her that they were going with NBC, saying in effect that the money was just too good to turn down. NBC allegedly offered Paris a million dollars for the interview, which would be with Meredith Vieira on the *Today* show. There was a further complication that had nothing to do with the Hiltons—back when Meredith Vieira left Barbara's show *The View* to replace Katie Couric on the *Today* show, the word in high media circles was that there was a certain amount of bad feeling between Barbara and Meredith. The alleged offer turned out to be a catastrophic error for the news division at NBC, and they canceled the interview plans after much criticism from other news agencies who never pay for interviews. CBS said they had no interest. When the Hiltons went back to Barbara Walters through ABC, they were met with a figurative version of the middle finger. From the hottest catch of the week, Paris had suddenly become tarnished goods nobody wanted. Finally, an interview was worked out with Larry King for the full hour. No money changed hands.

As for the interview, which got very good ratings for Larry, I found it extremely lackluster. The word around town is that friends of Larry's say he was disappointed with the interview. As far as I was concerned, it was an eight-minute interview stretched out to an hour. From her dress to her makeup to her monotone answers, she was bland. She said the same thing over and over, how the jail experience is going to change her life. I also don't believe Paris told the truth when she said she had never taken drugs. There are an awful lot of people out there ready to contradict her on that one. It would have been so much smarter to acknowledge it and then say, "That's all in the past." I also didn't believe her when she said she had only had one drink when she was arrested for drunk driving. The biggest omission of the interview was the nonmention of Paris's famous pornographic video, which was seen around the world for free on the Internet. It was the moment of her life that sealed her fame and entrapped her. Half the men in America have seen Paris with a penis in her mouth. Can you imagine what the inmates at the detention facility must have screamed at her about that movie? If she lives to 90 and becomes a Carmelite nun, that dirty movie is going to follow her right into the convent.

"Phil's saliva was on Lana's left breast, but there was no saliva on Phil's penis."

"But he had two different DNAs on his scrotum."

"Who was the second?"

"Dunno."

—Conversation at Beverly Hills outdoor dinner party.

New York defense attorney Bruce Cutler, who was the number-one lawyer defending Phil Spector when the trial started, having succeeded Robert Shapiro and Leslie Abramson in that lofty capacity, is deeply out of favor on the defense team these days. He doesn't even go up to the bench for the sidebars. He doesn't get invited to the lunch meetings. Peter Hong, who is covering the trial for the *Los Angeles Times,* and I often have lunch with Bruce up in Peter's office in the Criminal Courts Building. I don't usually hang out with defense attorneys, being strongly pro-prosecution, but I really do enjoy Bruce's company. He is an interesting guy. Naturally, he's unhappy about being ignored, but he doesn't bitch about the other members of the team. He's a pro. For the past week or two, he has been out in Westlake Village, outside of Los Angeles, shooting a television series called *Jury Duty,* in which he plays a judge. He says he'll be back for the closing arguments, which he calls the "summing-up," as if he is going to be giving it, but a jury needs a face it knows for the summing-up.

Paris had suddenly become tarnished goods nobody wanted.

In all the murder trials I've covered, the defendants never look at the photographs of the victims. The Menendez brothers never looked at their dead parents. Nor did O. J. Simpson look at the nearly beheaded Nicole. Spector, however, avidly looks at the many photographs of Lana's dead body as they are flashed on the big screen in the courtroom.

The defense opened its case with a $400-an-hour forensics expert on gunshot wounds who held the jury in the palm of his hand as he decimated every point that the prosecution had made about the death of Lana Clarkson. The defense claims that Lana Clarkson committed suicide in Phil Spector's castle, and this testimony set it up perfectly. The expert witness's name was Dr. Vincent J. M. DiMaio. He was a bit full of himself, a showman, who felt very comfortable in the witness-box and made all his pronouncements directly to the jury. He decried the theory that a beautiful woman would not shoot herself in the face. He said that 76 percent of women's suicides by gunshot are gunshots to the head. He said that most suicides don't leave notes. The jury listened avidly. Personally, I thought he went too far when he called Lana drunk at the time of her death and a failure in life, implying that these were reasons she


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had been suicidal. I hate the blame-the-victim defense. Dr. DiMaio's last words on the stand on his first day of testimony were "When you stick to the objective, scientific evidence, it's a suicide."

For the first time since the trial began, I doubted the certainty of the verdict I have always believed would come at the end of this trial. I went out to the corridor to send an e-mail to a friend who follows the trial avidly. "I began to have doubts today as to the outcome," I wrote. "DiMaio devastated me with the power of his paid-for suicide version of Lana's death. For several of the jurors, I'm sure, that version will register as truth."

Shortly thereafter, the door of the courtroom opened and out came Rachelle Spector and Horace, the bodyguard. They were in ebullient spirits as they half ran down the corridor. When they saw me seated on a bench making a call, they stopped. Rachelle, who's very pretty, smiled happily and gestured theatrically as she said, "Well, the truth is fi-nal-ly coming out," referring to Dr. DiMaio's statement as positive fact that Lana Clarkson had committed suicide.

Long trials are not riveting every day. Some of the scientific evidence gets boring hour after hour, but every now and then something out of the ordinary happens. Phil Spector had five children. He and his second wife, Ronnie Spector, adopted a baby boy named Donte. Two years later, they adopted twin six-year-olds, Louis and Gary. Just a few months after that, Ronnie left, and according to Louis Spector, the adoption papers were never signed by her. Phil had another set of twins, Nicole and Phillip Jr., with longtime girlfriend Janis Zavala. Phillip died when he was nine, which was a great tragedy in Phil's life. Nicole has visited the courtroom at least once. She is more or less the same age as Rachelle.

The other day, Louis appeared in the corridor outside the courtroom. Spector is estranged from both his twin sons. Louis Spector was accompanied by a woman I assumed to be his wife. "One

"Well, the truth is fi-nal-ly coming out," said Phil's wife.

could easily make that mistake as we have been pretty much inseparable for the past 20 years," he later said in an Internet post. A courtroom friend of mine named Betsy Ross, who posts on the trial on the Court TV Message Board, noticed Louis first. He looked like a hippie, with long hair tied in a ponytail and a scraggly beard. We introduced ourselves. His girlfriend's name is Frieda. They live in Calabasas, where he works as a waiter, and had come to downtown Los Angeles, where the courthouse is located, by train. They had made one earlier appearance, on the first day of the trial, but had gone unnoticed by Spector. As we stood there, the door to the courtroom opened and Phil and Rachelle came out between two of his three guards. It looked as if Rachelle was meeting Louis for the first time. Phil shook hands with his son, but it was not a family sort of greeting, more as if he were meeting a fan or a stranger. I was standing right there as the under-a-minute encounter happened. Phil said, "I didn't recognize you, Louis." Louis replied, "It must be the long hair." There seemed to be no joy in the encounter on either side. Then Phil and Rachelle and the guards retreated into the courtroom.

Louis was extremely moved by the brief encounter. He said, "That's the first time my father has spoken to me in 20 years." "No, Louis," said Frieda. "He took you to a Lakers game 11 or 12 years ago." "But he never spoke one word to me that night," replied Louis. I thought he had tears in his eyes, but he denied that later at lunch in the courthouse commissary. He told us that one of the guards had said his father would speak to him more if he did not talk to the media. He said he was autistic but functioned in life. He paints and writes. He says that he was raised mostly by one of his father's bodyguards, and that he and his twin brother, Gary, were sometimes locked in their rooms. He is in the process of writing a book about his own life, but publishers are interested only in his father. "I'll be glad when Dr. DiMaio finishes and Alan Jackson starts the cross-examination," he said.

Never underestimate the power of a great prosecutor. Deputy District Attorney Alan Jackson, who is the undisputed star of the trial, began his cross-examination of the very self-satisfied forensics expert Dr. DiMaio the next morning and delivered him into the same state of testy, angry response as he had the formidable Dr. Henry Lee, arguably the world's greatest forensic scientist, when he cross-examined him out of the presence of the jury regarding a missing piece of crime-scene evidence, allegedly a false fingernail, that Dr. Lee has been accused of withholding from the prosecution. Jackson kicked the slats out from under Dr. DiMaio's testimony. As far as I was concerned, Dr. DiMaio was toast.

One Saturday morning my friend Beth Karas, who is the on-air reporter on the Spector trial for Court TV, and I went to Venice, California, to check out Lana Clarkson's cottage on the Grand Canal. In e-mails submitted as evidence at the trial, Lana several times mentioned her cottage, which she rented for $1,200 a month. It's a tiny shack—450 square feet, very small quarters for the nearly six-foot-tall Lana—with a front porch, built in 1905. It was so flimsy, it looked as if a strong wind would blow it away, but it had a nice feeling to it. Lana's landlady, Julie Jungwirth, and her husband, Jim, met us there to give us the tour of the three rooms and to talk about Lana, whom she obviously adored, both as a person and as a tenant.



COLD FEET
A crime-scene photo showing Phil Spector's Colt Cobra revolver next to Lana Clarkson's feet the night she was found dead in Spector's home.

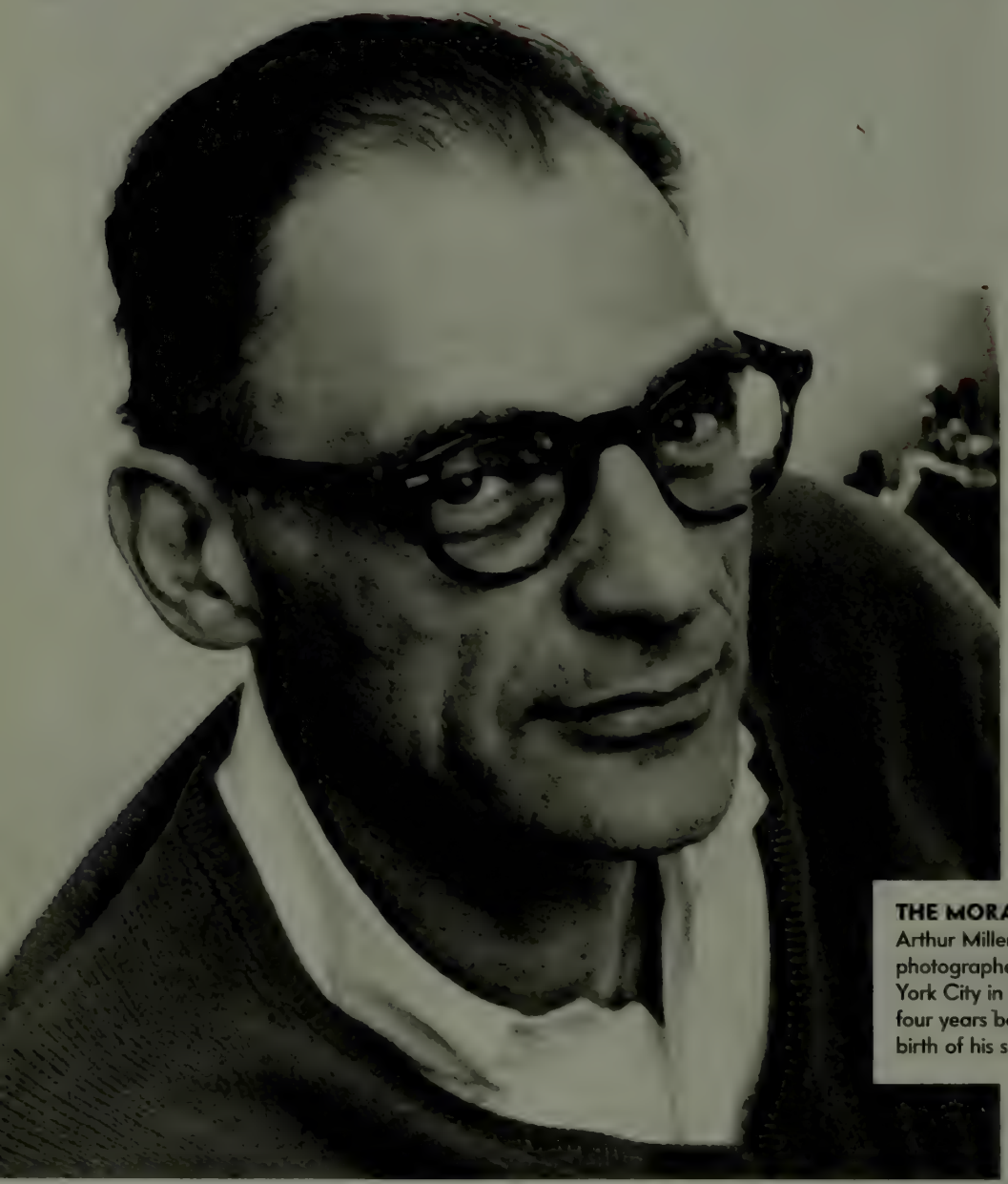
"She was never more than a few weeks late with the rent," said Mrs. Jungwirth. "Did you know she was doing her income tax before she went to work at the House of Blues that night? The papers were on her desk." I didn't know that. Nor did I know that she had just purchased "8 or 10 pairs of shoes" for her new job at the House of Blues. (Lynne Herold testified that the shoes Lana was wearing the night she died had barely worn soles.) She had also fixed up the place at her own expense. Both Julie and Jim smiled as they described how her bedroom was painted, with red walls and black doors. She also apparently had many photographs on her walls of Marilyn Monroe.

The cottage has now been repainted all white inside and is currently being used as an office by the contractors the Jungwirths hired to build a large condominium next door. Lana's house has no value in itself, but the land on which it stands has become very valuable, and the cottage will be torn down when the condominium is complete. "She was the most up person I ever met," said Julie Jungwirth. "Everyone here loved her. She was a jolly, happy person. I never saw her not smiling. She wrote poetry. She played music." Mrs. Jungwirth paused before she quietly continued. "Lana was pretty strong, you know. She would have fought that night." □



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THE MORALIST Arthur Miller, photographed in New York City in 1962, four years before the birth of his son Daniel.

Arthur Miller's Missing Act

For all the public drama of Arthur Miller's career—his celebrated plays (including *Death of a Salesman* and *The Crucible*), his marriage to Marilyn Monroe, his social activism—one character was absent: the Down-syndrome child he deleted from his life

By Suzanna Andrews

No photograph of him has ever been published, but those who know Daniel Miller say that he resembles his father. Some say it's the nose, others the mischievous glimmer in the eyes when he smiles, but the most telling feature, the one that clearly identifies him as Arthur Miller's son, is his high forehead and identically receding hairline. He is almost 41 now, but it's impossible to say whether his father's friends would notice the resemblance, because the few who have ever seen Daniel have not laid eyes on him since he was a week old. When his father died, in February 2005, he was not at the funeral that took place near Arthur Miller's home, in Roxbury, Connecticut. Nor was he at the public memorial service that May, at Broadway's Majestic Theatre, where hundreds of admirers gathered to pay homage to his father, who was, if not the greatest American playwright of the last century, then certainly the most famous. In the days after his death, at the age of 89, Arthur Miller was eulogized around the world. Newspaper obituaries and television commentators hailed his work—including those keystones of the American canon *Death of a Salesman* and *The Crucible*—and recalled his many moments in the public eye: his marriage to Marilyn Monroe; his courageous refusal, in 1956, to "name names" before the House Un-American Activities Committee; his eloquent and active opposition to the Vietnam War; his work, as the international president of PEN, on behalf of oppressed writers around the world. *The Denver Post* called him "the moralist of the past American century," and *The New York Times* extolled his "fierce belief in man's responsibility to his fellow man—and [in] the self-destruction that followed on his betrayal of that responsibility."

In a moving speech at the Majestic, the playwright Tony Kushner said Miller had possessed the "curse of empathy." Edward Albee said that Miller had held up a mirror and told society, "Here is how you behave." Among the many other speakers were Miller's sister, the actress Joan Copeland, his son the producer Robert Miller, his daughter the writer and film director Rebecca Miller, and her husband, the actor Daniel Day-Lewis. Miller's oldest child, Jane Doyle, was in the audience but did not speak.

Only a handful of people in the theater



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knew that Miller had a fourth child. Those who did said nothing, out of respect for his wishes, because, for nearly four decades, Miller had never publicly acknowledged the existence of Daniel.

He did not mention him once in the scores of speeches and press interviews he gave over the years. He also never referred to him in his 1987 memoir, *Timebends*. In 2002, Daniel was left out of the *New York Times* obituary for Miller's wife, the photographer Inge Morath, who was Daniel's mother. A brief account of his birth appeared in a 2003 biography of Miller by the theater critic Martin Gottfried. But even then Miller maintained his silence. At his death, the only major American newspaper to mention Daniel in its obituary was the *Los Angeles Times*, which said, "Miller had another son, Daniel, who was diagnosed with Down syndrome shortly after his birth in 1962. It is not known whether he survives his father." Citing the Gottfried biography, the paper reported that Daniel had been put in an institution, where Miller "apparently never visited him."



MISMATCH
Miller (top) and his second wife, Marilyn Monroe, with the cast and director of *The Misfits*, 1960.

"ARTHUR WAS TERRIBLY SHAKEN," HE SAID, "'I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PUT THE BABY AWAY.'"

Miller's friends say they never understood exactly what happened with Daniel, but the few details they heard were disturbing. Miller had not only erased his son from the public record; he had also cut him out of his private life, institutionalizing him at birth, refusing to see him or speak about him, virtually abandoning him. The whole matter was "absolutely appalling," says one of Miller's friends, and yet everyone probably would have kept silent had it not been for the rumor that began to spread earlier this year, passing from Roxbury to New York City and back. Although no one was sure of the facts, the story was that Miller had died without leaving a will. Officials had gone looking for Miller's heirs, and they had found Daniel. Then, the rumor went, the state of Connecticut had made Arthur Miller's estate pay Daniel a full quarter of his father's assets, an amount that was believed to be in the millions of dollars.

For some of Miller's friends, the possibility that Daniel had been given his fair share brought a measure of relief that, finally, a wrong had been righted. Attention had been paid. The feeling was shared by the social workers and disability-rights advocates who have known and cared for Daniel over the years as it became clear that he had indeed gotten a share of the Miller estate. "An extraordinary man," "very beloved by a lot of people," Daniel Miller, they say, is a "guy who's made a difference in a lot of lives." They also say he is someone who, considering the challenges of his life, has in his own way achieved as much as his father did. The way Arthur Miller treated him baffles some people and angers others. But the question asked by friends of the father and of the son is the same: How could a man who, in the words of one close friend of Miller's, "had such a great world reputation for morality and pursuing justice *do* something like this"?

What none of them considered was the possibility that Arthur Miller *had* left a will and that, six weeks before he died, he was the one who, against common legal advice, made Daniel a full and direct heir—an equal to his three other children.

The Power of Denial

In all the public references to Daniel, which appear to be based on Martin Gottfried's biography, his birth is said to have taken place in 1962. As friends remember it, however, he was born in November 1966. Arthur Miller had just turned 51, and he had already written his two best-known plays, *Death of a Salesman*, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1949, and *The Crucible*, which was produced in 1953. Although he did not know it, his best work was behind him. In 1966 he was dealing with the fallout from his most controversial play, *After the Fall*, a thinly disguised account of his troubled marriage to Marilyn Monroe. Produced in 1964, two years after Monroe's suicide, and greeted with some disgust by critics and the public, it was widely viewed as an attempt by Miller to cash in on her fame. The public outcry had left Miller angry and wounded, and professing not to understand how anyone could have thought that the play was based on Monroe. "There is no better key to Arthur's personality," says a woman who was a close friend of Miller's wife, than "his refusal to acknowledge that people who knew *After the Fall*, and who loved Marilyn, would be offended. Like all of us, he had powerful powers of denial."

Monroe and Miller had divorced in 1961. A year later, Miller married his third wife, Inge Morath. She was an Austrian-born photojournalist who had studied with Henri Cartier-Bresson and had worked for Magnum, the international photo agency. She met Miller in 1960, on the set of the film *The Misfits*. Miller had written the screenplay for Monroe, whose erratic behavior almost kept the film from being made. Morath's photographs of Monroe, fragile and well into her struggle with alcohol and barbiturates, would be among the most emotionally in-



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ALL HIS SONS? *Top,* Miller with daughter Jane and son Robert, 1961; *right,* Miller with new wife Inge Morath, 1962.

timate pictures taken of the doomed star.

Intelligent and seemingly fearless, Morath had been forced to work in an airplane factory in Berlin during the Second World War, for refusing to join the Nazi Party. After one bombing raid, she ran through the streets of the shattered city holding a bouquet of lilacs over her head. When the war ended, Morath made her way back to her home in Austria on foot. "Everyone was dead, or half dead," she once told *The New York Times.* "I walked by dead horses, by women with dead babies in their arms." After that, she decided never to photograph war. "Arthur always thought of her as a heroic creature, and she was," says Joan Copeland. "Everything had to be perfect that she touched, and did. And it *was* perfect, if she involved herself in it."

Arthur and Inge's first child, Rebecca, was born in September 1962, seven months after they were married. From the first, her parents "absolutely doted on her," friends recall. She was, says one, "the precious object. She was stunningly beautiful. Arthur and Inge were not really beautiful people, but they produced this exquisite daughter." Wherever Arthur and Inge went, they took Rebecca—on their trips around the world and to dinner parties hosted by Roxbury friends such as the artist Alexander Calder and the novelist William Styron and his wife, Rose. After Rebecca arrived, it seemed to some friends that Jane and Robert, Miller's children from his first marriage, to Mary Slattery, "were almost never in the picture." Miller loved his older children, his sister says, "but Rebecca was special."

Daniel was born four years later, in a New York City hospital. The Broadway producer Robert Whitehead, who died in 2002, would tell Martin Gottfried that Miller called him on the day of the birth. Miller was "overjoyed," Whitehead said, and confided that he and Inge were planning to name the boy "Eugene"—possibly after Eugene O'Neill, whose play *Long Day's Journey into Night,* which had won the Pulitzer in 1957, had awed Miller. The next day, however, Miller called Whitehead again and told him the baby "isn't right." The doctors had diagnosed the infant with Down syndrome. Born with an extra 21st chromosome, children with Down syndrome are often recognized by their upward-slanted eyes and flattened facial features. They suffer from hypotonia—decreased muscle tone—and mild to moderate retardation. Many are born with heart problems, and in 1966 they were not expected to live past the age of 20.

"Arthur was terribly shaken—he used the term 'mongoloid,'" Whitehead recalled. He said, "'I'm going to have to put the baby away.'" A friend of Inge's recalls visiting her at home, in Roxbury, about a week later. "I was sitting at the bottom of the bed, and Inge was propped up, and my memory is that she was holding the baby and she was very, very unhappy," she says. "Inge wanted to keep the baby, but Arthur wasn't going to let her keep him." Inge, this friend recalls, "said that Arthur felt it would be very hard for Rebecca, and for the household," to raise Daniel at home. Another friend remembers that "it was a decision that had Rebecca at the center."

Within days, the child was gone, placed in a home for infants in New York City. When he was about two or three, one friend recalls, Inge tried to bring him home, but Arthur would not have it. Daniel was about four when he was placed at the Southbury Training School. Then one of two Connecticut institutions for the mentally retarded, Southbury was just a 10-minute drive from Roxbury, along shaded country roads. "Inge told me that she went to see him almost every Sunday, and that [Arthur] never wanted to see him," recalls the writer Francine du Plessix Gray. Once he was placed in Southbury, many friends heard nothing more about Daniel. "After a certain period," one friend says, "he was not mentioned at all."

Life in the Wards

Marcie Roth remembers seeing Daniel for the first time when he was about "eight or nine." Now the director of the National Spinal Cord Injury Association, Roth worked at Southbury during the 1970s. "Danny was a neat, neat kid," she says, "a very friendly, happy guy." Although there were close to 300 children at Southbury at the time, everyone, she says, knew Danny Miller. This was partly because they knew who his father was and partly because Daniel "was among the more able of the young children with Down syndrome," Roth says. But mainly it was because of Daniel's personality. "He had a great spirit about him," she says. This was no small achievement, because, according to Roth, "Southbury Training School was not a place you would want your dog to live."

When it opened, in 1940, Southbury was considered one of the best institutions of its kind. Set on 1,600 acres in the rolling hills of central Connecticut, it was magnificent to behold, with porticoed, neo-Georgian red-brick buildings surrounded by endless lawns. It had a school and job-training programs, and its residents were housed in "cottages"—with their own living areas and kitchens. Well into the 1950s, Southbury was so highly regarded that wealthy families in New York City would buy country homes in Connecticut to

WHEN HE WAS TWO OR THREE, INGE TRIED TO BRING DANIEL HOME, BUT ARTHUR WOULD NOT HAVE IT.


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establish residency so that, for a minimal fee, they could place their children there.

By the early 1970s, however, around the time Arthur Miller put his son there, Southbury was understaffed and overcrowded. It had nearly 2,300 residents, including children, living in rooms with 30 to 40 beds. Many of the children wore diapers, because there weren't enough employees to toilet-train them. During the day, they sat in front of blaring TVs tuned to whatever show the staff wanted to watch. The most disabled children were left lying on mats on the floor, sometimes covered with nothing but a sheet. "In the wards you had people screaming, banging their heads against the wall, and taking their clothes off," says David Shaw, a leading Connecticut disability lawyer. "It was awful."

Toni Richardson, the former Connecticut commissioner for mental retardation, who worked at Southbury during the 1970s, recalls that in those days restraints were still used on children who were considered "rambunctious": the strips of cloth used to tie them to chairs or door handles were called "belly bands"; there was also something that "looked like a straitjacket, except that it was made of cotton."

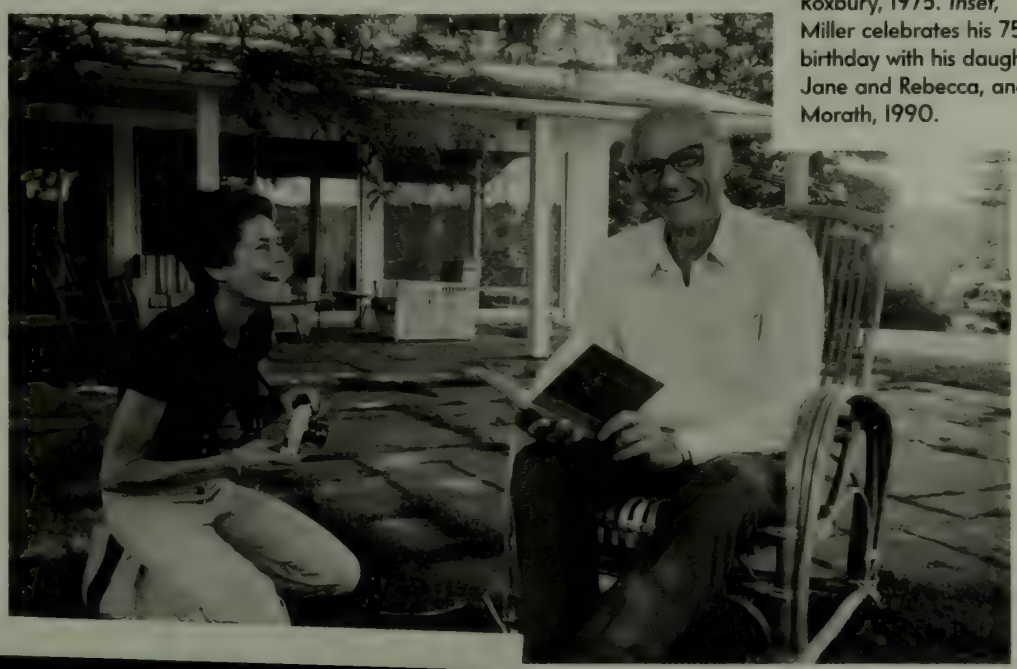
The number of children admitted to Southbury began to taper off in the mid-70s. With federal legislation mandating public education for children regardless of disability, there were more educational opportunities outside institutions such as Southbury. There was also a growing realization among medical and psychiatric experts that children needed to be raised at home. But for those children who remained at Southbury, life did not get easier. Some children never had any visitors. Their parents put them in Southbury and never saw them again. Other parents, like Inge Morath, were dedicated visitors. "They came like clockwork, every visiting Sunday," says Richardson, who wonders how many of them were fully aware of the conditions in which their children were living. "If you were a parent who had left your child in that situation, would you ever want to admit that Southbury was like that? How could you live with yourself? You had to tell yourself it was all right." Inge, however, appears to have seen things more clearly. After a Sunday visit to Southbury, du Plessix Gray recalls, Inge said, "'You know, I go in there and it's like a Hieronymus Bosch painting.' That was the image she gave."

In *After the Fall,* the character based on Inge has a recurring dream. "I dreamed," she says, "I had a child and even in the dream I saw it was my life, and it was an idiot, and I ran away. But it always crept onto my lap again, clutched at my clothes." Miller wrote those lines several years before Daniel's birth, and Joan Copeland says, "That's the first thing I thought of when I found out about Daniel." She believes the dream speech may have been a reference to their cousin Carl Barnett, who also had Down syndrome. Barnett, who was a few years older than Arthur, was the son of his maternal uncle, Harry. At a time when babies with Down syndrome were almost always institutionalized, Barnett was raised at home, and the Miller children saw him often. In *Timebends,* Miller referred to Barnett as "a helpless mongoloid" whose mother was given to "mocking his fluffy speech to his face" and "flying at him in a rage."

Miller's memories of Carl Barnett may have influenced his decision to institutionalize his son, but he also would have had the support of doctors, who in 1966 were still advising parents to put their children away. "Babies with Down syndrome are absolutely the most adorable children," says Rich Godbout, a social worker who knew Daniel for 10 years. "I can't imagine giving up a child like that, but it happened." Still, by 1966, large numbers of parents of Down-syndrome children were ignoring their doctors' advice and keeping their children at home. It wasn't easy. Even the most intellectually able Down-syndrome child requires a tremendous amount of care and reinforcement.

But there are huge rewards, too, which Arthur Miller seemed not to see. As Joan Copeland remembers it, her cousin Carl was anything but a burden to his family. They "adored him and they spoiled him," especially his two younger sisters, who took care of him throughout his life. "Never, for a minute, did anyone in that family ever think they could live without Carl," says Copeland. There were many things Carl couldn't do, she recalls, but "he *wasn't* helpless." Although doctors told his parents he probably wouldn't live past the age of 7, he lived to be 66.

"I think Arthur saw, in the Barnett family, how it just played into everything," his sister says, "how the presence of this broth-





WHERE'S DANNY? Morath and Miller in Roxbury, 1975. *Inset,* Miller celebrates his 75th birthday with his daughters, Jane and Rebecca, and Morath, 1990.

"ARTHUR WAS DETACHED. IT WAS AS THOUGH HE THOUGHT IF HE DIDN'T SPEAK ABOUT IT, IT WOULD GO AWAY."

BOTTOM, BY CARLA GAHR

er" affected everyone. He also saw the sacrifices that Copeland made in caring for her own son, who was born with cerebral palsy. "I think when he saw the adjustments that had to be made in [our] lives because of [our child], he didn't want to have anything to do with that," she says. Miller, says one friend, may have been afraid—"ashamed" is the word another uses—of the genetic problems in his family. Some believe Miller may have feared losing Inge's attention to a needy child; others suggest that he simply didn't want anything to interfere with his work. All agree that the issue of Daniel was extremely painful for him, and that he did not deal well with emotions. His plays were often acutely psychological—tackling the complicated relationships between fathers and sons, the corrosive effects of guilt and fear, and the price of self-deception—but in his personal life he could be shockingly devoid of emotional understanding. He was not cold, however. Although few people knew it, Miller did visit Daniel at Southbury on rare occasions. That he never acknowledged him as a son, though, is something friends find almost impossible to comprehend or accept. The author Donald Connery, who worked with Miller on the Peter Reilly wrongful-conviction case in the 1970s, says, "I speak with great affection for Arthur, and with admiration for all the good things he did in his life," but whatever led him to institutionalize Daniel "doesn't excuse painting his child out of his life."

"Arthur was detached, that's how he protected himself," says Copeland. "It was as though he thought if he didn't speak about it, it would go away."

"He Really Had Nothing"

In the early 1980s, when he was around 17, Daniel was released from Southbury. According to Jean Bowen, a prominent Connecticut disability-rights advocate, Daniel's social workers and psychologists were eager to get him moved into a group home, but they were afraid that his father would object. Many parents did in those days, fearful for the safety of their children. As bad as the conditions were in many state institutions, they offered parents the assurance that their children would be taken care of for life. Determined to get Daniel out of Southbury, his social worker called Bowen and asked her to put together a report for Miller.



UNHAPPY HOME Southbury Training School, in Connecticut, where Daniel spent most of his childhood.

Bowen recalls the first time she met Daniel: "He was just a delight, eager, happy, outgoing—in those days even more so than now, because of his isolation." He showed her his room, which he shared with 20 other people, and his dresser, which was nearly empty, because everyone wore communal clothing. "I remember very clearly trying to respond with happiness, but it was very hard, because there was nothing there," she says. "He really had nothing. His sole possession was this little tiny transistor radio with earplugs. It was something you'd pick up at a five-and-dime. And he was *so* proud to have it. You couldn't help but think, *This* is Arthur Miller's *son?* How could this be?" Bowen wrote up her report, and then the staff met with Daniel's parents. The result stunned everyone. "I was told that the meeting went beautifully," says Bowen. "Miller didn't say much but ultimately did not object." Daniel was free to go, and "for that he owes his father a great thank-you," she says. "There are so many people left at Southbury whose parents won't let them go. So he couldn't connect with his child emotionally, for whatever reasons, but he didn't hold him back. He let him go."

In 1985, the U.S. Department of Justice sued Connecticut over the poor conditions at Southbury. The following year it ordered the state to close Southbury to new admissions. By then, Daniel was living in a group home with five housemates, and making huge strides. He had a lot to learn—how to live on his own, how to use public transportation, how to shop for groceries.

Experts say it is difficult to measure how much Daniel had been held back by years of living in an institution. Early-intervention programs, nurturing families, and special-education classes—all of which Daniel missed out on—have contributed to a 15-point rise in the I.Q. scores of Down-syndrome children in the last 30 years, says Stephen Greenspan, a professor of psychiatry and former president of the Academy on Mental Retardation. Today, many higher-functioning Down-syndrome children can read and write; some graduate from high school and even college. Chris Burke, the actor with Down syndrome, who played Corky on the television show *Life Goes On,* lives in his own apartment in New York and commutes to work. Daniel, by contrast, had to learn basic reading skills. He had to work on his speech, and people say it is still difficult to understand him unless you know him.

"SOUTHBURY TRAINING SCHOOL WAS NOT A PLACE YOU WOULD WANT YOUR DOG TO LIVE," SAYS ROTH.

Even so, Daniel didn't seem to be scarred by his years at Southbury, according to one of his social workers. He had none of the odd behavioral tics or bouts of severe depression that afflict many people who have been raised in institutions. "He was amazingly well adjusted," the social worker says.

Daniel was still in a group home when his father's memoir, *Timebends,* was published, in 1987. In his account of 1966,



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Miller wrote that he felt "uplifted by what was clearly a new life being born around me"—referring not to the birth of his son that year but to the expansion of PEN. There are hints in *Timebends* that Miller was struggling with his guilt about Daniel. He wrote at length about his own father's abandonment by *his* parents, and said that Marilyn Monroe, who was raised in a foster home, taught him to spot an orphan in a crowded room, to recognize in his or her eyes "the bottomless loneliness that no parented person can really know." He repeatedly addressed the subject of denial. "Man is what man is," he wrote, "nature's denial machine." There were those who read his memoir and sensed that he was trying to tell the truth, without saying it out loud. It was "as if he *wanted* to be outed," says one friend.

"THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN TRULY ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS IS MY FATHER, AND HE IS DEAD."

A Public Encounter

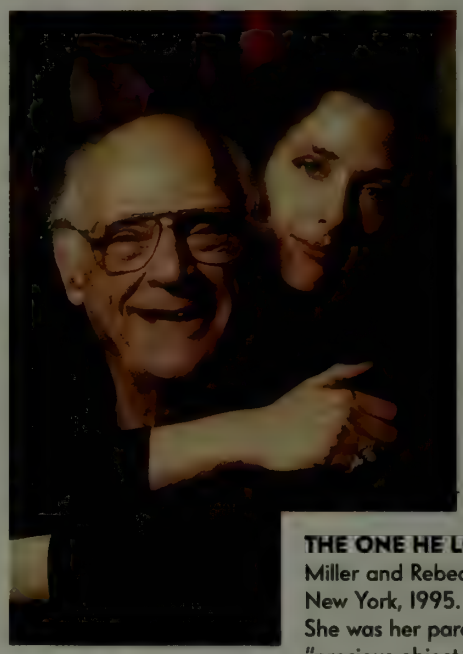
By the mid-90s, Daniel was doing so well that he was enrolled in a state-financed "supported-living program" that enabled him to stay in an apartment with a roommate. He still had someone looking in on him once a day, helping him to pay bills and sometimes to cook, but otherwise he was on his own. He had a bank account and a job, first at a local gym and then at a supermarket. He went to parties and concerts, and he loved to go out dancing. He was also a "natural athlete," says one social worker. He learned to ski, and competed in the Special Olympics, in that sport as well as in cycling, track, and bowling. "Everyone loved Danny," says Rich Godbout, who ran the supported-living program. "His greatest joy was helping people. He would insist. If someone needed help moving, Danny was always the first guy to volunteer to help." Daniel also joined Starlight and People First, two "self-advocacy" groups that promote the rights of disabled people to govern their own lives. "He wouldn't miss a meeting," says Godbout. In 1993, Daniel attended a ceremony to celebrate the closing of the Mansfield Training School, Southbury's sister institution. Three years later, Southbury came under a federal contempt order, and the question of whether it should be closed became the subject of a fiery political debate that continues today. Jean Bowen, an adviser to People First, remembers hearing Daniel speak out at meetings about his desire to see the institution shut down.

In September 1995, Daniel and Arthur Miller met for the first time in public, at a conference on false confessions in Hartford, Connecticut. Miller had come to the Aetna conference center to deliver a speech on behalf of Richard Lapointe, a man with a mild intellectual disability who had been convicted, based on a confession that many people believed was coerced, of murdering his wife's grandmother. Daniel was there with a large group from People First. Miller, several participants recall, seemed stunned when Danny ran over and embraced him, but recovered quickly. "He gave Danny a big hug," says one man. "He was very nice." They had their picture taken together, and then Miller left. "Danny was thrilled," Bowen recalls.

The following year, Rebecca Miller married Daniel Day-Lewis, whom she had met on the set of the movie adaptation of *The Crucible*. Day-Lewis, says Francine du Plessix Gray, "was the most compassionate about Daniel. He always visited him, with Inge and Rebecca." Some say he was "appalled" at Miller's attitude toward his son, and it is possible that Day-Lewis influenced Miller to make his first appearance, sometime in the late 1990s, at one of Daniel's annual "overall plan of service" reviews. The meeting was held in Daniel's apartment and lasted about two hours, Godbout recalls. As Arthur and Inge listened, the social workers who worked with Daniel discussed his progress—his job, his self-advocacy work, his huge network of friends. Miller "was just blown away," Godbout recalls. "He was absolutely amazed at Danny being able to live out on his own. He said it over and over again: 'I would never have dreamed this for my son. If you would have told me when he first started out that he would get to this point, I would never have believed it.' And you could see his sense of pride. Danny was right there, and he was just beaming."

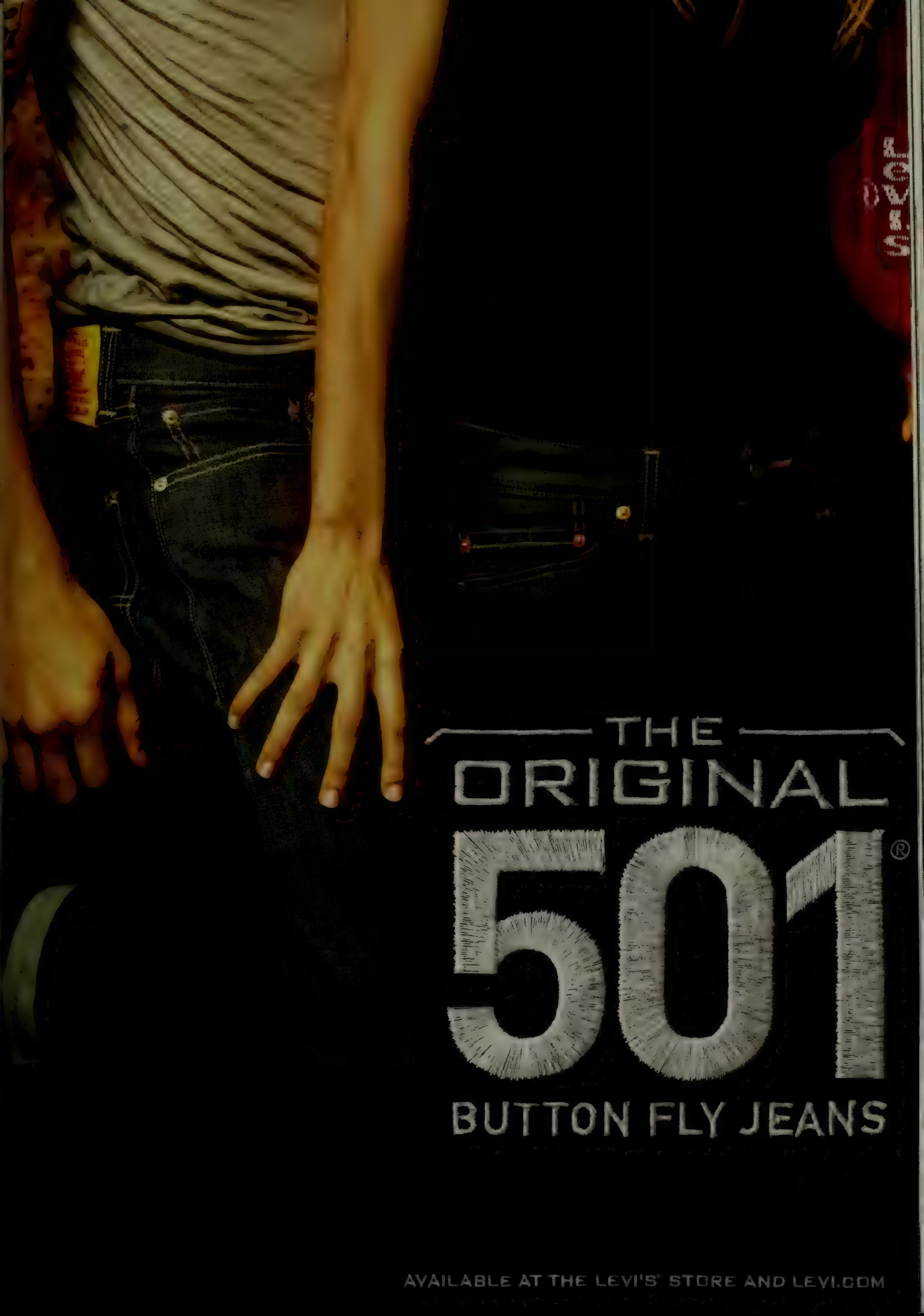
Miller never went to another meeting, and he apparently did not visit Daniel again at his apartment. But every now and then a social worker would drive Daniel to New York City to see his parents.

It was around this time, one close friend says, that Miller told a guest at a dinner party that he had a son with Down syndrome. The guest was a total stranger, "someone Arthur would never see again," but his friends were amazed all the same. Miller had still not spoken about Daniel in public or to any of them, but he seemed to be wrestling with things. He began to ask his sister about her son, wanting to know if he could read and write. The questions "astonished" her, because Miller should have known the answers. Her son had worked in the mailroom of a company for 17 years by then. But it gave Copeland an opening to ask about Daniel, whom she had never met. "I asked him, 'Does he know you?' And he said, 'Well, he knows I'm a person, and he knows my name, but he doesn't understand what it means to be a son.'"

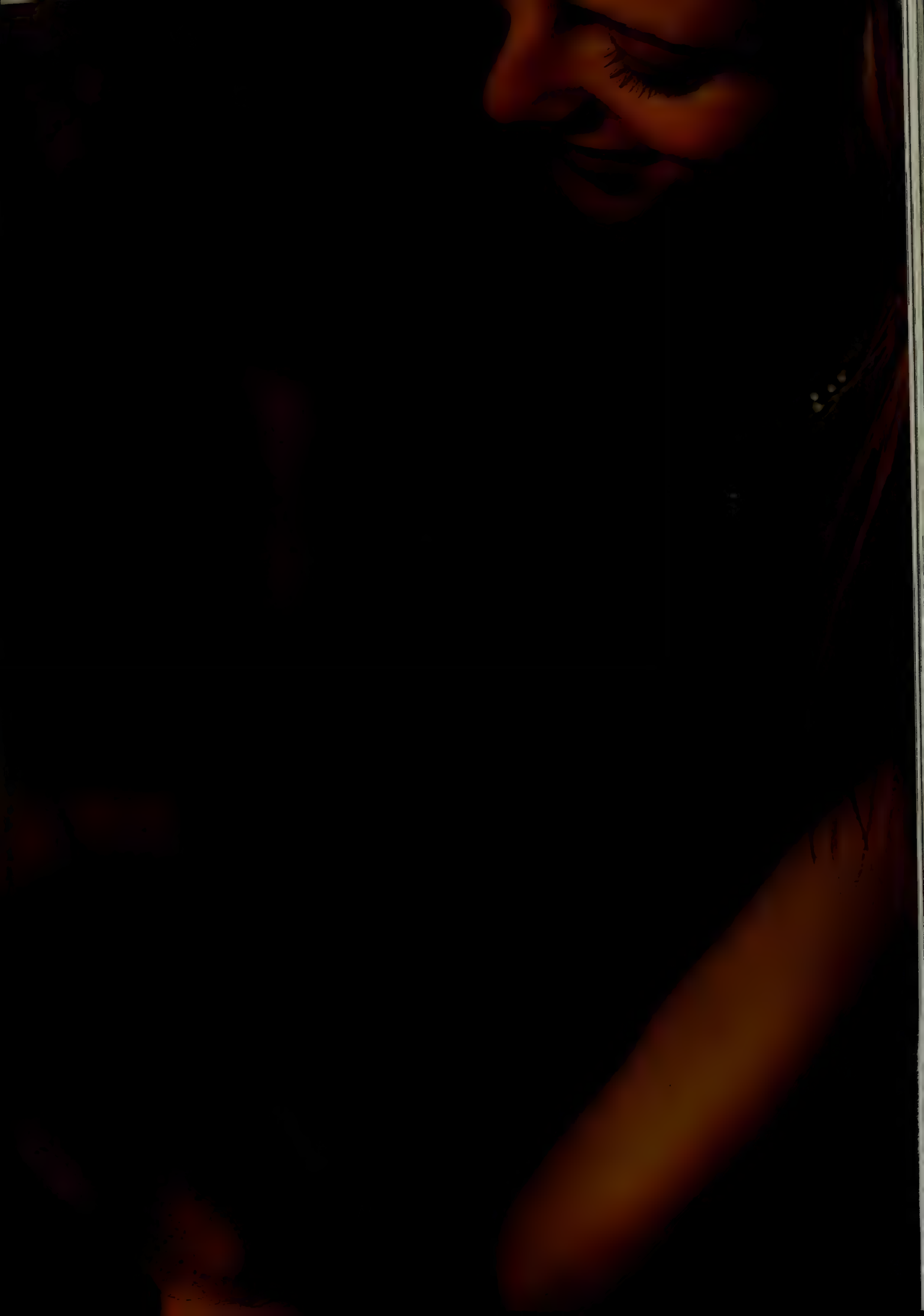


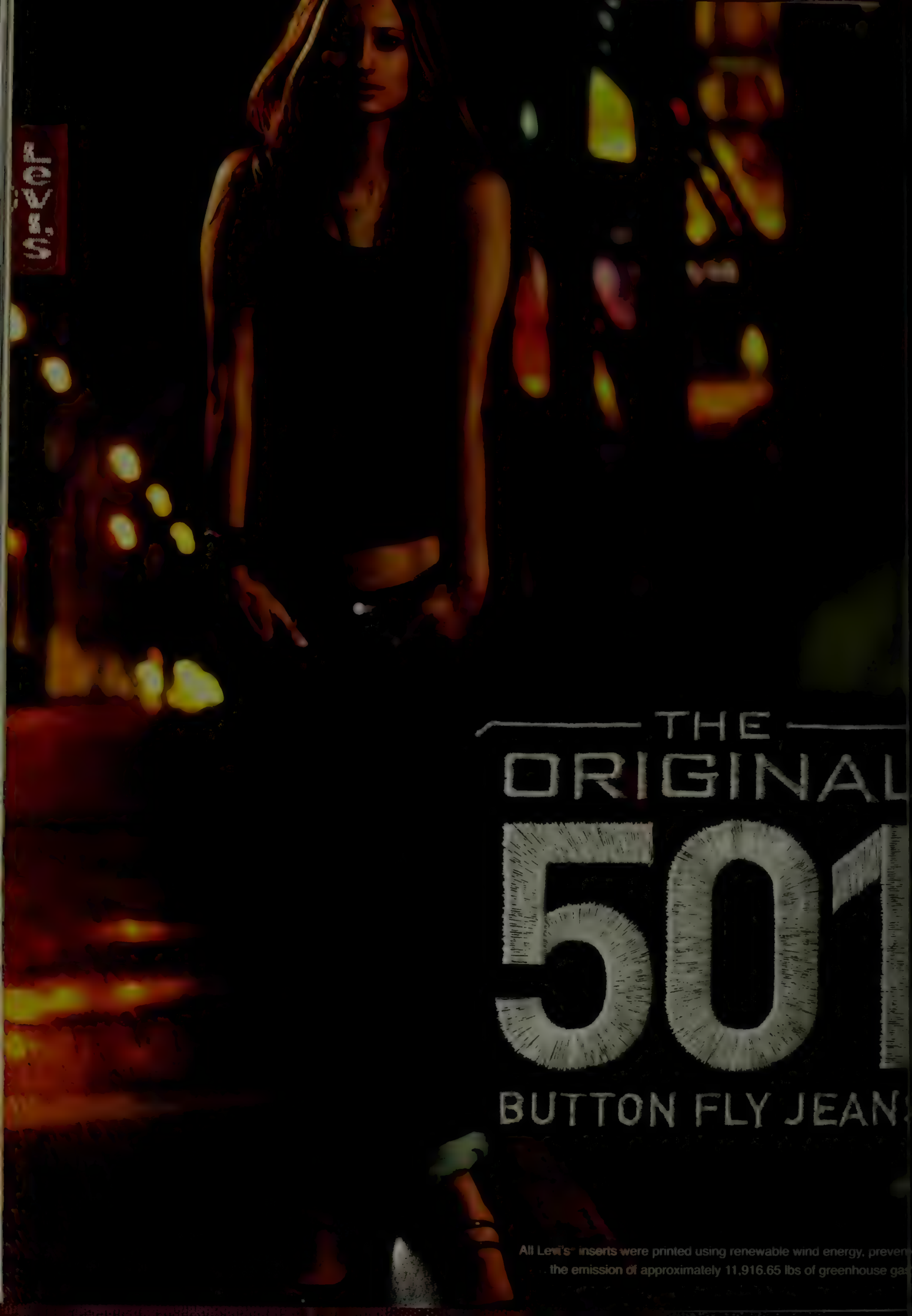
THE ONE HE LOVED Miller and Rebecca in New York, 1995. She was her parents' "precious object."

By then, one social worker says, Daniel did not really think of Arthur and Inge as his parents. The people who played that role in his life were an older couple who had met Daniel after his release from Southbury. "They were the ones you called when Danny needed anything," says the social worker. "Money, anything—and you'd get it. We always assumed it came from the Millers, but they weren't the ones you talked to." Daniel spent holidays with the couple. Inge would visit, sometimes with Rebecca, and then return home to Roxbury to celebrate with friends and the rest of the Miller family. On Christmas of 2001, after years of noticing that Inge would disappear for several hours on weekends, Copeland finally asked where she was going. "To see Danny," Inge said. "Would you like to come?" "I said, 'Oh, yes, I would *love* to,'" says Copeland. "So I did see him, and I was very, very impressed." Five weeks later, on January 30, 2002, Inge died of cancer at the age of 78. When Miller spoke to *The New York Times* for her obituary, he appears to have confirmed that she had only one child, Rebecca. When Daniel did not appear at the


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funeral, friends assumed that Miller's attitude toward his son had not changed.

A Dramatic Gesture

By the spring of 2004, Miller's own health was beginning to fail. He was 88 and lived in the Roxbury farmhouse with his girlfriend, Agnes Barley, a 33-year-old artist he'd met shortly after Inge's death. Miller was also putting the final touches on *Finishing the Picture,* a play based on the making of *The Misfits.* In April, a Roxbury neighbor named Joan Stracks, who knew nothing about Daniel, phoned Miller to ask if he would speak at a fund-raiser for the Western Connecticut Association for Human Rights—the disability-rights organization that had helped get Daniel released from Southbury. Miller agreed without hesitating. It's impossible to know if he was considering breaking his silence about Daniel, because in October his office called to cancel. He was battling cancer and pneumonia. Toward the end of the year, he and Barley moved into his sister's apartment, off Central Park. The papers reported that he was receiving hospice care.

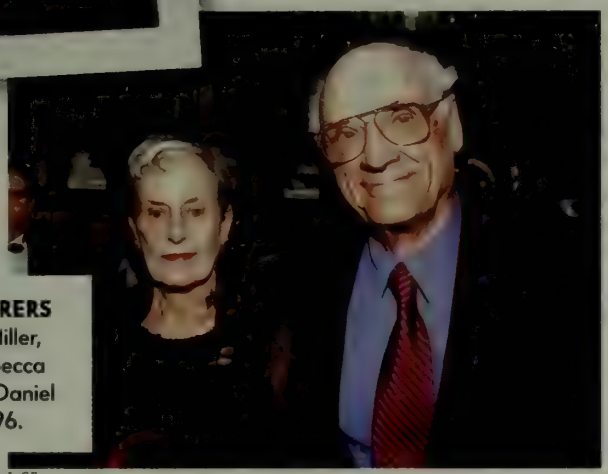
Arthur Miller signed his last will on December 30, naming as executors his children Rebecca Miller Day-Lewis, Jane Miller Doyle, and Robert Miller. Daniel was not mentioned in the will, but he was named in separate trust documents that Miller signed that day, which are sealed from public view. In those, according to a letter from Rebecca Miller, Arthur bequeathed "everything left over after taxes and special bequests to his four children. This includes Danny, whose share is no different from mine or my other siblings."

It was a dramatic gesture, and one that almost no attorney would have encouraged. To receive state and federal funding, people with incapacitating disabilities must maintain assets at or below the poverty level. Any amount above that is often claimed by the state to pay for their care. To protect their assets and to get the maximum public funding, most wealthy parents of disabled children leave their inheritances to other relatives or create a "special-needs trust."

By leaving the money directly to Daniel, Miller made him too wealthy to receive government assistance—and left the Miller estate open to being hit up by the state of Connecticut for everything it had spent on Daniel's care over the years. Which is exactly what happened. Shortly after the will was filed, Connecticut's Department of Administrative Services "issued one reimbursement claim to Danny Miller," according to the estate's lawyer, for a "portion of his care when he was a minor." That claim, the attorney says, is now in the process of being settled.

What Arthur Miller's intentions were at the end of his life remain a mystery. Did he ignore his lawyers' advice? In choosing not to establish a special-needs trust, did he want to free Daniel from the limits of government funding, to provide more for him than he would get from public assistance? The only person in a position to answer these questions is Miller's daughter Rebecca, but she refused numerous requests to be interviewed. In response to a lengthy list of questions about her father's decision to institutionalize his son, his relationship with Daniel, and his 39-year effort to keep his son's existence a secret, Rebecca Miller, who also has never spoken publicly about Daniel and would not permit him to be interviewed, wrote: "The only person who can truly answer your questions is my father, and he is dead."





SECRET SHARERS Morath and Miller, 1999. *Top,* Rebecca with husband Daniel Day-Lewis, 1996.

It would be easy to judge Arthur Miller harshly, and some do. For them, he was a hypocrite, a weak and narcissistic man who used the press and the power of his celebrity to perpetuate a cruel lie. But Miller's behavior also raises more complicated questions about the relationship between his life and his art. A writer, used to being in control of narratives, Miller excised a central character who didn't fit the plot of his life as he wanted it to be. Whether he was motivated by shame, selfishness, or fear—or, more likely, all three—Miller's failure to tackle the truth created a hole in the heart of his story. What that cost him as a writer is hard to say now, but he never wrote anything approaching greatness after Daniel's birth. One wonders if, in his relationship with Daniel, Miller was sitting on his greatest unwritten play.

Today, Daniel Miller lives with the elderly couple who have long taken care of him, in a sprawling addition to their home that was built especially for him. He continues to receive daily visits from a state social worker, whom he's known for years. Although his father left him enough money to provide for everything he needs, Daniel has kept his job, which he loves and "is very proud of," according to Rebecca, who visits him with her family on holidays and during the summers. "Danny is very much part of our family," she said, and "leads a very active, happy life, surrounded by people who love him."

Some wonder why Arthur Miller, with all his wealth, waited until death to share it with his son. Had he done so sooner, Daniel could have afforded private care and a good education. But those who know Daniel say that this is not how he would feel. "He doesn't have a bitter bone in his body," says Bowen. The important part of the story, she says, is that Danny transcended his father's failures: "He's made a life for himself; he is deeply valued and very, very loved. What a loss for Arthur Miller that he couldn't see how extraordinary his son is." It was a loss that Arthur Miller may have understood better than he let on. "A character," he wrote in *Timebends,* "is defined by the kinds of challenges he cannot walk away from. And by those he has walked away from that cause him remorse." □

"WHAT A LOSS FOR ARTHUR MILLER THAT HE COULDN'T SEE HOW EXTRAORDINARY HIS SON IS."



THE TABLOID BOYS
Clockwise from top left: Steve Aoki, Pete Wentz, Cisco Adler, Benji Madden, Joel Madden, and Kevin Federline

"I'm with *Her*!"

For a happening guy with a clothing line or a music career, hooking up with a starlet like Paris, Nicole, or Lindsay takes fame to a whole new level. On L.A.'s club scene, the author meets the boys who love the girls who love the spotlight

By Nancy Jo Sales

Lindsay dances, perched on a banquette, a hand held behind her head, eyes cast down as if in awe of her own amazing, undulating, ultra-famous 20-year-old bod. "*Taint-ed lo-ove!*" Soft Cell blares across the dance floor of L.A.'s Club LAX as Lindsay grinds her behind cheekily into the crotch of another dancing club girl, singing along, "*O-oh!*"

It's April, midway through a heady spring of partying, before a video hits showing her allegedly doing coke in an L.A.-nightclub bathroom; before *Georgia Rule* doesn't rule the box office; before she's busted for D.U.I. and the L.A.P.D. says it found coke in her wrecked car, and she once again enters rehab.

But tonight, if L.A. nightlife were Yellowstone National Park, then Lindsay's banquette dance would be Old Faithful, almost as reliable, and no less wondrous to behold. She's got a halter top on, low-slung pants, no bra—the type of outfit *Newsweek* frets is spawning a "generation of prosti-tots," because all the girls love Lindsay, their Little Miss Sunshine.

There's Samantha Ronson, the tomboy D.J., bouncing excitedly next to her on the banquette; they're B.F.F.'s (Best Friends Forever), as the gossip columns say, when

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRETT RATNER


Marciano

they're not claiming the two are secretly lovers, as they will in the next news cycle.

But who's that bunch of boys hanging around Lindsay's booth? They're the sort of boys who look like they might be on a reality show or a CWTV sitcom, or in some band. They're wearing those fake vintage rock T-shirts and jaunty little porkpie hats favored by white homeboys who call each other "Bro." They have those intricate forearm tattoos and that spiky Mark McGrath hair (circa 1999), which they frequently touch while thumbing their wireless devices. Call them Lords of the Fly.

They all look as if they might be famous—if only they were dating somebody like Lindsay.

"We're all rich fucks, living off our parents' money," one of them tells me blithely.

They all watch Lindsay, trying not to appear too eager.

Al Gore may have been onto something in his new best-seller, *The Assault on Reason,* when he diagnosed America's fascination with the antics of a group of B.F.F.'s, and sometimes frenemies, "Britney and KFed, and Lindsay and Paris and Nicole," as nothing less than a "serial obsession." Paris was the most Googled person on the planet in 2006, while Gore himself didn't break the Top 10.

Not a week, not even a day seems to go by without an onslaught of news about this chaotic crew which does indeed test the bounds of reason. In just the last few months, Paris was in, and then out, and then in, and out of jail again for driving with a suspended license while on probation for D.U.I.; Britney shaved her head, beat a paparazzo's car with an umbrella, developed overnight abs of steel while appearing everywhere in disastrous wigs, and re-exposed various body parts; Nicole denied she was in rehab for anorexia again and that she was pregnant, despite the overjoyed whispering of "insiders"; and then there were Lindsay's problems. A media maelstrom obediently followed.

None of this can possibly be lost on the young men who venture into the Paris-Nicole-Lindsay-Britney vortex as potential beaus. To date, bed, or wed—however briefly—any one of these young women (or their sister ilk, Jessica-Ashlee-Mandy-Kimberly-Mary-Kate-and-Ashley, et al.) is to enjoy insta-fame on a dizzying level; it's like winning the tabloid lotto.

It is to be chased by paparazzi, hounded by reporters, to have your mother in Sheboygan called and asked if she hears wedding bells. It's to be granted access to the hottest parties and hot spots and hotels, as well as the company of other young and fetching fab females who may even start eyeing you with covetous curiosity or perhaps plans for revenge on their fellow starlets.

It's to become a player in the very public staging of *Mean Girls,* which seems to ensue nightly out in L.A.'s clubland.

"The nightclubs of L.A. are like soap operas," Nicole wrote in her 2005 *roman à clef, The Truth About Diamonds,* which comes with 16 pages of color photos of Nicole. "There's always some bizarre drama that plays out every night, and everyone in the cast—I mean, everyone—is great looking, stoned and/or drunk. It's like a traveling freak show that stars the youngest and hottest in Hollywood. It's about fun, and sex, and pseudo-danger."

As the world reels with real dangers—Global warming! Terrorism! War!—many have turned to Paris and Lindsay and Nicole and Britney to take their minds off it all. It's a big responsibility for such slight young women, but, sadly, they have not disappointed.

In the game of Hollywood hookups, you can link just about everybody except Kevin Bacon.

This party in April at Club LAX is called Banana Split, and Lindsay is its cherry—the biggest star in the room and hence the object of some speculation, even among the type of arty party kids who get their gossip from *Nylon* in lieu of *The National Enquirer.*

"You think that's really water in there?" a flat-eyed club girl asks me, watching Lindsay drink clear liquid from a plastic bottle.

The suspicious waif is repeating tabloidian claims that Lindsay has been sneaking spirits—something Lindsay has denied.

She got out of an L.A. rehab called Wonderland in January; in May she'll enter Promises in Malibu.

Her father got out of a New York prison called the Collins Correctional Facility in March (he did 22 months for attempted assault and D.U.I.). Her mother has recently been seen posing in a fashion magazine, declaring, "If you can button it and clip it when you're in your 40s, you're going out!"

And now Lindsay's coming over to me, looking a bit edgy.

"Who are you writing for, honey?" she demands, smoky-voiced, spotting my notepad.

She's va-va-voom beautiful, but looks like she could use a night off.

I tell her, and ask why she cares.

"I'm sorry," she then says sweetly, shaking her long dyed-platinum locks. "It's just people can be so mean. See, I'm not working right now, so I'm just having fun for the next two weeks until I start working again, and things can get so misconstrued and people can be such liars—"

But all I can do is wonder why anything could be bothering her now—the tabloids say she's keeping company with Jude Law.

A month later she'll be seen on a Bahamian vacation with Calum Best, the balding British former fashion model and rather busy Lord of the Fly. Best, 26, has been "linked" to several English starlets as well as the MAW (model-actress-whatever) Kimberly Stewart, 27, daughter of Rod.

But the gossip press has also linked Lindsay to Bruce Willis, Johnny Knoxville, Colin Farrell, Joaquin Phoenix, Benicio del Toro, even *Rush Hour 3* director Brett Ratner. "I mean, I would be dead if I'd slept with that many people!" she once protested.

She did date Harry Morton. "Who had ever heard of Pink Taco before Harry Morton met Lindsay?" asks a nightlife publicist. The Mexican-restaurant-chain owner and Hard Rock–empire heir got some serious *mole*-selling mileage out of the union. Post-Lindsay, his business was featured all over the tabloids and in an episode of *Entourage.* Not that that's why he boyfriended her.

Before Morton, Lindsay dated Stavros Niarchos, the floppy-haired Greek shipping heir best known for also dating the anorexia-surviving Olsen twin (Mary-Kate) and Paris, who was in his car the night he was stopped by cops in L.A. for driving erratically, and delivered his signature line, "Baby, I'm fucking scaring myself!"

Lindsay might have taken up with Stavros to make Paris mad. Paris had him first. But this was post-"Firecrotch," and the gloves were off. Infamously, oily oil heir Brandon Davis—a perpetually sweaty and bloated-looking Lord, unaffectionately known as "Greasy Bear," and made famous by dating Paris and *O.C.* starlet Mischa Barton—spewed vulgar remarks about Lindsay's fiery natural coloring as Paris looked on, giggling and recording it all on her cell phone.

"Paris has done *horrible* things to Lindsay," says a young woman who sometimes rolls with their posse. "And still Lindsay will call her, saying, 'I want to be friends again.' Even after 'Firecrotch.' She never had a high-school experience, and for her, this is it. And Paris is the leader of this tiny

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clique of people who hang out together and do coke and hate each other. It's just like *Mean Girls*—except with paparazzi."

In a November 2006 video available on YouTube, Lindsay can be seen saying, "Paris is a cunt," to the crush of photographers who are always following these girls around. But then someone in her entourage snaps, "She's kidding," and mutters something to Lindsay, who blanches and revises, "I never said that. Paris is my friend. I love her. I've known her since I was 15 years old," in the same dutiful monotone as the soldiers brainwashed to praise Raymond Shaw in *The Manchurian Candidate*.

It was that same month that Paris allegedly walloped Lindsay. "[Paris] hit me last night, for no reason, apparently, at my friend's house," Lindsay says while brandishing a bruised elbow in another YouTube video. "I didn't know she'd be there, and she hit me. She hit me with a drink and poured it all over me and it hurts and it's not O.K."

All this drama would seem enough to make anyone feel unstable, but alas, the Lords of the Fly probably can't be counted on for much support, as they themselves have been known to wax unsporting. Before Stavros, Lindsay dated Wilmer Valderrama, the *That '70s Show* sidekick and befuddlingly successful swordsman who went on *Howard Stern* and spoke in graphic detail about his exploits with former girlfriends Mandy Moore, Jennifer Love Hewitt, and Lindsay.

"Her breasts were real," he declared.

That '70s Show was canceled last year. Valderrama's next big project is the *CHiPs* movie (release date, 2009, or whenever). But in March he could be seen at New York's Unik nightclub serenading Lindsay with Matchbox 20's "Back 2 Good": "I don't know how to get it back to good."

"It's too late!" Lindsay shouted.

"Oh. No. You. Dih-int," said the *Daily News*. So Wilmer got himself in the paper again. Good timing. He's about to bring out a clothing line.

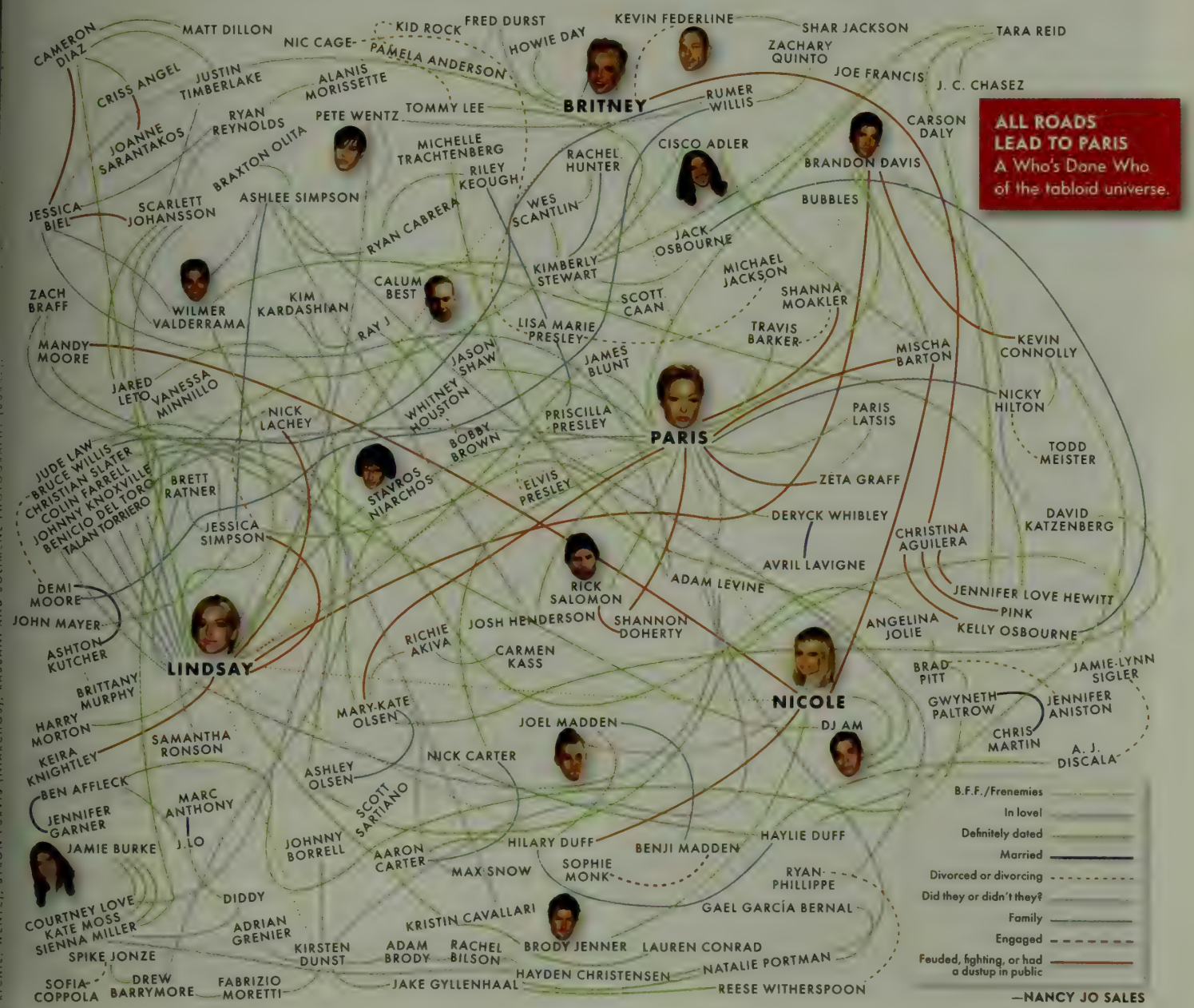
What ever happened to a boyfriend, to paraphrase Liz Phair, the kind of boy who won't cheat on you with another Disney star? That's what happened with Lindsay's first boyfriend, Aaron Carter (towheaded teen flavor of the month, circa 2002), who she dated at the same time as her then arch-rival, Hilary Duff.

Which led to a *major* feud.

But then in March, according to *People*, the former Disney darlings buried the hatchet at Teddy's, the L.A. nightclub where everything important seems to happen. "They dashed to the bathroom for a gossip session when Duff's ex Joel Madden arrived with Nicole Richie . . . "

Ah, Nicole. In the round-robin "Kevin Bacon game" of Young Hollywood hookups (where you can link up just about everybody except Bacon, who has been with wife Kyra Sedgwick since 1988), we're back at Club LAX, which is co-owned by Nicole's former fiancé, DJ AM.

There he is, bopping away in the D.J. booth, spinning "Super Freak" while surrounded by a bevy of dancing hipster blondes. AM, né Adam Goldstein, is an ac-



—NANCY JO SALES

complished Lord; ever since dating Nicole, he's become one of the most famous D.J.'s in the world. "He's an amazing D.J., but there are a lot of amazing D.J.'s," *Us Weekly* editor Janice Minn remarked to *The New York Times*. "The difference is that there's only one who dated Nicole."

But what about his *Simple Life* appearance? Oh yes, that was also because of Nicole.

Now they're bringing out his birthday cake, winding it through the crowded dance floor. The wiry AM takes a very small slice. He used to weigh 324 pounds; that was after he recovered from an addiction to crack cocaine, and before he got his stomach stapled and shrank down to normal.

When he was engaged to Nicole, and she shrank down to abnormal, the tabloids went crazy, and then they broke up. NICOLE RICHIE AND DJ AM NO LONGER FIND ENGAGEMENT MUTUALLY BENEFICIAL was how Defamer.com announced it.

"Page Six" has said that AM is "looking for another famous girlfriend" (he's lately been linked to model Jessica Stam), but he reportedly tried to cozy up to at this year's Coachella music festival, in Indio, California.

Now she's doing her grind move behind Aoki. Tomorrow, a gossip column will say they're dating.

"Really?" Aoki reacts with surprise when I tell him about it later at his L.A. office. He runs over to his computer to Google the item, but I can see somebody's been Googling it already—it's in the search line.

"Oh, that's not true," he says, laughing at the rumor. "She's just my buddy—my *good* buddy, my homey." (He has a longtime girlfriend, a local-news producer.)

Later, he'll put pictures of himself and Lindsay from the *Enquirer* and *OK!* on his blog.

"Hey, Cisco, I saw your balls on Perez!" comes the throaty voice of Courtney Love across the crowded bar at the Chateau Marmont.

Cisco Adler nods, waves, laughs. "My balls are more famous than I am, how crazy is that?" he calls.

For those who have better things to do than

To date, bed, or wed any one of these young women is to enjoy insta-fame on a dizzying level.

told *The New York Times*, "I like beautiful women, whatever their profile may be."

And that includes Mandy Moore. In January, just as he was about to embark on an international tour, AM, 34, started seeing Moore, 23. They had a lot in common: both were Punk'd and on an episode of *Entourage*—two shows which have starred possibly more people who have slept together than any others in broadcast history.

Both also had something to sell—for Moore, it was her movie *Because I Said So* and her latest album, *Wild Hope*, in which she sings of her breakup with *Scrubs* star Zach Braff. Then she told *Seventeen*, "I'm not Nicole Richie. I'm not like a toothpick"—kastang!—and then she and AM broke up.

Now another D.J.'s going on: he's the hippie-haired Steve Aoki, 29, a Benihana heir who goes by "Kid Millionaire." He's the brother of model Devon Aoki. He's also a good friend of D.J. Lindsay Lohan, who's jumping into the D.J. booth and snuggling up behind him.

Cameras flash. Lindsay dances close behind Aoki—a sort of guru of coolness for L.A. club kids. His record label, Dim Mak (Death Touch), features art-punk Brit bands like Scanners, the Rakes, and Klaxons—whose guitarist, James Righton, by the way, Lindsay know what all this means: "Cisco" is rock royalty (his dad is legendary music producer Lou Adler) as well as the former fiancé of Kimberly Stewart and boyfriend of Mischa Barton.

And "Perez" is PerezHilton.com; self-described as "Hollywood's Most-Hated Web Site," it's hosted by notorious celebrity blogger Mario Lavandeira (a B.F.F. of the real Paris, whom he never betrays with nasty items, although he runs many about her frenemies).

Affable Cisco, 28, is a man who gets no respect—he's the Rodney Dangerfield of the Lords of the Fly, ever since January, when the contents of a storage space once rented by Paris (there's that name again) went up for auction, due to an unpaid bill of just $208.

Among the items which made their way from the abandoned locker to the Internet was a picture of Cisco, naked except for a pair of tube socks, and exposing what have to be some of the more formidable gonads west of the Rockies. There's also a pile of gleaming white powder next to him on a table.

"That picture wasn't why we broke up," Cisco says, piercing rumors that it was this photo, or perhaps its nuclear publicity fallout, which ended his romance with the angel-faced Barton, 21. (As for why Paris had a naked picture of him, Cisco offers, "I went through a naked period.")

With what people are saying about his package on the Internet, any lesser man would have caved and moved back to Maui—that's where he grew up, before landing in Malibu at 20 and starting a southern-rock band called Whitestarr, "the most famous band you've never heard of," Cisco says. It's also the unofficial band of Young Hollywood High. (Its struggle to move from virtual to actual fame is the subject of an upcoming VH1 reality show, *The Rock Life*—which just might actually make it famous.)

But despite having an avid following among his many famous friends, Cisco's snapshot wasn't winding up in the tabloids until he started dating Stewart, in 2003, and Barton, in 2005.

"I was sort of planning on meeting her," he says of Mischa. "I'd seen her around and it happened, why not?" Yes, why not? Contrary to the conventional wisdom in Celebrity Blogland, roguish Cisco is sorta sexy, with a bad-boy rock 'n' roll voice and a dirty little mustache.

So he has no problem picking up women—the ones he's been in relationships with just happen to be famous, or the progeny of fame. "I'm not some serial star-dater," he protests. "Mischa's the most beautiful girl on the planet. Sometimes I would wake up and see her on the pillow next to me and be like, Oooh, there she is . . .

"It wasn't *us* that broke us up, it was all the *other* shit."

The other shit: when they got together, Cisco's ex Stewart (who's perhaps best known for wiping out on a Harley-Davidson on a red carpet, alongside Paris, who laughed, and for having had a tattoo proclaiming DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL LOVES CISCO re-done to read DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL LOVES DISCO) became an object of sympathy among her old school chums, namely Paris and Nicole.

To complicate matters further, the dynamic divas were also still B.F.F.'s with Mischa's ex Brandon Davis (who had gone on to date Nicky Hilton, who went on to date elfin *Entourage* star Kevin Connolly, who reportedly punched Davis in the nose at a party for addressing him as "Whore").

Last March, the Paris-Nicole-Kim-Mischa feud apparently began taking such a toll on sensitive Mischa's mood that Cisco complained to a celebrity wire service that Paris should "butt out and get a job. Has Paris nothing better to do than party and row with people?"

But now, a year later, Cisco says, "Look, they're young, these girls, and they're thrown this bucket of shit, and it makes them act kind of weird. If they were all locked in a room together they'd come out the best of friends."

"Really?" I ask.

"Well maybe," he says, "if they lived."

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these much-sought-after starlets, Cisco says. "There's no privacy. We were literally running away from paparazzi. They would camp outside my house." When he'd finally had enough, he ended it, he says. "My dog died of pet-food poisoning, I broke up with my girlfriend, and this picture of my balls turns up on the Internet—that was the cherry on top." Or maybe cherries.

He wistfully admits he misses Mischa. "I used to be a horrible cheater; in this last relationship I didn't cheat once, I changed. Sometimes I used to cheat and go back and make love with my girlfriend on the same day! I used to get off on that. I used to think I was so dope.

"My dad was a womanizer," he says, "so I always thought I had to be a womanizer. My dad's a player, my dad's one of the world's greatest pimps ever. He's cool, he's brilliant."

Lou Adler, who produced Sam Cooke, the Mamas and the Papas, and Carole King, also produced seven sons with four women (including Britt Ekland); he's also a good friend of fellow bad boy Jack Nicholson.

But now Cisco's reminding me of something a publicist I know said: "The younger generation in Hollywood craves validation from their parents. They feel like they'll never be as cool as them—and you know what? They won't."

"I've got a little Rod Stewart in my voice, don't you think?," Cisco asks.

"What has held back my band is that people are more interested in my father or my girlfriends than my band!" he laments. (Whitestarr's first album, *Luv Machine,* which is naughty fun, sold around 10,000 copies.)

"It's a double-edged sword," said my publicist friend. "People don't notice these guys until they date these famous girls—and then they resent being noticed for the girls. It's the *Star Is Born* syndrome." Or at least the starlet.

Later at Hyde, the lush lounge du jour, Cisco says, "L.A. nightlife is a very small world."

At the front of the club, a glamorous-looking Nicole simpers as her boyfriend, Good Charlotte lead singer Joel Madden, D.J.'s.

"I suck tonight!," Joel can be heard complaining to real D.J. Steve Aoki.

Meanwhile, Lindsay's sitting at a banquette alone (or with club owner Brent Bolthouse), looking apprehensive and seemingly keeping her distance from Nicole.

Oblivious, Cisco and some buddies are doing tequila shots at the stylish bar at the back of the club—site of the Homeric, October 2006 battle between Paris and Shanna Moakler, the estranged wife of +44 drummer Travis Barker, who had been photographed with Paris in what the tabloids call a "liplock."

Paris said Shanna hit her; Shanna said Paris's ex Stavros "Baby, I'm Fucking Scaring Myself" Niarchos poured a drink on her. Police reports were filed by both blondes.

"If I find a girl, I'm out, I make no apologies," Cisco is saying.

Within minutes, he's making eye contact with a Mischa-like model type he starts referring to as "The Jumper"—either because she's wearing one, or because he's planning on jumping her.

"It's on," he says lightly, although they haven't even spoken yet.

Moments later, one of his boys is informing him, "These girls want to run a train!" (i.e., have an orgy).

"Get a hotel room," Cisco says matter-of-factly, smiling. He's joking. I think.

With all the shallow hookups going on in Hollywood, no wonder some young couples want to have a real relationship—one built on something besides a publicity advantage.

Take Joel and Nicole.

NICOLE AND JOEL: IT'S A BOY ... AND A WEDDING!, NICOLE AND JOEL: KEEPING THINGS HOT! tabloids have claimed. "Nicole Richie and her beau, Joel Maddem [*sic*], smooch the night away in Las Vegas!" awww'd PerezHilton.com (where apparently, any friend of Paris's is a friend of Perez's).

Well, it isn't their fault that since they started dating last December, the twosome have appeared almost every week in almost every tabloid, teen mag, gossip column, and celebrity blog.

There was even a video of them frolicking on a beach in Cabo San Lucas. (Frolicking-on-the-beach shots of couples seem to be a trend, ever since Brad and Angelina's in the summer of 2005.) Joel, clad in black, and looking rather uncomfortable, stood on a rock simulating kung fu moves. One creative blogger set it to the tune "Kung Fu Fighting."

But some people are so cynical as to be skeptical about how these stories get generated. "These girls love being in the paper," says the young lady who sometimes twinkles in their constellation. "I think they're addicted to it the same way people are addicted to drugs. They call the tabloids on themselves. The high-school yearbook gets printed every week and the most popular kid is the one with the most pictures."

Which would mean that Nicole was on the verge of becoming prom queen—until June, when Paris eclipsed her coverage-wise with her incarceration drama. But now, with her possible pregnancy, Nicole may be poised to snatch back the crown.

WILL NICOLE RICHIE'S TINY MAYBE-FETUS PREVENT JAIL TIME? asked Gawker.com, referring to Nicole's own troubles with the law. In December 2006, she was arrested for D.U.I. after steering her Mercedes the wrong way onto an exit ramp of the 134 in L.A. (She's due in court this month.) She admitted to having used marijuana and Vicodin before the incident, "for period pain." She listed Joel as her "emergency contact." Awww...

He seems good for her, the tabloids say; she looks good. And he takes a good picture—the camera loves Joel Madden, who photographs edgy. "I like really pale. I like really skinny," Nicole has said. "I like people that look kind of homeless." Madden's pop-punk band has sold millions of records; he's been on the cover of *Rolling Stone.* So he's not some scammer; and, judging from this passage in her book, Nicole has known boys who fit that bill:

"Boyfriend? Hardly. I think it was obvious to everyone that Chip just wanted anything Chloe could rub off on him. If he got a little sex out of her, even better. He never said it, but girls know this stuff."

A girl who's smart enough to know that "stuff" might also know what could "rub off" on her, too. Nicole said on *The Tyra Banks Show* that her real dream is to be a singer, like her pop, Lionel Richie. Now she's working on an album—she's already released a song, "Dandelion"—and Joel has been helping her in the studio.

Hey, maybe Al Gore should rethink this *Assault on Reason* thing; maybe these crazy celebrity love stories should really run in the business section. After all, being famous is a business, and publicity pays off.

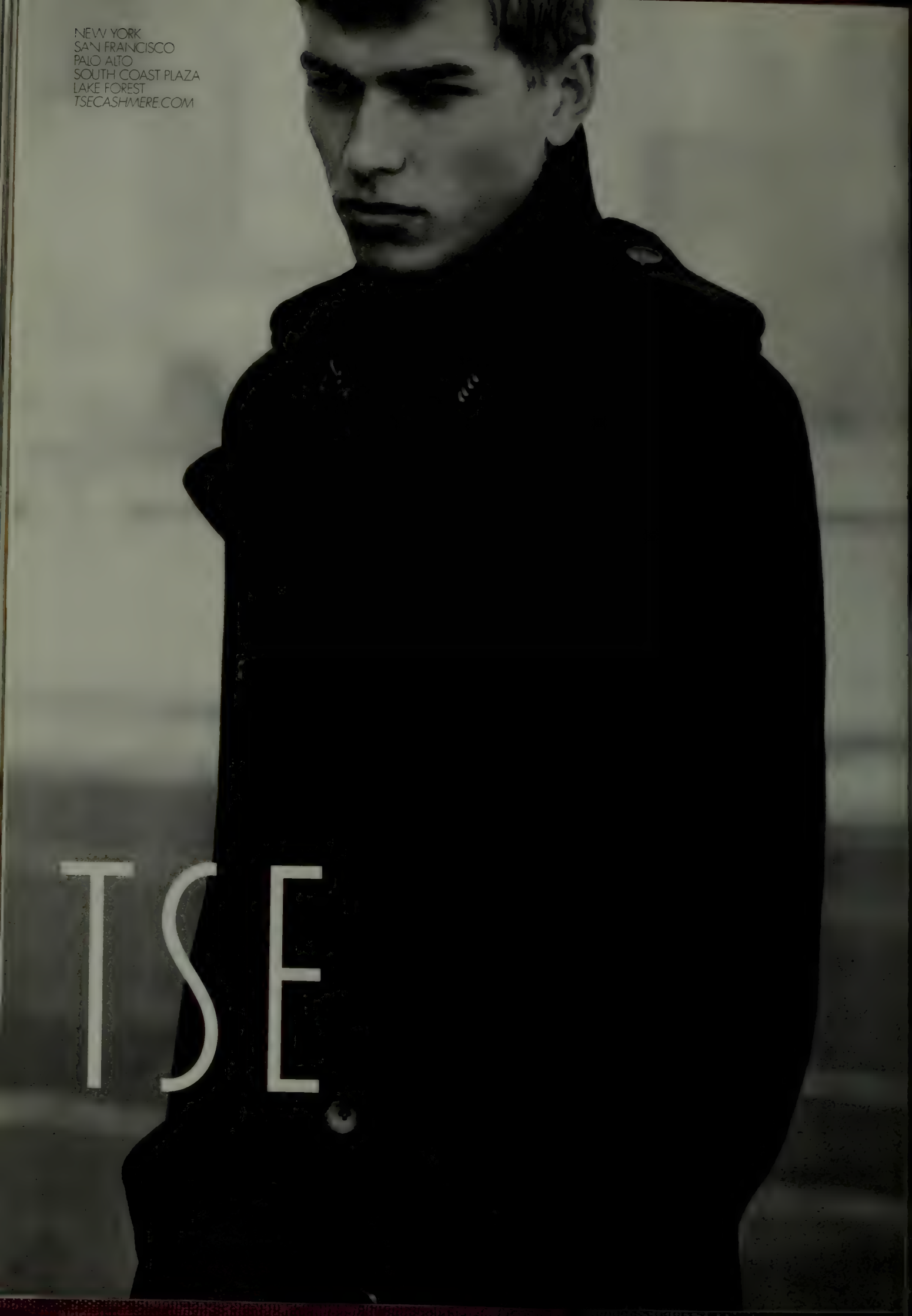
Maybe Joel could be Puffy to Nicole's J.Lo; he seems to know what he's doing. Good Charlotte has a huge fan base among the sort of angst-ridden young adolescents who shop at Hot Topic, the punk-clothing chain store where you can always find black

"I'm not some serial star-dater," says Mischa Barton's ex Cisco Adler.


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CLUB FED
Kevin Federline, Pete Wentz, Steve Aoki, Benji Madden, Cisco Adler, and Joel Madden get down in Brett Ratner's basement disco.

lipstick. Despite being scorched by critics (*The New York Times* called the band's recent album, *Good Morning Revival,* "mystifyingly inept"), Good Charlotte has been heartily embraced by the corporate world; they even played the 2003 "NFL Kickoff Concert" on the D.C. Mall.

And for Nicole, this is promotion time: the fifth season of *The Simple Life* premiered in May; she's launching a line of jewelry and accessories, and her own perfume and sunglasses. So it's not a bad thing to be seen on the arm of a cute guy—especially one who just went on an international tour (with Nicole by his side).

"I don't think Nicole would date anyone just for publicity," says the young lady who knows her. "She's very romantic. She hates to be alone. When she's with a boyfriend, she's with him. She *clings* to her boyfriends."

"Then I hold on," say the lyrics to "Dandelion," "hold on hold on hold on hold on hold on / And I tell myself hold on hold on hold on hold on hold on hold on yeah hold on . . ."

I'm surprised to see Nicole when she walks into glammy, dark, and cavernous Teddy's with Joel, one night in April, when he and I have an appointment. She wasn't supposed to come, but it's nice that she did.

She looks incredible. She looks . . . like Paris. It's a dazzling sort of magic trick, the way Nicole, 25, has transformed herself into this chic gamine—tonight in a little black dress and five-inch heels.

"What's up, bitch," I say, adopting her *Simple Life* lingo.

"What's up, bitch," she says flatly.

She immediately orders French fries. The rumors of her eating disorder are dispelled.

Joel orders a burger and a drink. He's the quintessential Lord, dressed in his usual black, his arms laced with tattoos, his hair studiedly spiky. He's 28.

We talk about L.A. nightlife and what's hot. "It's all about the freshest kids," says Joel, enthusiastic. "The 19-year-old dude at like, Cinespace"—another Steve Aoki/Dim Mak hangout—"who has the freshest sneakers he made himself, some crazy scarf he made, and you're like, That kid's fresh! That's what it's all about right now."

Nicole listens, grinning her inscrutable frown-grin. I ask her if she liked Good Charlotte before meeting Joel. (They say they met "through a friend.")

"No," she says. "I'd never heard of them."

"She likes classic rock," offers Joel.

"I like the Doors," says Nicole.

"Do you like Good Charlotte?," I ask her.

"Now I do," she says.

Joel throws a heavy arm around her.

She frown-grins.

I ask if it's true they're engaged.

Joel says, "No, no, no."

Nicole shakes her head.

Nobody says anything for a long minute.

Now some of their friends have arrived: Benji Madden, Joel's identical twin and Good Charlotte's lead guitarist; he's dressed almost exactly like Joel, and with his fiancée, the blonde Australian pop singer Sophie Monk.

Nicole perks up and shows Sophie her new handbag (it's big and gold and looks expensive). Sophie ahhs.

Some other unknown girls and a guy come, too.

"He's the most amazing hairstylist," says Joel, who's originally from Maryland. "He does my hair."

Now the adjacent booth has become filled with Lindsay and Samantha (Ronson) and an assortment of the Lords of the Fly. Again Lindsay seems to be keeping her distance.

It was just last week, after all, that the tabloids claimed she had her makeup session with Hilary Duff—Joel's ex and Nicole's current nemesis. On her new album, *Dignity,* Duff has a song entitled "Gypsy Woman," which allegedly takes a swipe at Nicole, whose nickname is apparently Gypsy: "Talks with a grin cause she's got no shame / Enjoyed the fame, bringin' down the family name."

Oh no Duff dih-int. Well, maybe Nicole will respond on *her* album . . .

"If someone's dope, if someone's fresh—it doesn't matter who he is." Joel's explaining to me what makes someone cool. "You

can always tell how cool someone is by how they treat the people around them."

The only Young Hollywood couple currently getting more play than Nicole and Joel is Pete and Ashlee.

Ashlee is Ashlee Simpson, the infamously lip-synching little sister of Jessica. And—what, you've somehow avoided the adorable visage of Pete Wentz? He too has been on the cover of *Rolling Stone,* shirtless, as the bassist for the emo band Fall Out Boy. He too has been in all the teen mags and tabloids and gossip columns, as a serial smoocher of starlets.

"Gotta kiss the starlets," he tells me.

He too has a new album out (*Infinity on High*) and is about to go on tour.

And he too has a picture of his package on the Internet.

It isn't quite as memorable as Cisco's, but it is adorned with a tattoo.

"Cell phones," Wentz says, vaguely, when I ask him about it one night in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel, where he's come to eat a Kobe-beef burger. "Everybody has a cell phone now. You can't be too careful."

Wentz, 28, likes to be mysterious; it's part of his M.O.—his emo M.O., if you will.

He's wearing a shirt with a picture of Andy Warhol and dollar signs all over it. To some miffed fans, Fall Out Boy has become known as "Sell Out Boy."

"They keep telling me I'm a mogul," Wentz tells me.

"Are you a mogul?," I ask.

"That's what they keep telling me," he says.

His publicist at Island–Def Jam already told me, "He's a mogul," concerned that Pete not be equated with other young men who are not moguls. (Wentz has a boutique clothing line with Donna Karan called Clandestine, part of his Clandestine Industries.)

He keeps checking his wireless device, which is white and kind of girlie-looking.

I ask him if it's true he's dating Ashlee Simpson. He laughs and says, "No. But I am dating someone. Say it's a dude."

"I don't think anybody's all one thing sexually," he says. "I don't think anybody's sexuality is fixed." He's wearing a lot of eyeliner, his trademark look. "I keep giving interviews where I lead people to think I'm bi," he says. "So be it."

I ask him if it's true he dated Lindsay Lohan. Again he laughs. "A lot more—and a lot less—happened with Lindsay than people *think*." So be it.

He says his new partner is a girl and she is famous, but he won't say who she is because "I've seen what media exposure can do to relationships."

Like make both people really, really famous. "Ashlee and Pete: Hooked on each other," said the *Star* in May. ASHLEE SUPPORTS HER MAN, said *Us Weekly* the same month, when the surgically altered starlet showed up in New York for the opening of Wentz's East Village bar, Angels and Kings. "Ashley [*sic*] Simpson was pouting in a corner," Jay McInerney, who also showed up, along with Jay-Z, reported in his *House & Garden* column.

But *InTouch* says, PETE AND ASHLEE: HAPPY TOGETHER. As they should be. They're both getting mega-press, which helps Ashlee too: she's working on a new album. Geffen Records chairman Ron Fair called the project "very tricky" because of the "prejudices" against her.

"It gives her some musical cred to be with him," says a record-industry publicist. "And it expands the band's tween market for him to be with her. So it works out well for both of them."

Could Wentz—or anyone—really be that calculating? But he seems so sensitive: he tells me he tried to kill himself, in February of 2005, before Fall Out Boy made it big.

"You did?," I say. "Wow."

He just shrugs.

It's all over the Internet. He's mentioned it before.

When we say good-bye, he drives off to the airport to meet Ashlee, as I later find out from the gossip rags. There's a picture of them at LAX, before they board a plane to New York, smiling giddily and looking just crazy about each other.

"My moms used to call me 'the Womanizer' when I was younger," says Kevin Federline.

Once upon a time, there was a young man named Kevin Federline, who hailed from Fresno, California. Dangerously good-looking—or perhaps just dangerous-looking—he made it as a backup dancer for Justin Timberlake and Michael Jackson. But his dream was to be a rapper.

Then in 2004 he met Britney Spears—lest we forget, the eighth-best-selling female recording artist in U.S. history—and he promptly married her, leaving his baby-mama, actress Shar Jackson, who was not a star but just a starlet, as well as pregnant with their second child.

"My moms used to call me 'the Womanizer' when I was younger. That says it all," an amiable Federline tells me on the phone from his home in L.A. "I love women. I mean, I *love* women, you know?"

"What's not to love?" I ask.

"*Exactly,*" he says.

Who knows if K-Fed would have attained the nickname-recognition status he now enjoys if he hadn't been there for the fall of Britney, starting with their reality show, *Britney & Kevin: Chaotic.*

"Don't hate, cuz I'm a superstar, and I married a superstar," K-Fed rapped on his 2006 album, *Playing with Fire*—which *Entertainment Weekly* called "a concept album about squandering Britney Spears' fortune," said to be around $100 million.

In their pending divorce, Federline will reportedly receive an estimated $360,000 a year in spousal support from Britney, plus $7 million from the sale of their Malibu home. There are rumors he's also talking about doing a tell-all book—maybe to include scenes like one in the video he shot of her, which somehow wound up on YouTube (if Shakespeare were alive today, would his plays not include cyber-betrayals?), in which Britney can be seen burping and babbling incoherently as he purringly coaxes dialogue out of her:

"Have you ever seen *Back to the Future*?" she asks him. "Is that possible? To time travel?"

"No," K-Fed says.

"Yes, it is," she insists.

"O.K.," he says, "but not that we know of."

"I think people can do that—some people are ahead of us," Britney declares.

"Shit," K-Fed says. "Could you imagine how many people would try to go back and change shit?"

Yes, like possibly your wife.

Is K-Fed a cautionary tale? Or an inspiration? Apparently that all depends on your point of view. The cry "K-Fed is the man!" can be found all over the Internet.

To some young men, he is King of the Lords.

At a party for the Kentucky Derby in Louisville in May, according to "Page Six," he could be heard complaining to a maître d', "Yo, I need a bigger table, I got six bitches with me," after which he commandeered a mike from Kid Rock and screamed to the hotties in the crowd, "I got four kids already—which one of you Kentucky girls wants to have my fifth?"

The King is dead, long live K-Fed. □

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IF THE TIARA FITS: Judith and Rudy Giuliani at Gracie Mansion on their wedding day, May 24, 2003.

Giuliani's Princess Bride

Judith Giuliani always dreamed big, which got her out of small-town Pennsylvania, through two marriages, and into the arms of Rudy Giuliani. But, as her husband runs for president, people are asking, "Who does she think she is?"

By Judy Bachrach

It was the first anniversary of 9/11 at Ground Zero, an occasion when the names of the dead were read aloud. The first reader was to be Rudy Giuliani, New York's mayor at the time of the disaster, whose actions during those terrible days would prove a political boon. An army of policemen flanked him—an excessive number, spectators thought, since, due to the hundreds of dignitaries gathered, security outside was extremely tight.

Inside the tent were Secretary of State Colin Powell, New York governor George Pataki, Richard Grasso, who was then head of the New York Stock Exchange, and New York mayor Michael Bloomberg. Senator Hillary Clinton stood in the aisle—until she was unceremoniously pushed by a phalanx of four burly cops entering the tent, these guarding Judith Nathan, Giuliani's girlfriend. No apologies were offered, one observer noted.

"The *nerve* of that woman!" Hillary exploded, recalling that her own daughter's Secret Service detail evaporated soon after Bill Clinton left office. Why should an ex-mayor's girlfriend get such royal treatment? "Who does she think she is?" Hillary said to an observer, who later recounted the story.

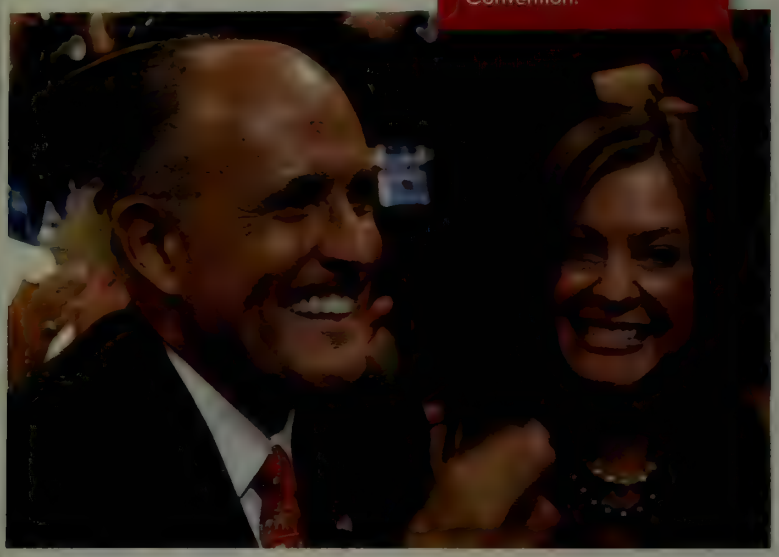
An interesting question. Who *does* Judith Stish Ross Nathan Giuliani think she is? These days, even with her husband, a freshly minted multi-millionaire, far ahead of the competition in the Republican presidential polls, no one, least of all Judith, 52, seems to have a clue. In a way, this is understandable. There have been so many different Judiths. As her second husband, Bruce Nathan, has told friends, "She is in an ever changing mode upward."

Three decades ago, Judi Ann Stish, as she was known in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, left her parents' home, a gray two-story house fronted by potted geraniums and a ribbon of flagstone. Fifteen years ago, while working for $1,200 a month as a part-time receptionist, she was living on borrowed money and the hospitality of


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friends—and threatening her estranged second husband with prosecution over a $3,500 rug. "Judi started from scratch, so of course she grabs every opportunity that comes into her life," Manos Zacharioudakis, her one-time live-in companion, tells me. "Of course she was attracted to Giuliani."

Today she and Giuliani, when they are not boarding private Gulfstream IV jets to Europe or trying to woo voters, shuttle between a $4 million Hamptons house and a $5 million nine-room Upper East Side apartment near Madison Avenue, its dining room walnut-paneled and crammed with crystal, china, and linen from Scully & Scully. Her annual salary has also improved: $125,000, evidently for helping to write some of the speeches Giuliani likes to give (for which he received $11.7 million between January 2006 and March 2007).



GARDEN VARIETY Rudy and Judith Giuliani at Madison Square Garden for the 2004 Republican National Convention.

"Queen is her goal," says a former aide. "Queen is who she wants to be."

This comes as a surprise to at least one of Judith's acquaintances. Asked if he knew Judith was writing speeches, one former Giuliani aide replied, "Holy cow! God forbid!"

The details of Judith's life have also undergone some refurbishing. Her monogrammed hand-stitched napkins embraced by thick silver napkin rings are on display, along with the new cigar room designed for her husband, and a mantelpiece adorned with white porcelain figurines of Winston Churchill, the statesman with whom Giuliani likes to invite comparison. She struck an odalisque pose in *Hamptonstyle* magazine, and appeared robed in a floor-length burgundy gown by Carolina Herrera on the cover of *Avenue* magazine, whose editorial director, Pamela Gross, accompanies her frequently, especially when TV cameras are present. ("Never get between Pamela, Judith, and a camera," advises one observer.) Judith sits in the front rows of fashion shows, her hair freshly styled by a full-time assistant lured from Frédéric Fekkai, and, when asked to pose, thrusts out an obliging hip for the cameras. Although she informed *WWD*, "I have no room for shopping in my life," she buys Dolce & Gabbana.

A dramatic transformation has occurred, one she does not care to discuss, despite repeated requests by *Vanity Fair*. She had always been known as "Judi." "Judi is what she was born. I don't think we called her Judith ever," says her father, Donald Stish, 78, seated on his porch one sultry June day in the shade of a gray metal awning. He is a calm, thick-set man who marvels at his daughter's makeover. After her second divorce, she upgraded herself to "Judith" with such vehemence that, one former Giuliani aide confides, "at City Hall we were prohibited from calling her Judi. She would bawl us out if we did."

For years she appeared, in the public record, to have had only one failed marriage, but as it turned out she'd had two. It seemed that she had gone to Pennsylvania State nursing school, as *The New York Times* once reported, but she had not. She completed two years of nursing school, but left hospital work before a year was up. Nonetheless, Giuliani has publicly referred to her "expertise" in "biological and chemical" disasters, and believes she would be a help in the event of an anthrax attack.

Her second husband, Bruce Nathan, was, Barbara Walters mentioned in a March interview with Judith, a man of "means"—a notion Judith promoted. A former boyfriend tells me that after the divorce Judith often referred to her ex-husband as a "millionaire." But in 1991, the year before their separation, Nathan earned exactly $72,775. Judith would later insist that Nathan had a trust fund worth perhaps $1 million and a yacht. However, as Bruce has informed friends, there was only a boat—and no trust fund at all. "Do you honestly think I'd be selling wallpaper if I had all that money?" he would ask.

Inside the marriage, according to friends, Bruce considered himself a "golden retriever, who put a lot of faith and trust in things," only to find that trust misplaced. "Some people can fool you," he would declare sorrowfully. There were expenses incurred by Judi—large sums, considering his modest salary, he complained, mostly for her clothes or tuition for their adopted daughter, Whitney, at elite schools. Toward the end of their marriage, when Bruce's credit cards were no longer at her disposal, Judi was incensed.

The family was then living in a small rented house in the pricey neighborhood of Pacific Palisades, California. Although Judith also claimed on ABC that she had to "re-enter the workforce, after, oh gosh, more than a decade of being a wife and mother" following her divorce, she had actually resumed working in surgical sales months before leaving Nathan.

And finally, Judith told Walters, she would not reveal the circumstances of how she first met Giuliani, in 1999, except to say that the encounter, fraught with mutual attraction, was "by accident." In reality, it was she who approached Giuliani, who was then married and a father, with words of admiration and a proffered business card.

Within Giuliani's camp the picture of who Judith is is not much clearer. "When I see her, she's only interested in my jewelry, where I buy my dresses," says a friend of the former mayor's. "Does anyone really know Judith Giuliani? Let's be honest: no one does."

The Giuliani people certainly wish to keep it that way. "I'm hearing bad reports about you. Bad reports. You interviewed Mrs. Giuliani's father, in Hazleton!" Mike McKeon, the campaign spokesman, barks at me within four hours of the encounter.

"We're not allowed to talk to the press," Judith's mother, Joan, says nervously when she discovers me interviewing her husband. She is a short, brisk woman in black trousers—she shares with Judith a small, purposeful mouth—who expresses despair over her husband's candor and wants me to shred my notes on the carpeted porch.

Bits of the real Judith are scattered all over the country: in the South, East, and West. They must be carefully pieced together.

When Judi met Rudy, he was mayor of New York and married to the actress Donna Hanover, who is the mother of his children, Andrew, now 21, and Caroline, 18. At the time, the family was liv-



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ing in Gracie Mansion. In retrospect, it is odd it took Hanover so long to catch on. By then she had endured at least one very public embarrassment as a result of her husband's roving eye. In the late 90s, Cristyne Lategano, the mayor's press secretary, had been widely assumed, despite Lategano's heated denials, to hold a special place in his heart. By March 1999, however, Hanover was breathing easier, even as Lategano grew anxious. According to knowledgeable sources, Lategano was well aware there was a change in her friend the mayor, a sudden mysterious chill.

It was around this time that Judi Nathan met Giuliani at Club Macanudo,



HIGH PLACES Rudy and Judith Giuliani join the president and First Lady on Air Force One as the president campaigns in Colorado, October 25, 2004.

"Does anyone really know Judith Giuliani?" asks a friend of Rudy's.

an East Side cigar bar he was known to frequent. The details of that fateful night have since been industriously hidden and altered. They met at a private-school function, went one version of the story; at Coopers Classic Cars and Cigars, the former bar of Elliot Cuker, Rudy's onetime confidant, went another.

Around a year ago, Cuker has told friends, he was pressed to back up a version worthy of a potential president and First Lady. Specifically, Cuker has confided, he was told to say it was he who formally introduced the couple at his restaurant. He pointedly refused. "It pissed Elliot off that he was asked to lie for them," says a friend, who adds that Giuliani and Cuker are no longer close.

At the time of that first meeting, Judi and her daughter were living in a one-bedroom apartment off Third Avenue with Zacharioudakis, a handsome Greek psychologist nine years her junior. "Whitney slept in the bedroom, Judi and I in the pullout bed in the living room," Zacharioudakis tells me, adding that he didn't mind the cramped quarters. He found Judi to be "a beautiful, sensual, erotic creature." She was no pushover, he adds. "She will fight teeth and claws in order for her dignity not to be abused."

Still, after four years, he says, "you get bored, the passion is not the same." Moreover, "she wanted to get married." He did not.

With that revelation, their relationship fell apart, inducing in Judi some bitterness, he recalls, "because she had invested some years in this." When he came home at night, she would leave. It was on one of these forays that she met Giuliani—not that Zacharioudakis knew this at the time. In retrospect, however, he understands her fascination. "Giuliani was the No. 1 man in New York!" he says. And Judi was thrilled with her new boyfriend. "This is the guy," she informed her mother after their third meeting. Rudy and she, she later told the press, were simply "two people in love—never mind the extracurricular stuff that went on around us." That "extracurricular stuff," however, included not just Rudy's wife and kids but the entire city of New York.

Giuliani invited Judith everywhere: to Yankees games in the summer of '99, to Cuker's restaurant, to the millennium celebration in Times Square, and to Town Hall meetings. This lack of restraint was not unusual for him: "Rudy has no willpower when it comes to relationships. This is why it's such an issue," says a Giuliani friend.

By 1999 he had acquired only the thinnest veneer of discretion—even though at the time he was seriously planning a Senate run against Hillary Clinton. "I was told Judith was Kate Anson's best friend and that's why she was going to all these big events.... Everyone was told that," reports one top aide from that era. Anson was and still is Giuliani's loyal scheduler.

The mayor began to spend his weekends—accompanied, as the *New York Post* reported, by a detail of detectives, which may have cost taxpayers $3,000 a tryst—in Southampton, where Judith owned a condominium. Since he had until then always accounted for his weekends, says the incisive Giuliani biographer Wayne Barrett, "his press office started telling reporters, 'He's teaching Andrew how to play golf.' Now, Andrew's old enough to understand—he has to be aware that his father used him as a beard!"

At the annual Saint Patrick's Day Parade, in 2000, Judith marched right behind the mayor. She was by his side when he went to the hospital for prostate tests a month later and then learned he had cancer. When he decided to leave Hanover. in May, he made a public announcement—"Judith Nathan is a very, very fine person" were his words, "and I'm going to need her more now than maybe I did before." That was how his wife of 16 years discovered her marriage was over.

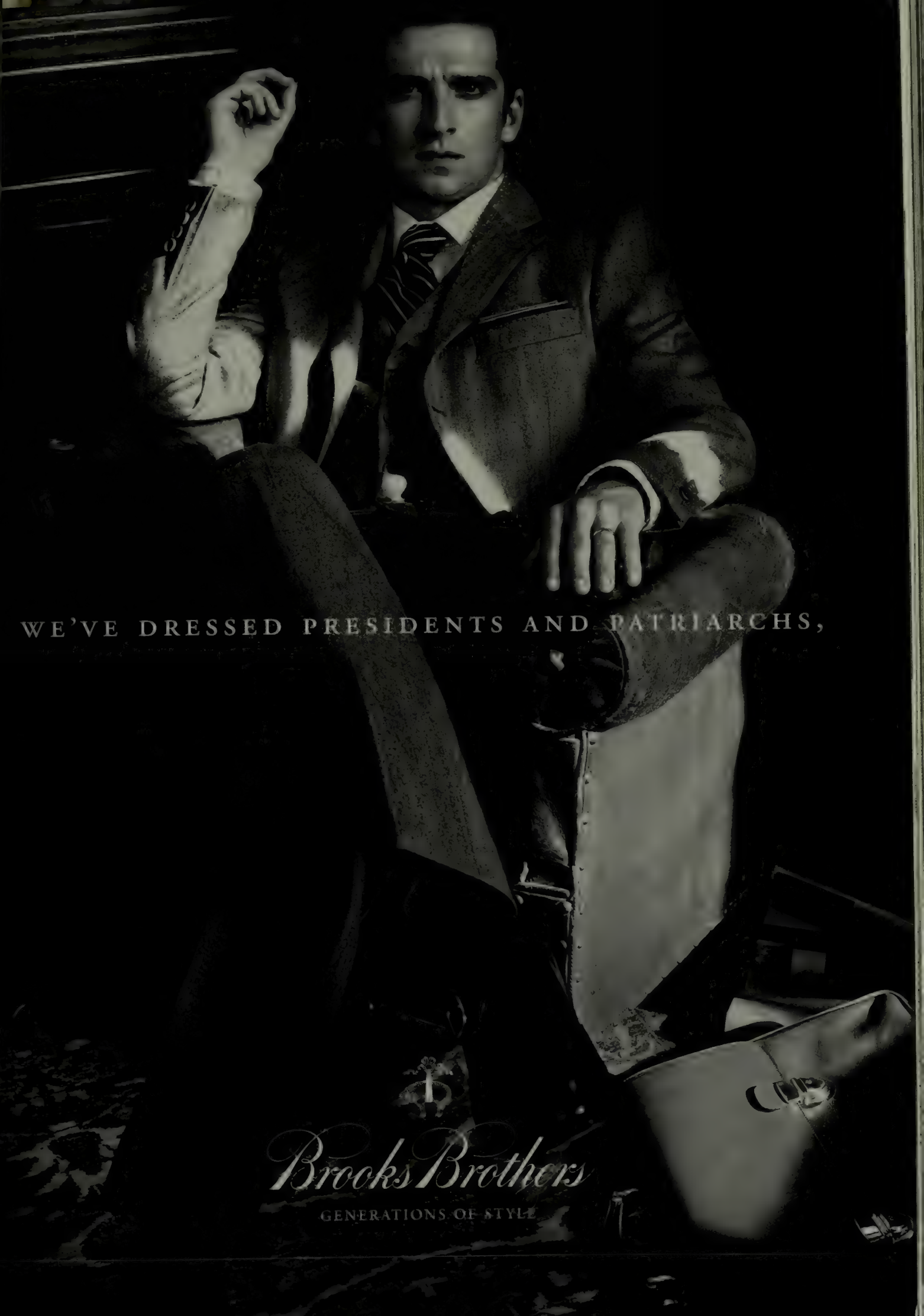
Donna consulted a divorce lawyer, the *Daily News* revealed later that month, and learned she could potentially bar Judith from Gracie Mansion as "poisonous to the home environment." Giuliani canceled his Senate run.

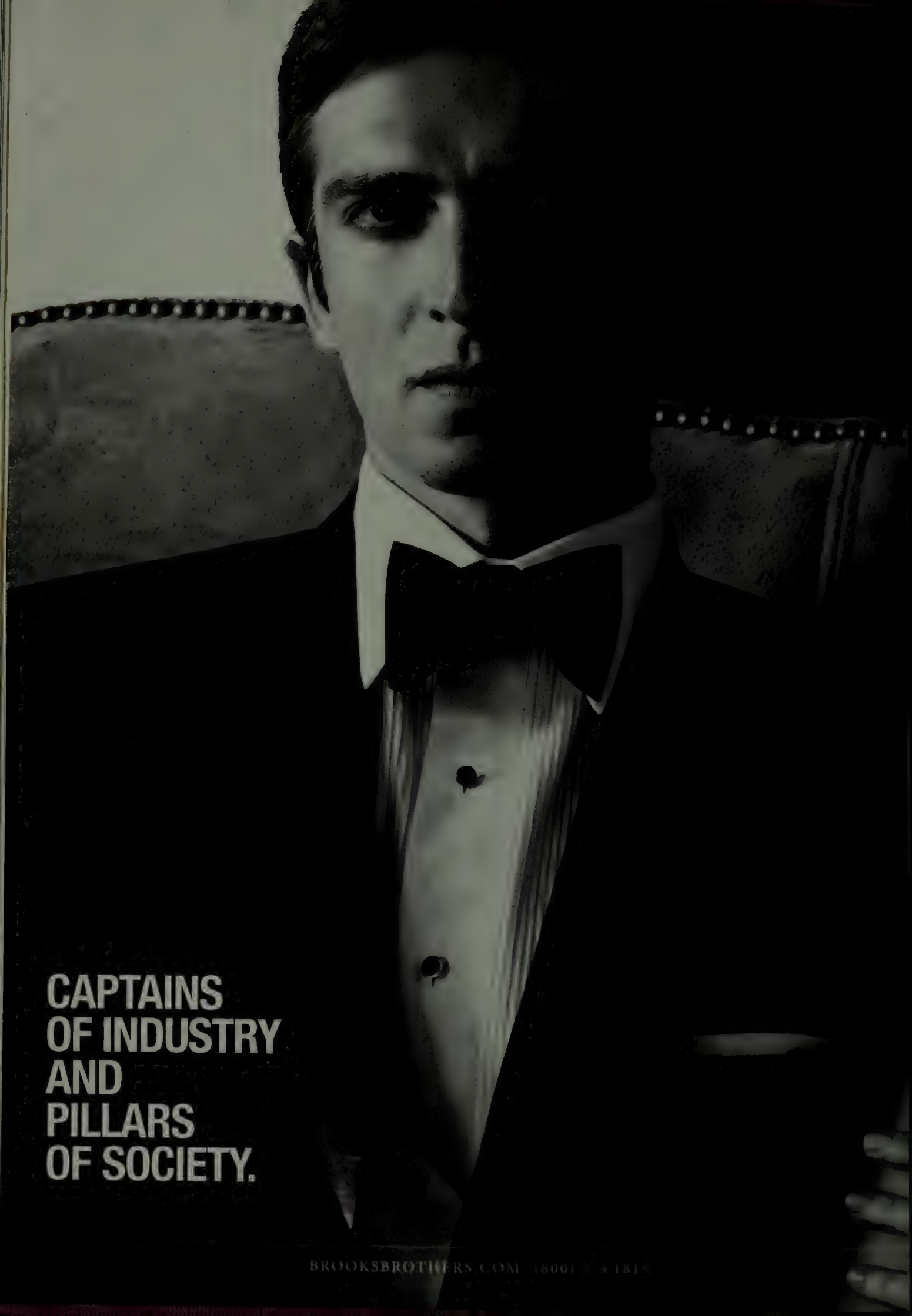
From then on, the couple seemed to grow even closer. "The cancer really got to Rudy because of his own feelings about mortality. He is very, very afraid of death," says a friend. "As his career went downhill, he was being publicly flogged about Donna. Judi was totally loyal. She reflected the essence of what he considered important. Loyalty." Giuliani's divorce lawyer, Raoul Felder, tells me that Judi and Rudy "used to go early in the morning for treatment" to Mount Sinai Hospital. One evening there was a public stroll with Judith for the benefit of the media.

An aide from that time recalls that Judith wasn't disliked—at first—nor did she come as a surprise. "We had been through this all before. When they first come around, they're nice. Until they realize the power they have over him."

Who was this new girlfriend, worried staffers wondered. Their suspicions aroused, they began checking into her background.

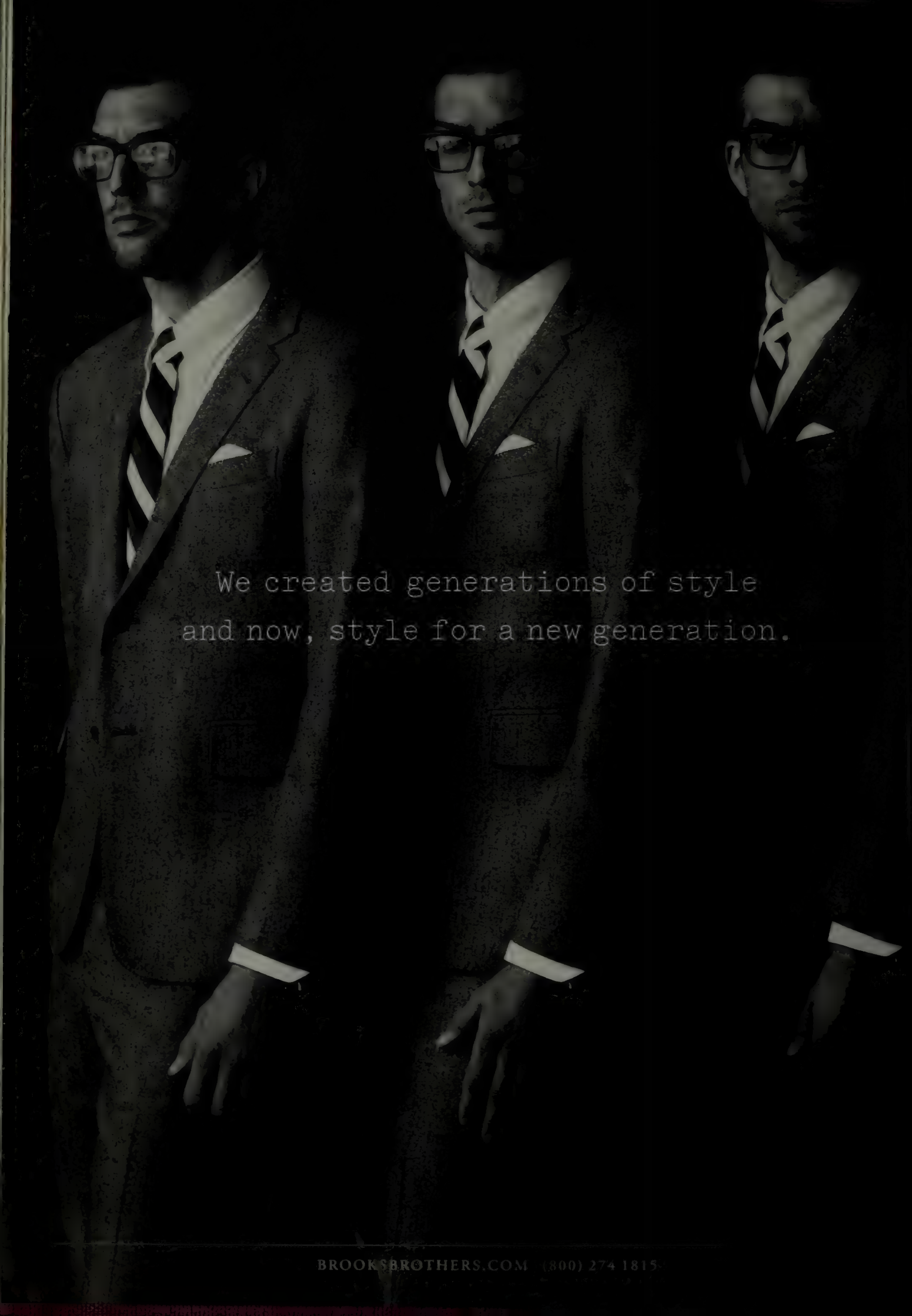
Hazleton, Pennsylvania, population 25,000, is a friendly but desolate town ringed by a scarred landscape that in Judi's high-school years was best known for its coal mines. When Judi Stish was born, in 1954, the second of three children, her father was a circulation manager for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. "Quite honestly the Stishes were just very nice, simple

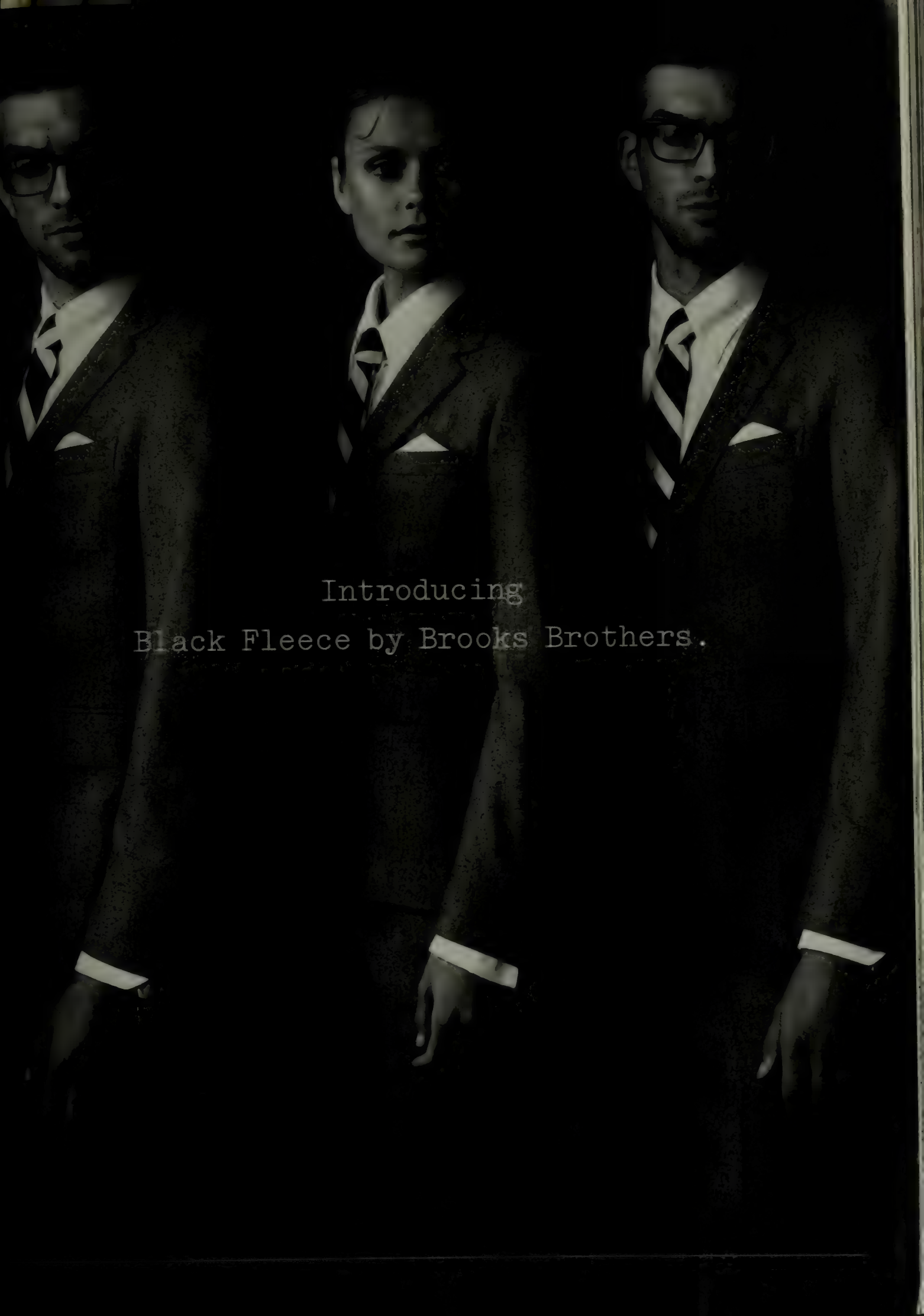

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people," says an old friend. "They ate dinner every night at five P.M. Salad was not something they knew much about. Hoagies and potatoes and corn they knew about."

Their only son, Donald, born with his umbilical cord around his neck, was always frail, according to two family friends. Three years ago, the father says with simple gravity, "while Donnie was praying, he just fell over slowly and passed away. It was like someone was holding him up until he dropped." Judith, the second child, was the family star, as far as her parents were concerned. "They were just enamored with this daughter of theirs who left," says an old friend.

"If you had told me back when we were in high school that one day Judi would move to New York and marry a presidential candidate, I wouldn't have been in the least surprised," says Gemma Matteo, a former classmate of Judi's, now a special-education teacher in Hazleton. In an era of blue jeans and rebellion, Judi was a fresh-faced, meticulously groomed enigma—quiet, self-possessed, biding her time. "Very prim and proper, not a hair out of place," according to Holly Ciotola, another former classmate. "She was always in a dark blazer, white collared shirt, and dark skirt."

In 1974 she graduated from St. Luke's School of Nursing, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. As a registered nurse, young Judi spent only a few months at Sacred Heart Hospital, in Allentown, Pennsylvania. She would never care for patients after that. She had other plans. At 19 she married Jeffrey Ross, a U.S. Surgical salesman six years her senior.

In short order both Rosses were working in Charlotte, North Carolina, for U.S. Surgical (now part of Tyco Healthcare), which eventually grew into a billion-dollar enterprise marketing surgical staplers. Judi was excellent at her work, and earned $40,000 a year by the late 70s. But problems arose when animal-rights groups began investigating the way the company sold its products—problems recently pointed out by the New York press. U.S. Surgical used dogs in demonstrations to doctors and hospitals as part of its marketing plan.

"Every salesperson at U.S. Surgical was trained for six weeks with dogs at Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx, and that was really brutal," explains a former employee. "They spent days and days with dogs, taking out the spleen or stomach or the lobe of a lung. Then if the dog started moaning or fidgeted, whoever was closest would push more sedative into him from the syringe. It was horrible. Then the dog would be killed with potassium chloride."

After training, the salespeople marketed the staplers to doctors, and, once again, in many cases large dogs were used, as they had organs comparable in size to those possessed by humans. "After the stapling, sometimes they'd put a big clamp above and below the staple lines of the dog, and fill [the area] with lots of fluid," the ex-employee says. "It would fill up like a balloon, and the salesperson would say to the doctor, 'See—it doesn't leak!' That's how they marketed and sold the product." (Some years ago, former C.E.O. Leon Hirsch defended the company's practice of using dogs, claiming that there was no proper substitute.)

WABC radio host Ron Kuby, a lawyer and severe Giuliani critic, marvels at the campaign's sublime lack of preparation for the storm of fury that greeted the dog issue, in April. "Think of all the hacks and politicos who sit down and they say to Judi, 'O.K., we've gone through your background, husbands, etc.,'" he muses. "'Is there any other thing in your background, some crazy little thing, that might catch someone's attention?' It's at that point you should raise your hand and say, 'Oh, you mean when I was killing puppies?'"

But for some reason the campaign entered the ring gloveless. "I wouldn't dignify it with a comment" was Giuliani's reply when asked about the use of dogs.



ON THE TOWN The Giulianis with Bernard Kerik, left, and Nello Balan, right, at Balan's restaurant, Nello, in New York City.

The details of the night they met have been hidden and altered.

Bruce Nathan, dark, handsome, and 28, was earning a modest salary in 1979 selling wallpaper in the South when he met Judi Ross, by then separated from her first husband. Five days after the Rosses were divorced, Bruce and Judi wed, and she moved into his small house, in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Two years later the couple left for Atlanta, where, in 1985, they adopted Whitney. They settled into a more spacious house with a portico of black-and-white marble. Judi joined the Junior League. But it was clear to her intimates that none of this was enough.

"Judi's goal was always to go to New York. Why do you think? Because it's the capital of the world!" says a friend from that era. The Nathans moved to New York in 1987, the year the stock market plunged, and along with it, Bruce's prospects of selling a lot of wallpaper on the East Coast.

It was growing obvious to Judi that, to quote one of Bruce's friends, "his was not a bottomless pit of money." The couple had rented what is described by an old friend as "a teeny-weeny apartment on the Upper East Side."

"They never could afford a big co-op on Park Avenue and she wanted it," says another friend. "I think Bruce wasn't doing well enough for her, and she was ambitious."

Pretty soon these friends heard the same stories that would eventually find their way into court papers: Bruce would claim that his wife called him "'a kike,' when I couldn't afford something; 'a rich little kike,' . . . 'Jew boy.'" Certainly he felt they had entirely different ambitions. "Unlike my wife, I was not a social climber," he would later observe. "My wife's 'main goal' in life was being involved with whatever was 'the in-thing' at the moment . . . the 'right church' . . . the 'right people'; adopting a child for status purposes."

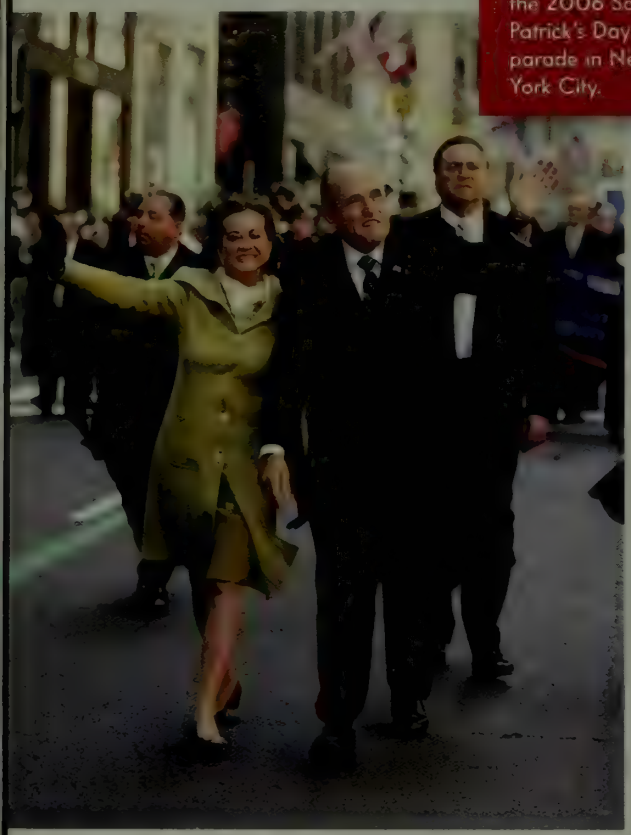
For her part, Judi claimed Bruce had a "violent temper" and was physically abusive: there was, for example, she said, a blow to her uterus and later another to the ear, which required a hospital visit. "Not true," Bruce tells me flatly.

Despite severe misgivings, in the summer of 1991 Judi Nathan, accompanied by seven-year-old Whitney and their cocker spaniel, followed Bruce to California, in the hope that somehow or other the marriage would thereby be improved. The couple furnished their small rented house, in Pacific Palisades, with articles of whimsy—a framed picture of cats in human garb—and antique

reproductions. In the cupboards were a few trinkets from Lalique and six Baccarat glasses. About the only item of value was the $3,500 Aubusson rug Judi would later fight for.

Outwardly, Judi appeared happy enough, says Marilyn Stein, a friend who still lives in the neighborhood. On the other hand, Stein notes, "I always got the feeling that for her the move was temporary."

Certainly Judi was eager to increase the couple's income. Her husband had had to take a 10 percent cut in his $80,000 a year salary. In the last months of her brief California sojourn, Judi signed on as a saleswoman for DynaMed Surgical, which makes ophthalmologic products. "Very, very savvy, very professional" is Bradley Bakke's estimation of his former employee's work in California. The head of the Minnesota-based firm adds that "when she left I had no idea why. She gave no explanation."



SAINT JUDI Judith and Rudy Giuliani march in the 2006 Saint Patrick's Day parade in New York City.

But to her friend Stein, Judi was more voluble. Late one night in mid-March 1992, she and Whitney arrived at her neighbor's door. Bruce had told her he had stopped loving her, Judi said. He had punched her "on the side of my head," she claimed. He had screamed "vile epithets" at her. He had spit. The police were summoned.

The next day she and the child left. Bruce Nathan called and called his wife and daughter, hoping Whitney would be brought back home, in vain. He phoned the police, accusing his wife of child abduction, also in vain. "My kid was just gone," he tells friends these days.

There is no doubt that Judi Nathan faced tough times when she moved back to New York more than a decade ago. She and Whitney initially had to live with friends. Her first job there, as a dental receptionist, was not substantial enough to defray her legal fees, which came to just under $28,000; it was her parents, by then retired in Hazleton, who lent her much of the money, after taking out a second mortgage on their house. Whitney went to the exclusive Spence School, in Manhattan, on a partial scholarship.

Even the $1,600 a month in alimony payments and the resumption of her work as a hospital sales rep, this time for Bristol-Myers Squibb, didn't wholly lighten Judi's load. "She didn't have an easy life bringing up a child in New York as a single mother," says Felder, Giuliani's divorce lawyer, whom she hired when Bruce sued for custody of their daughter, six years ago.

Whitney, whom Judith described to the judge as "this precious little paper doll," was, her mother announced, fighting anorexia, in bad trouble, and associating with the wrong kids. "Failing school, missing classes," Felder added.

Inside the courtroom, Bruce couldn't believe his ears as his former wife offered up every one of Whitney's adolescent issues for inspection. "Her mother publicly came out with this stuff about her own child! You want to screw up a kid? There's a good way!" a family confidant recalls. The teenage Whitney, adds this friend, was "confused, furious, and upset" by her mother's decision to air her problems. There was also fear that the court's judges would be swayed by Giuliani's clout. "We're talking about an extremely powerful man here," Bruce worried aloud.

"My wife drinks often," Bruce had maintained for years. "She is a manipulator and a pathological liar and exaggerator." It was all fuel for the tabloids. Everything in Judi's life was.

"The newspapers talked about her $3,000 pocketbooks and all this stuff. None of this was true," says Felder. "No, she was a very prudent shopper who would go to the store and buy hundred-dollar copies of whatever." The lawyer recalls his client "switching outfits very carefully. She'd wear the dark pearls, not real ones, with the white blouse. She didn't have money."

And when she met Giuliani, Felder adds, he didn't have much money, either, "because Rudy was living on a mayor's salary"—$195,000 a year—"and had no inherited wealth, and was supporting his family very, very well." Giuliani's final settlement with Hanover obliged him to pay her $6.8 million. Prior to that arrangement, her lawyer told the press, she had seriously considered a trial, along with subpoenas to both Judith and Lategano.

The entire divorce battle was played out badly in the press. When Hanover sued to prevent Judith from entering Gracie Mansion, and also refused to move out with her children, Felder announced one bright Mother's Day that New York's resolute First Lady "will have to be dragged from the chain of the chandeliers in Gracie Mansion by the next mayor.... She doesn't care what happens to the children. She cares about getting her name in the paper and embarrassing the mayor and getting more movie roles."

"Yes, the children were upset," recalls a close confidant of the Giuliani kids, who is not referring simply to the unraveling of their parents' marriage. Far worse "was an application for Dad to allow Mrs. Nathan into Gracie Mansion. That kind of thing was very disconcerting to everyone."

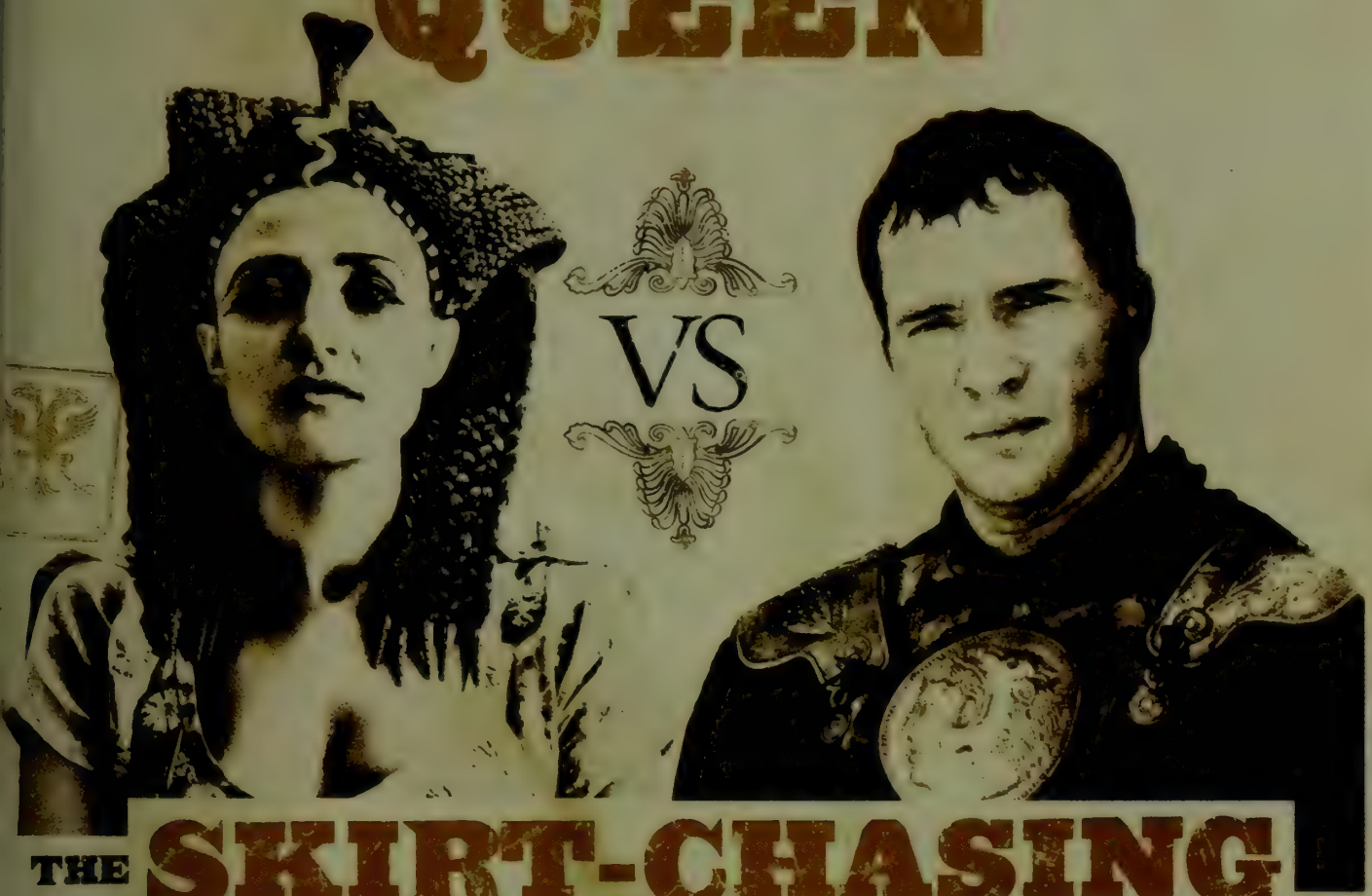
In the midst of all this family strife came 9/11: the deaths, the turmoil, the necessary absences and preoccupations of the Giuliani children's father.

Judith tried valiantly to fill this vacuum: "When Andrew had a football game in New Jersey, say, and Rudy would have to appear on ABC, it would be Judith who'd be the one pushing to make sure the schedule was set up so he could go to Andrew's game, and I know this for a fact," says one former aide who in other respects can be critical of Judith. "Caroline—she wouldn't want her to miss dinner with her father, so Judith made sure his schedule would accommodate that dinner." A pause. "She could be a bitch to everybody else but not to his kids."

There were other efforts at reaching out. Soon after the Twin Towers fell, Judith volunteered at the Family Assistance Center, on Pier 94. When Paul O'Neill of the Yankees came by, Judith got the star right fielder to sign a ball, which she then

An ex-boyfriend found Judith to be "a beautiful, sensual, erotic creature."

THE OPIUM-ADDICTED QUEEN



THE SKIRT-CHASING EVIL TYRANT

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gave to the teenage Andrew, "as a way of making peace," says Manny Papir, a former Giuliani deputy chief of staff.

None of Judith's efforts, however, proved to be of much consequence—and some, like her recent Christmas gifts of Bibles to the Giuliani kids, have backfired, I am told. According to a number of Giuliani's good friends, the former mayor insists on Judith's presence at events for his offspring—and when this demand is thwarted, he doesn't attend. He was not present, they say, at Andrew's graduation from St. Joseph Regional High School in New Jersey. Now 21 and a Duke University junior, the son tells friends he doesn't speak to Rudy, according to one of his classmates—this at a time when his father is desperate to attract conservative, family-values backing.



READY FOR LIFTOFF Judith and Rudy Giuliani, photographed at a Manhattan heliport for *Marie Claire* magazine.

The position of "Mrs. Giuliani" has not historically been a secure post.

Just recently, after explaining to *The New York Times* that he would not help his father campaign for the presidential nomination, Andrew cited, among other issues, his stepmother, with whom, he said, "there's obviously a little problem."

"Andrew was really siding with his sister, Caroline, here," says a source friendly to Giuliani. "Caroline is silent, but she was very traumatized by the divorce." Two sources who know the family well tell me that Rudy is more attentive to Whitney than he is to his own children. At Caroline's recent graduation, from New York's Trinity School, Rudy and Judith sat in the last row of the balcony and left 10 minutes before the two-hour ceremony ended.

Despite the messy divorces, Judith worked very effectively in the aftermath of 9/11. "For four months she was right in there with [police commissioner] Bernie Kerik, [fire commissioner] Tommy Von Essen, and Richie Sheirer, who headed emergency management," reports one observer, who recalls she sat in on about half the meetings. "We went through the phase where we had to change the operation from rescue to recovery.... You know—you have to come to a decision that, frankly, everyone is dead. There's no one to save."

Judith, this former city employee says, quickly pitched in with "You may want to talk to someone in psychological services about that—how to get the message across to the families." Three mental-health specialists came to the operation command center, at Pier 92, to discuss the best ways of communicating terrible news. Those assembled found Judith's ideas valuable. During those difficult days, she was also extremely solicitous of Giuliani. "It started during his cancer, actually. But after 9/11, even more, she was watching his food, his care, his sleep. She was smack-dab in the middle of it," says a top aide from that era. "You couldn't have asked for anything more. If she was a nuisance at the time, I'd be the first to say it, but it was sincere caring."

No one was surprised when Giuliani presented her, one year later, with a $20,000 Ceylon sapphire-and-diamond ring, selected by the bride-to-be at a store in Atlanta, to which she had flown with one New York City police officer. What did astonish friends was the venue where the couple exchanged vows before 400 guests: the lawn of Gracie Mansion, with Mayor Bloomberg officiating. On May 24, 2003, Andrew Giuliani (as best man), Whitney Nathan (as maid of honor), Vera Wang, Barbara Walters, Henry Kissinger, and Donald Trump all witnessed Judith triumph at Donna's old home. "It was definitely Judith's idea to have it at Gracie," a close confidant tells me. "Rudy—he doesn't give a shit about clothes, bags, suits, or where he gets married."

Judith, on the other hand, clearly put special thought into the occasion. The train of her pale Vera Wang dress was studded with Swarovski crystals; on her dark-red hair perched a Fred Leighton diamond-and-pearl-encrusted tiara.

"There is a reason why she wore that tiara at her wedding: she really does see herself as a princess," says another former Giuliani aide. "Not as a queen. Queen is her goal. Queen is who she wants to be."

Queenly is certainly what Judith became, her demands and expectations heightened in large part by her husband's new affluence. Giuliani Partners (where she maintains an office) was established five years ago with the help of Giuliani's onetime chief of staff Anthony Carbonetti. It is a firm with management-consulting and security divisions; its clients, as *The Washington Post* reported, include Purdue Pharma, which hired the firm while being investigated by the D.E.A. and the F.D.A. over deaths stemming from the misuse of its painkiller OxyContin, and the Florida-based Seisint, Inc., which produces a data-mining product. Since Giuliani Partners' inception, the newspaper also reported, it has earned more than $100 million.

This is not the couple's only means of support. At least until recently, Giuliani has been raking in the speaking-engagement fees. Those willing to pay the former mayor $100,000 a speech (and to foot the $36,000 bill for a Gulfstream IV charter) also were contractually obligated to accommodate his wife: "Please note that when arranging your seating, Judith Giuliani must be seated directly next to him." This demand was not confined to paid events. Some years ago at a Hamptons July Fourth party thrown by the journalist Lally Weymouth, two guests were astonished to learn


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that Judith was in a snit after discovering she and Rudy were at separate tables.

She has become used to getting her way. An organizer of a recent fashion shoot received a call from one of Rudy's business associates warning her to address his wife as Judith. According to this source, Judith became so smitten with the dress she was modeling "that she simply didn't want to take it off. She didn't offer to pay. She made it very clear she wanted it for free. You know how it is when someone stalls." Instead, says this source, Judith kept repeating a kind of mantra: "I'm a sample size, I'm a sample size."

The fashion insider sighs. "But the problem was the dress *was* a sample, and the designer's only sample. But she was very persistent. We had almost a metaphorical tugging of the dress away!" And not just that dress. "There were a number of items she tried on she wanted. There was greed in the air. We finally brokered a deal with the designer to give her some sort of discount for the dress."

Around the office of Giuliani Partners, it is said, Sunny Mindel, Giuliani's communications director, spoke of the need for providing an entire plane seat for Judith's "Baby Louis"—a reference to her Louis Vuitton handbag, which sits in solitary splendor on her travels.

If Giuliani's third wife became less popular as time went on, it was in part due to the feeling that she had a private list of Rudy loyalists she wanted fired. "The atmosphere is slippery, but not always venomous," says one. "You just realize there's an agenda there: she's worming her way in so she can push you out." Papir, for instance, was fired five years ago after word got around that he had called Judith a "princess" behind her back. But there are others, two sources say, of whom she patently disapproves. "Kate Anson, his scheduler, and this was the person who was so nice to her—everyone likes her!" says one Giuliani friend, holding up fingers to enumerate those of whom Judith disapproves. "Matt Mahoney [now deputy senior political adviser]—he loves Rudy. And Tony Carbonetti too, that's the other person Judith hates.... He would never be confrontational. His job *is* Rudy." A shrug. "Anyone supportive of him, close to him—Judith wants them fired. A lot of the senior staff... She just gets furiously jealous and treats them like shit!"

And her ire is apparently not confined to staff. "Listen. She can be very, very abrasive. At him!" says a close friend. There have been blowups, say those who have witnessed them, and obtuse demands. Some years ago on a plane to Japan, Judith became so angry at her husband, says a close Giuliani friend, that Rudy, who "couldn't take it anymore," moved to the back of the aircraft, switching places with an advance man.

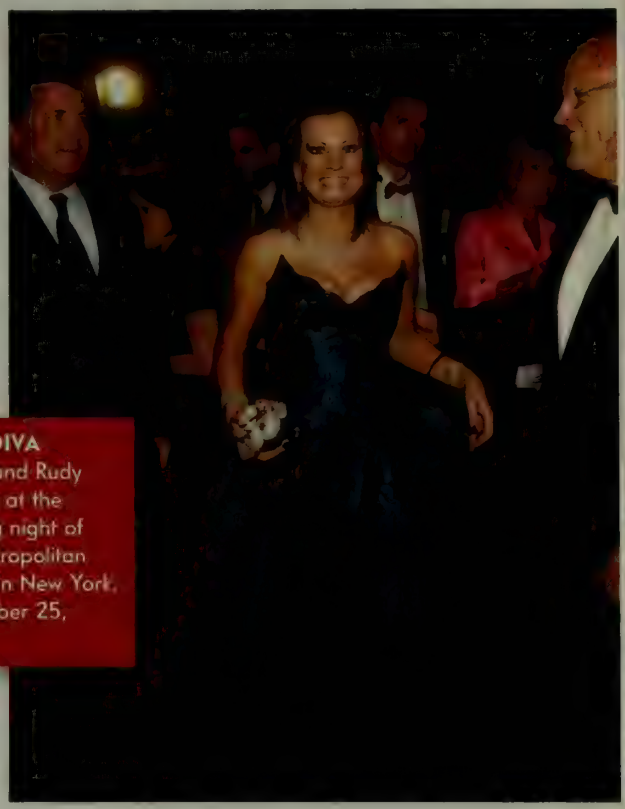
In a massive Baden-Baden hotel suite five years ago, an observer tells me, a loud quarrel erupted when Judith pointedly denied one of her husband's requests. She refused to remove her toiletries case from a bedroom reserved for a policeman, claiming it would be bothersome, since the case was already unpacked. In Mexico, I am told, at a time when security was very tight and armored S.U.V.'s were deemed necessary, she asked her husband to leave the car to retrieve a bag of health bars she had mislaid.

There are also, of late, large expenses: a Palm Beach house Rudy bought for the elder Stishes, and other lavish purchases by Judith. Around New York, reporters are hearing that she recently spent $40,000 in a week. "Driving him crazy" is the phrase used.

There have been public missteps as well. In April, for example, she spoke before fellow Republicans of her unrivaled ability "to pick up the phone as Judith Giuliani" to get charitable contributions, at which point the tabloids made a meal of what they perceived to be her vainglory. However, it was clearly a phrase that came from Judith's heart: a tribute less to herself than to the clout of her husband, to whom she is indebted for whatever power she holds, for however long she holds it.

"God Bless America for his power," Shephard writes on MySpace. Beneath a photo of herself and Rudy there is a promise that he will "advance our one nation under God."

Naturally, Judith is on her guard. "And *who* are you?" she inquired of an attractive and prominent Republican woman who embraced her husband during a chance encounter in a New York restaurant. The wom-



BLUE DIVA Judith and Rudy Giuliani at the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera in New York, September 25, 2006.

In the ladies' room, observers got a glimpse of the real Judith.

The position of "Mrs. Giuliani" has not historically been a secure post. Although the candidate has lately been warned by advisers to avoid any hint of scandal, there is a sense that perhaps he is not listening. "Does a leopard change its spots?" says one close friend. Recently, Starr Shephard, a Texan who informs me she used to be on the "U.S. world team of rhythmic twirling gymnastics," emerged in *The National Enquirer,* which ran a story suggesting she might be a Giuliani love interest. "I am not having an affair with Rudy Giuliani. I do not need a political power stick," the 36-year-old redhead says when I call her. "I believe in his vision and his voice even if I do not believe in his family."

"What do you mean by that?" I wonder.

"Oh, you know, you hear things about his family," she replies.

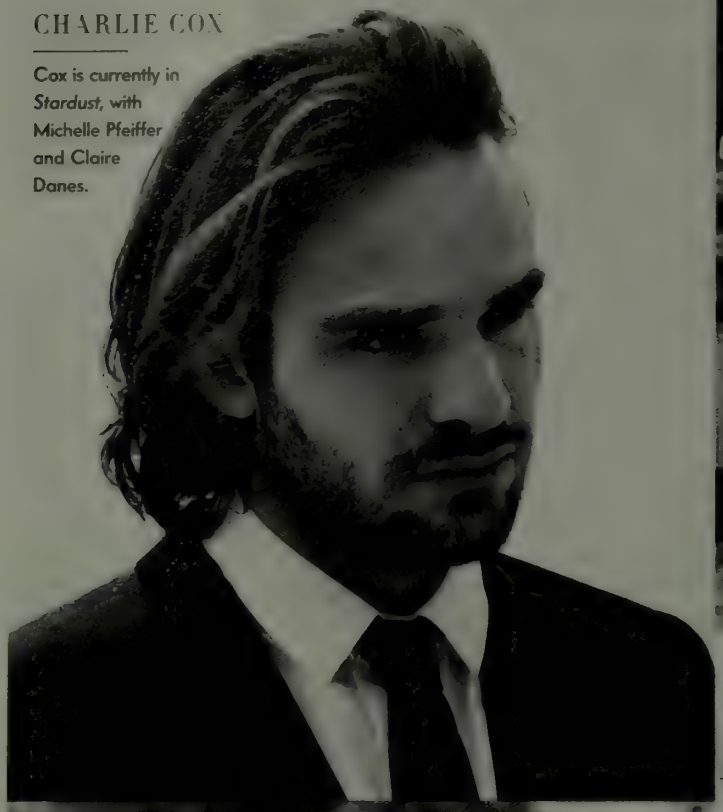
an marvels at such behavior. ("I felt like saying, 'Really, it's O.K.! I love my husband!'" she recalls.) But who can blame Judith?

"They're all there to stay," says Papir. "Until they're gone. And the staff usually knows before they do. And we hear the footsteps."

There have been other moments of vulnerability. At the close of the May Republican debate, Judith leapt onstage eagerly, her face beaming with delight. Giuliani, it was noted, appeared strangely disconcerted. "It did not look like he was happy to see her. It looked to me like he was estranged," says Barrett. "He was cold."

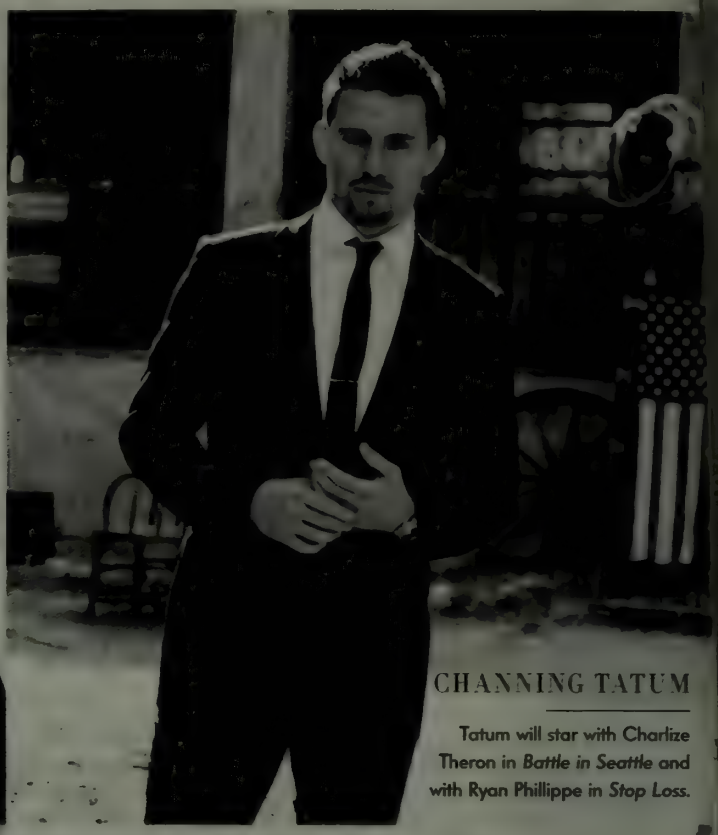
It was in the ladies' room before the event that observers got a telling glimpse of the real Judith. She had gone there to touch up her makeup when some of her husband's staff informed her Giuliani was in the vicinity, walking by.

"He's out there! Coming by!" repeated Judith, her voice tense with excitement. And then a plea: "Tell him to wait for *me!*" □



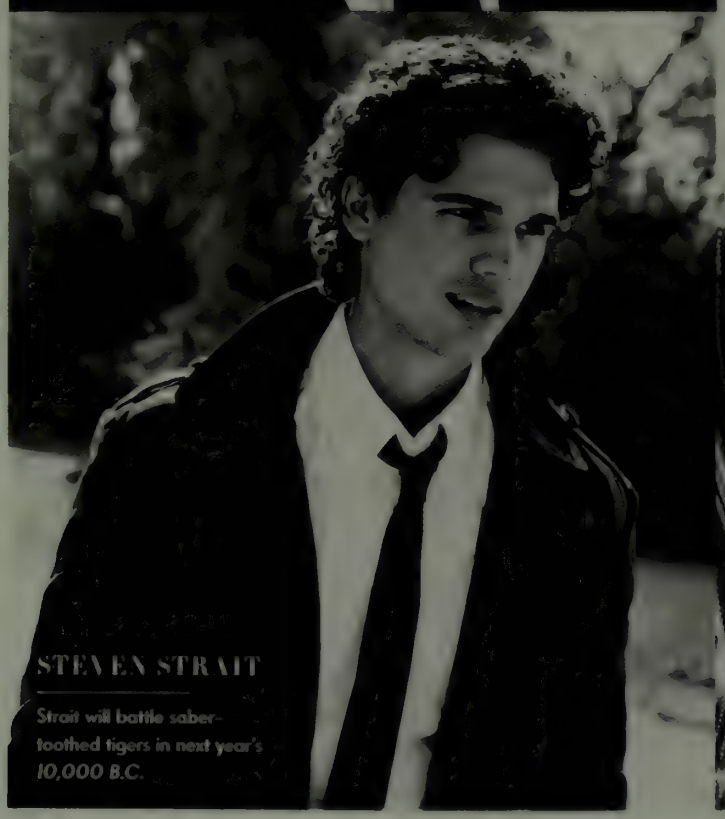
CHARLIE COX

Cox is currently in *Stardust*, with Michelle Pfeiffer and Claire Danes.



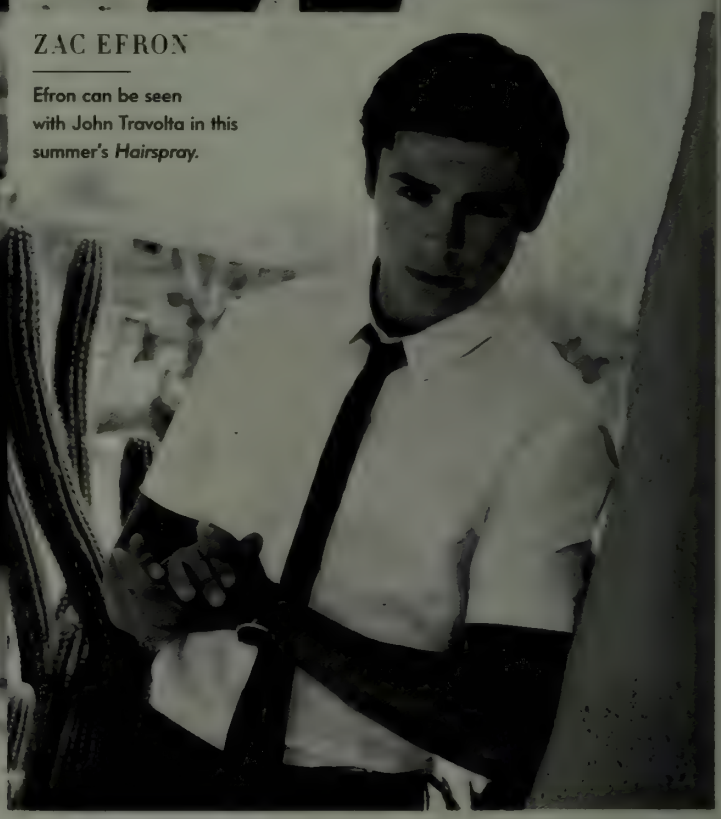
CHANNING TATUM

Tatum will star with Charlize Theron in *Battle in Seattle* and with Ryan Phillippe in *Stop Loss*.



STEVEN STRAIT

Strait will battle saber-toothed tigers in next year's *10,000 B.C.*



ZAC EFRON

Efron can be seen with John Travolta in this summer's *Hairspray*.

THE BOYS WITH THE BUZZ

You haven't heard of them yet, but if scores of hysterical teenage girls in chat rooms are a gauge of the future, you're looking at the next Brad, Heath, Jake, and Ewan. A former Bruce Weber model and still a singer for the rock band Tribe, Steven Strait will star in Roland Emmerich's *10,000 B.C.*, a chest-baring spectacle about prehistoric man. Channing Tatum (also a former Bruce Weber model) impressed viewers and critics in the indie hit *A Guide to Recognizing Your Saints*. He'll soon be seen in *Stop Loss*, Kimberly Peirce's first film since *Boys Don't Cry* (1999), as part of a hot-young-actor cast that includes Ryan Phillippe. Before that, catch Tatum in *Battle in Seattle*, with Charlize Theron. London-born Charlie Cox was rigorously trained as an actor at Sherborne School, in Dorset, England, paving the way for a pair of high-profile costume dramas: *The Merchant of Venice*, with Al Pacino, and *Casanova*, with Heath Ledger. The young hero is currently starring in *Stardust*, with Michelle Pfeiffer, Claire Danes, and Robert De Niro. Zac Efron, whose musical-theater background and dreamboat positive energy helped make the television show *High School Musical* something of a cult phenomenon among teens, is now part of this summer's feel-good camp extravaganza, *Hairspray*. —EVGENIA PERETZ

STYLED BY SAM BROEKEMA. COX'S SUIT AND SHIRT

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THE 68TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL BEST-DRESSED LIST

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PRINCESS MAFALDA OF HESSE
FRAN LEBOWITZ
MICHELLE OBAMA
BEE SHAFFER
TILDA SWINTON
IVANKA TRUMP
RENÉE ZELLWEGER

MEN

TIKI BARBER
JONATHAN BECKER
COUNT MANFREDI DELLA GHERARDESCA
LAPO ELKANN
RICHARD E. GRANT
LENNY KRAVITZ
LUIS AND RAFAEL MEDINA
HIDETOSHI NAKATA
NICOLAS SARKOZY
GAY TALESE

COUPLES

DAVID AND VICTORIA BECKHAM
THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CAWDOR
DAMON DASH AND RACHEL ROY
FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI AND SHIRIN VON WULFFEN
MITCH GLAZER AND KELLY LYNCH
ASHTON KUTCHER AND DEMI MOORE
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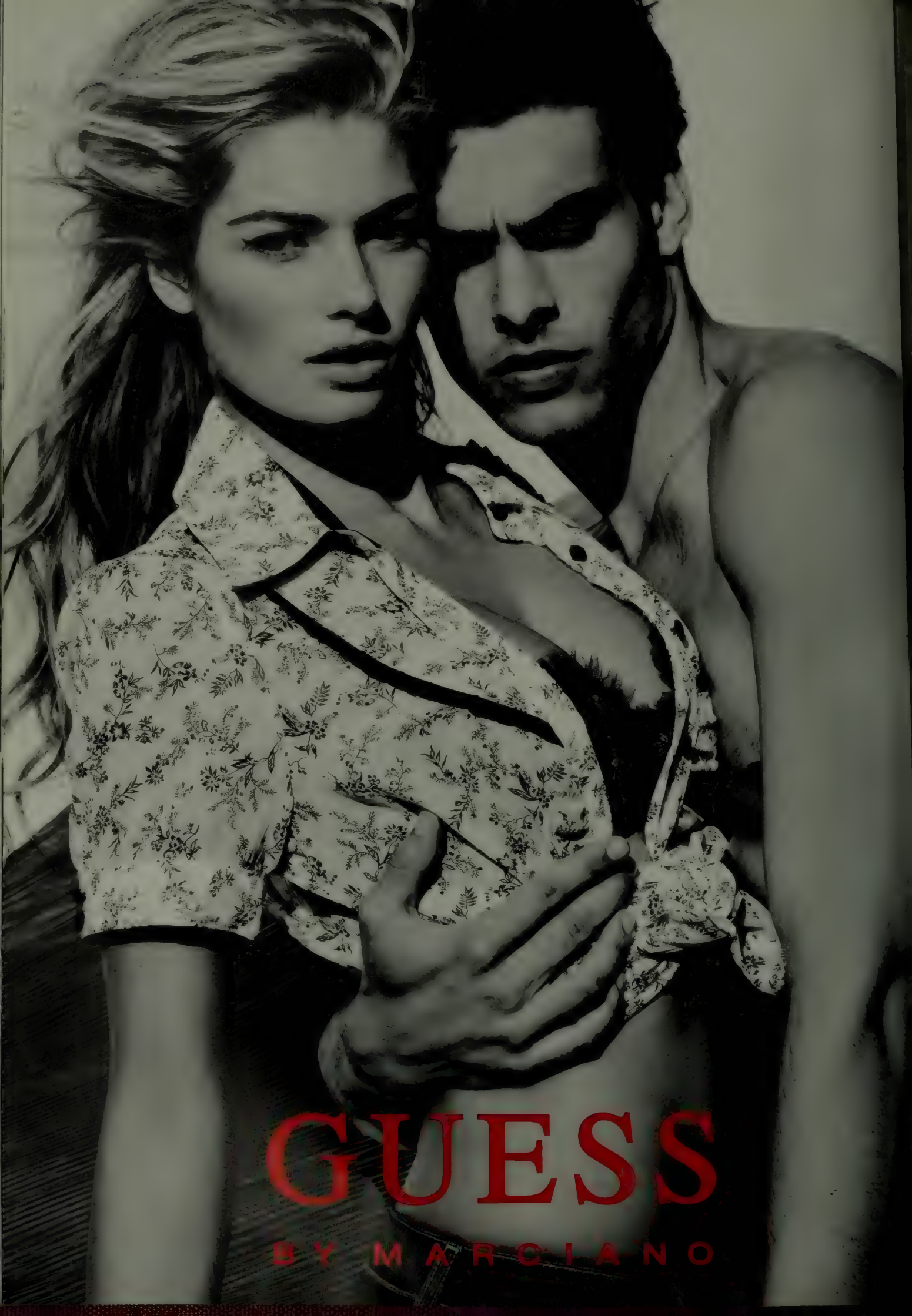
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Fashion-conscious judges from around the world weighed in for the 68th annual poll to determine who wears it best. *V.F.* tallies the thousands of votes as the stylish-elect—women, men, couples, fashion professionals, and fashion originals—reveal their favorite purchases, ensembles, and inspirations. Plus: seven more for the Hall of Fame


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Charlotte Gainsbourg

Wearing a Balenciaga dress and boots with Fred Leighton jewels.

Because we're caught in Charlotte's web. **OCCUPATION:** Actress. **RESIDENCE:** Paris. **AGE:** 36. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Balenciaga black dress (pre-collection summer 2007), worn to the Venice Film Festival. **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** Balenciaga winter 2007–8, worn to the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute benefit. **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Balenciaga light-brown helmet-shaped handbag from 2005. **FAVORITE SHOES:** R.Soles cowboy boots from London. **WATCH:** Cartier Baignoire. **SUNGLASSES:** Oliver Peoples Bacall. **STYLE ICON:** Diane Arbus.



In Balenciaga at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute benefit.



At the Venice Film Festival in a Balenciaga suit.

H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Greece

Because discretion is the better part of glamour. **MARRIED NAME:** Mrs. Nicolas Mirzayantz. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **OCCUPATION:** Certified child-life specialist. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Carolina Herrera car coat–cut cocktail dress in red. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Louis Vuitton orange leather knee-high boots. **WATCH:** Van Cleef & Arpels. **SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban aviators. **FRAGRANCE:** Prada. **STYLE ICONS:** Margaret II, Queen of Denmark, and Penélope Cruz in *Volver*.



In a Carolina Herrera evening gown at the New York City Opera's Fall Gala Concert.



At the New York City Opera's Family Benefit in an Emporio Armani coat.



In a Giorgio Armani coat backstage after his show in Paris.

H.H. Princess Mafalda of Hesse

Because she's true blue. **RESIDENCE:** Rome. **AGE:** 42. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "The Giorgio Armani ensemble I wore to a family reunion earlier this year, combining a pleated silk skirt with a jacket cinched at the waist and an oversize belt." **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** "A couture dress designed by Giorgio Armani, from his Privé collection: a black strapless gown that I wore to Valentino's 45th-anniversary ball, in Rome." **WATCH:** Gold Royal Oak, by Audemars Piguet. **SUNGLASSES:** "It would have to be my black Emporio Armani (Red) sunglasses. So stylish and part of a great initiative in helping the Global Fund in the fight against AIDS in Africa." **FRAGRANCE:** "Some things have to remain a secret!" **STYLE ICON:** "My Swedish grandmother, who passed away last year."





Arriving at the premiere of *Ocean's Thirteen* in a Haider Ackermann suit.



On the town in a vintage gown and Hollywould shoes.

Ivanka Trump

Because she's the evolution of the species. **OCCUPATION:** Real-estate development. **RESIDENCE:** New York City **AGE:** 26. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Moschino nude cocktail dress. **FAVORITE HANDBAGS:** Chanel expandable bag and Nancy Gonzalez alligator bag. **FAVORITE SHOES:** "Black crocodile Manolo Blahnik pump, Christian Louboutin round-toe nude pump, and Lanvin ballet flat." **SUNGLASSES:** Burberry gold-metal-frame glasses and Ray-Ban aviators. **FRAGRANCE:** Michael Kors. **STYLE ICONS:** Grace Kelly, Brigitte Bardot, Carolina Herrera, Katharine Hepburn, and Daphne Guinness.

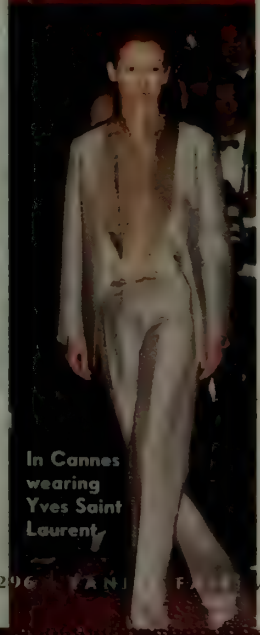


At the Institute b an emb Carolino ball g

2007 BEST-DRESSED WOMEN



On the red carpet at Cannes in Jil Sander.



In Cannes wearing Yves Saint Laurent.

Tilda Swinton

Because she's got the pallor and the glory. **OCCUPATION:** Actress. **RESIDENCE:** "The Highlands of Scotland." **AGE:** 46. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Bronze Haider Ackermann gangster suit, worn to the Ocean's *Thirteen* premiere in Cannes. **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** "Yves Saint Laurent navy dress, at the Venice Film Festival." **FAVORITE SHOES:** See-through Lanvin mules. **WATCH:** Diamond Tag Heuer. **SUNGLASSES:** 2003 Solange Azagury-Partridge emerald serpent for Boucheron. **FRAGRANCE:** Bluebell, by Penhaligon's. **STYLE ICON:** "My grandmother—dressed by Patou in the 20s."



In a Moschino cocktail dress and Jimmy Choo shoes at *Vanity Fair*'s Tribeca Film Festival party.



In vintage Christian Di at the Golde Globes.

In Carol Herrera fo the *Miss Pote* premiere.

Renée Zellweger

Because she's a role model. **OCCUPATION:** Actress. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **AGE:** 38. **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** Carolina Herrera blue strapless gown with black daisy embroidery, worn to the Costume Institute ball. **FAVORITE HANDBAGS:** Croc Kelly and oversize Nancy Gonzalez croc tote. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Christian Louboutin. **SUNGLASSES:** Chanel, Ray-Ban aviators. **STYLE ICON:** Carolina Herrera.

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2007 BEST-DRESSED

WOMEN



Bee Shaffer

Arriving at the Costume Institute gala in a peacock-blue Nina Ricci gown.

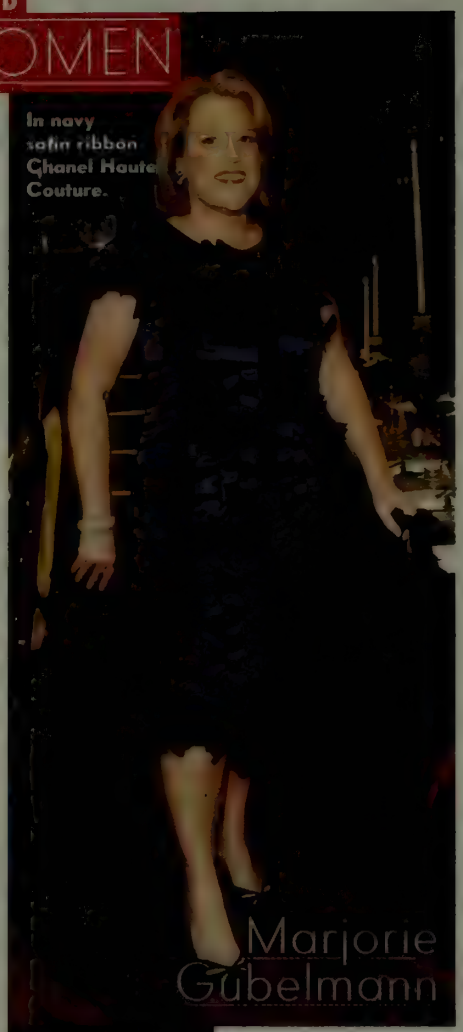


In a Marc Jacobs dress and Miu Miu shoes at the Marc Jacobs show.



Wearing Prada at the C.F.D.A. awards.

Because Bee has buzz. **OCCUPATION:** "Third-year history student at Columbia." **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **AGE:** 20. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "A Burberry military trench that saved my life during what seemed like the wettest Wimbledon ever." **FAVORITE SHOES:** "I spend most days in black Chuck Taylor Converse, but for a night out my black suede Christian Louboutins with a snakeskin heel." **WATCH:** White J12 Chanel, no diamonds. **SUNGLASSES:** "My mother's." **FRAGRANCE:** Narciso Rodriguez. **STYLE ICONS:** "Joan Didion, for her flawless writing style; Irving Penn, who redefines style with every picture he takes; and my sister-in-law Kathryn Neale, who would never copy a look from the runway but always looks chic and beautiful."



Marjorie Gubelmann

In navy satin ribbon Chanel Haute Couture.



In a Carolina Herrera black-and-white canvas cocktail dress.

Because she's the youngest of the grandes dames. **OCCUPATION:** Founder, Vie Luxe Home Fragrances. **RESIDENCES:** New York City, Palm Beach, and Southampton. **AGE:** 38. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** A Carolina Herrera blue chiffon cocktail dress. **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** Carven Haute Couture. **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** "Hermès Birkin has been my standard equipment since 1998." **FAVORITE SHOES:** Christian Louboutin patent-leather open-toe pump in black or red. **WATCH:** Cartier yellow-gold Tank on bracelet. **SUNGLASSES:** Michael Kors aviators in gold. **FRAGRANCE:** Narciso Rodriguez. **STYLE ICON:** Auntie Mame.

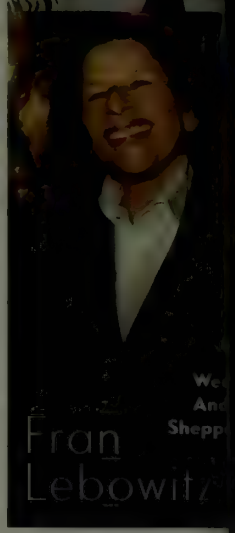
Michelle Obama

Because she measures up. **OCCUPATION:** Vice president of community and external affairs, University of Chicago Hospitals. **RESIDENCE:** Chicago. **AGE:** 43. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Sonia Rykiel black jacket and pant with Noir white ruffle-front tuxedo blouse and Azzedine Alaïa black patent-leather belt, worn to *Ebony*'s Outstanding Women in Marketing Awards Luncheon, in New York City, in May. **SIGNATURE JEWELRY:** Classic long pearls, layered. **DESIGNER OF CHOICE:** Maria Pinto, Chicago.



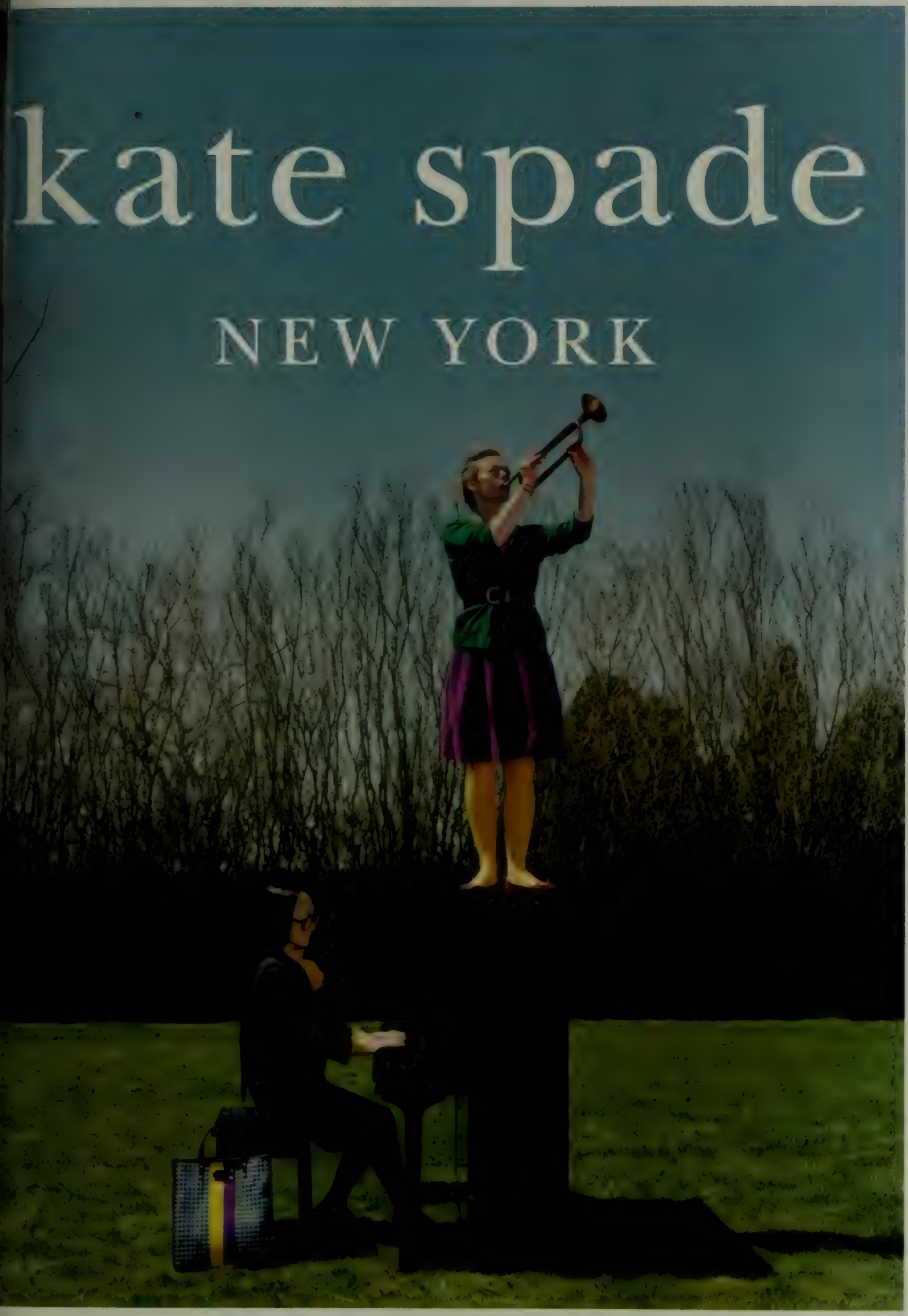
In a Maria Pinto halter dress at the N.A.A.C.P. Awards, in L.A.





Fran Lebowitz

Because she wears the pants with the panache of Dietrich and George Sand. **OCCUPATION:** Writer. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "The simple black robe that I wear as a recurring arraignment judge on *Law & Order*." **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** "I don't carry a handbag. The only thing I carry is a grudge." **FAVORITE SHOES:** "Manolo Blahnik. The answer to this question will never change." **FAVORITE WATCH:** "Mine, which is a Rolex, made in 1929, the year of the stock-market crash, thereby making it not only a swell watch but also a literally ticking metaphor." **FAVORITE SUNGLASSES:** "Mine. Otherwise they wouldn't be mine." **STYLE ICON:** "Anyone stylish enough not to use the word 'icon.'"


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2007 BEST-DRESSED MEN

Tiki Barber

Because he's a style Giant. **OCCUPATION:** Broadcaster, NBC; former New York Giants running back. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **AGE:** 32. **TAILOR:** Ermenegildo Zegna. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Bruno Magli. **WATCH:** Audemars Piguet Royal Oak, rubber. **SUNGLASSES:** Mosley Tribes aviators. **STYLE ICON:** "I think, with my wife's guidance, I have my own style."



On the *Today* show in an Ermenegildo Zegna suit.



Wearing an Ermenegildo Zegna suit at a Fresh Air Fund benefit.

Count Manfredi Della Gherardesca

Because we can Count on him. **OCCUPATION:** Art adviser and exhibition curator. **RESIDENCES:** London, Tuscany, and Mustique. **FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "A set of Indian Mughal enamel buttons for my Nehru jacket." **TAILOR:** "Morganti, in my hometown, Castagneto Carducci." **FAVORITE SHOES:** George Cleverley, London. **WATCH:** Audemars Piguet Royal Oak. **SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban aviators. **STYLE ICONS:** The Duke of Beaufort, Gabriele D'Annunzio, and Robert de Montesquiou.



Wearing a custom-made suit, a shirt by Gucci, and a Richard James tie.

Richard E. Grant

Because he's a Brit with wit. **OCCUPATION:** Actor. **RESIDENCE:** London and Richmond, England. **AGE:** 50. **FAVORITE PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** BlackBerry. **TAILOR:** Richard James. **FAVORITE SHOES:** John Lobb. **WATCH:** Ebel. **SUNGLASSES:** Diesel. **STYLE ICON:** Cary Grant.



At a party for the English National Ballet at St. Martins Lane Hotel, in London.

Jonathan Becker

Because he's our sharp shooter. **OCCUPATION:** Photographer. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "Chinese jackets from Shanghai and Beijing." **TAILORS:** Longstaff and Sons of Buenos Aires and Anderson & Sheppard of London. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Tricker's of London. **WATCH:** "The small stainless Rolex my mother gave me at my 21st birthday—always use it." **SUNGLASSES:** "Standard old horn-rims inset with brown Persol lenses." **STYLE ICONS:** J. V. Reed, Henry Koehler, Reinaldo Herrera, Gay Talese, and Graydon Carter.



In an Anderson & Sheppard suit with an Hermès tie.



In Cannes & Hollywood at the Sony Radio Academy Awards in London.


In an Yves Saint Laurent coat.

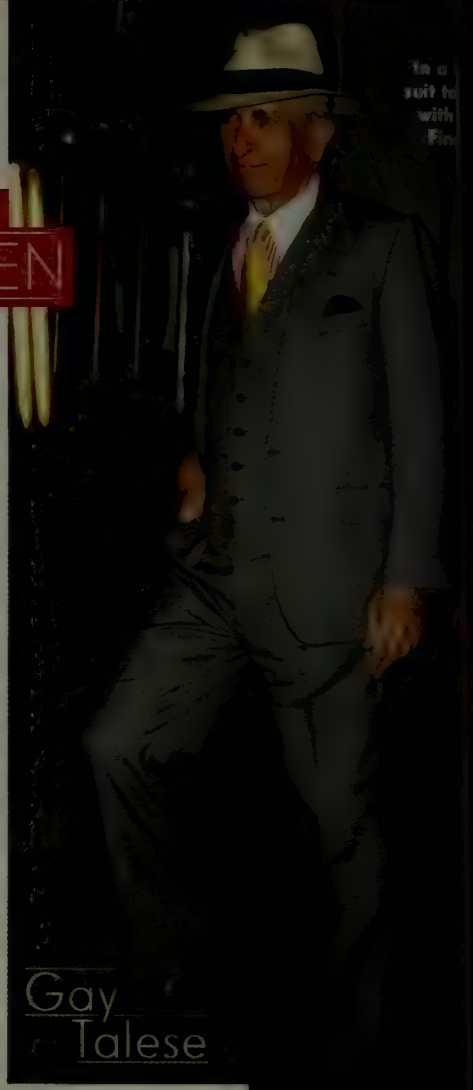

Leaving a meeting in Paris

2007 BEST-DRESSED MEN

Nicolas Sarkozy

Because he's world-class. **OCCUPATION:** President of the Republic of France. **RESIDENCE:** Paris. **AGE:** 52. **NOTABLE FASHION CHOICE OF 2007:** Blue wool Prada suit, worn to his presidential inauguration, in May, at the Élysée Palace. **SUITS OF CHOICE:** Dior Homme. **WATCH:** Breitling. **SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban silver reflective aviators.


In Paris five days after his election.


In a suit to with Fin

Gay Talese

Because he's fine and dandy. **OCCUPATION:** Writer. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **AGE:** 75. **FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "A rust-colored cashmere blazer, with five-button sleeve and pointed lapels, from the Paris shop I like—Francesco Smalto." **TAILOR:** Salvatore Cristiano, New York. **FAVORITE SHOES:** "I have my shoes made for me at Vincent & Edgar boot-makers [New York]." **WATCH:** "A Cartier with a gold bracelet serving as strap." **SUNGLASSES:** "I do not wear sunglasses, preferring straw hats I get from Panama or Ecuador, sold in North Miami by Puerto Fino." **STYLE ICON:** "My late father, a stylish man who died in 1993, at age 89."


Wearing a Burberry coat with a Brioni scarf.


In Yves Saint Laurent jacket, Lost Art pants, and a Love Child necklace.

Lenny Kravitz

Because he has the best of both worlds. **OCCUPATION:** "Artist." **RESIDENCE:** The Bahamas. **AGE:** 43. **FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** Gold thumb ring by Sharon Alouf. **TAILOR:** Dior. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Yves Saint Laurent crocodile Johnny boot. **WATCH:** Gold Santos, by Cartier. **SUNGLASSES:** Christian Dior. **STYLE ICON:** "My mother, Roxie Roker."


Wearing Yves Saint Laurent black tie.

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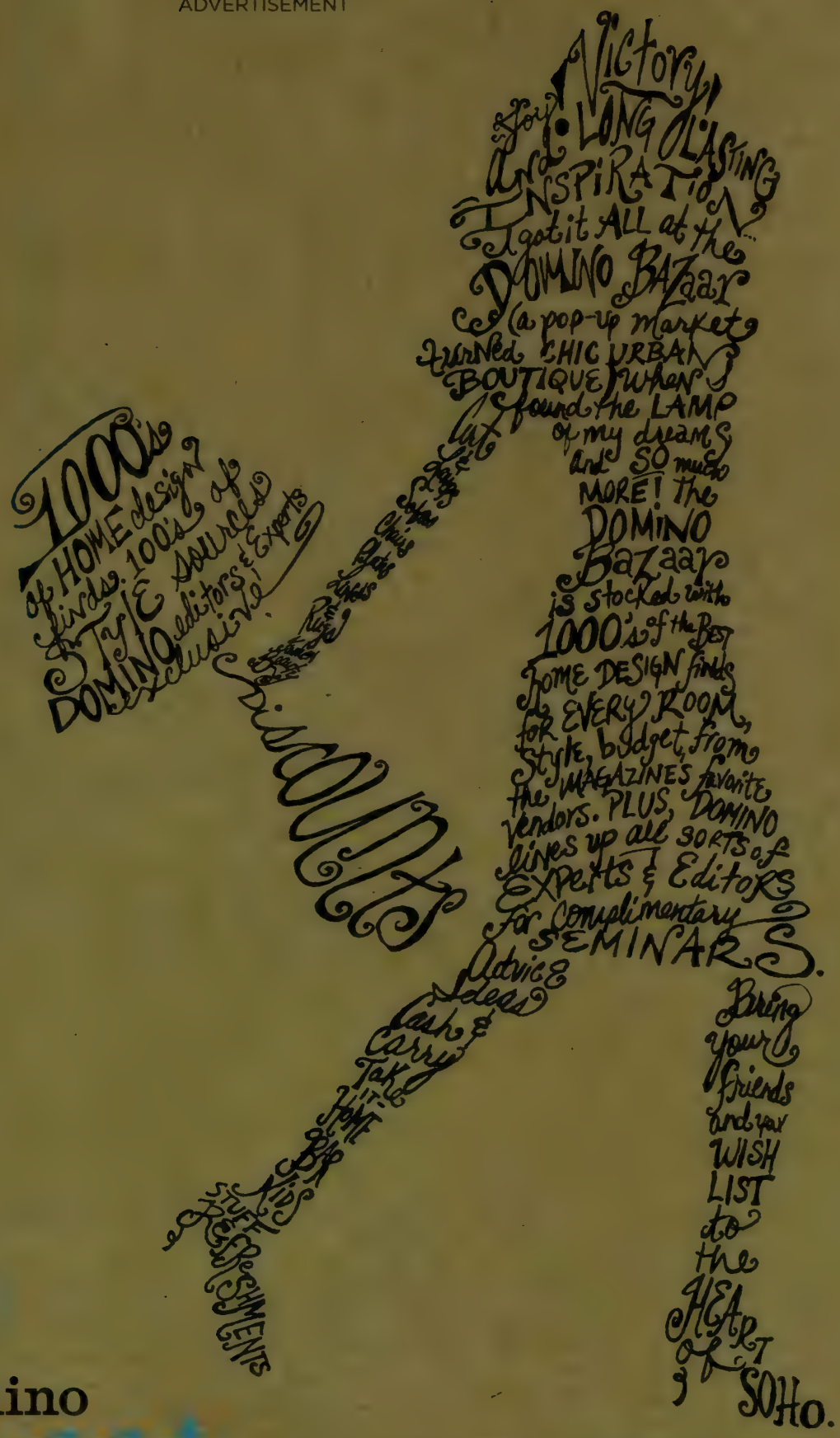
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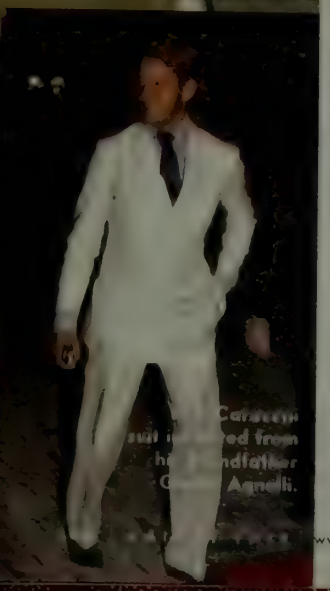
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Resplendent in a tartan tuxedo by Fiorucci at the V.F. Oscar party.


In a custom-made Canaccini suit and Nike sneakers at a party in Milan.


Canaccini suit inherited from his grandfather Gianni Agnelli.

Lapo Elkann

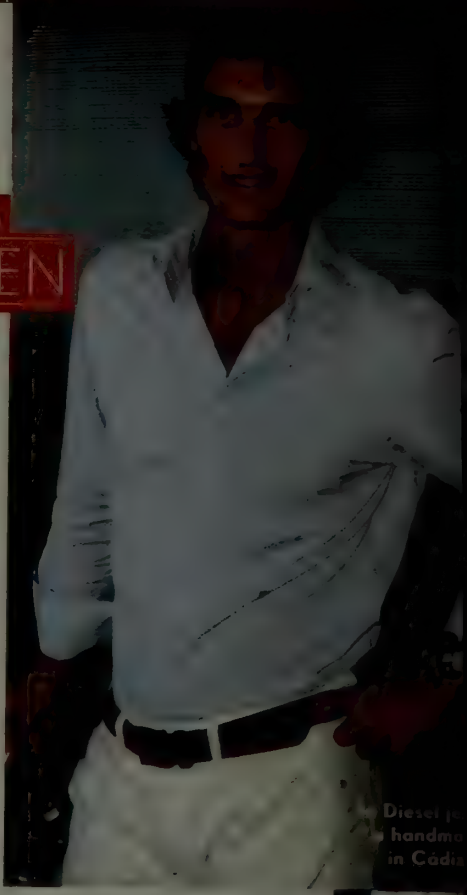
Because he's a portrait of a laddie. **OCCUPATION:** "Creative entrepreneur." **RESIDENCES:** New York City and Turin. **AGE:** 29. **FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** Brazilian bring-me-luck bracelets. **TAILOR:** "My own designs." **FAVORITE SHOES:** "My own designs." **WATCH:** "I seldom wear one." **SUNGLASSES:** Italia Independent carbon-fiber. **STYLE ICON:** "The street is where I find what I consider my icons and style inspiration: real people."


Wearing Dolce & Gabbana in Paris.

Hidetoshi Nakata

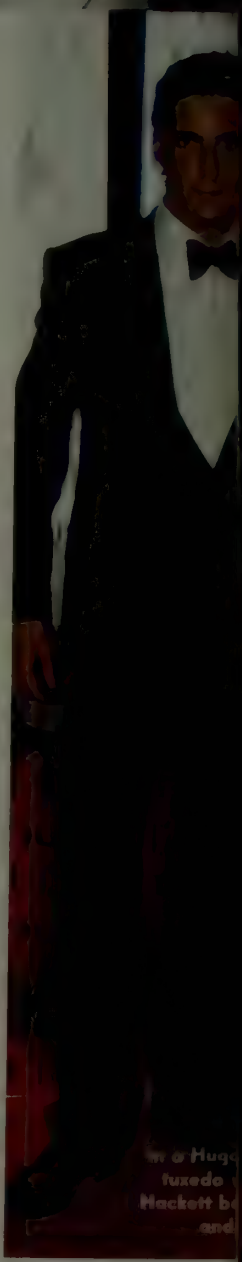
Because we get our kicks from Nakata. **OCCUPATION:** "At the moment, world traveler"; former soccer star. **RESIDENCE:** "The world." **AGE:** 30. **FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** Yves Saint Laurent's newsboy cap. **TAILOR:** "No one particular tailor." **FAVORITE SHOES:** Martin Margiela's soft-skin suede beige boots. **WATCH:** "Order-made Franck Muller with Chinese characters." **SUNGLASSES:** Vintage Ray-Ban.


Strolling around Paris.


Diesel j… handm… in Cádi…

Luis and Rafael Medina

Because they reign in Spain. **RESIDENCE:** Madrid. **LUIS'S OCCUPATION:** Real-estate broker. **RAFAEL'S OCCUPATION:** Founder and owner, Scalpers, a men's-wear manufacturer; Duke of Feria. **LUIS'S AGE:** 26. **RAFAEL'S AGE:** 28. **LUIS'S TAILOR:** Derby, Bilbao. **FAVORITE SHOES:** John Lobb. **WATCH:** Rolex Submariner with green bezel. **SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban Wayfarer. **STYLE ICON:** The Duke of Edinburgh. **RAFAEL'S FAVORITE SHOES:** "For every day, Tod's or Hogan. To dress up, Berluti." **WATCH:** "For summer an Audemars Piguet chrono in steel, and in the winter a Franck Muller Casablanca." **SUNGLASSES:** Italia Independent. **STYLE ICON:** Valentino.


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COUPLES



Brad in a J. Lindeberg suit and Angelina in St. John at the Golden Globes.

Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie

Because they're on a magic (red) carpet ride. **RESIDENCE:** "All over the world." **HIS OCCUPATION:** Actor and film producer. **HER OCCUPATION:** Actress and U.N. goodwill ambassador. **HIS AGE:** 43. **HER AGE:** 32. **HIS WATCH:** Tag Heuer. **HIS NOTABLE RED-CARPET ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Dolce & Gabbana khaki wool sharkskin suit, worn to the *Ocean's Thirteen* hand- and footprint ceremony, at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in June. **HER NOTABLE RED-CARPET ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** St. John custom Empire-waist gown, worn to the Golden Globes.



Angelina in an Elie Tahari top and Joseph skirt; Brad in Tom Ford.

Angelina in Balmain and Brad in Tom Ford at the *A Mighty Heart* premiere.

The Earl and Countess of Cawdor

Because they have Shakespearean chic. **RESIDENCES:** London and Nairn, Scotland. **COLIN'S AGE:** 45. **ISABELLA'S AGE:** 40. **HIS TAILOR:** "Two tailors on Savile Row." **HIS WATCH:** "An old Rolex I have had forever." **HER FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "Something old and something new . . ." **HER FAVORITE SHOES:** "Always Manolo." **HER WATCH:** "Don't wear a watch." **HER FRAGRANCE:** "All of the JAR fragrances." **HER STYLE ICON:** "A Scottish lady in her 70s."

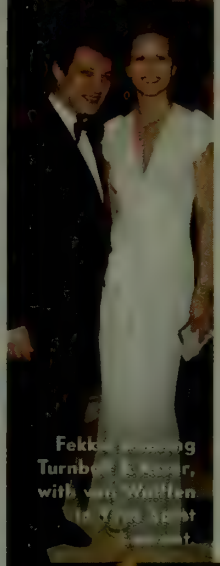


Colin, the Earl of Cawdor, in London.

Isabella, the Countess of Cawdor, in London.



Fekkai in Ralph Lauren; von Wulffen in a gray chiffon Yves Saint Laurent tunic.



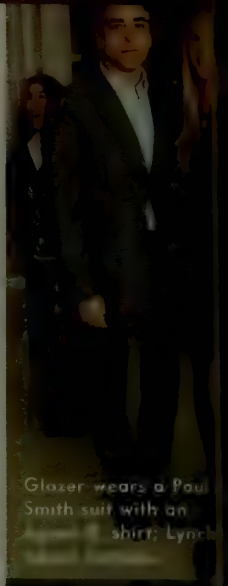
Fekkai wearing Turnbull & Asser, with von Wulffen in a Saint Laurent [illegible].

Frédéric Fekkai and Shirin von Wulffen

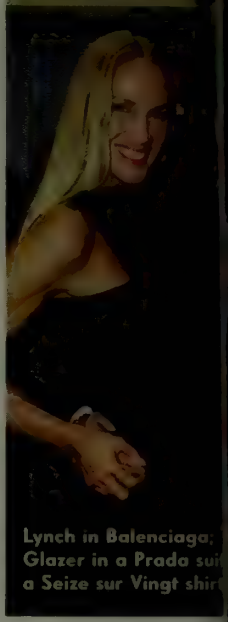
Because they rise and shine. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **HIS OCCUPATION:** President, Frédéric Fekkai. **HER OCCUPATION:** Director of communications, Tom Ford North America. **HIS FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "My Charvet cherry velvet tuxedo." **HIS TAILOR:** Tom Ford. **HIS FAVORITE SHOES:** Salvatore Ferragamo. **HIS WATCH:** IWC. **HIS SUNGLASSES:** Selima Optique. **HIS STYLE ICON:** Cary Grant. **HER FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** "My Stefano Pilati for Yves Saint Laurent wedding dress!" **HER WATCH:** Chanel J12, in white. **HER SUNGLASSES:** Tom Ford Jennifer. **HER FRAGRANCE:** Tuscan Leather, by Tom Ford Private Blend Collection. **HER STYLE ICONS:** Ingrid Bergman and Françoise Hardy.



Fekkai in a Charvet suit; von Wulffen in a Tom Ford rose satin dress.



Glazer wears a Paul Smith suit with an [illegible] shirt; Lynch [illegible]



Lynch in Balenciaga; Glazer in a Prada suit a Seize sur Vingt shirt

Mitch Glazer and Kelly Lynch

Because they're California dreamers. **RESIDENCES:** Los Angeles and Lone Pine, California. **HIS OCCUPATION:** Screenwriter and film producer. **HER OCCUPATION:** Actress. **HIS SUNGLASSES:** 1968 Cébé tortoise aviators. **HIS STYLE ICONS:** "Marcello Mastroianni, circa *La Dolce Vita*, and Keith Richards in Villa Nellcôte." **HER WATCH:** Verdura gold-chain-bracelet watch. **HER SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban aviators. **HER STYLE ICONS:** "Slim Keith, along with Millicent Rogers, Lauren Hutton, and Talitha Getty."



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2007 BEST-DRESSED COUPLES



David in a Richard James suit and Serena in Carolina Herrera.



Serena in Catherine Walker and David in Richard James.

Viscount and Viscountess Linley

Because they're a carpenter and a Lady. **RESIDENCE:** London. **DAVID'S OCCUPATION:** Chairman, Linley, and chairman, Christie's U.K. **SERENA'S OCCUPATION:** Sculptor. **HIS TAILOR:** Richard James. **HIS FAVORITE SHOES:** George Cleverley. **HIS WATCH:** Girard-Perregaux. **HIS SUNGLASSES:** Persol. **HIS STYLE ICON:** Sergio Loro Piana. **HER FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** Catherine Walker. **HER FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Tanner Krolle. **HER FAVORITE SHOES:** Manolo Blahnik. **HER WATCH:** Cartier. **HER SUNGLASSES:** Oliver Peoples. **HER FRAGRANCE:** Ce Soir ou Jamais, by Annick Goutal. **HER STYLE ICON:** Carolina Herrera.



Carolina [illegible] and Richard [illegible]



Dash in his [illegible] label's suit; Rachel in a Prada fashion [illegible]



Isabel and Ruben on the [illegible] in her designs.



Ruben and Isabel at the El Museo gala wearing her creations.

Ruben an Isabel To

Because they're Manhattan's Latins. **RESIDENCE:** New Yo City. **HIS OCCUPATION** Artist and cartoonist. **HER OCCUPATION:** Fashion designer. **HIS FAVORITE SHOES:** Ald buckle shoe. **HIS WAT** Hermès. **HIS STYLE IC** "Sammy Davis Jr.; S Ray; Charlie Chapl on- and offscreen; 007; Reinaldo Herre and Tom Wolfe." **HE FAVORITE ENSEMBLE O 2007:** "My Anne Kle leather stadium coat with matching flight s **HER FAVORITE HANDB** "My Anne Klein bo box handbag in ind leather." **HER FAVORIT SHOES:** Miu Miu silve foil classic heels. **HER WATCHES:** "Hermès h and-hers Tank watche I like wearing them both at once." **HER FRAGRANCE:** Annick Goutal. **HER STYLE ICO** "Maria Felix in the sum and Maria Callas in th fall and winter."



Dash in a Damon Dash suit; Rachel in a Rachel Roy [illegible] trench.

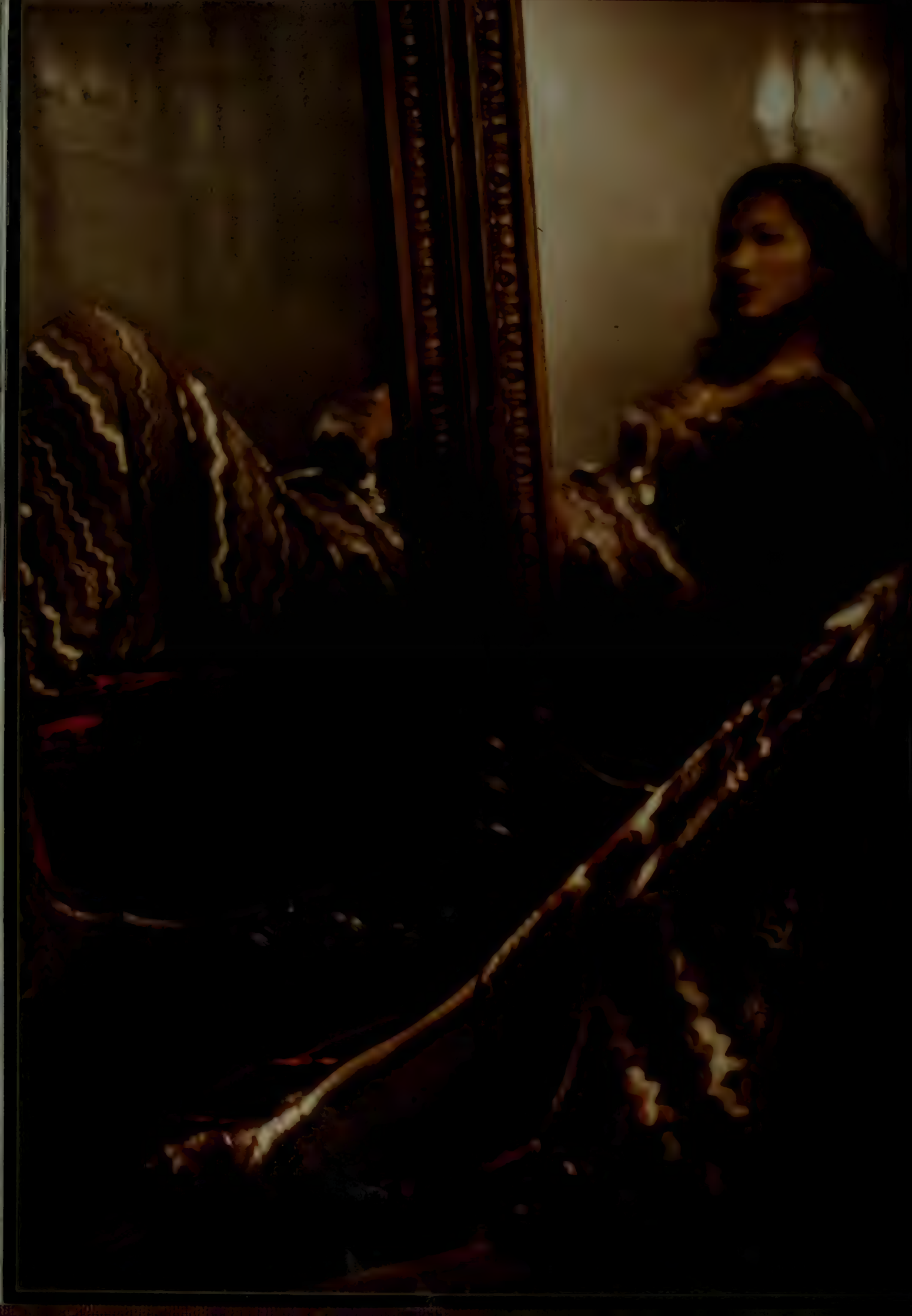
Damon Dash and Rachel Roy

Because they're conquering the kingdom. **HIS RESIDENCES:** New York City and Los Angeles. **HER RESIDENCE:** New York City. **HIS OCCUPATION:** C.E.O., Damon Dash Enterprises. **HER OCCUPATION:** Fashion designer. **HIS FAVORITE SHOES:** Pro-Keds. **HIS WATCH:** Tiret. **HIS STYLE ICON:** "Anyone from the Rat Pack." **HER FAVORITE SHOES:** Roger Vivier strap with curved heel. **HER WATCH:** Gold classic Rolex or Cartier classic gold Tank with brown leather strap. **HER SUNGLASSES:** Roger Vivier. **HER FRAGRANCE:** Royal Bain de Caron. **HER STYLE ICONS:** Jean Shrimpton, Marlene Dietrich, and Mme. Mathieu Saint-Laurent.



Isabel and Ruben wearing her designs to a DIFFA benefit in New York.


baby phat
by kimora lee simmons







baby phat

by kimora lee simmons

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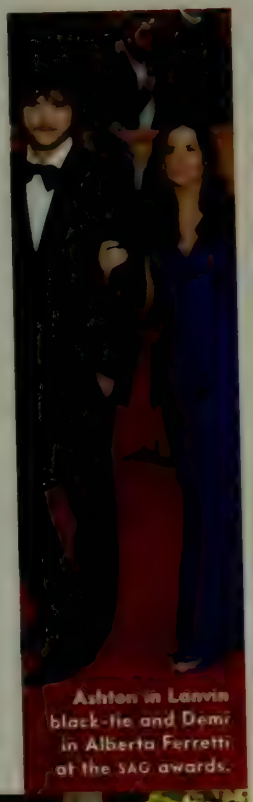
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vintage black dress with a Ralph Lauren velvet blazer and David in a Ralph Lauren suit.

Ashton Kutcher and Demi Moore

Because she's more than half and he's half of Moore. **THEIR RESIDENCES:** Los Angeles, New York City, and Hailey, Idaho. **HIS OCCUPATION:** Actor. **HER OCCUPATION:** Actress. **HIS AGE:** 29. **HER AGE:** 44. **HIS FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "It was a gift for my ladies. Vintage Valentine's Day lockets. It's always better to give." **HIS FAVORITE SHOES:** Cowboy boots. **HIS WATCH:** "Vintage Cartier with a small face. Small is back and I *like* it." **HIS SUNGLASSES:** Prada Linea Rossa. **HIS STYLE ICON:** Steve McQueen. **HER NOTABLE RED-CARPET ENSEMBLE:** Alberta Ferretti chiffon dress in cobalt blue, worn to the SAG awards.



Ashton in Lanvin black-tie and Demi in Alberta Ferretti at the SAG awards.



Because they do the Double L dance so well. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **HIS OCCUPATION:** Senior vice president of advertising, marketing, and corporate communications, Polo Ralph Lauren. **HER OCCUPATION:** Founder and director, Feed Projects. **HIS AGE:** 36. **HER AGE:** 23. **HIS TAILOR:** Purple Label Made to Measure, Polo Ralph Lauren flagship store. **HIS FAVORITE SHOES:** "All Ralph Lauren Purple Label shoes." **HIS WATCH:** Panerai. **HIS SUNGLASSES:** Classic Ralph Lauren stainless aviators with leather. **HIS STYLE ICON:** Ralph Lauren. **HER FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Theory blazer with tuxedo shirt, Ralph Lauren velvet pants, and Chanel shoes. **HER FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** Ralph Lauren bow dress. **HER FAVORITE HANDBAG:** "My Feed bag." **HER FAVORITE SHOES:** Strappy gold Jimmy Choo sandals. **HER WATCH:** Santos de Cartier Galbée. **HER SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban aviators. **HER FRAGRANCE:** Une Fleur de Chanel. **HER STYLE ICON:** Grace Kelly.





Demi in Lanvin and Ashton in a trench by Modern Amusement in New York.



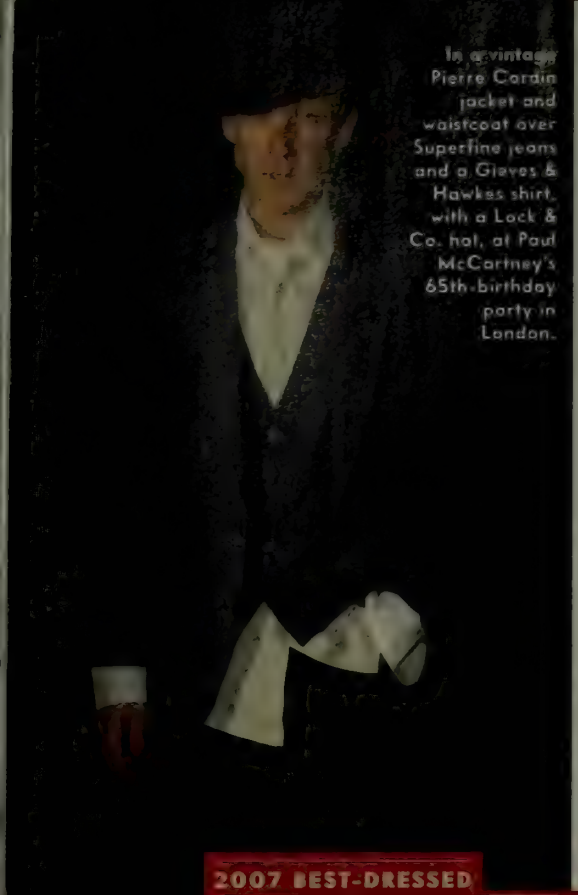
David and Victoria Beckham

David in Alexander McQueen; Victoria in vintage Dolce & Gabbana.

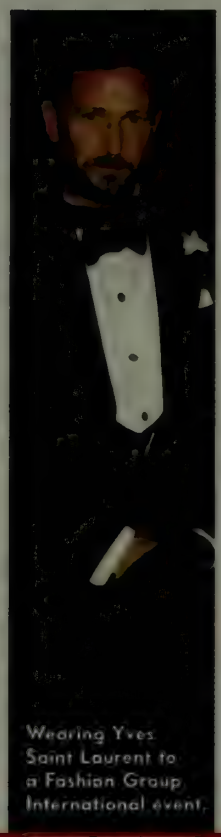
Because the whole is greater than the sum of the parts. **RESIDENCE:** Los Angeles. **HIS OCCUPATION:** Central midfielder, Los Angeles Galaxy. **HER OCCUPATION:** Creative director, dVb. **HIS AGE:** 32. **HER AGE:** 33. **HIS TAILOR:** Malcolm Plewes of Welsh & Jeffries, London. **HIS FAVORITE SHOES:** G. J. Cleverley, London. **HIS WATCH:** 1970s Patek Philippe Jumbo Nautilus. **HIS STYLE ICON:** Steve McQueen. **HER FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** Vintage white Azzedine Alaïa dress, worn to the Academy Awards. **HER FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Ostrich Kelly bag, bought at auction. **HER FAVORITE SHOES:** Christian Louboutin for Roland Mouret. **HER WATCH:** Vintage 1960s Rolex Submariner. **HER FRAGRANCE:** Miller Harris, London. **HER STYLE ICON:** Audrey Hepburn.



Victoria in a Roland Mouret dress; David in Christian Dior.



In a vintage Pierre Cardin jacket and waistcoat over Superfine jeans and a Gieves & Hawkes shirt, with a Lock & Co. hat, at Paul McCartney's 65th-birthday party in London.



Wearing Yves Saint Laurent to a Fashion Group International event.

2007 BEST-DRESSED FASHION PROFESSIONALS

Stefano Pilati

Because he's a clothes force. **OCCUPATION:** Fashion designer, Yves Saint Laurent. **RESIDENCE:** Paris. **AGE:** 41. **FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "A set of baroque pearls that I turned into studs and cuff links." **TAILOR:** "Myself." **FAVORITE SHOES:** American Indian moccasin. **WATCH:** Patek Philippe Ellipse. **SUNGLASSES:** Micromega Ottica, Venice. **STYLE ICON:** Michel Barnes.



In custom-made Barbara Tfank.

Alexandra Kotur

Because she's a portrait of a lady. **OCCUPATION:** Style director, *Vogue*. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Barbara Tfank brown brocade capelet and pants. **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** Carolina Herrera violet moiré silk jacket with mille-feuille pleats and a ball skirt in sheer silk-organza layers. **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** "Kotur Wallace bag designed by my sister [Fiona Kotur Marin]." **FAVORITE SHOES:** Black Repetto ballet flats. **WATCH:** Verdura curb-link bracelet and watch. **SUNGLASSES:** Blinde. **FRAGRANCE:** Calèche Eau Délicate, by Hermès. **STYLE ICONS:** "Carolina Herrera; my mother, Sheila Camera Kotur; and Andrea Robinson."

Jefferson Hack

Because he's "Another" best-dressed fashion professional. **OCCUPATION:** Editorial director, Dazed Group, and co-founder of *Dazed & Confused* magazine and *Another Magazine*. **RESIDENCES:** London and Antwerp. **AGE:** 36. **FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** Vintage 70s herringbone pin-striped Yves Saint Laurent three-piece suit from Resurrection, in Los Angeles. **TAILOR:** M Mandalia, in London. **FAVORITE SHOES:** "Vivienne Westwood muddy white brogues and Converse by John Varvatos." **WATCH:** Vintage 60s Rolex Oyster Perpetual. **SUNGLASSES:** Dior Homme. **STYLE ICONS:** Lucien Freud and David Bowie.



Wearing an Yves Saint Laurent suit.

Katherine Ross

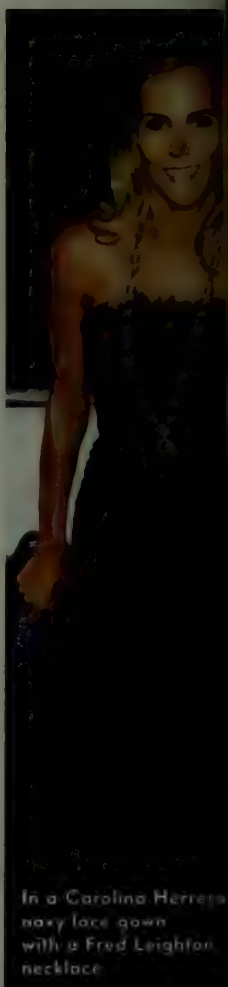
Because she's a pro. **OCCUPATION:** Senior vice president of communications, LVMH North America. **RESIDENCES:** Los Angeles and New York City. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLES OF 2007:** "Some of my favorite looks were from Fendi's spring collection, including a great blue jacket with white skirt, and a black dress with a panel in the back and front." **FAVORITE HANDBAG OF 2007:** "This spring I splurged on a Louis Vuitton Polka Dots Fleurs Tinkerbell bag." **FAVORITE SHOES:** "A Dior black sandal and Azzedine Alaïa flats." **WATCH:** "Cartier, inscribed MAKE TIME FOR KATHERINE." **SUNGLASSES:** Christian Dior. **FRAGRANCE:** Diorissimo, by Christian Dior. **STYLE ICON:** Millicent Rogers.



In a John Galliano gown at this year's V.F. Oscar party.

Tory Burch

Because every picture tells a Tory. **OCCUPATION:** Fashion designer. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **AGE:** 41. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "Tory Burch pink-and-brown flower-printed Resort dress that I wore to the C.F.D.A. awards." **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** Proenza Schouler custom-made dress. **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Kara Ross clutch. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Christian Louboutin pump. **WATCH:** Gold Rolex Submariner. **SUNGLASSES:** Tom Ford. **FRAGRANCE:** Poupée, by Rochas. **STYLE ICONS:** "My mother, Reva Robinson, and my father, Buddy."



In a Carolina Herrera navy lace gown with a Fred Leighton necklace.





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In an Hermès blazer with Levi's jeans and Brooks Brothers tennis shoes.

Michael Roberts

Because he cuts a fine figure. **OCCUPATION:** *Vanity Fair*'s fashion and style director, artist. **RESIDENCE:** Paris. **FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "Navy-blue cotton suit by Brooks Brothers, worn to my book party and exhibition, held by Giorgio Armani, in Milan." **TAILOR:** Daslu, in São Paulo. **FAVORITE SHOES:** "Burgundy-and-olive saddle shoes made specially by Manolo Blahnik." **WATCH:** Swiss Army. **SUNGLASSES:** Persol. **STYLE ICON:** Justin Timberlake.


Wearing his own designs in Paris.

Hedi Slimane

Because he suits us. **OCCUPATION:** Fashion designer. **RESIDENCE:** Paris. **AGE:** 39. **FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** "Some vintage T-shirts, with stripes." **TAILOR:** "Only my own designs so far. That might change." **FAVORITE SHOES:** Converse. **WATCH:** "A Rolex Air-King from the late 60s." **SUNGLASSES:** "Black frames from the 50s."


In a Missoni floral evening gown with a Helmut Lang bag.

2007 BEST-DRESSED FASHION PROFESSIONALS

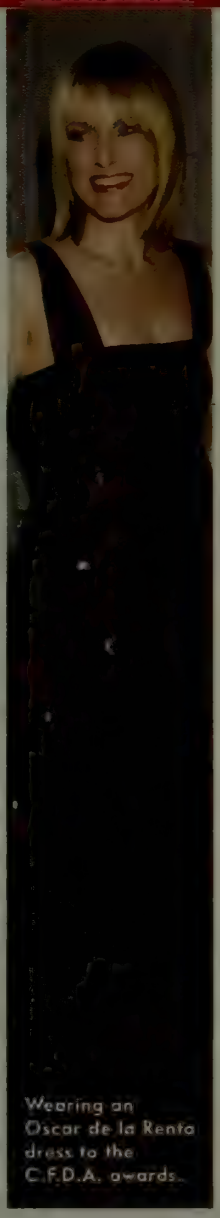
Liya Kebede

Because she's a model citizen. **OCCUPATION:** "Model-actress-humanitarian." **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **AGE:** 28. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "Zac Posen dress and Marni fur shrug with a Mulberry patent-leather bag, to the Tom Ford men's-wear launch." **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** "Givenchy patent-leather carryall." **FAVORITE SHOES:** Marc by Marc Jacobs moccasin. **WATCHES:** Rolex and Cartier men's-style watches. **SUNGLASSES:** Miu Miu. **FRAGRANCE:** "Tom Ford set of scents." **STYLE ICON:** "My mother. She was the first person who made me realize the importance of style, as she is the epitome of it."


In a Michael Kors cocktail dress at the 2007 C.F.D.A. Fashion Awards.

Amy Astley

Because youthfulness doesn't have to mean trashiness. **OCCUPATION:** Editor in chief, *Teen Vogue*. **RESIDENCES:** New York City and Orient, New York. **AGE:** 40. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "Oscar de la Renta's red coffee-bean-motif dress from his pre-fall collection, to the C.F.D.A. Awards." **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Roger Vivier's beaded Casino Royale bag. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Manolo Blahnik. **WATCH:** Hermès Cape Cod. **SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban aviators. **FRAGRANCE:** En Passant, from Editions Parfums Frédéric Malle. **STYLE ICONS:** "Anna Wintour, Sofia Coppola, Miuccia Prada, Agyness Deyn, Lily Allen, Phoebe Philo, Annette de la Renta, Daria Werbowy, and Amy Winehouse, to name a few!"


Wearing an Oscar de la Renta dress to the C.F.D.A. awards.

Margherita Missoni

Because she's a Missoni in action. **OCCUPATION:** Actress, and ambassador for Missoni fragrance and fashion. **RESIDENCES:** New York City and Montonate, Italy. **AGE:** 24. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLES OF 2007:** "Missoni silk kimono blouse and trousers I wore to the Missoni-store opening in Madrid, and a Missoni long skirt and blouse I wore to the Julian Schnabel dinner in Milan." **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Valextra's Boston bag in red. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Giambattista Valli white ostrich. **WATCH:** "Sixties very tiny Jaeger-LeCoultre in yellow gold." **SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban Wayfarer in faux tortoise. **FRAGRANCE:** Missoni Acqua. **STYLE ICON:** Empress Joséphine of France.


In a Missoni dress for New York's Fashion Week.

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2 oz. PAMA Pomegranate Liqueur
1 oz. Super Premium Vodka
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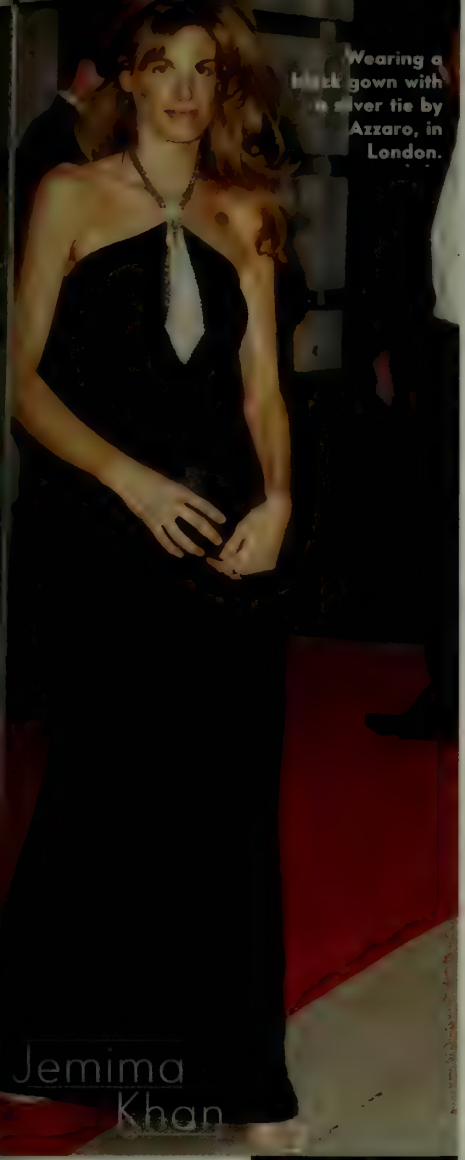
Combine all ingredients into mixing glass. Add ice and shake vigorously. Strain into a martini glass. Garnish with a lemon zest.

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2007 BEST-DRESSED HALL OF FAME


Wearing a black gown with a silver tie by Azzaro, in London.

Jemima Khan

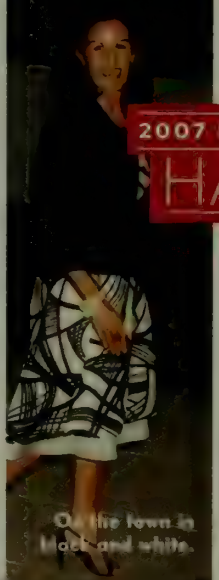
OCCUPATION: "Fashion designer and charity worker." **RESIDENCE:** London. **AGE:** 32. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLES OF 2007:** Vintage Hervé Léger dress, to the *Vanity Fair* party in Cannes in May, and a black vintage Hervé Léger, worn to the London premiere of *Music and Lyrics*. **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** "A mother-of-pearl bag by Celestina." **FAVORITE SHOES:** Christian Louboutin. **WATCH:** "Panerai man's watch." **SUNGLASSES:** Paul Smith. **FRAGRANCE:** Cuir de Russie, by Chanel. **STYLE ICONS:** "I love the way all three of my sisters-in-law dress—Lucy Ferry, Sheherazade Goldsmith, and Kate Goldsmith. My friend the designer Bella Freud. And Loulou de la Falaise."


In an Azzaro white gown with silver straps.

Alba Clemente

OCCUPATION: "Artist's wife, mother of four, and performer in my spare time." **RESIDENCES:** New York City and the Amalfi coast. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "An ivory knotted-silk dress by Giambattista Valli, with pearl earrings from John Reinhold designed by my husband, for Brice Marden's opening at the MoMA." **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** "A Moschino indigo gown, specially made for my performance at Carnegie Hall with Pink Martini." **WATCH:** IWC Pilot. **SUNGLASSES:** "I feel naked without sunglasses. My favorite right now is a pair of honey-colored Bottega Venetas." **FRAGRANCE:** Zagorsk, by Comme des Garçons. **STYLE ICON:** "Camilla McGrath, the definition of a 'true lady' in every possible sense."


At the V.F. Oscar party.

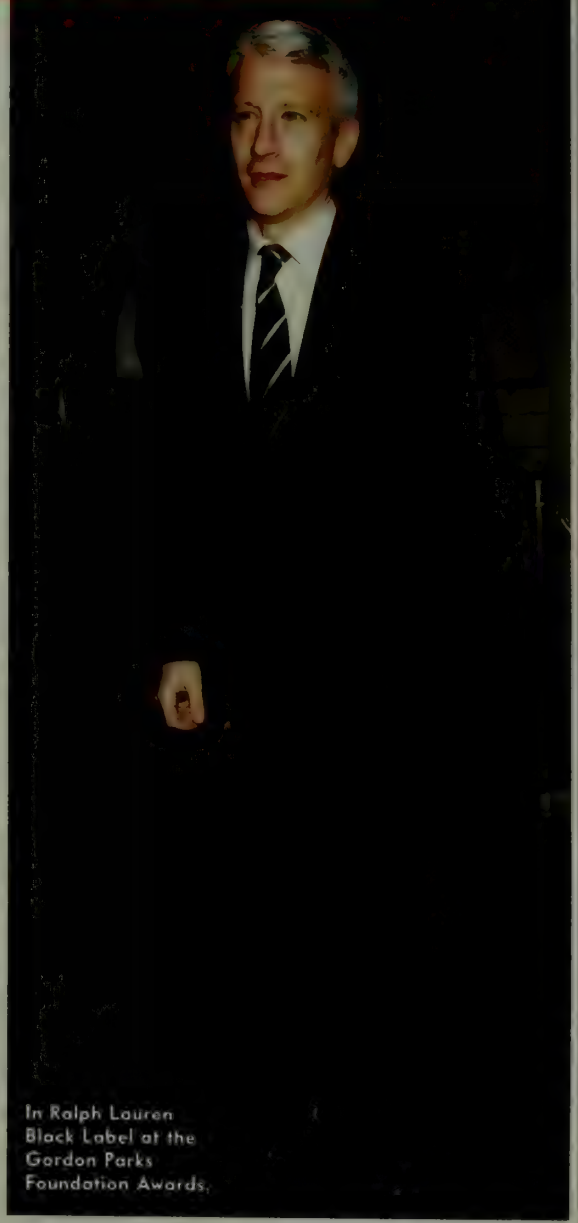

On the town in black and white.


In a printed coat at the Consulate General of India.

Anderson Cooper

OCCUPATION: Anchor, *Anderson Cooper 360°*. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **AGE:** 40. **FAVORITE PURCHASE THIS YEAR:** Flak jacket. **TAILOR:** Ralph Lauren Black Label. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Arctic boots. **WATCH:** Rolex GMT-Master. **SUNGLASSES:** "I never wear them." **STYLE ICON:** Gordon Parks.


Wearing Ralph Lauren Black Label with a Thomas Pink shirt.


In Ralph Lauren Black Label at the Gordon Parks Foundation Awards.

2007 BEST-DRESSED

HALL OF FAME

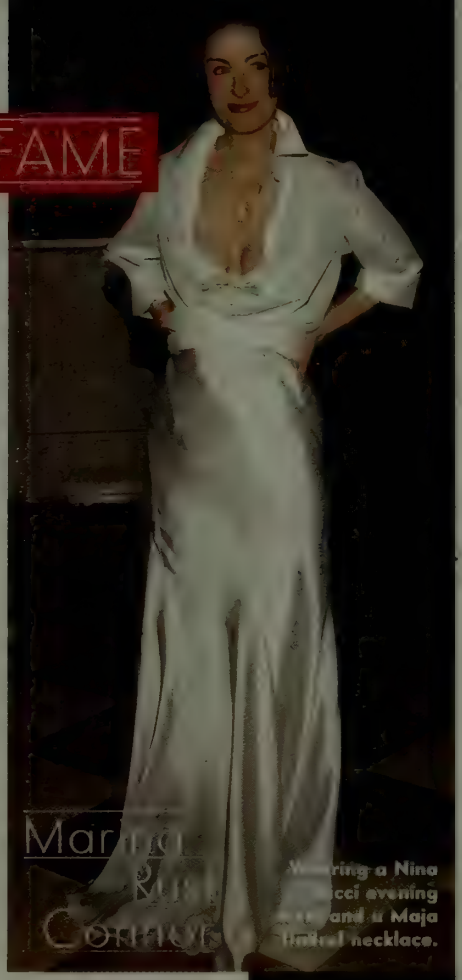
Sofia Coppola



OCCUPATION: Filmmaker. **RESIDENCES:** New York City and Paris. **AGE:** 36. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Dior by John Galliano pink print dress. **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** "Black Marc Jacobs little envelope clutch." **WATCH:** Cartier. **SUNGLASSES:** Ray-Ban. **FRAGRANCE:** Fleurs d'Oranger, by Serge Lutens. **STYLE ICON:** Tina Chow.



In Marni for the party after his New York show.



Wearing a Nina Ricci evening [illegible] and a Maja [illegible] necklace.

OCCUPATION: Writer, *Vogue* contributing editor. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **AGE:** 42. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "Versace with a vintage Indian sari and earrings from Fred Leighton, for the Metropolitan Museum gala." **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** "Angel Sanchez navy silk, for the Frick Collection's Young Fellows Ball." **FAVORITE HANDBAGS:** "A brown satchel from Marni. Also, a black vintage alligator Jane Brak I got at a Christie's house sale." **FAVORITE SHOES:** "Black Marc Jacobs jelly flat. Also, a basic brown pump from Charles Nolan. And a black square-toed Blahnik with a decorative brass buckle." **SUNGLASSES:** Marni. **STYLE ICONS:** "Both of my grandmothers, Mary Franklin Rust and Ruth Pruyn Field."



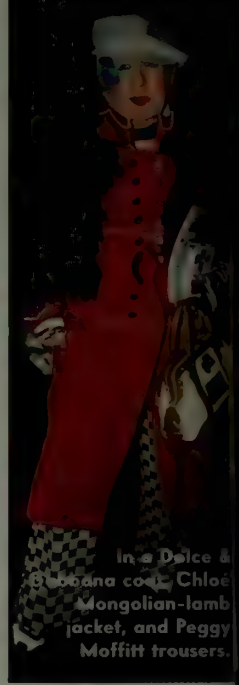
In Oscar de la Renta at the Museum of the City of New York.

Anna Piaggi



OCCUPATION: Fashion journalist. **RESIDENCE:** Milan. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "Caban by John Galliano in black wool and blue-shaded plaid with a small riding hat in blue satin and veil by Stephen Jones." **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Gaucho pochette, by Christian Dior. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Marie Antoinette–inspired pale-blue satin pumps, by Manolo Blahnik. **WATCH:** Black-and-white graphic wristwatches designed by George J. Sowden for Neos. **FRAGRANCE:** Chanel No. 5. **STYLE ICON:** Karl Lagerfeld.

In a John Galliano velvet coat, Dior mink scarf, and Stephen Jones hat.



In a Dolce & Gabbana coat, Chloé Mongolian-lamb jacket, and Peggy Moffitt trousers.



Heading to an appearance on *The Daily Show* in Armani.

In Armani black-tie for the Academy Awards.

George Clooney

OCCUPATION: Actor, director, writer, producer. **RESIDENCES:** Los Angeles and Lake Como, Italy. **AGE:** 46. **NOTABLE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** Armani Privé two-button Executive-model suit, with a white, open-collar, button-down shirt, worn to the Armani Privé collection private showing in Beverly Hills, in February.


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2007 BEST-DRESSED ORIGINALS



In a vintage Bill Tice dress and vintage YSL necklace.

Lisa Eisner

Because she's a vixen in vintage. **OCCUPATION:** Publisher and photographer. **RESIDENCE:** Los Angeles. **AGE:** 50. **FAVORITE ENSEMBLE OF 2007:** "I'm sure it involved a lot of accessories and probably some feathers." **FAVORITE BALL GOWN OF 2007:** "The Norman Norell sequined 'mermaid' dress I wore to the *Vanity Fair* Oscar party." **FAVORITE SHOES:** "I never met a moccasin I didn't like. Beaded, fringed, tall, short–I love them all." **WATCH:** "Vintage Bulgari gold wraparound snake watch." **SUNGLASSES:** "Vintage Porsche Design Carrera sunglasses with pink-purple graduated lenses, or my Cartier gold aviators." **STYLE ICONS:** "Tina Chow, of course. Iris Apfel, of course. Louise Nevelson, Liberace, Sly Stone, any Native American in powwow regalia. Or anyone who does their own thing–and doesn't hire a stylist to make them look good."



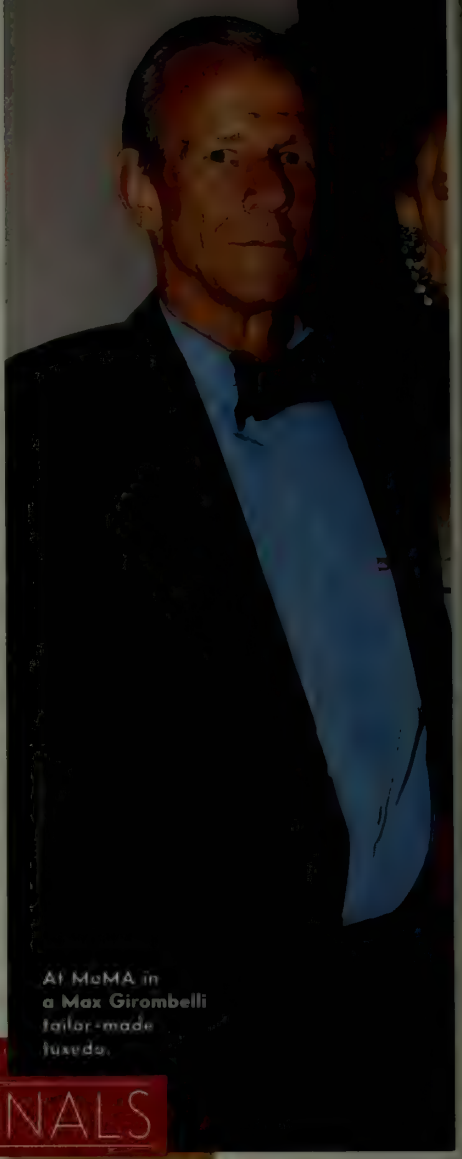
Wearing a Norman Norell dress with an Yves Saint Laurent coat and Roger Vivier shoes.



In a Prada jacket over Ralph Lauren jeans with a Fendi scarf and Ray-Bans.

Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele

Because Cerf's up. **OCCUPATION:** Fashion editor and photographer. **RESIDENCE:** New York City. **FAVORITE HANDBAG:** Painted Chanel couture classic bag or a gold Louis Vuitton Keepall bag. **FAVORITE SHOES:** "Manolo Blahnik gold mule." **WATCH:** Rolex gold Daytona or platinum President with pavé diamonds. **SUNGLASSES:** Louis Vuitton in tortoise with "L.V." logo in gold. **FRAGRANCE:** L'Heure Bleue, from Guerlain. **STYLE ICON:** "Countess Anne-Marie Errembault de Dudzeele, my mother."



At MoMA in a Max Girombelli tailor-made tuxedo.



Wrapped in a Louis Vuitton mink logo scarf over Adidas pants.



On the town in Max Girombelli black-tie.

Peter Beard

Because he's game. **OCCUPATION:** Photographer. **RESIDENCES:** New York City; Montauk, New York; and Hog Ranch, Kenya. **AGE:** 69. **FAVORITE FASHION PURCHASES THIS YEAR:** Shanghai Tang jackets, Lacoste short-sleeved shirts, and sarongs. **TAILOR:** Italian suit-maker Max Girombelli is one of many favorites. **FAVORITE SHOES:** Afghan sandals from Peshawar or those made by a cobbler in Nairobi. **WATCH:** Never wears one. **SUNGLASSES:** Persol and Oliver Peoples. **FUN FACT:** His grandfather Pierre Lorillard IV invented the tuxedo.

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The Shape of Thighs to Come

Those ripped six-pack abs? Over, guys. Ditto the bowling-ball breasts and jutting derrières women have been acquiring. Fashion has declared them cliché, and if history is any guide, clothes make the mannequin

By Amy Fine Collins

At the gala opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's New Greek and Roman Galleries, last spring, the cynosure in the skylit atrium was neither a society starlet in borrowed couture nor one of her 2,000-year-old marmoreal counterparts. Those creamy Venuses and saturnine Muses were too fleshy for this fashionable group's tastes. Rather, the scene-stealer of the evening was the strapping, bearded first-century-A.D. Hercules—a "bear" in current gay parlance—his Nemean lionskin knotted proudly at his sternum.

"Can someone get me a date with that man?" one guest asked repeatedly.

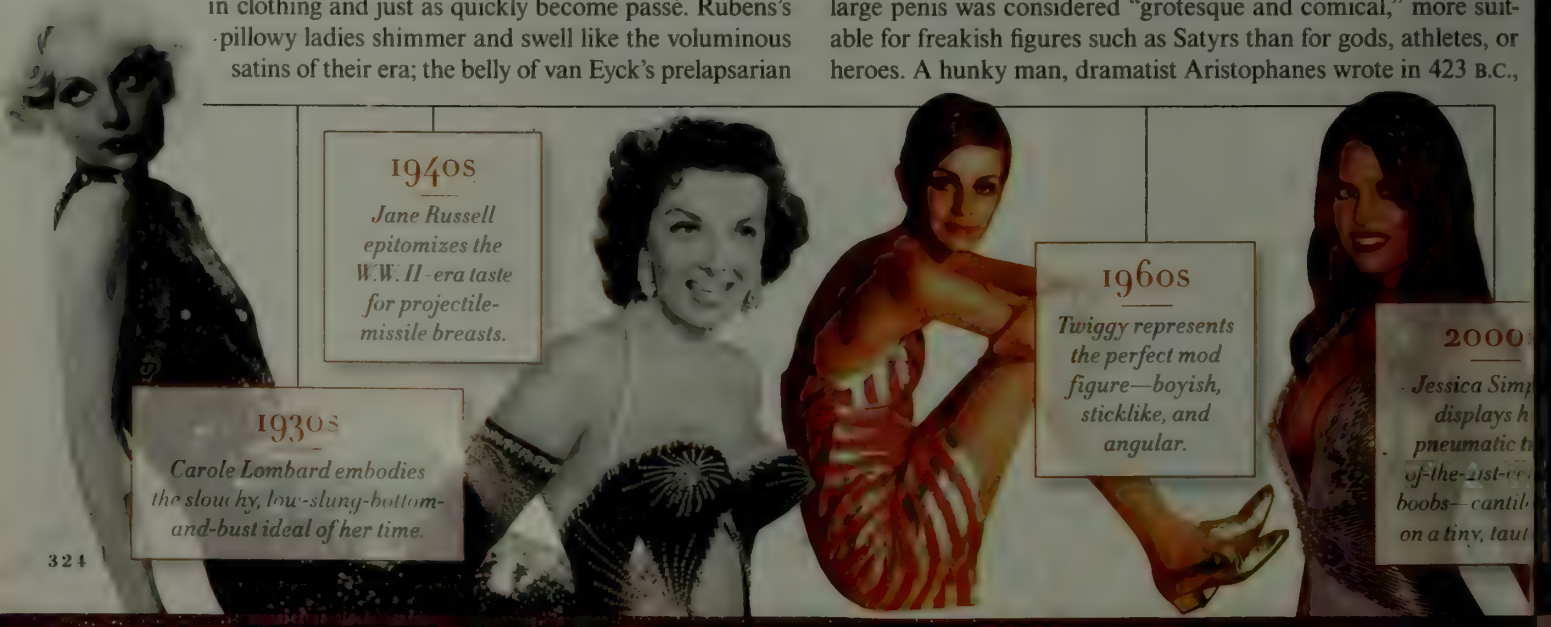
I'm fairly certain that four decades ago (or maybe four minutes ago?) this brawny Hercules would have appeared embarrassingly overdeveloped—a hirsute sack of walnuts, Victor Mature on a bad day. Compare him, for the sake of argument, to another archetypal male effigy, the crew-cut Ken of my girlhood, circa 1964. At that moment, the torso of Barbie's consort was molded more along the lines of a worm than a hero. The pinup boy of my adolescence, Jim Morrison, was scrawnier still, a cadaverous martyred Christ. Even the considerably less androgynous beefcakes of my mother's and grandmother's generations—Clark Gable, Cary Grant, John Wayne, Ronald Reagan, Montgomery Clift, Kirk Douglas—had no distinct cuts in their physiques, unless you count the clefts in their chins. And their waistlines sat somewhere in the vicinity of their diaphragms, not—as an Akon video or a 2(x)ist underwear ad might suggest today—at the latitude of their pelvises.

The turn-of-the-21st-century downward drift of the waistline (it's begun to creep back up again, but uncertainly)—and the concomitant fixation on "core" abdominal-muscle definition—was a phenomenon brought to you by trendsetters high and low: Tom Ford, Britney Spears, and the beltless fellows in the cellblock. Historically, styles in bodies have followed the lead of fashions in clothing and just as quickly become passé. Rubens's pillowy ladies shimmer and swell like the voluminous satins of their era; the belly of van Eyck's prelapsarian Eve bulges in the same manner as the elegant gowns of 1430; the elevated breasts, rigid back, and wasp waist of Goya's *Nude Maja* echo the modish outlines of the sitter's discarded corset; and the sleek, low-slung bottoms and breasts of Howard Chandler Christy's nymphs at the Café des Artistes seem to have just fallen out of clingy, bias-cut Vionnets from the 30s. Accurate or not, period costumes in film are rarely convincing, because the bodies beneath them are anachronisms.

The android-y aesthetic of the pumped-up he-man with washboard abs (think 50 Cent)—which percolated into mainstream consciousness from gay and black subcultures—has even infiltrated the design of sneakers, and of automobiles, once dominated by female anatomical references. (The jutting, red-tipped taillights of a 1958 Chrysler Imperial Le Baron could make a grown man blush.)

These are not examples of meaningless and coincidental pseudomorphic resemblances. "The idea of fitness, being taut, athletic, pinched, does imbue car design today," says Joe Richardson, national brand P.R. manager for Mercedes-Benz USA, who cites as an example the 2007 S-Class sedan's "muscular shoulders." Likewise, the upswept, compact tails on vehicles from Nissan Maximas to BMW R 1200 motorcycles reflect, in my opinion, the recent veneration of pneumatic, high-set backsides, a predilection that has led, says New York plastic surgeon Dr. Gerald Imber, to an increased demand for silicone butt implants (a procedure he won't perform). And the V-8 engine tucked into the 2004 Maserati Coupé Cambiocorsa, to my eyes at least, resembles nothing so much as the powerful, ripped six-pack of the bearded Hercules, back at the Metropolitan Museum.

Surprisingly, at least for contemporary viewers, this Hercules (who once adorned a Roman bath) is not colossally scaled everywhere. In ancient Greece and Rome, men and women preferred "the dainty penis," says John R. Clarke, professor of art history at the University of Texas at Austin and author of *Roman Sex*. A large penis was considered "grotesque and comical," more suitable for freakish figures such as Satyrs than for gods, athletes, or heroes. A hunky man, dramatist Aristophanes wrote in 423 B.C.,



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had "a shining breast, a bright skin, big shoulders, a minute tongue, a big rump, and a small prick."

Predictably, just as the popular image of masculinity has hit a steroid-and-testosterone-fueled extreme, fashion designers have gone back to the drawing board and come up with a corrective antithesis. "The gym body has almost become a cliché," observes Ralph Pucci, whose firm, Pucci International, manufactures display mannequins for upmarket retailers. Agrees Simon Doonan, creative director of Barneys New York, "Sample sizes for men have never been so tiny. Male models have never been so concave. They're on low-carb diets, and they don't work out anymore—they jog. It's a look coming out of Paris, from Hedi Slimane. It's intellectual rather than sexy—definitely not an image gay men are slobbering over."

The schism between elite fashion sensibilities and vernacular tastes is even wider where women are concerned. While fashion models, notoriously, are mutating into ever more attenuated, long-necked, sharp-contoured, and small-headed creatures (gaunt proportions last seen in the sculptures of Alberto Giacometti or maybe the jamb statues of the Chartres Cathedral), stacked Russ Meyer–type fetish bimbos are overrunning the mass media (*The Girls Next Door, The Real Housewives of Orange County,* the Pussycat Dolls, or any girlfriend of Quagmire, the pervert on *Family Guy*). At the Metropolitan Museum Costume Institute's gala last May, Jessica Simpson looked almost as out of context as Stella Tennant would have at the Playboy Mansion. The flip side of anorexic chic is not, in my opinion, morbid obesity, but inflatable-sex-doll-style self-mortification, via knives, needles, treadmills, hair extensions, fake tans, fake teeth, fake nails, and full Brazilians. It's a cyber-age variation on Munchausen syndrome that makes old-fashioned tight-lacing and garden-variety female masochism seem wholesome by comparison.

"I find it incomprehensible that, after the feminism of Kate Millett and Betty Friedan, women would turn themselves into an army of Stepford porno chicks with shop-bought hooters," says Simon Doonan. Observes psychoanalyst Dr. Janice S. Lieberman, a specialist in narcissistic body-awareness disorders, "Instead of working at a job, these women work on their bodies, almost as a moral imperative. It's a backlash against feminism, a symptom of accelerated upward mobility, a consequence of inadequate nurturing, and a way of having control in otherwise scary times."

Ariel Levy, author of *Female Chauvinist Pigs,* says, "One image of women—promoted by fashion—is impossibly complex, coded, and conceptual, and the other is in-your-face crass, anti-intellectual, pop as it can be, accessible as the Internet porn on which it's based, and absolute science fiction."

The fiction, as far as breasts go, is less about size than shape. Jane Russell's 40s *Outlaw* bosom—cantilevered into twin projectile missiles by Howard Hughes's aeronautically engineered brassiere—still reads as real. The perfect big tits on 50s Vargas cheesecake, the flawless little ones on René Gruau's 70s Lido girls, and the ideal pair on Peggy Moffitt in Rudi Gernreich's 1964 topless bathing suit, dip and tilt anatomically—an organic, teardrop silhouette difficult to replicate in the operating room. Today's standard-issue synthetic breasts have the subtlety of bowling balls, and underpinnings are devised to squeeze them together, not "lift and separate" them as the old Playtex TV ads used to promise. "You lie on your back, and they look like water wings," Dr. Imber explains. "It's a look that originated when saline implants were still prevalent, and the bag was typically placed under the pectoral muscle rather than layered between the muscle and the breast."

The spherical Hollywood boob has been absorbed by fine art (Lisa Yuskavage's nudes), assimilated into fiberglass mannequins (Ralph Pucci's "Goddess" line), taken up by Marvel Comics (see the latest figurine of Mary Jane, Spider-Man's girlfriend)—and, naturally, adopted by Barbie herself. Maybe it's past time for another remake of *One Touch of Venus,* the 1948 film in which Ava Gardner played a window dresser's dummy come to life.

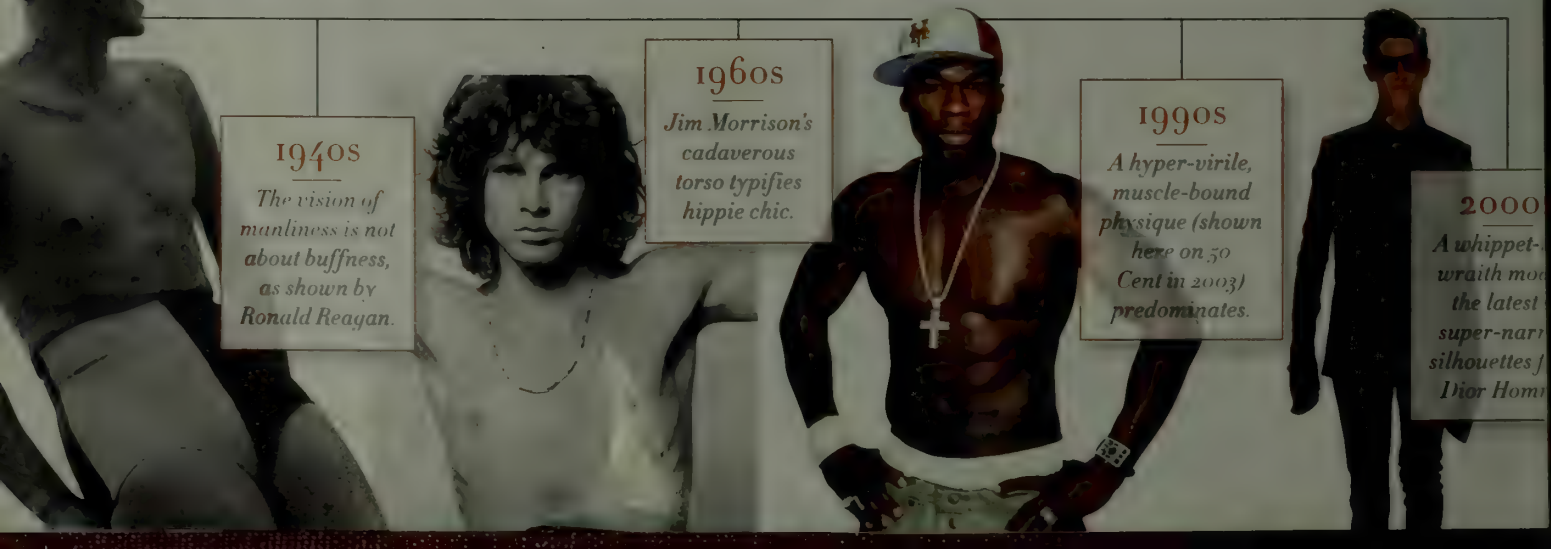
Around the same moment that Universal released this *Pygmalion*-inspired fantasy, Christian Dior—who had just introduced his cinched and buttressed New Look—declared, "Without foundations there can be no fashion." Sixty years later, women can insert their stays, boning, trusses, and padding directly into their own mortal flesh.

The current species of clinically modified breasts and derrières will, inevitably, go out of style—as surely as did the snub noses of 1960s rhinoplasty and last fall's Balenciaga platform heels. Disposing of them will be a process a little more complicated than snipping shoulder pads out of an 80s Alaïa suit jacket or burning a 40s Playtex Living Girdle, a contraption that compressed the posterior into an uncleaved mono-buttock. Heterosexual women are not the only self-mutilators at risk of becoming fashion victims. Also in line for obsolescence are the guys, who, in search of a virile sort of hermaphroditism, have undergone Tom of Finland–like pec implants. ("No sex without pecs," goes one gay mantra.) "Envy of the opposite sex is powerful," notes Dr. Lieberman.

Meanwhile, fashion is on the move again, and so is body-part fixation. "In a split second it's on to the next thing," says Pucci, whose current best-selling female mannequins are "thin, flat-chested, narrow-hipped, and long-legged, with good collarbones." Simultaneously, Style.com has named legs, and *The New York Times* clavicles, the latest erogenous zones. "The bony parts are replacing the sexual areas," says Dr. Lieberman. "If sex is no longer forbidden or mysterious, what kind of charge is there in exposing your pelvis or crack?" At Manhattan black-tie parties, women are giving up their plunging, trailing, siren gowns for abbreviated, child-like dresses, either with a raised waist or no waist at all. "You can attribute those baby-doll looks—and all the dresses over skinny jeans or leggings—to the fashion and celebrity icons who over the last year have been pregnant," suggests Stacey Bendet, designer for the avant-garde label Alice & Olivia.

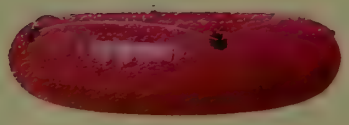
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And that's just about as far from a toned midriff and artificially enlarged knockers as you can get—for now. If anatomy is destiny, as Freud proposed, then it is human nature to try to reshape both. □

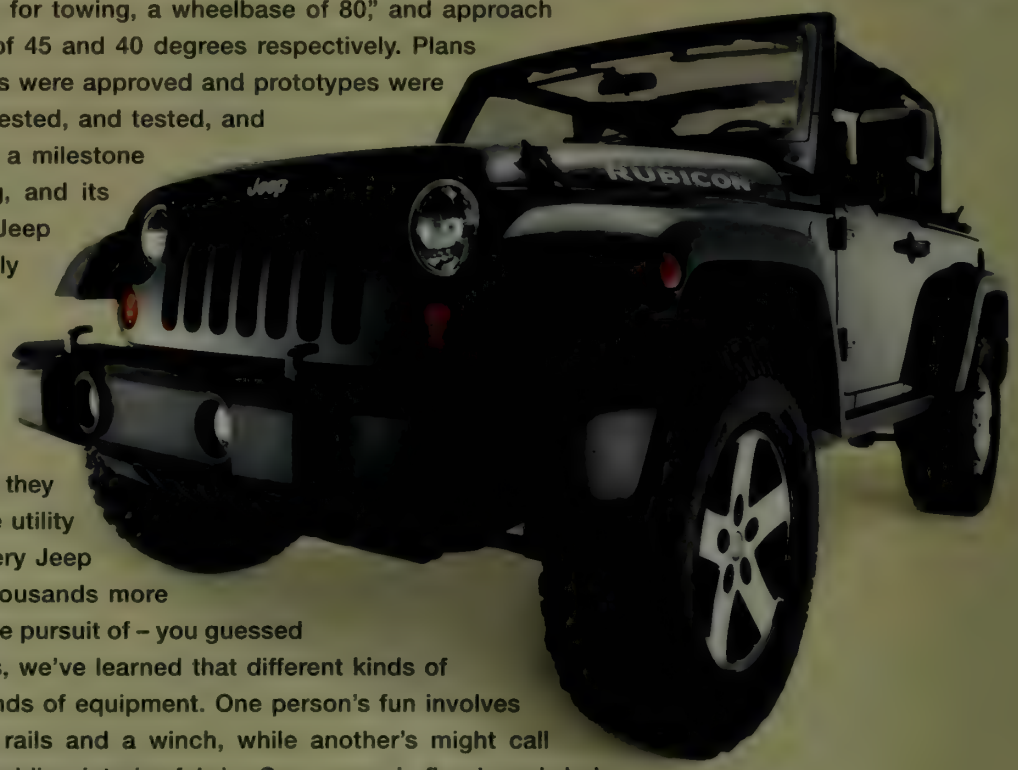



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VANITIES

SEPTEMBER 2007



Alexa Davalos

AGE: 25. **PROVENANCE:** Paris (though she's part American, on her mother's side). **FROM ONE KIND OF ACTION TO ANOTHER:** Best known till now as Vin Diesel's sidekick in *The Chronicles of Riddick*, Davalos is part of the ensemble cast (with, among others, Morgan Freeman, Selma Blair, Fred Ward, and Greg Kinnear) of *The Feast of Love*, Robert Benton's new film, out this month, based on Charles Baxter's acclaimed 2001 novel about the multiple ways that people experience love and sex. **YES, THIS ENTAILED HER BEING NAKED A LOT.** "It was incredibly daunting, doing all that nudity," Davalos says. "It was something that made me

CONTINUED on page 330

STYLED BY CARLYNE CERF DE DUDZEELE. BOTTOMS BY CHLOÉ. SHOES BY MANOLO BLAHNIK. SET DESIGN BY KEVIN HERTZOG. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS, PAGE 330. BY SHU UEMURA. HAIR BY MICHEL ALEMAN. MAKEUP BY KUMIKO TAKAGI. MANICURE BY ANA MARIA.



Alexa Davalos CONTINUED from page 329 question whether or not I could pursue the film. Having been raised in Europe with European film, that's something that never really made me blink an eye until I was in the U.S. It's raw. People sit together in bed naked. It happens, you know." FOR ROCK- AND MOVIE-TRIVIA BUFFS: Davalos takes her surname from her maternal grandfather, actor Richard Davalos, who appeared alongside James Dean in *East of Eden*—and whose face, in a blurry still from that film, adorns the cover of the Smiths' final album, *"Strangeways, Here We Come."* AND DAVALOS HAS JUST LANDED HER FIRST MAJOR LEAD...Opposite Daniel Craig in Edward Zwick's *Defiance*, based on the true story of a star-crossed couple in Nazi-occupied Poland who helped create a forest sanctuary for Jewish refugees. Look for it next year.

—KRISTA SMITH

Candidates' Spouses

INTELLIGENCE REPORT



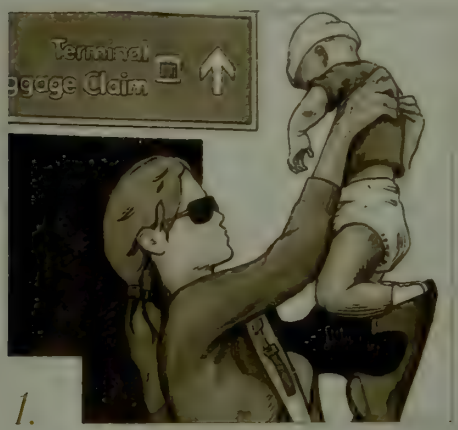
	CINDY McCAIN	JUDITH GIULIANI	MICHELLE OBAMA	ELIZABETH EDWARDS	ANN ROMNEY	BILL CLINTON
Persona	Under-the-radar prime earner	Office-party seductress	Eye-rolling power mom	Ms. Reality Check	Partner in excellence	Reformed rake
Hometown	Phoenix	Hazleton, Pennsylvania	Chicago	Assorted navy bases in Japan	Bloomfield Hills, Michigan	Hope, Arkansas
Signature Outfit	Subdued pantsuit with gigantic pearls	Sleeveless, peak-lapeled tuxedo dress with plunging neckline	Red twinset with discreet gold necklace	Tweedy "Parents' Weekend Brunch" mom blazer	Silk tea jacket with big shoulders	Greg Norman golf shirt
Hair	Metallic tresses	The *Sex and the City* season-two "Charlotte" 'do	Attorney's pouf	Sensible bob	Full "Krystle Carrington"	Expensively tamed silver thicket
Day Job	Beer-distribution heiress	Pharmaceutical sales rep	Hospital exec	Campaign adviser	Abstinence counselor	$300,000-a-pop toastmaster
Bête Noire	Early-1990s addiction to painkillers	First two marriages	Hubby's cig jones	Hooked on MySpace	Those *Big Love*–fostered misperceptions	Bimbo eruptions
Signature Facial Expression	Steely pop-eyed smile	Twisted grin and Jennifer Wilbanks krazy-eyes	"Barack, *please*" smirk	Nurturing gaze	"Buh-bye now" stewardess smile	Lip bite and puppy-dog eyes
White House Redecorating Fantasy	Navajo BBQ pit	Move maid quarters into Situation Room to gain more closet space	Smoke-free indoor jump-rope clinic in Indian Treaty Room	East Room redone as pine lodge with soapstone fireplace	Tack shop for signature First Equestrienne collection	Plasma-walled ESPN Zone–style clubhouse with extra recliner for Vernon Jordan

—RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFF


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Celebrity Step-by-Step

This Month: HOW TO HURRY YOUR NEWLY ADOPTED BABY THROUGH AN AIRPORT PAPARAZZI GAUNTLET



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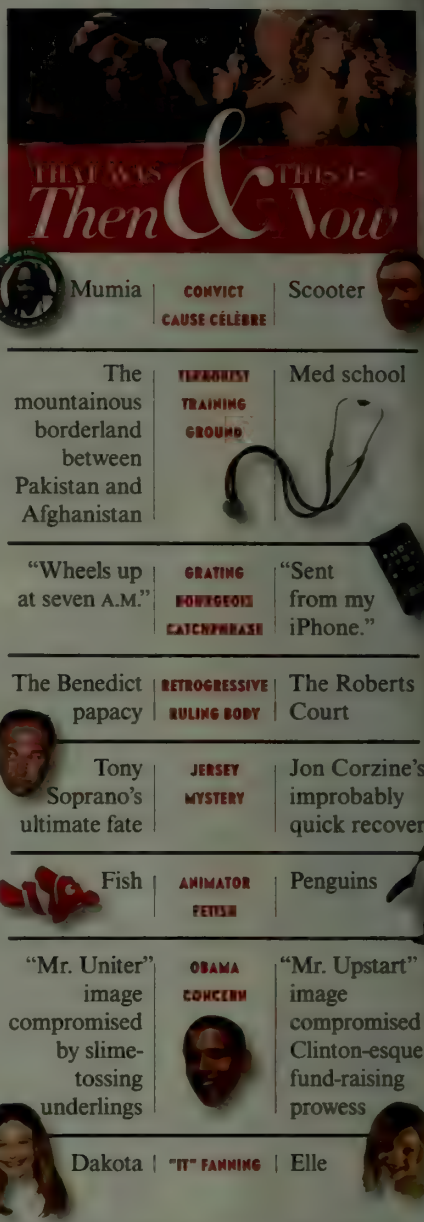
2. *Gently shield infant's face with hand and slightly oversize knit cap.*



3. *Keep eyes downcast so as not to come off as photo-op seeking.*



4. *Enlist heavyset men to escort you to waiting limo.*



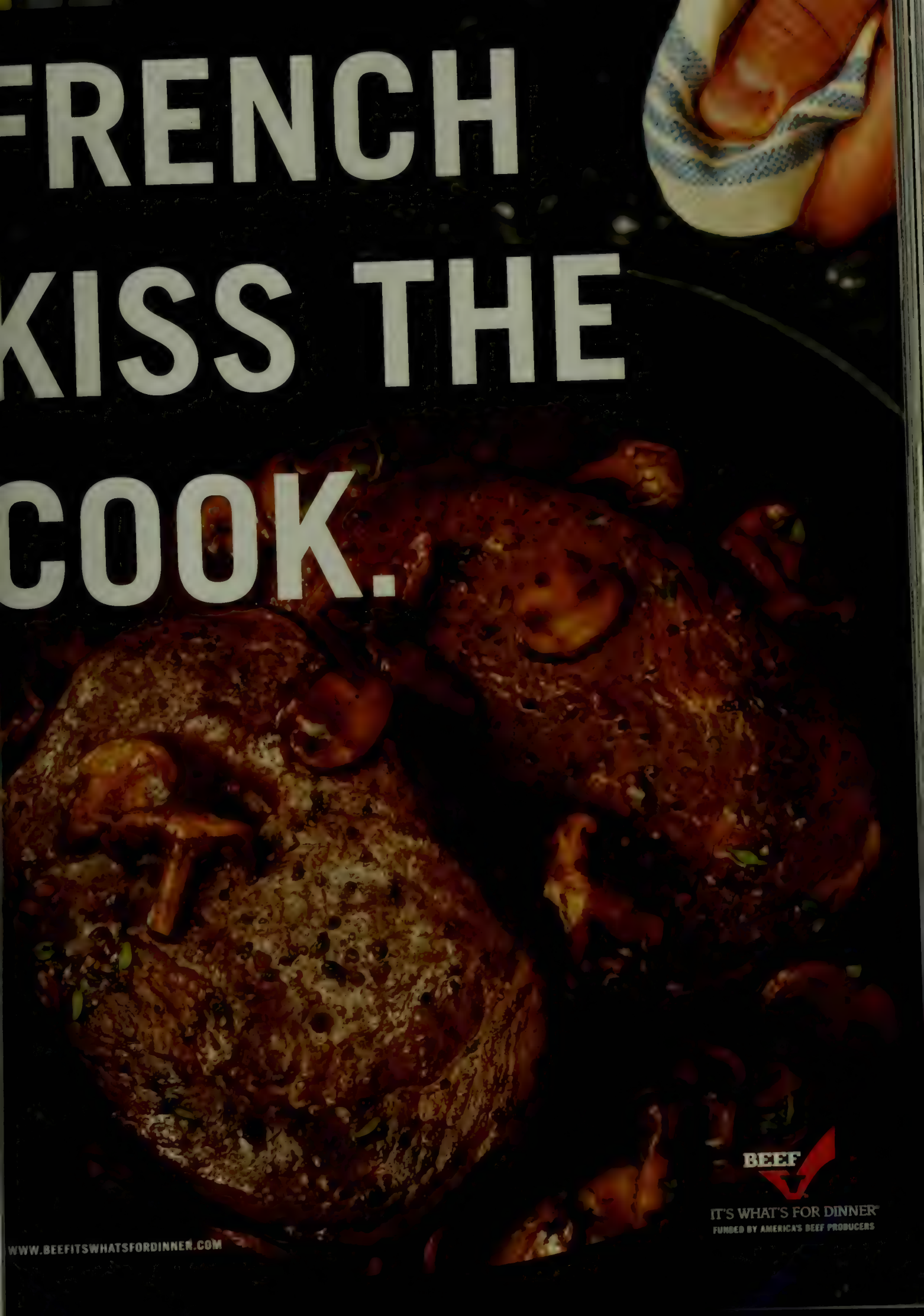


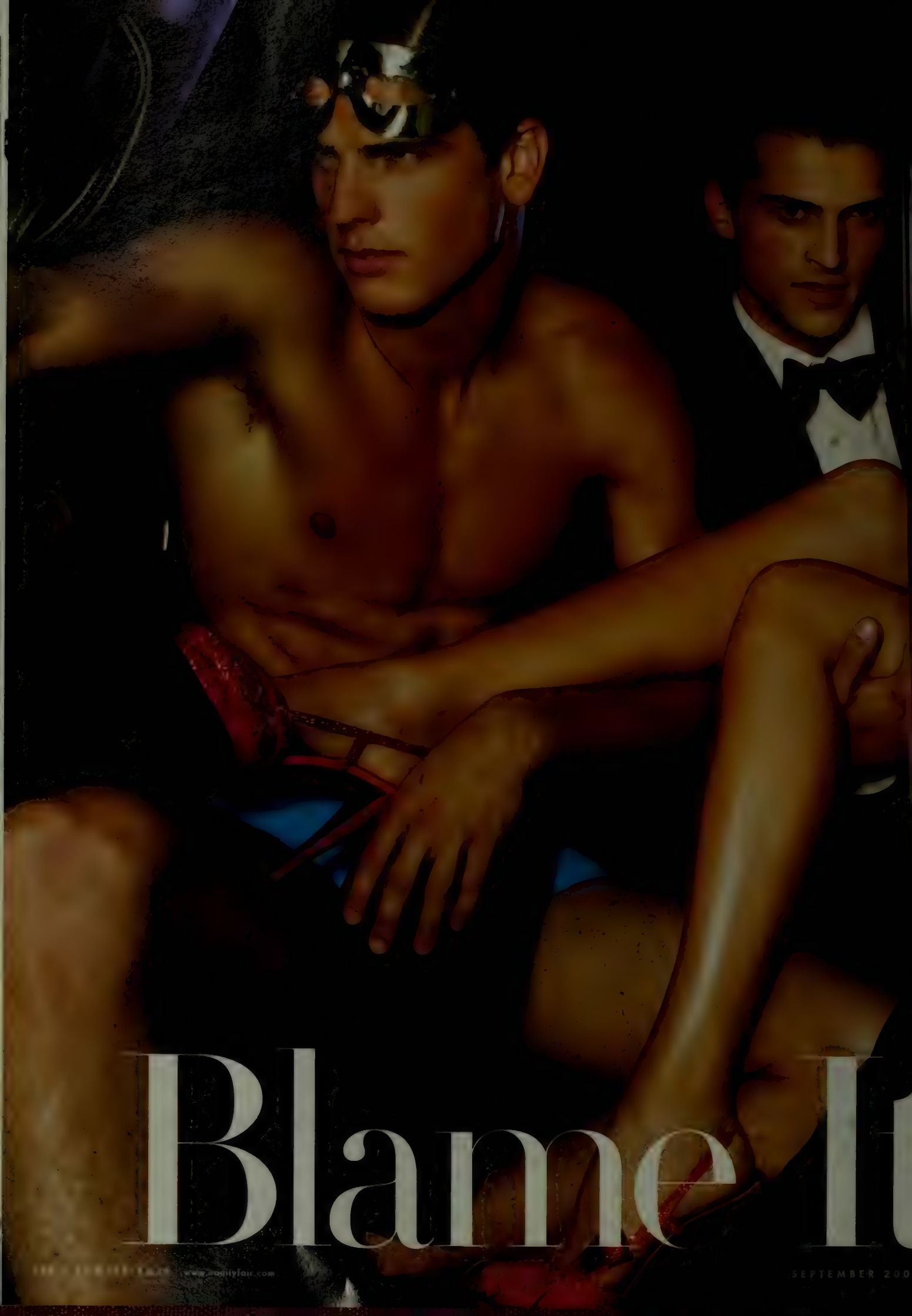
1. You're an heiress whose much younger husband is having an affair with a still-younger woman, at the mirror contemplating a face-lift.

2. You're the first woman to be secretary of defense, having your first in-person encounter with the head of the Joint Chiefs, who, the day before, told CNN that you're "a really cute gal."

3. You're the ferocious head of a major ad agency, berating a V.P. who's failed to land the Cialis account, and you're screaming, "You're so limp, you oughta be the *poster boy* for that stuff!"

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Blame It



Caipirinhas at Midnight

Gisele Bündchen (in Armani Privé) is escorted to the party by model Evandro Soldati (in a Keiko bathing suit), with models Romulo Pires and Thyago Alves (in Tom Ford tuxedos).

With its trillion-dollar economy, stupendous resources, and habit of throwing a world-class party at the drop of a *buriti*, Brazil is the 21st-century giant no one worries about and everybody loves. In Rio, photographer MARIO TESTINO and *Vanity Fair* style director MICHAEL ROBERTS create a sensation with the fashion-setters of South America's sexiest city, while A. A. GILL gets to the bottom of the country's charisma

on Brazil

There are many ways of bisecting the world, of making binary distinctions between north and south, haves/have-nots, wheat/rice, *Baywatch*/Al Jazeera, shirt in/shirt out. But what is most interesting, most telling, is the division between the breast world and bottom world. The United States is right at the cleavage of the breast world. Breast Is Best. It is the wholesome American bosom, perky with promise. Breasts point at you from billboards, glossy pages, shopwindows, and while you're running for rush-hour taxis. The breast world encompasses North America, most of Europe (though the Swiss are nonaligned), reaching the permanent tundras of Siberia and the glittering Bosporus. The Turks go for stomach. Who knows what tickles the mojo of the hijab'd and burka'd Middle East and Central Asia. Fancy eyes, probably. The bottom world is most of the Southern Hemisphere and includes much of Africa, as well as the subcontinent of India and those parts of the Far East that stated a preference—as far as we can tell, the Inuit are bottom folk.

And then there's Latin America, booty country from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego. The bottom world meets the breast world at the gringo border. Derrière mecca, Rearsville central, the vibrating, syncopating, sashaying, working-it, heaving seat of bottoms is Brazil. Rio: proudly, majestically, the butt of the world. The rapt adoration of bottoms by Brazilians is astonishing. It's the defining characteristic of Brazilian society. It makes life slightly different. If your main feature is worn in front, if it's your chest, then you have to make eye contact with the men who are sizing you up. But if the object of attraction is behind you, you can only imagine how it's being received. Men turn and admire quite openly. Brazilian women are all optimists. It gives them a peculiar swagger. Brazilian women's independence comes directly from their bottoms.

Brazil is everyone's second team. We all love Brazil. All the associations with Brazil are good, warm, and sexy. Samba and Ipanema, bottoms and beautiful soccer, *carnaval,* rain forest, and biofuel. Brazilians have the most sought-after stolen passport in the world because it could belong to anyone. We all look Brazilian. They have the biggest population of Japanese outside Prada. There are tons of blond, blue-eyed Germans having beer festivals. There's every shade of indigenous Indian and West African. This is the melting pot. It's not a country without racism or snobbery, but it's malleable, more homogeneous than hierarchic, or, as they say, *Um pé na cozinha.* Everyone has one foot in the kitchen.

While we all look at the cunning power of China, with its ravenous, belching industrial revolution that consumes the world and pukes it back out cheaper and tackier; and India, with its 22nd-century I.T., 19th-century infrastructure, and 3rd-century philosophy; and Russia, with its black miser's heart and lachrymose marzipan soul, and a society of pitiless cruelty and exploitation, no one seems to pay much attention to the fourth member of the four horsemen of the future: Bra

It's big, almost as big as the continental United States, and it h everything. A whole world in one country, a one-stop shop. Alm every precious stone and halfway useful bit of ore is buried un Brazil. Everything grows on top of Brazil. It has great swaths under-utilized agricultural land—the capacity for growth is expon tial, staggering. It's a country that can feed or cleanly power h the planet, but perhaps the most remarkable statistic, the sleep fact, is that Brazil has nearly 20 percent of the world's freshwa

It's a trillion-dollar economy with a balance-of-payments surpl roughly 3 percent growth, and inflation that has plummeted fr 2,500 percent in 1993 to between 2 and 4 percent, depending whom you ask. In the same period the minimum wage has risen fr $55 a month to $200. If you don't understand or care much for b ance sheets, just go to a Rio juice bar and look at the menu. The fi 10 flavors will be familiar. The last dozen, you'll have never heard Brazil has more of everything than you can imagine, and it's still the first page. It's like the U.S. in the 1850s but with better music.

But what makes Brazil the most enviable place on t globe is something that doesn't appear on U.N. s opses. Brazilians have the ability to make a party o of nothing, and then make it the most exciting nig you've ever had. Someone once said that dancing the vertical expression of a horizontal desire. Th way Brazilians dance, it's not an expression, it's foreplay. There is rhythm that runs through Brazilian life, and it affects everyone a laces them together with an amoral, prehistoric, sweaty, rain-fore beat that's as dirty as sin but also as elegant and suave as angels: e citable, dangerous, irresistible, and best of all, most attractively, i all guiltless. Remember what that felt like? Remember a time wh fun didn't come with a disclaimer, a health warning, neighbor consequences, and all the sensible nanny responsibilities, the restri tions that make us worry about offsetting our party footprint?

Brazil is a nation of inexcusable social division. Drug and gang crim blight and support the favelas. But the urge and the ability to have really big, good time is a Brazilian birthright. They didn't get much life and liberty, but they went all out in the pursuit of happiness.

Nightlife unites the nation with music and gyrating bums. Th greatest display of exuberance and joy is made by the people who ha the least. The rich live lives of unapologetic extravagance, but they do shoulder to shoulder with the poor. There is nowhere to hide, nowher to dissemble. The poor of the favelas look into the windows of the rich The plastic surgeon who's lifting society buttocks in the morning will be mending cleft palates in the slums in the afternoon. The president is a barely literate man who rose from abysmal rural poverty to govern a country that does all the things that Hollywood pretends to be about, all the posturing of hedonism, all the expensive beauty and personal maintenance, all the trappings of sexual availability. Al the things that are so fake in our society they have for real in Brazil.

FOR MORE PHOTOS OF GISELE BÜNDCHEN, GO TO VF.COM.

In Brazil, they feel no pain, no responsibility. All they feel is im pending great expectations, and buttocks. Ultimately, it's the vain est country on earth, besotted by the way it looks, its tan, its glutes its bikini. Just watch the 60-year-olds in Speedo thongs pound th boardwalk early in the morning, sucking in their stomachs. There i gym equipment all over the streets the way Phoenix has park bench es. Brazil looks in the mirror every morning and loves, just adores what it sees. Imagine what that feels like.



Belle of the Ball

Camilla Belle—actress, face of Vera Wang's Princess, Ivy League freshman—makes an entrance in Prada and Miu Miu.



The Young and the Restless

Fashion consultant Julio Rêgo (in Giorgio Armani black-tie) beckons model Pedro Bahia (in a Roberto Cavalli swimsuit), actor Thiago Marinho (in Dolce & Gabbana swim trunks), and model Camilla Finn (in Chanel) to the party. *Opposite*, photographer Antonio Pedro (in Ralph Lauren) and model Rody Cezar (in DKNY) flank soap-opera star Thais Botelho, who wears an Emporio Armani prom dress.







Winning Streak

Models Camilla Finn (in D²) and Pedro Bahia (in Dolce & Gabbana) lounge in the foreground with teen actress Thais Botelho (in Jenny Packham) and model Pierre Baitelli (in Martin Margiela). Elsewhere at the party, Julio Rêgo, actress Betty Lago (in a Gucci 40s-look dress), model Daiana Callado (in an Herrera gold lame gown), cosmetic surgeon Dr. Carlos Fernando Gomes de Almeida (in a Brooks Brothers white tux), socialite Andrea Dellal (in a Roberto Cavalli goddess gown), and man-about-town Raphael Sander (in Dolce & Gabbana) observe a stranger.


WE ALL (A)
BRAZIL. ALL THE
ASSOCIATIONS
WITH BRAZIL
ARE GOOD, WARM,
AND SEXY.

Soap Dishes



Telenovela stars Taís Araújo (in Valentino) and Camila Pitanga (in Zac Posen) create a splash. *Opposite*, *telenovela* heartthrobs Cauã Reymond (in Dior Homme), Reynaldo Gianecchini (in Versace), and Marcio Garcia (in Canali) surround *Playboy* pinup Luiza Brunet (in Dolce & Gabbana and a Carnival headdress) and her daughter model Yasmin Brunet (in Dolce & Gabbana).





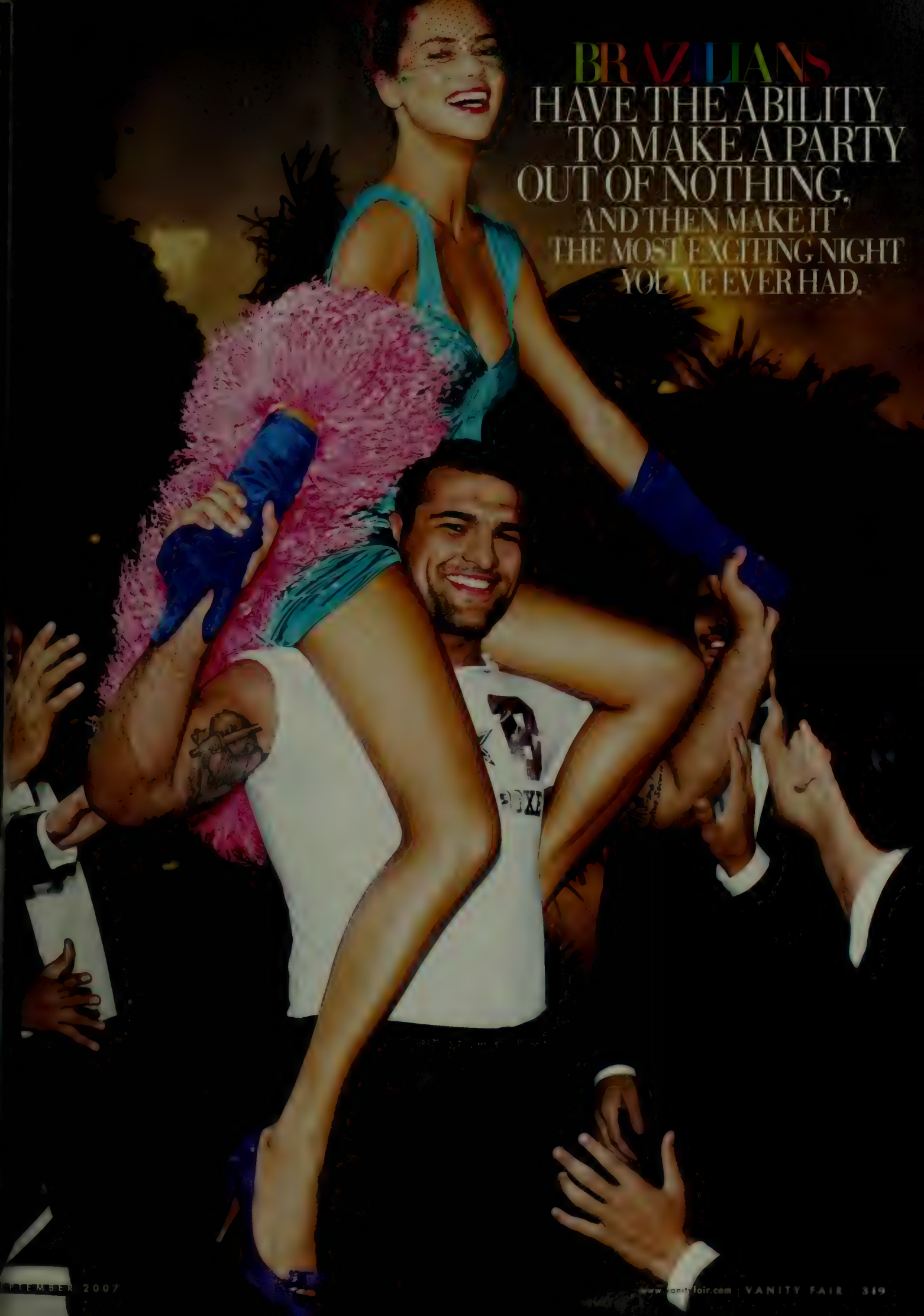
lay It Again, Samba

etano Veloso. South American
n, wears a white Prada suit as
serenades pinup Adriana Lima
ated. in yellow Emanuel Ungaro).
ecering. from left: model Carlos
eire (in Moschino). model
ávia Oliveira (in Christian Dior).
telier Rogério Fasano (in a Daslu
omme tux). two male models.
ctoria's Secret poster girl
essandra Ambrosio (seated. in
l Dolce & Gabbana). model
amilla Finn (in a Sonia Rykiel
ess and a Louis Vuitton beret).
ior Jonathan Haagensen
ated. in Brioni). five male models.
tress Camilla Belle (in a red
loé dress). and jujitsu champion
maury Bitetti (in a Canali suit).



The Bo from Bra

Sex symbol Ferna Lima emerges fr skinny-dip to don D Karan Couture. *Oppo* hottie Adriana Lima fr in BCBG Max A on the shoulders of mi martial-arts fig Mauricio "Shogun" (wearing Canali tu pants and his own T-sh


BRAZILIANS
HAVE THE ABILITY
TO MAKE A PARTY
OUT OF NOTHING,
AND THEN MAKE IT
THE MOST EXCITING NIGHT
YOU'VE EVER HAD.



Songstresses of the South

At right, singer Bebel Gilberto (seated, in a yellow Jasmine di Milo cocktail mini) harmonizes with pop star Marisa Monte (in a psychedelic Pucci muumuu). Above, left, girls-about-town Charlotte Dellal (in green Moschino Cheap and Chic with orange Georges Morand gloves), Alice Dellal (in Bottega Veneta with pink D² body armor), and Tatiana Santo Domingo (in a pink Luisa Beccaria dress) are surrounded by fellow fans of the musicians.







Bar Belles

Models flock to the bar wearing sparkling cocktail sequin minis: Flávia Oliveira in Gianfranco Ferré, Izabel Goulart in Balmain, Marcelle Bittar in Marchesa, Fabiana Semperboni in Isaac Mizrahi, Raica Oliveira in Giorgio Armani, and Alessandra Ambrosio in Versace.



Arty Party

Model Igor Rangel (in a Domenico Vacca tux), gallerist Marcia Forte (in Pucci), MTV Brasil V.J. Fernanda Tavares (seated, in a yellow Miu Miu dress), artist Ernesto Neto (in Corneliani), model Evandro Soldati (in a Dolce & Gabbana bathing suit; string courtesy of Neto), model Jens Peter (seated, in a Corneliani dinner jacket and Salvatore Ferragamo pants), model Paulo Zulu (in Gucci), gallerist Alessandra D'Aloia (in Bill Blass), model Sergio Mello (seated, in a Giorgio Armani tux), model Rodrigo Hilbert (in Brooks Brothers), model Ana Beatriz Barros (in a red Louis Vuitton waxed-goat-hair coat; artwork by Beatriz Milhazes), artist Beatriz Milhazes (in Donna Karan), artist Adriana Varejão (in Gucci), collector Jan Olesen (in Louis Vuitton), and model Gabriel Mattar (seated, in a Prada suit).





Fashion Rocks

The Funk Boys—Anderson Cardoso Dos Santos, Thiago da Silva Costa, and Marcos Flores—get down for fashionistas, including designer Lenny Niemeyer (in an Adrienne Landau feathered coat), designer Oskar Metsavaht (in Dior Homme), designer Carlos Miele (in D²), model Isabeli Fontana (in a Roberto Cavalli silvery mermaid gown), designer Pedro Lourenço (in Dior Homme), model Flávia Oliveira (in Azzaro), model Leandro Ghidini (in Martin Margiela), actress Luiza Mariani (in black Azzedine Alaïa), designer Isabela Capeto (seated, in a Diane von Furstenberg beaded dress), model Marcelle Bittar (behind Capeto, in Calvin Klein) with Calvin Klein designer Francisco Costa (in Calvin Klein), stylist Ana Monteiro de Carvalho (seated, in Emporio Armani), stylist Felipe Velosa (in a Dolce & Gabbana mask and Alexander McQueen jacket), and supermodel Izabel Goulart (in backless Balmain and Dolce & Gabbana gilded snakeskin boots).





The Party's Over

Supermodel Isabeli Fontana (in a fuchsia Christopher Kane cocktail dress and emerald patent-leather Manolo Blahnik sandals) is carried home by tuxedo-clad models (clockwise from bottom left) Felipe Caffé in Valentino, Leandro Ghidini and John Moraes in Burberry, Paulo Ferreira in Dolce & Gabbana, Rodrigo Frota in Hermès, João Vellutini in Prada, Felipe Hulse in Dior Homme, Raphael Sander in Dolce & Gabbana, and Daniel Esdras in Calvin Klein.



American

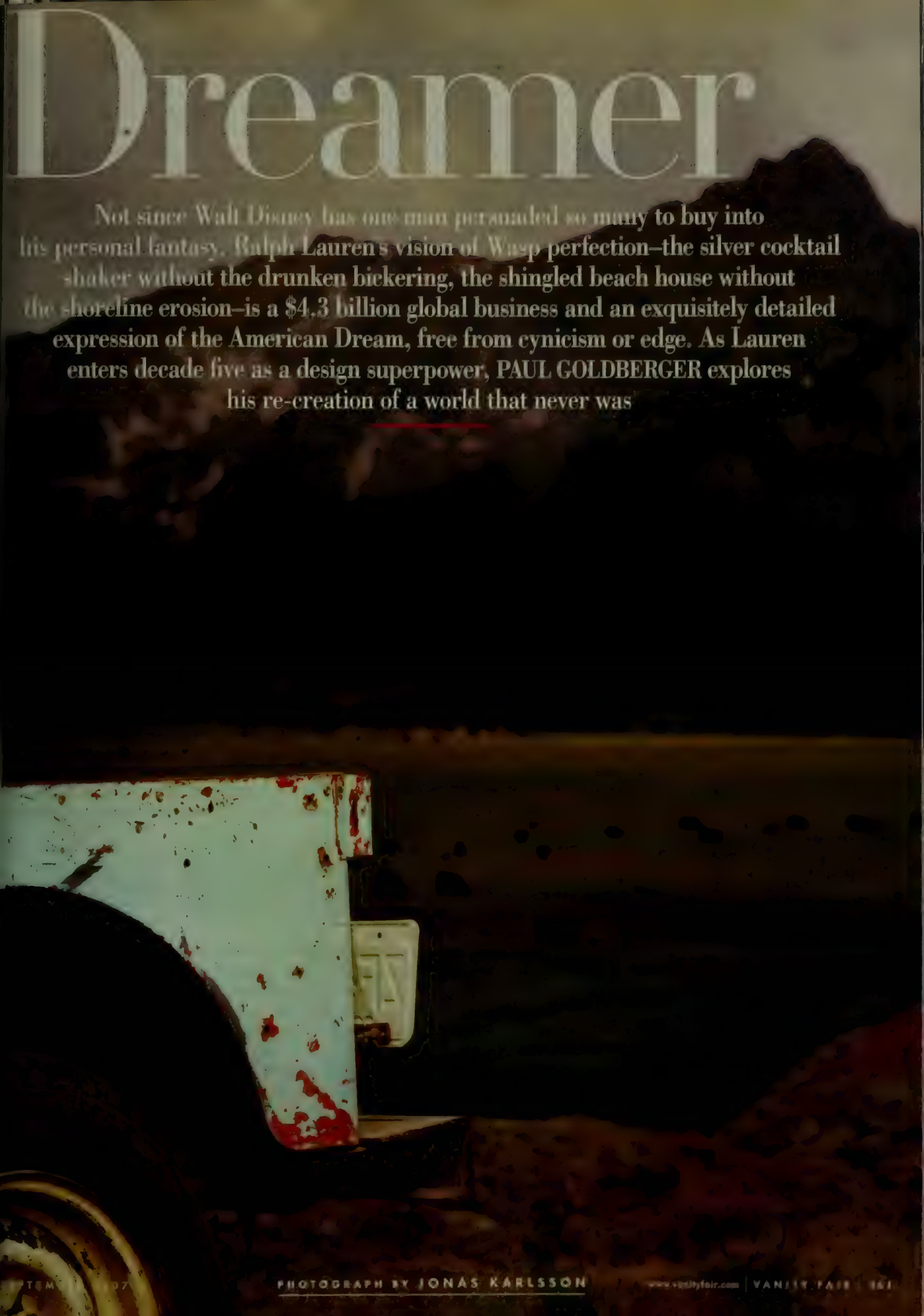


MR. PERFECT

Ralph Lauren and Cash, an Australian shepherd/bluetick mix, take a spin in the designer's circa-1948 Willys Jeep on the Double RL Ranch, near Telluride, Colorado, July 9, 2007.

Dreamer

Not since Walt Disney has one man persuaded so many to buy into his personal fantasy. Ralph Lauren's vision of Wasp perfection–the silver cocktail shaker without the drunken bickering, the shingled beach house without the shoreline erosion–is a $4.3 billion global business and an exquisitely detailed expression of the American Dream, free from cynicism or edge. As Lauren enters decade five as a design superpower, PAUL GOLDBERGER explores his re-creation of a world that never was



PHOTOGRAPH BY JONAS KARLSSON

There is no irony to Ralph Lauren. That may be the most important thing to know about him. As Lauren enters his fifth decade in business, it is increasingly clear that he makes those beautiful clothes and perfect leather chairs and voluptuous quilts not to comment on the culture but to wallow in it. The man who has built a $4.3 billion company by replicating preppy fashions, Art Deco sophistication, and Adirondack ease isn't motivated by skepticism, and, no, he isn't driven by nostalgia either. Lauren isn't trying to live in the past. He's trying to get the past to live in the present, which takes a lot more chutzpah, because to make it work you have to get other people to sign on to your fantasies. No one—well, no one since Walt Disney—has done a better job of that than Ralph Lauren.

Fashion is one of the more cynical businesses in a cynical world, which makes Lauren's long career all the more astonishing, given that he operates with the sincerity of a character in a Frank Capra movie. Lauren takes it all very, very seriously—the clothes, the furniture, the houses, the whole aura of picture-perfect Wasp life that he has developed, piece by piece, over 40 years. He figured out a long time ago that Americans, for all they may talk about diversity, don't want too much of it in their physical surroundings. They are happy to watch *The Sopranos,* but they want their houses to look like *Leave It to Beaver.* Lauren based his business on the recognition that the ideal that people carry in their heads of what life is supposed to look like hasn't changed nearly as much as the world itself has changed. He realized that you don't have to be a Republican to enjoy dressing like one.

Lauren's take on American life isn't self-consciously retro. It's not self-conscious at all, which is part of its appeal. Lauren wants to serve you America straight up. The only twist is that his version tastes better than the real thing, because he has taken out everything that would make it sour. Real Wasp life, after all, can be messy. People get drunk, they fight, they let their houses get dingy and their clothes frayed. In Lauren's world, the silver martini shaker beckons, but nobody gets soused. The house has a patina, but never a hole in the carpet. The clothes are classic, not tired. When you enter one of Ralph Lauren's stores, or even when you look at one of his magazine ads, you see the world as better than it is. But you do not see a different world. Almost every other designer's stock-in-trade is that special frisson of the new. Not so with Lauren. If he has shocked you, he has failed. When people describe things as "very Ralph Lauren," they have in mind a world of old money and relaxed style that impresses not just because it is so beautiful but because it seems at once so familiar and so effortless.

And that world is complete in itself. If you look at the windows of Lauren's stores on Madison Avenue on Manhattan's Upper Eas Side, you don't see just clothes. You see exquisitely wrought tableau of upper-class life, stage sets made up of meticulously arranged pho tographs and chairs and antiques. The furnishings are so dazzlin that you could almost miss the mannequins done up in the lates Lauren fashions. I suspect it's not an accident that the clothes aren front and center. By the time you notice them, the message of th window has already registered: This is how life is supposed to b And you know, whether or not you are willing to admit it, that yo like it. These aren't just things to wear. They are elements in a bigge operation, an attempt to re-arrange the world so it looks . . . well, th way Ralph Lauren always thought it ought to look.

Everybody knows that Ralph Lauren grew up in the Bronx, tha his name was once Lifshitz, and that he was motivated by a nos pressed-against-the-glass love for a culture he most definitely hadn inherited. What makes Lauren different from every other Jew wit Wasp fantasies is how completely he saw Waspdom in visual term and how determined he was to design every bit of it, down to the las detail, and then make a living selling his fantasies to others, startin with ties and then moving on to men's wear, women's wear, acce sories, perfumes, household objects, and furniture. The things tha seem to have inspired him most—the movie-star aura of Fred Astair and Cary Grant, Cedric Gibbons's classic set designs for MGM, an Slim Aarons's lavish photographs of the rich at leisure—all sugges an environment in which everything is of a piece. I think Lauren wa entranced by the notion that every last detail, from the clothes to th rooms to the cars to the views, and even the people themselves, coul be orchestrated to look consistent and perfect. I used to wonder wh every other designer's sheets and comforters are sold at Blooming dale's out of racks on an open floor, while Lauren's are in their ow separate area with pine-paneled walls. Or why the Armani, Zegn and Canali sections on the men's clothing floor at Saks Fifth Avenu all have crisp, modern fixtures, while the Polo Ralph Lauren sectio looks and feels like an English club. It's because Lauren's product promise more than just the rush of pleasure that luxurious object provide. When you buy them, you get to enter Ralph Lauren's movi You get a tiny slice of that whole environment from which it come whether it is the perfect shingled summer house by the sea, the slee ski lodge, the western ranch, or the streamlined penthouse. Every

Ralph Lauren realized that you do

body loves that stuff, and whether you think of it as your birthrigh or as something you aspire to hardly matters.

The drive to create a total environment reaches its apex, surely in Lauren's own stores, where there are no competing labels to offe distraction. Their success is astonishing: in New York, the origina Polo Ralph Lauren store, at 72nd and Madison, has now mutate into a whole colony of Ralph Lauren shops that fill the entire bloc between 71st and 72nd Streets—one for babies and small children one for casualwear, and another for athletic wear. The only thing lef on the block that hasn't been Laurenized is St. James's Church. suspect he would have taken that over, too, but for the fact that it i one of the citadels of New York Waspdom, and he probably quit enjoyed having it in the middle of his private village.

The same kind of expansion has occurred 100 miles to the east in East Hampton, long home to the Polo Country Store, whic looks exactly like the relaxed country store of everyone's dream

only that store carried $1,000 jackets. The casual perfection is, f course, the farthest thing from casual. The other day I saw a erk adjusting piles of shirts and sweaters so that they would seem rewn about in just the right way on the distressed wood shelving. n his hand was a photocopy of the display that he was using as an struction sheet. Earlier this year, an even more studied children's ore opened next door, in an almost completely reconstructed old ame house. Inside is a double-height atrium with a spectacular ee house. There is talk that new stores will soon be taking over earby buildings, including an old barn a few doors down that is ne of the most historic structures on the town's main street. On hicago's North Michigan Avenue, where Lauren evidently could nd no existing building of suitable size—big enough to be a con-incing stage set, small enough not to be mistaken for a banal de-artment store—the Polo Ralph Lauren store, replete with mahog-ny paneling, was carved into the base of the new Peninsula hotel. limestone façade was plunked onto the exterior, so it would look rom the sidewalk like a separate building.

Lauren, with his ability to envision a whole world in idealized form and then persuade others to buy into it, casts the net of design far wider than almost any fashion designer in history. In a sense, Lauren's sales pitches are like the come-ons of a great politician, which is why I ave begun to wonder whether Lauren may have more in common ith figures such as Ronald Reagan and Teddy Roosevelt than with ny other designer. Like them, he has built his success on a belief that he world is pretty good as it is, but that he can make it better still; ll we need to do is to trust him and follow along. Lauren offers the ne thing politicians promise and can almost never deliver, which is onsistency. The reason we don't trust the vision of most politicians is hat their actions are so often at odds with their words. Ralph Lauren loesn't use words. (I was not surprised when he declined an interview equest for this article. He is shy and avoids talking about his work, as f he fears that by saying too much he might break the spell.) Lauren hinks in images and speaks through his designs, and the only way he ould break a campaign promise would be by designing something hat violated that air of relaxed, unself-conscious perfection. As surely s Reagan believed in his policies, Lauren believes in his vision. Both him a way to indulge in his fondness for beautiful objects while at the same time avoiding the realm of the untested—something that he could never do if he were a collector of, say, contemporary art.

Most designers who have changed the course of history—whether Frank Lloyd Wright or Coco Chanel—have done it by breaking, often radically, with what came before. Lauren may be the first designer who has transformed the world by not doing anything new at all. He isn't interested in edge as much as he is in convincing us how wonderful the world would be if it had less edge. He doesn't push the envelope; he remakes it in perfect vellum paper. It's worth remembering that in the late 60s and early 70s, when Lauren was getting up to speed, fashion was almost *all* edge—the times were defined by the flashiness of Rudy Gernreich and early Yves St. Laurent, and there was a certain brittleness to even the best designs. Lauren turned away from that, and was one of the first to think in terms of making things feel easy and natural. His work aspired not to an uncertain future but to a very familiar past.

By now, Lauren's versions of common American designs—the canvas overnight bag, the striped dress shirt, the navy blazer—have come to feel not like imitations but like things unto themselves, the benchmarks against which other things, including the originals that inspired them, are measured. Lauren didn't invent the idea of polo as a symbol of upper-class life, and he wasn't even the first designer to market his own version of the pullover shirt that is named for the game. But who remembers that now? There are any number of polo shirts, but there is only one Polo shirt, and it is his. Lauren's designs have overpowered their sources, in much the same way that Walt Disney's idealized version of Main Street is now the platonic image of a small town, looming larger in many people's minds than any real small town ever could.

There is always the temptation to dismiss Lauren as an expert marketer whose talent lies in convincing people that tweaking the classics constitutes creativity. Can you be considered an artist if your art consists not of making new things but of remaking old ones so that they are more appealing, and often better, than the originals? So what if Ralph Lauren is to Karl Lagerfeld as the architect Robert A. M. Stern is to Rem Koolhaas? It's more interesting to ask what actually constitutes authenticity in our time. A Robert

ave to be a Republican to enjoy dressing like one.

men have possessed a nearly magical ability to transform the conven-ional into something uplifting and optimistic. The elaborate book that Rizzoli is bringing out to mark Lauren's 40th anniversary, a slipcased volume that will sell for $135, presents Lauren and his family as the ul-timate expression of the Polo Ralph Lauren ideal. It's the coffee-table equivalent of a politician's memoir-as-testament book.

When Lauren began to get very rich, he began to live very well, but it is revealing that his idea of living well is, like his designs, based largely on what the culture has already validated. He has an elegant apartment in one of the best Fifth Avenue buildings, a sprawling weekend estate in Bedford, New York, an oceanfront place in Montauk, Long Island, a ranch in Colorado, and the villa at Round Hill, Jamaica, that just happens to have been owned by Babe and William Paley. There is nothing unorthodox about any of his addresses, either in design or locale, and nothing controversial about his rich-man's hobby. Lauren collects old cars, which gives Stern knockoff of a Shingle Style villa in East Hampton, with precise climate control and every available technological gizmo, is a lot more pleasing to live in than the drafty, creaky, 100-year-old original that inspired it. And Manhattan's Rhinelander Mansion, a handsome French Renaissance limestone-clad villa from 1898, never looked as good as it has since 1983, when the architect Naomi Leff renovated it into Lauren's flagship store. The grand, mahogany-paneled central staircase, the impeccable carved plaster ceilings, the ancestral portraits, the Oriental rugs—this is everyone's dream of genteel New York living, but almost all of it is make-believe, added or re-created after the house was bought by Lauren. When Gertrude Rhinelander Waldo lived there, it was probably musty, stuffy, and dark. And in the years before Lauren took it over, the mansion, like so many old buildings, had been pushed and pulled in every direction by unsympathetic alterations. Which is more genuine—a real house in decrepit condition,

or a considered remake that corrects every flaw?

Stern, who mines architectural history in much the same way that Lauren plunders the rest of material culture, would probably say that a building is authentic if it uses the best techniques of its time to fulfill its purpose. And part of its purpose is to make its occupants feel comfortable. Wrapping modern innards in traditional garb is one way of doing that. Lauren's business is to wrap our own innards in traditional garb, and he presumably believes that this makes you no less a person of your time than if you clothed yourself entirely in Issey Miyake.

If Lauren's vision of America was invented out of whole cloth—no pun intended—that hardly matters. Today, his odes to American style *are* American style to the rest of the world. Polo Ralph Lauren is the one American brand that has a significant international presence, on a par with Prada, Gucci, Chanel, and Louis Vuitton. The only American name that comes close to Lauren as a global luxury icon is Tiffany, and it doesn't make clothes. Ralph Lauren makes pretty much everything, and you can buy his products as easily on New Bond Street, in London, and in the Ginza, in Tokyo, as in Chicago and Dallas. Lauren's stores in Jidda, Riyadh, Kuwait City, Dubai, and Tel Aviv—not to mention Munich, Athens, and Shanghai—are the best advertisements for America that you could ask for. Ralph Lauren should get an award from the State Department, since he has done more for this country's image than the Voice of America. When you walk into the Polo Ralph Lauren shop on Place de la Madeleine, in Paris, you don't think of the United States as the country that invaded Iraq. You think of it as the country that made it possible for everyone to be rich, or at least to have some of the trappings of the good life.

And that, in the end, is the essence of Lauren: luxury for all. If America is based on the idea that everyone should have an equal opportunity to get rich, Lauren's idea is that everybody should have an equal opportunity to look and feel rich, however much money they have. Is this elitism masquerading as democracy, or democracy masquerading as elitism? It is tantalizingly in between. The real rich wear Polo Ralph Lauren, and so does the upper middle class, and they often buy their Lauren duds at super-luxurious, stand-alone Polo Ralph Lauren shops. But, unlike most other luxury brands, Lauren's company also sells its goods at discount stores such as Kohl's and J. C. Penney, as well as at a large network of its own factory-outlet stores. Yet instead of being dragged downmarket, the company seems to bring these other places upmarket. The association of Lauren's name with luxury is so solid that nothing this side of Wal-Mart seems able to shake it. Maybe that's because there is nothing snobbish about Lauren's designs, for all they mimic the accoutrements of the rich. His genius is in selling the image of the upper classes to the masses without diluting its appeal to the people who made it in the first place. He has made aristocracy feel entirely democratic. What could be more American than that? □

TWO FOR THE MODE

He looks a bit girlie with his long, flowing piratical locks, Johnny Depp pout, and ring through his nose. She seems a bit of a lad with her spiky, peroxided shag-carpet hair, punk-princess persona, and Beatles-y accent. Not much about either of them immediately screams "top model," but that's what they are—Models du Jour. Icons discerningly chosen by headliner fashion labels (in his case Calvin Klein; in hers, Giorgio Armani, among others) to promote each company's particular brand of upmarket chic. So what does British singer-songwriter Jamie Burke, 22, lead vocalist and guitarist with the group Bloody Social, tell us about Calvin Klein? That the billboard days of the Calvin-Klein-underwear-touting *Über*-hunk are numbered? Or that vast numbers of graying Calvin Klein advertising executives still daydream about being tight-trousered indie rock stars?

Meanwhile, new discovery Agyness Deyn (née Hollins), 21, fully equipped with a rock-singer boyfriend and fresh from selling fish-and-chips in a North England town, is conveying something equally alternative to Giorgio Armani's well-heeled international clientele. But what? That girls who can pass for pogo-dancing rock chicks are the new rhinestone-encrusted fashion plates? Or that Giorgio Armani's team has recently been listening to far too much Siouxsie and the Banshees?

—MICHAEL ROBERTS

MAKEUP AND GROOMING PRODUCTS BY DIOR; HAIR BY PAOLO FERREIRA; MAKEUP AND GROOMING BY PHOPHIE MATHIAS. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER



THIS YEAR'S MODELS

In Paris, Jamie Burke and Agyness Deyn embrace their newfound success.



SOME ENCHANTED SHORE

Villa del Balbianello, on Lake Como. *Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones* and *Casino Royale* were both shot here. *Opposite,* George Clooney, who owns a villa on Lake Como, enjoying a stroll in the lakeside town of Argegno.

Crazy for L

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIACOMO BRETZEL

ke Como was the province
a few noble families, visited by
tists, royalty, world leaders,
d the cream of Old Hollywood.
nen, in 2002, George Clooney
t the tranquil Italian retreat
uarely in the spotlight, and
w reports have everyone from
ll Gates to Rupert Murdoch
Tom Cruise vacationing
nong its few magnificent Gold
ast villas. As BlackBerry-
elding Russian tycoons wave
told sums at the lake's
istocratic homeowners,
NINE DI GIOVANNI asks if
omo's days are numbered



Lake Como

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Shortly after losing his prime-ministership in the July 1945 elections, Winston Churchill, stunned by the defeat and feeling a strain in his home life, left for an extended painting holiday on the shores of Lake Como. As summer waned, he flew to Italy with his entourage—his wife, daughter, physician, valet, secretary, and detective—in a Dakota belonging to Field Marshal Harold Alexander, the first Earl Alexander of Tunis. The party stayed as Alexander's guests at Villa Le Rose, in the tiny village of Moltrasio, a home Churchill described as a "small palace . . . the last word in modern millionairism."

That first morning, surrounded by local children, he sat quietly staring out at the lake and painting. His daughter Sarah described his work: "A luminous lake and boats, backed by a beetling crag, with a miniature toy village caught in the sunlight at its foot." Lord Moran, Churchill's doctor, wrote that the former prime minister was so entranced by the lake that "he sat solidly for five hours, brush in hand, only pausing from time to time to lift his sombrero and mop his brow."

Churchill wasn't the only World War II leader to find peace, of a sort, at Lake Como, 25 miles north of Milan, in Lombardy, near the Swiss border. Nearly five months earlier, on April 28, 1945, Benito Mussolini, the Italian Fascist, had died in Mezzegra, a tiny village 20 miles along the lake from the Villa Le Rose. The exact details of his death are not known, though it is widely thought that he and his mistress, Clara Petacci, were murdered by Italian partisans. (The bodies were later hung on meat hooks in a square in Milan.) Was Churchill's trip to the same area merely a historical coincidence? There have long been rumors that Churchill traveled to Como that summer not simply to paint but to retrieve secret letters in which he had supposedly tried to persuade Mussolini to make a separate peace with the Allies, subverting the Allies' stated demand for an unconditional surrender of all the Axis countries. A recent Italian documentary even claims that Mussolini was shot by two British secret-service agents acting on Churchill's orders.

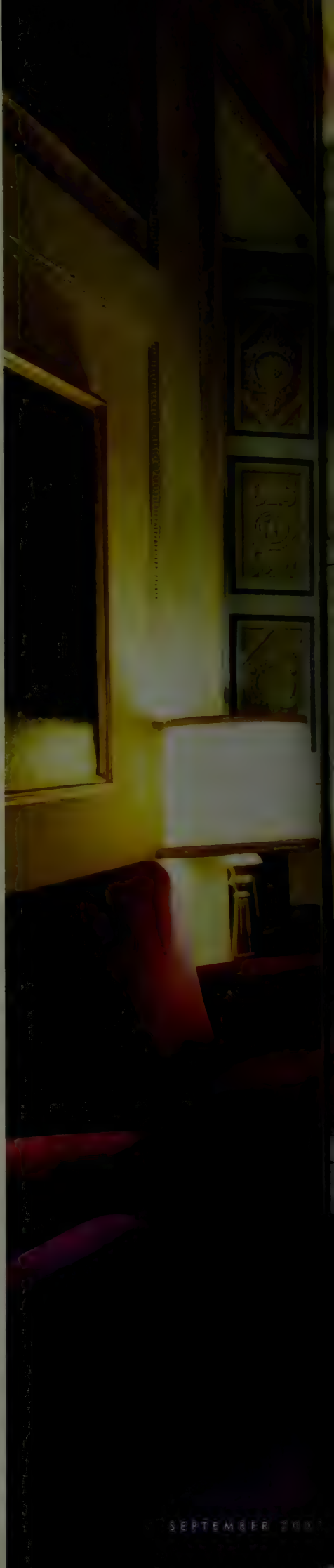
But whatever the "real" reason for Churchill's 1945 trip to Como, he found a retreat that seemed far removed from the brutal war that had broken Europe. "An air of complete tranquillity and good humour pervades these beautiful lakes and valleys, which are unravaged by war," Churchill wrote. "There is not a sign to be seen in the countryside, the dwellings or the demeanour or appearance of the inhabitants which would suggest that any violent events have been happening in the world."

That dreamy sense of unreality is exactly the reason that Como, a narrow, 30-mile-long lake that looks like an inverted Y, has always been a retreat for artists, writers, aristocrats, and, now, the very newly rich. Stendhal was inspired to set part of *The Charterhouse of Parma* on Como's shores. Verdi composed *La Traviata* here, Liszt *Après une Lecture de Dante,* Bellini *Norma.* Wordsworth, Shelley, Puccini, and Rossini all found inspiration at Como. Leonardo da Vinci used the streams and waterfalls as the setting for *Madonna of the Rocks.* John F. Kennedy stayed here, as did Napoleon. Hitchcock made his first film, *The Pleasure Garden,* on the grounds of the Villa d'Este, the lake's premier hotel, in 1925.

Como is grounded by the weight of history, from the grand villas which string out along the lake like a rope of pearls to the noble families which go back to the Renaissance, to the ghosts of European aristocrats and Old Hollywood. It is that combination of glamour and exclusivity which is now drawing in moneyed Russians, American venture capitalists, billionaire publishers, Internet and airline moguls, and the latest generation of Hollywood stars.

"New money always wants to be with old money," commented one long-term Comasco I spoke to.

According to Francesco Ugoni, who runs Bene Habitare, the most exclusive real-estate agency in Como (with branches in Moscow and Saint-Moritz), his agency gets five or six new foreign clients a week during the peak season trying to buy villas. "Como is now in the 20 top places in the world to live, thanks to George Clooney." Ugoni smiles. "Clooney did not invent hot water, but he's made a new name for Lake Como." Clooney bought his 18th-century pale-cream green-shuttered Villa Oleandra from the Heinz family in 2002 for





GRAND HOTEL

Jean-Marc Droulers, C.E.O. and president of Villa d'Este, Lake Como's most celebrated hotel, in his office.

Verdi, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Puccini all found inspiration at Como. John F. Kennedy stayed here, as did Napoleon.

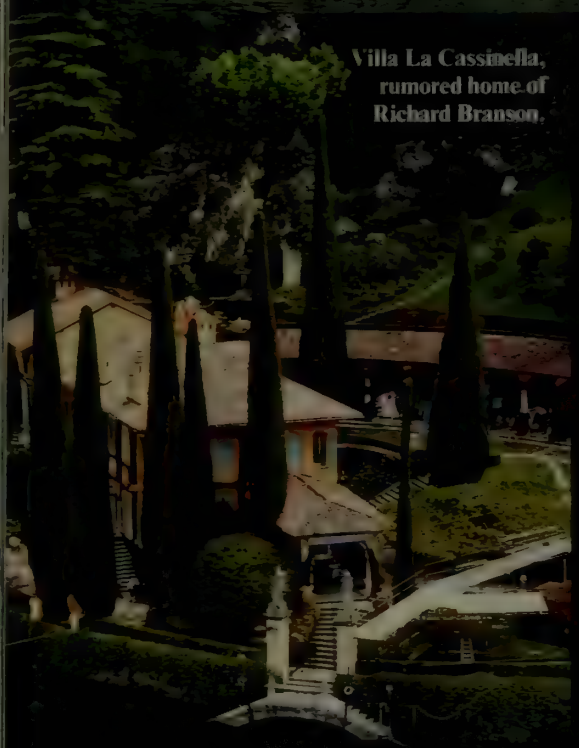
PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER

Villa Pliniana.



Silvio Berlusconi, flanke
bodyguards, arriving in Cernob

Gianni Ag
at Villa d'E
in 19



Villa La Cassinella,
rumored home of
Richard Branson.



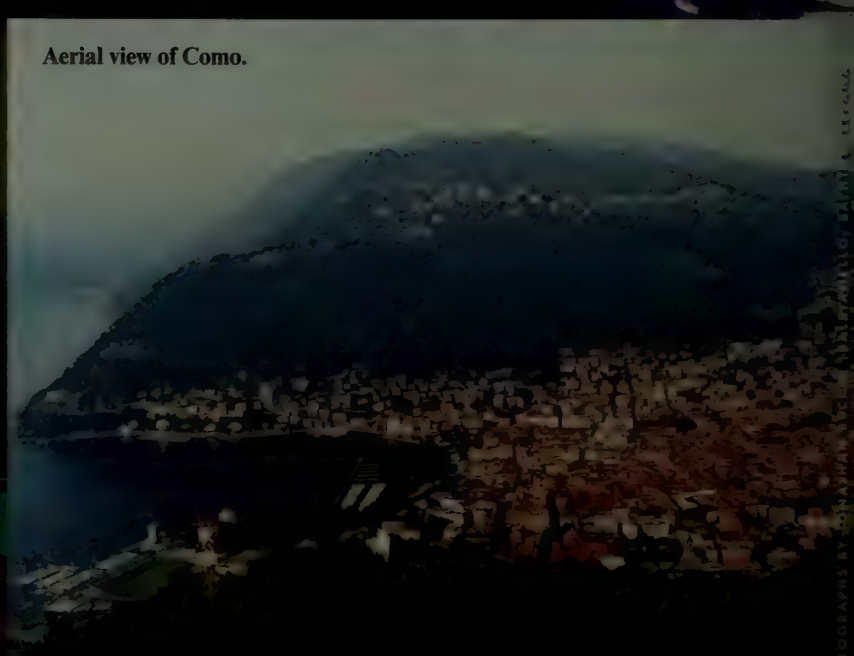
Michele Canepa with
his dogs at Villa Il Balbiano.



One of Winston
Churchill's Como
paintings.

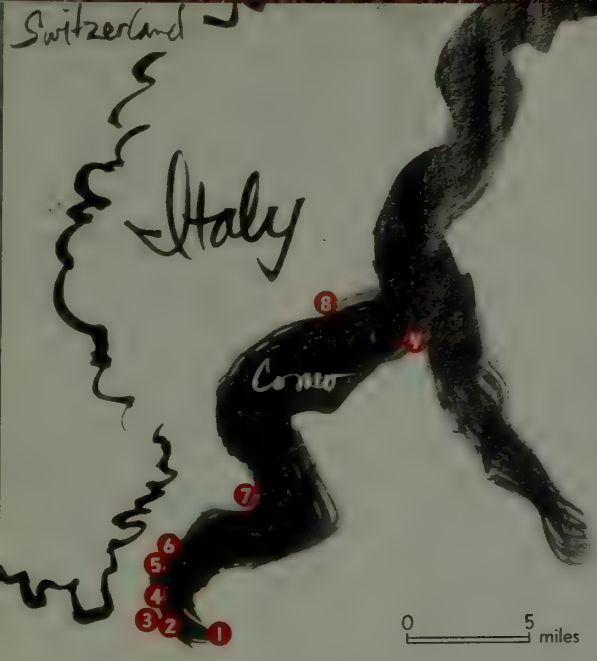


Prince Gallarati Scotti
at Villa Melzi d'Eril.



Aerial view of Como.


The gardens at Villa d'Este.
Giacomo Mantegazza at his home in Como.
Real-estate agent Francesco Ugoni and American villa owner Robert Eves.
View of the city of Como from Villa Il Dosso Pisani.
Call buttons for waiters at Villa Erba.
George Clooney's home Villa Oleandra.
Luchino Visconti lived.
la Quiete.
Gianni Versace in the garden of his Villa Fontanelle in 1982.
Athena Besana Ciani at Villa Besana.
The gardens at Villa del Balbianello.
Maximilian Canepa, son of Michele Canepa, and cousin Carlotta Saibene at Villa Il Balbiano.
www.vanityfair.com | VANITY FAIR



A LAKE LESS ORDINARY

1. *City of Como*
2. *Villa Erba*
   Former home of Luchino Visconti, in the town of Cernobbio—southern end of the "Riva Romantica."
3. *Gatto Nero*
   Restaurant popular with celebrities, in the hills of Cernobbio.
4. *Villa d'Este*
   Como's premier hotel, in Cernobbio.
5. *Villa Le Rose*
   Home where Winston Churchill vacationed after World War II, in the village of Moltrasio.
6. *Villa Fontanelle*
   Former home of Gianni Versace, still owned by his family, in Moltrasio.
7. *Villa Oleandra*
   George Clooney's home, formerly owned by the Heinz family, in the village of Laglio—northern end of the Riva Romantica.
8. *Villa La Cassinella*
   Rumored to be owned by Richard Branson, in Lenno.
9. *Village of Bellagio*

about $10 million, which seemed astronomical in those days but which is peanuts now, when villas can sell for nearly 10 times as much.

"There is no logic in this market," says Giacomo Mantegazza, a fifth-generation Comasco. "The prices here now are crazy. If Silvio Berlusconi looks at a place, the price goes up. If Clooney sells tomorrow, the price will drop." Mantegazza, now in his 70s, is an engineer who has restored many of the lakeside villas, including Villa Oleandra, when it still belonged to the Heinz family. He is also the former owner of Villa La Cassinella, in Lenno, which his father, Carlo, built in 1926. Many locals believe it is now owned by Richard Branson, or "Mr. Virgin," as he is called here. But Branson's office denies that he owns the property, and Mantegazza refuses to name his buyer. (Whoever owns it is currently having a pool built in full view of the lake, which angers many locals who feel that it should be built in a more discreet location on the grounds.)

Driving prices even more than Western industrialists and Hollywood stars are newly rich Russians, who, Ugoni says, arrive with suitcases full of cash. "They think it's great," Ugoni says. "But this is not the Wild West, where you go to the saloon and lay dollars on the bar to do business."

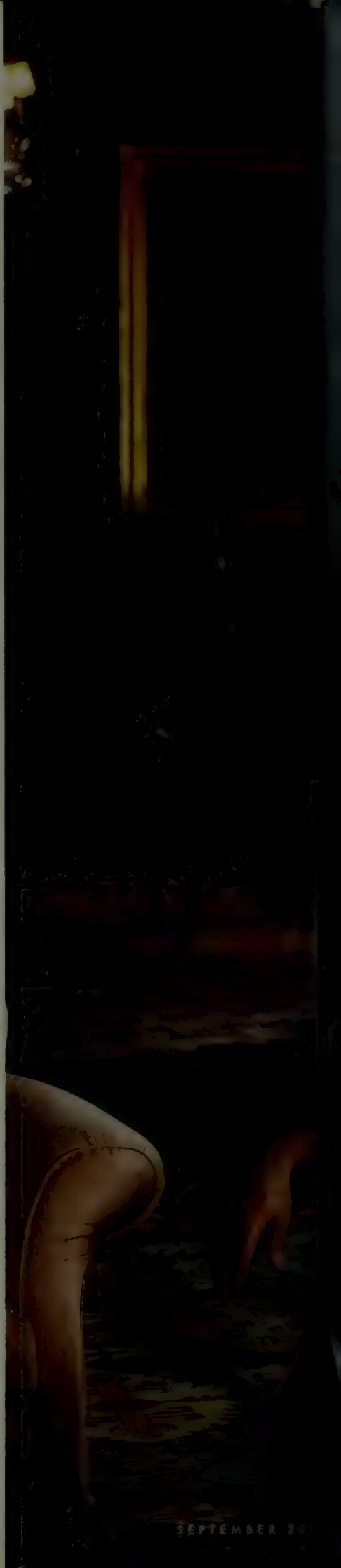
"They started buying properties without asking how much they were," says Enzo Pifferi, a photographer and publisher who has photographed nearly all the villas along the lake and has also documented Como's famous silk industry. "They had no limits. They bought what they liked."

You can hardly blame them. Como is a spectacular place, with the glacier lake running beneath the Italian Alps, ringed by small towns and villages and the city of Como. The air is clean. The people are friendly. The food is extraordinary. It's less than one hour from Milan.

A map of Lake Como published in the Italian newspaper *La Repubblica* showed purported recent acquisitions by, among others, Branson, American private-equity investor Jim Cantwell, and the Kazakh oil magnate Nurlan Kapparov. Silvio Berlusconi, the former Italian prime minister, has been searching for a property for months—for his daughter, it is said. *La Repubblica* also reported that Tom Cruise owns property in Como and that Bill Gates is actively hunting for a villa.

Before Clooney's purchase, Lake Como was a somewhat forgotten destination. Now Comaschi complain about how noisy it is on weekends when the newly rich race their speedboats. "There was a time," says one, "when all you heard on the lake was the sound of sailboats, or tennis balls bouncing on clay courts." Now there are also absurd traffic jams of S.U.V.'s and pileups of expensive sports cars in the small villages and on the narrow road that links them.

But while all of the recent real-estate activity is ultimately good for the local economy, which is dependent to a large degree on tourism, the noble families who have lived here for generations are not necessarily thrilled with the changes. And they have ways of putting on the brakes. For one thing, to prevent drastic alterations to the villas, the area has very strict building requirements. Even if Billionaire X could get a parcel of lakeside property, he would have to go before a committee that must



"Clooney did not invent hot water, but he's made a new name for Lake Como."



IT TAKES A VILLA

George Clooney visiting Villa Aliaud, on Lake Como. His own home, Villa Oleandra, has a [illegible] room, a gym, and a pool.

examine and approve all new projects. If they did O.K. his plans, another office would have to second them. "It's impossible even to alter a window," says one villa owner.

There is also an Alice Through the Looking Glass dimension to buying property on Lake Como. First, even though there are more than a hundred villas in the region, there are a limited number around the lake, perhaps a few dozen truly magnificent properties, many of which are never for sale. Homes are usually passed down through the generations, according to Robert Eves, an investor from Marin County, California, who spent six years finding his home in Como, Villa Calla.

"A man and his family live in the home that was formerly and is perhaps still occupied by his parents," Eves says, speaking generally. "Why would one sell his or her home when it is assumed that it will later become the home of the next generation of children?"

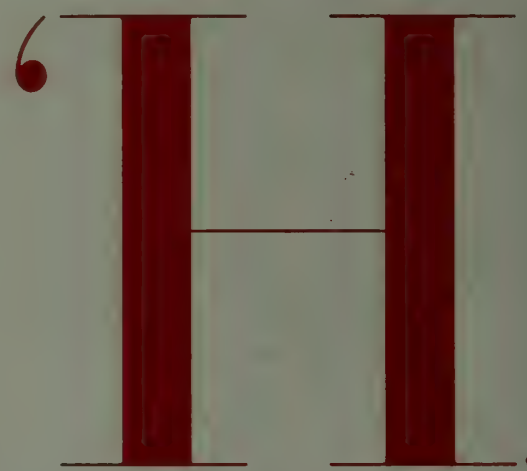
Much like other wealthy enclaves in Italy, there are no multiple-listing services in Como, and no Web sites on which sellers can post listings or potential buyers enter housing requirements. There are no FOR SALE signs. "This is the antithesis of American 'shotgun' marketing," says Eves. "Here it's all a big secret and it's a wonder that anything ever sells." So people are forever guessing what might be on the market. Villa Fontanelle, owned by the Versace family, for instance, "is always for sale and always not for sale," says Ugoni.

The route to buy is discreet, says Eves. If someone wants to sell his home, he casually mentions it to a friend or favored agent, who agrees to keep it secret until the most propitious moment. Then the agent casually mentions the availability of the property to another agent, or to people who have expressed interest in buying. Then a call is discreetly placed. Then a "visit" arranged.

Then there is the matter of price. How much, for instance, would Villa Fontanelle sell for? Ugoni shrugs. "A pen costs one euro, but when it's a famous pen, everyone wants it." Villa Passalacqua, reportedly owned by Cantwell, which is not technically for sale but would go for the right price, could fetch around $87 million.

Another reason for high prices is that there is only one part of the lake where everyone wants to buy: the "Riva Romantica," or Gold Coast of Como, a five-mile stretch on the western side between the towns of Cernobbio and Laglio, which gets the sun in the morning—"The gold in the mouth," says Ugoni. So the same gang CONTINUED ON PAGE 401

THE SPIRIT OF '76



"Hope is the thing with feathers / That perches in the soul," wrote Emily Dickinson in 1861. Although the homebound, contemplative life that produced these exquisitely fine lines seems light-years away from the lives and times that are captured in *Out*, a new book of Bob Colacello's photographs—all shot between 1976 and 1982 for his now legendary "Out" column in Andy Warhol's *Interview* magazine—I found myself thinking about Dickinson's poem as I leafed through the pages. Perched in Colacello's images is such a sense of hope, of a new world, that one can almost taste it. This was a world where classifications and categories seemed to fall by the wayside, where black and white, gay and straight, traditional society and new society, uptown and downtown, the powerful and the powerless, young and old, all danced under the same mirror ball.

Yes, like hope, the moment was ephemeral. The list of what came next—the AIDS crisis, the recession, the return of everybody to his or her corner—has colored the way we see that period. But not these pictures. Colacello (a writer for *V.F.* since 1984) calls himself "an accidental photographer" and "an amateur paparazzo," and that may be the key to why the images have such verve. He didn't wait for people to pose. He grabbed those "decisive" moments that Henri Cartier-Bresson spoke of when he defined the point of photography—so different from the average party pictures one comes across today, which often feel baldly commercial. Colacello's photographs aren't pretending to be art, but in his brief career as a photographer, he came up with a body of images that are the *ne plus ultra* of fun.

—INGRID SISCHY

Excerpted from *Out*, by Bob Colacello, to be published this month by Edition 7L. All *Out* photographs © by Bob Colacello and Interview, Inc.; used by permission.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB COLACELLO

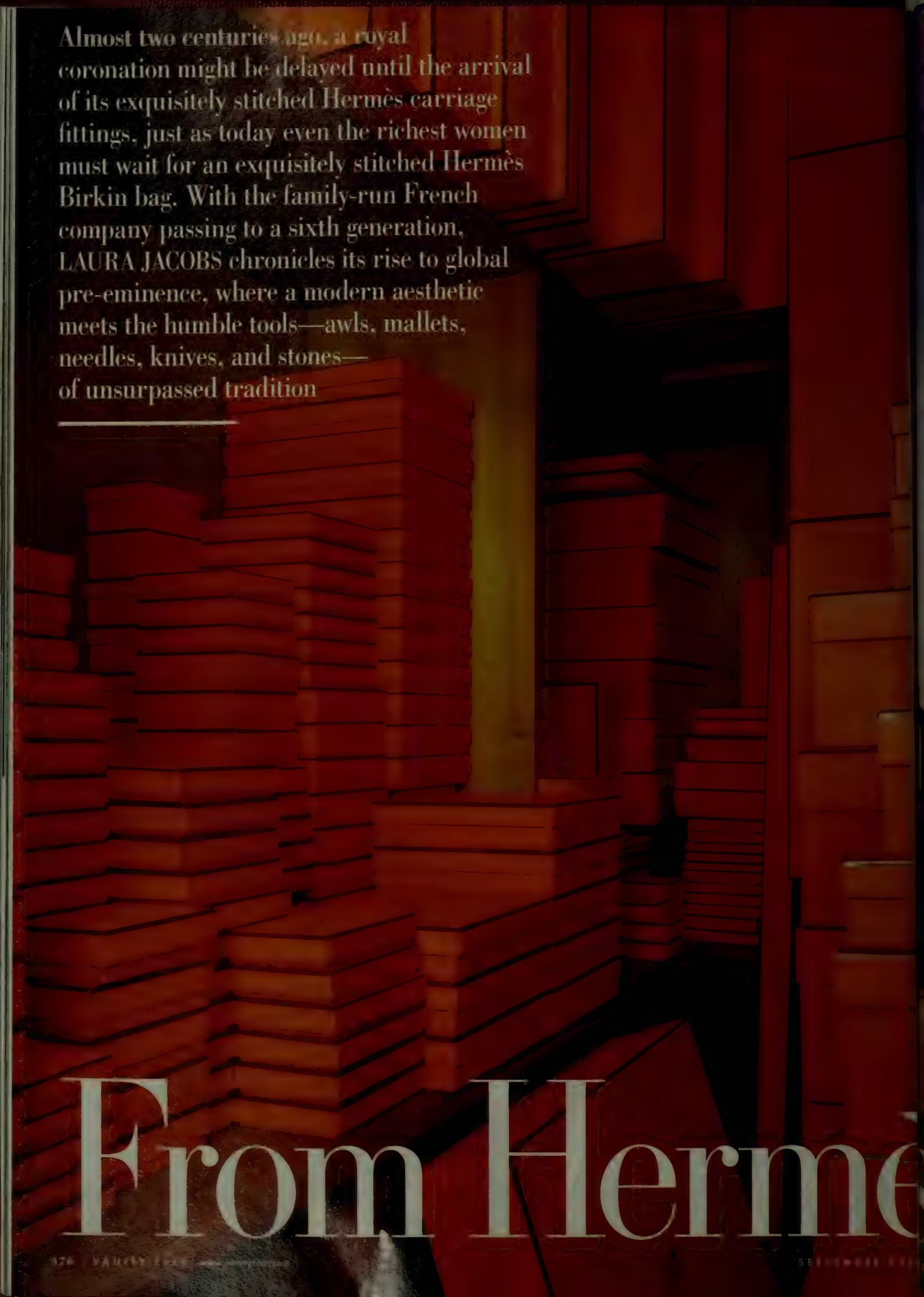
André Leon Talley, Steve Rubell, and Andy Warhol

Halston

Philip Johnson and Truman Capote

Jack Nicholson and Anjelica Huston

y Diller and Diane von Furstenberg



Almost two centuries ago, a royal coronation might be delayed until the arrival of its exquisitely stitched Hermès carriage fittings, just as today even the richest women must wait for an exquisitely stitched Hermès Birkin bag. With the family-run French company passing to a sixth generation, LAURA JACOBS chronicles its rise to global pre-eminence, where a modern aesthetic meets the humble tools—awls, mallets, needles, knives, and stones—of unsurpassed tradition

From Herme



ORANGE CRUSH

Atop 24 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré a statue, affectionately known as "*Fantôche*," waves Hermès scarves; opposite, Hermès gift boxes in signature orange stacked at 24 Faubourg.

s to Eternity

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE







LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, QUALITÉ

Artisans and their creations at the Hermès leather workshop in Pantin. *Bottom,* Birkin bags in brown and beige leather and other bags in progress await final touches in Pantin. *Opposite,* architect Rena Dumas in her Paris office.

"The world is divided into tw
those who know how to use tools, and those who do not."

"We are an industrial company with 12 divisions, which desig
makes, and retails its products. We aren't a holding company

"We will continue to make things the way the grandfathe
of our grandfathers did."

For 28 years, from 1978 to 2006, the most quotable voice
retail—pragmatic, poetic—came from Jean-Louis Dumas, the he
of a company that in every other way speaks with its hands. It is
old company with a Protestant spine and a Parisian perfectionis
one of the oldest family-owned-and-controlled companies in Franc
Its name alone prompts sighs of desire among those in the kno
and those in the know run the gamut from French housewife
fashionista to queen (both kinds), from social climber to Olymp
equestrian to C.E.O. The name itself is a sigh, a flight, and its prop
pronunciation must often be taught. "Air-mez"—as in the messeng
god with winged sandals. Mischievous, witty, ingenious Hermès.

"We don't have a policy of image, we have a policy of product

Dumas, fifth generation of the Hermès family, was eminently quo
able because he expressed clear concepts that made sense in any la
guage. Though Hermès is grouped with other luxury brands, it hove
ineffably higher, apart, and not only because it is more costly. Dum
himself pooh-poohed the term "luxury," disliking its arrogance,
hint of decadence. He preferred the word "refinement," and intrins
to that refinement is what Hermès won't do. It does not boast, do
not use celebrities in advertising, does not license its name, does n
let imperfect work leave the atelier (imperfect work is destroyed
does not get its head turned by trends. What it does do—Dumas
"policy of product"—is create necessary objects made from the mo
beautiful materials on earth, each so intelligently designed and deep
well made it transcends fashion (which is good because the pieces la
for generations). When Diane Johnson, in her best-seller of 1997, *L*
Divorce, describes a gift box from Hermès "set alluringly on the desk
like a cake on an altar," she catches that special blend of the sense
and the soul inherent in an object from Hermès.

"Time is our greatest weapon."

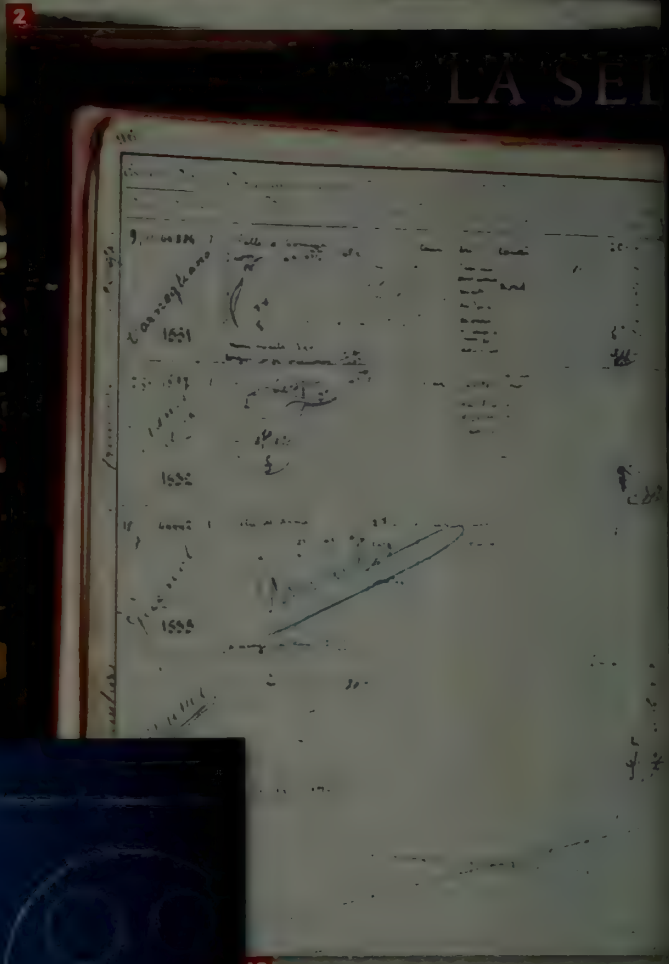
Inside that gift box is an Hermès handbag, a Kelly, the compan
classic renamed in 1956 for the actress Grace Kelly, who used on
to shield her pregnancy from a paparazzo's lens. In Johnson's nove
the Kelly is symbolic of an Old World transaction—the taking of
mistress. But under Dumas's brilliant leadership, Hermès becam
a brave-new-world company, growing global in a sustained, savvy
relatively debt-free ascent that was prepared for in the 80s, rocketed
in the 90s, and continued to climb after 2000 even as other luxury
brands slipped. Young women in Japan, China, and Russia now buy
their own Kellys. Paris is no longer the only destination for those who


Hermès is not so much
a design identity as it is a culture,
rarefied world with its own values
and ways of working.

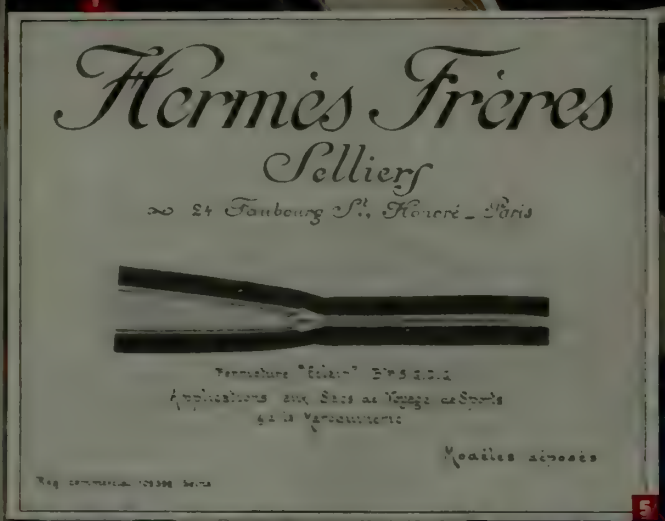



MANUFACTURE DE SELLERIE

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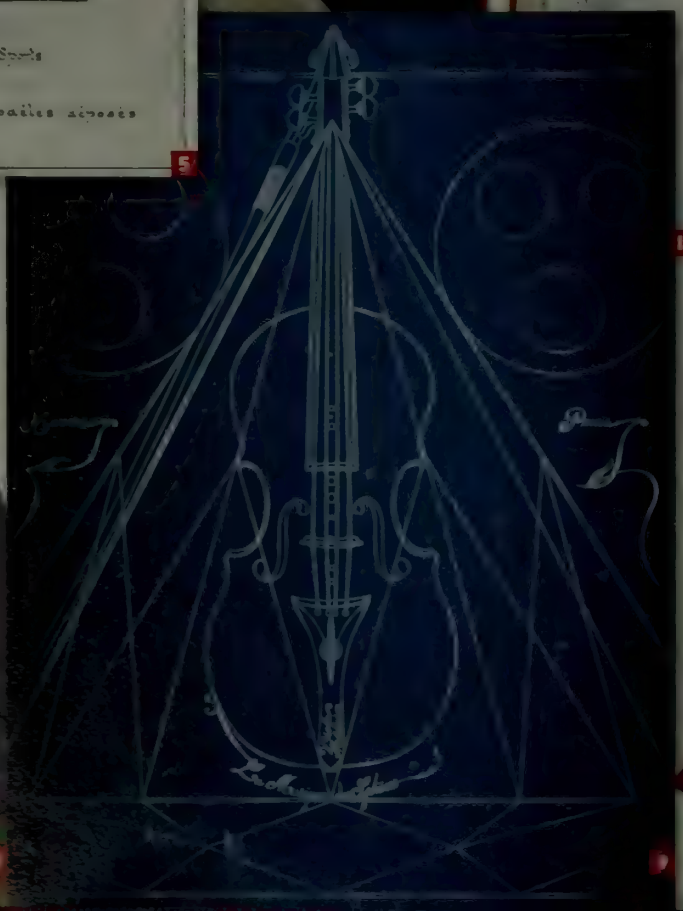

LA SEL

3


Hermès Frères
Sellierf
24 Faubourg St. Honoré - Paris
Malles déposés



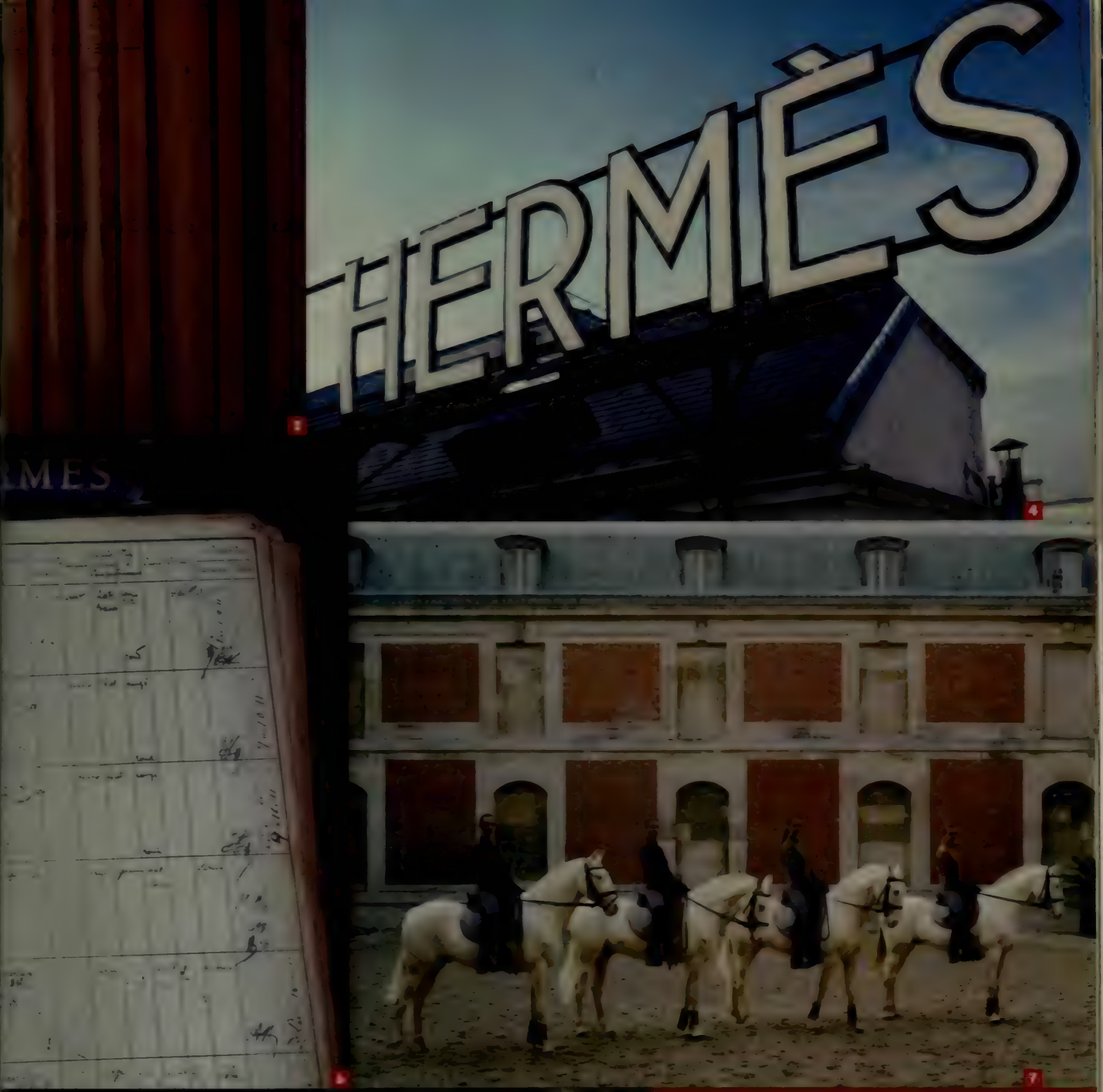
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7

10


HERMES





HORSE SENSE

(1) The Hermès silk-scarf factory in Lyon. (2) The Hermès shop at 24 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré in 1880. (3) Records of saddle orders dating back to the early 1900s at Hermès headquarters. (4) The rooftop of 24 Faubourg. (5) A page from a 1920s Hermès catalogue, featuring the "Hermès Fastener." (6) Order book from the late 1800s at 24 Faubourg. (7) Students at the Academy of Equestrian Arts, in Versailles, outside of Paris, ride horses saddled by Hermès. (8) Jean-Louis Dumas, former Hermès C.E.O. and artistic director, at the 2003 annual Hermès Prix de Diane horse race in Chantilly, near Paris. (9) A 1996 silkscreen design for an Hermès scarf. (10) A 1929 magazine ad for Hermès car accessories. (11) Prince Rainier of Monaco escorts his fiancée, Grace Kelly, wielding her namesake Hermès Kelly bag, Philadelphia, January 1956.



EVERYBODY IN LEATHER!

(1) Count Monchaud de Beaufaire stands among the treasures in the private Hermès Museum. (2) Saddle master Laurent Gubler and one of his craftsmen flank their handiwork. (3) Artistic directors Pascale Mussard and Pierre-Alexis Dumas at 24 Faubourg. (4) Shoe and accessory designer Pierre Hardy at the Pantin workshop. (5) Hermès women's ready-to-wear designer Jean Paul Gaultier. (6) Leila Menchari, who has done Hermès drapeindows for 40 years.





ant incomparable leather goods, scarves, ties, and iconic jewelry and atches—Hermès now has 283 stores worldwide, 4 of them flagships. umas set the tone for Hermès as a fierce competitor that competes ly with itself and keeps winning. Upon his retirement, in March of st year, he handed the reins to members of the family's sixth gen- ation, who must now find their own relationship with time.

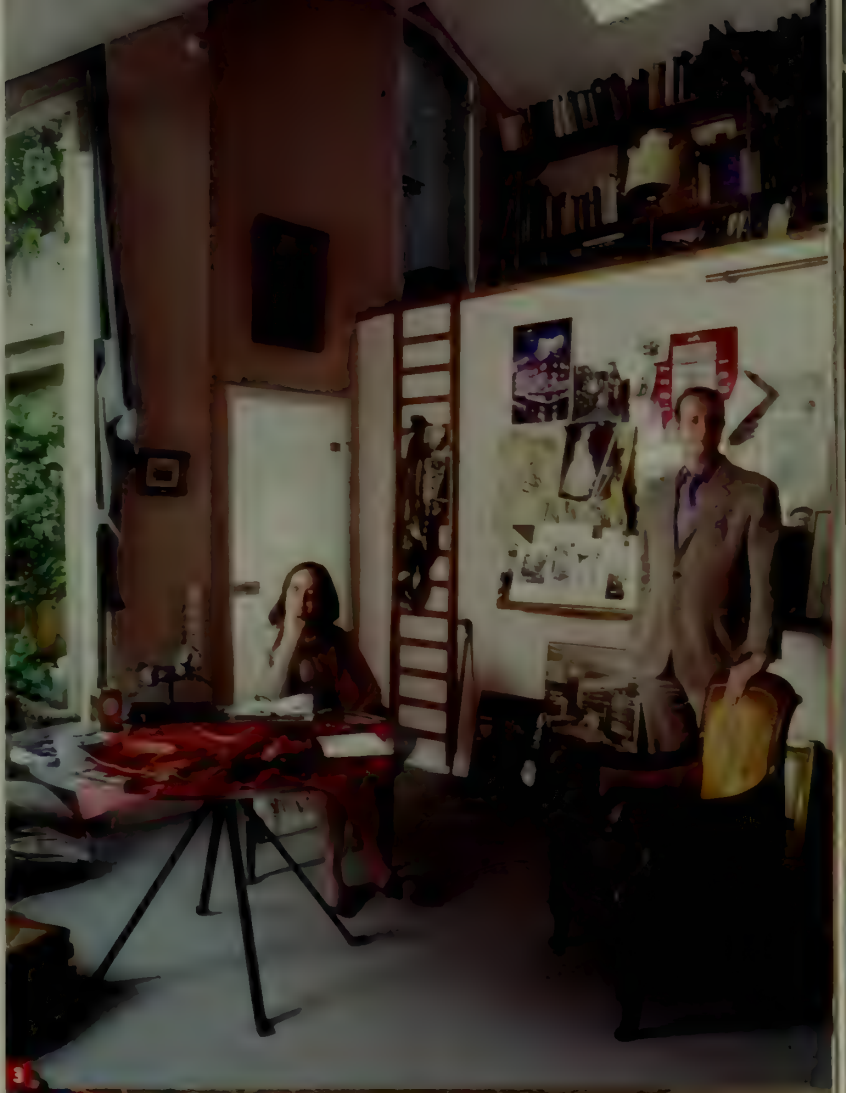
It began with Thierry Hermès, the sixth child of an innkeeper. He was born a French citizen in the German town of Krefeld, land that in 1801 was part of Napoleon's empire. Having lost all of his family to disease and war, Hermès went to Paris an orphan, proved gifted in leatherwork, and opened a shop in 1837, the same year Charles Lewis Tiffany opened his doors in New York. Today the two companies ave the most distinctive color signatures in retail—Hermès orange nd Tiffany robin's-egg blue—but there the similarity ends. Where Tif- ny began in stationery and costume jewelry, Hermès specialized in e horse harnesses required by society traps, calèches, and carriages. he dynamics of animal power and grace, movement and travel, en- rgy controlled and the outdoors enjoyed, are deep in the lifeline of lermès. It was a business built on the strength of a stitch that can nly be done by hand, the saddle stitch, which has two needles work- g two waxed linen threads in tensile opposition. It is a handsome, raphic stitch, and done properly it will never come loose.

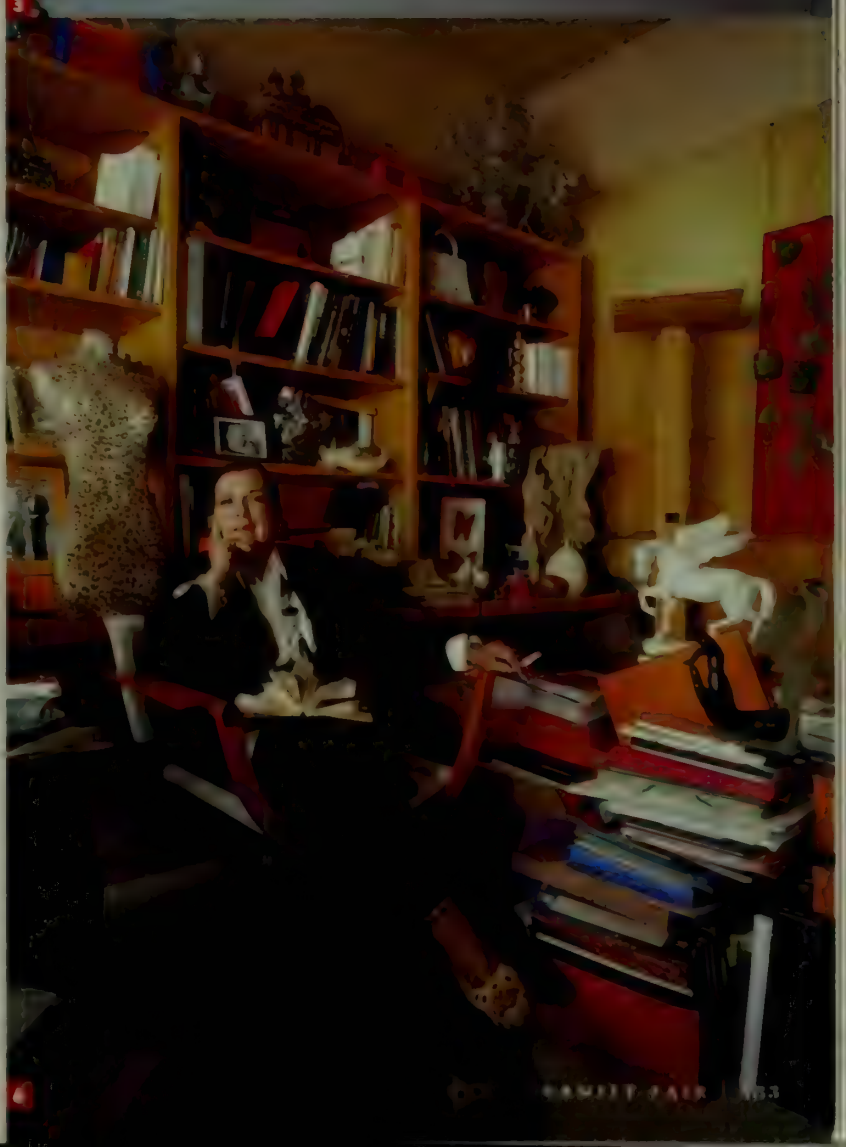
The clients of Thierry Hermès were rich: the Parisian beau monde nd European royalty, including the emperor Napoléon III and his mpress, Eugénie. But Thierry's true client—the wings on his san- als—was the horse, whose hauteur in this era was unrivaled. It was n equipage that the Hermès allure took form, born of a linear in- grity, a tailored masculinity, its richness lying in the leather and in ardware honestly, elegantly designed. When Thierry's son, Émile- Charles, succeeded him, the family business moved to 24 Rue du aubourg Saint-Honoré, where it has been a limestone landmark—the ome of Hermès—ever since. In that same year of 1880, saddlery was dded, a custom business that required measurements from both orse and rider. Added as well in the 19th century, another Hermès nstitution: the wait. Because handstitched perfection cannot be ushed, royal coronations were sometimes delayed until Hermès fit- ings for the carriage and the guard had arrived. In this century, the vaitlist for items such as the hot-and-heavy Birkin, a handbag created n 1984 for the actress Jane Birkin, can stretch to five years. One Bir- in takes 18 to 25 hours to make, and the Paris workrooms produce nly five or so each week; these supply Hermès stores worldwide.

In the third generation of Hermès, when Émile-Charles's sons, Adolphe and Émile-Maurice, succeeded him, lightning struck. Hermès Frères, as it was then called, was peerless in its field, add- ng Czar Nicholas II of Russia to its client list, along with royals and riders from around the world. Nevertheless, the century had turned and the centrality of the horse was diminishing. Elder brother Adolphe, shy and fearful of this epochal change, thought there was no future for Hermès in the age of the motor. Émile-Maurice, adventurous and inspired, thought otherwise.

"My grandfather," says Jérôme Guerrand, the chairman of the Hermès supervisory board and a cousin of Jean-Louis Dumas's, "during the war was sent as an officer to the States, and he met [Henry] Ford. At that time it was the best example for factories in the world. And in Canada he found a kind of zip, for the [canvas] roof of the cars. He thought it was something he could use in France—to make other things."

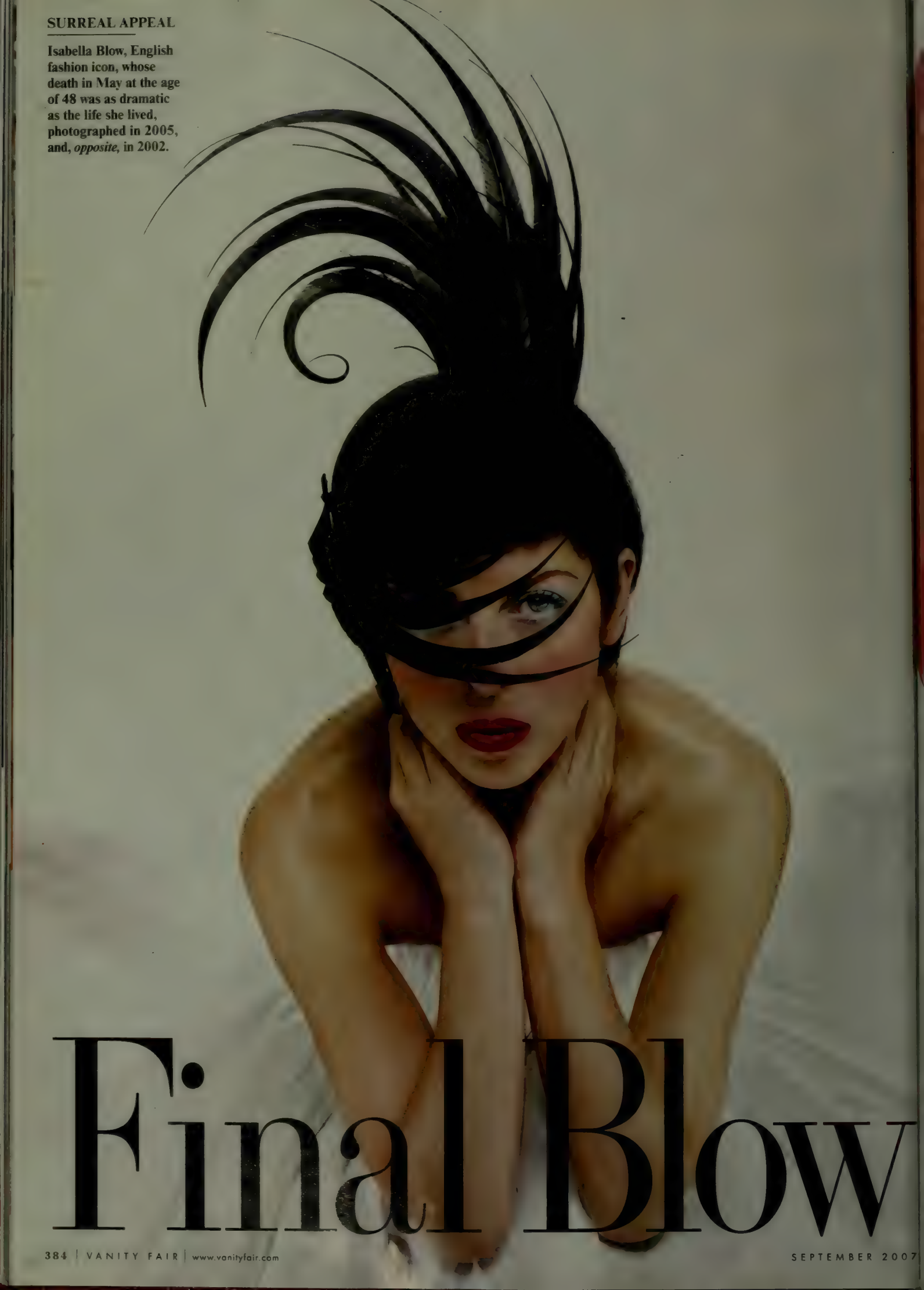
Perhaps only a man named for the Greek god of swiftness would perceive the future in this quicksilver device. Émile- CONTINUED ON PAGE 397





SURREAL APPEAL

Isabella Blow, English fashion icon, whose death in May at the age of 48 was as dramatic as the life she lived, photographed in 2005, and, *opposite,* in 2002.



Final Blow



In the end, it seemed, Isabella Blow loved fashion more than the fashion world loved her back. By 2006 the woman who'd discovered major talents such as Alexander McQueen, launched countless new looks, and turned hats into a spectator sport was being marginalized by an industry that couldn't compute her value. Three months after Blow's suicide, friends, mentors, and colleagues tell EDWARD HELMORE why the wildly eccentric British aristocrat became an icon, and then a casualty

Soon after three P.M. on Tuesday, May 15, six bay horses, each with a plumage of black ostrich feathers, trotted toward Gloucester Cathedral drawing a Victorian funeral carriage, its cargo bedecked with white gardenias and surmounted by a black galleon hat. When the horses fell into step they looked as if they were dancing, even flying, some said. As the carriage entered the courtyard, led by a footman with a silver-topped cane, a black cape, and an undertaker's top hat, the effect was of consummate gravitas and theatricality, the perfect dramatic exit for English fashion icon Isabella Blow.

The previous Monday her husband, Detmar Blow, had sent out a text message to all their friends: *Issie died peacefully last night. I am heartbroken.* DETMAR. A bank holiday in Britain, a slow news day, ensured that Isabella, a beloved English eccentric known for her outrageous hats, and who had been at the vanguard of British fashion for a quarter of a century, would be on the front pages the following morning. In New York, it was the day of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute gala, fashion's premier night out, when the perfectly primped and preened, exquisitely depilated international fashionistas come together for a party thrown by Blow's mentor, *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour.

News of Blow's death at 48 was shocking, but it was no surprise: it was well known she had been depressed. Her husband told the press his wife had died of cancer, but, in truth, she'd taken her own life. "It's a small detail," says milliner Philip Treacy, one of Blow's many fashion discoveries. "There was nothing tragic about Isabella. She was the life of the party."

A few days earlier, in London, Isabella Blow had sat for her last portrait—for a *Vanity Fair* portfolio by photographer Tim Walker and stylist Sarajane Hoare, on English eccentrics. She was fragile, but the photo shoot lifted her spirits. She laughed with her dirty laugh and was full of ideas for the image—a castle turret, armor by designer Alexander McQueen, the sacrifice of a pair of rare-breed sheep from her home to supply a decoration of blood.

"A funeral, done really well, is just like a wedding," she said ominously.

It would soon become clear what she meant. Blow's funeral was at least as dramatic as her wedding had been, 18 years earlier, in the same spectacular Gothic setting. Her pages then were pallbearers now. Then, as now, she wore a hat by Philip Treacy. Detmar wore the same ceremonial Sri Lankan suit for both occasions. Then, as now, Blow had choreographed an event as glamorous and outrageous as the identity that she had forged for herself.

But at the service, Blow's wide circle of friends wondered if she was driven to her undoing by the shadow of her own creativity or if this was ordained in her history. She was drawn to extremes and spent her life on a roller coaster of intensity. In death, the question was the same: How had it come to this?

That Isabella Delves Broughton, a slight and bustling English country girl born with blue blood in her veins, had even ventured into the fashion world was unlikely enough. That she became an iconic globe-trotting fixture of it was the stuff of fantasy.

For more than 20 years, she kept herself on a creative high, her persona preceding her like the bow wave of a ship. People saw her as eccentric, but she disliked the term. "Her humor and eye were eccentric, but her brain really wasn't," says Nicky Haslam, the British society decorator. "Most eccentrics are a pose, and it's a frightful bore. Like Diana Vreeland, Issie could think in a surreal way."

Nevertheless, her eccentric public image was one she spent her life cultivating with her daring choices in clothing, particularly hats. Dressing without a hat, Blow explained, was like not being dressed at all. "It's meant to be a sensual, erotic display. You're there to get a new husband, a new boyfriend, whatever. And you can get it. It's a sensual thing. It's the old-fashioned cock-and-hen story, the mating dance. Men love hats. They love it because it's something they have to take off in order to fuck you. Anyone can wear a hat."

"Fashion is about emotion," she once said, standing outside a fashion show in Paris in the rain. "It's about love."

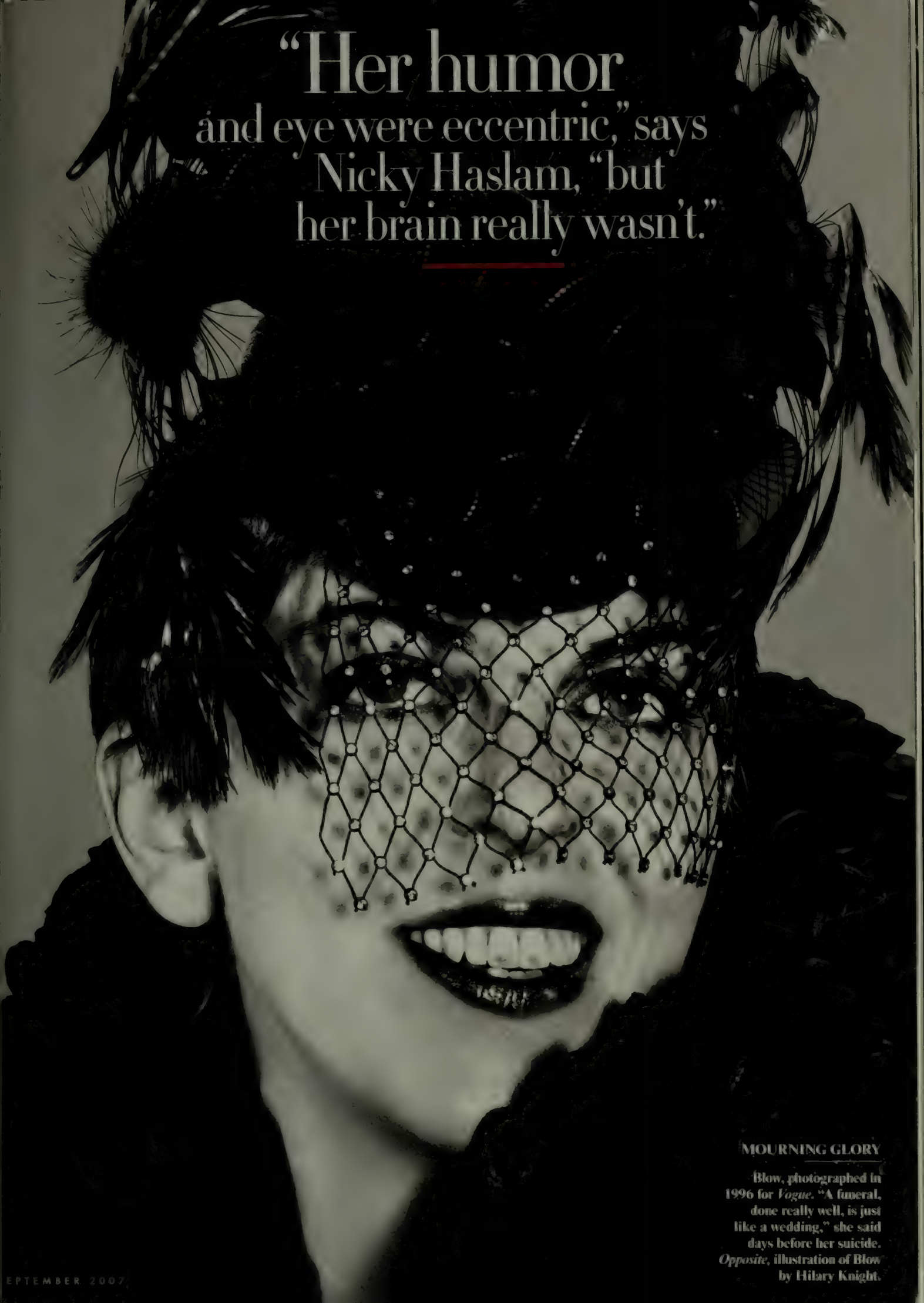
Women, she continued, "love clothes because they mean something to them—the day you met the man you love, the day you got married, what you did before you made love to somebody. It's psychological and tied to the spirit of a woman."

Once she had an idea, her enthusiasm knew few limits. "I'd say, 'Maybe I'll do a collection based on Catherine of Russia,' and she'd say, 'Ooh, yes. Go for it!,'" recalls designer Manolo Blahnik. "Once we had a project doing shoes from animals in the sea. We made an octopus shoe, which was incredibly difficult. Then she wanted a shoe like a carnivorous plant.... She would bring in extraordinary books about Surrealists, animals, dresses of queens..."

Blow could spot talent at a distance, and would push and encourage and promote until they were household names. Along with Treacy, she discovered the models Sophie Dahl, Honor Fraser, and Stella Tennant, designer Hussein Chalayan, and, perhaps most famously, McQueen, whom she found in the early 90s at the Royal College of Art.

Where many fashionistas dress head to toe in the latest labels out of vanity, Blow could hardly care less. She wore clothes for dramatic expression. At fashion shows, she would often be the only one in a sea of serious, black-clad women to cheer on the outfits she liked, effortlessly balancing Treacy's latest design on her head. She was interested only in originality, says her friend

"Her humor and eye were eccentric," says Nicky Haslam, "but her brain really wasn't."



MOURNING GLORY

Blow, photographed in 1996 for *Vogue*. "A funeral, done really well, is just like a wedding," she said days before her suicide. *Opposite*, illustration of Blow by Hilary Knight.













A LIFE LESS ORDINARY

(1) Detmar and Isabella Blow at their home, Hilles, in 1992. (2) The couple Hilles in 2006. (3) Blow in a McQue corset and Philip Treacy hat, 2002. (4) In her "Blow" hat, 2006. (5) Duri India Fashion Week, 2006. (6) At her wedding to Detmar, 1989. (7) With P Treacy. (8) With Alexander McQueen, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, 1997. (9) In 1993. (10) Detmar at Hilles seve days after Isabella's death. (11) With Andy Warhol in London, 1986. (12) The long room at Hilles. (13) Blow funeral carriage, Gloucester Cathedr May 15, 2007. (14) In London one month before her death.


Blow



"Most people in fashion get excited about being connected to people who have already made it," says Ronnie Newhouse. "Issie got excited by discovering people."

RANGE BIRD

bella Blow in London, 93. *Opposite*, Alexander cQueen and Blow at arty celebrating Plum kes's *Bergdorf Blondes* London, 2004.



Ronnie Newhouse, wife of Condé Nast International chairman Jonathan Newhouse and an art director. "Most people in fashion get excited about being connected to people who have already made it. Issie got excited by discovering people. They could be from anywhere and usually were."

She helped bring British fashion to the forefront by infusing it with elements of the island's history and mythology—whether it was King Arthur, the Bloomsbury set, or the Bright Young Things of the 1920s—and was a central figure in the British cultural renaissance of the 90s. (Blow would help produce *Vanity Fair*'s 1997 portfolio "London Swings! Again!" In it, she posed alongside Alexander McQueen for a memorable portrait by David LaChapelle.)



Early in her career, at *Tatler*—which, like *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue*, is owned by Condé Nast—she was perfectly placed to usher in a new look for the British aristocracy; because she was from it, she didn't have to take it seriously. She joined the society magazine as a fashion assistant during a creative high point there, and helped to distinguish it with wit and subversion, shaking up conventions, aware of correct behavior but not enslaved to it.

"It was the emergence of the upper classes as sexy," says the designer Antony Price. "Nobody had seen them as that before. She repackaged them. Up to that point they'd been a joke."

No one recognized that more than Blow, who proudly traced her heritage back to the Battle of Poitiers, in 1356, where Edward, the Black Prince, routed the French army and captured King John of France. During the battle the Black Prince was almost taken prisoner. One of the squires who rescued him, John de Delves of Cheshire, had a title bestowed on him, along with a family motto, "Haud muto factum" (Nothing happens by being mute), and the right to crenellate his castle. Blow "was proud of her chivalric past," says barrister Orlando Fraser, a cousin of hers. "She had a medieval heart—bold, haughty. She had an earthy sense of humor and she loved to shock."

Though inspired by her aristocratic lineage, Blow was also burdened by the strange legacy of her family. Her grandfather Sir Henry John "Jock" Delves Broughton, a gambler and bon vivant, had inherited Doddington Hall, a large 18th-century house, and an estate in Staffordshire, in 1914. He received 34,000 acres of good land and considerable investments that, in all, provided him with an income of £80,000 a year, a vast sum. But Broughton was beset by fears of running out of money and began selling off the land. He made poor investments and gambled wildly. He lived, his friend Lord Carnarvon said, "high, wide, and handsome."

In 1940, Broughton took his young second wife, Diana, to Kenya's Happy Valley, locus of a society of licentious expat British aristocrats. Within the year, Diana had begun a public affair with Josslyn Hay, 22nd Earl of Erroll, a specialist in seducing rich married women. Broughton was as jealous a man as Diana was promiscuous, so when Erroll was found in his car on a country road outside Nairobi, killed by a single bullet in his head, Broughton was the natural suspect and was soon charged with the murder. The themes of spectacle, sex, and death were now firmly etched into the template of the family.

Broughton was acquitted, but he returned to Doddington Ha with his reputation ruined. In December 1942, he checked in the Adelphi Hotel, in Liverpool, gave instructions he should n be disturbed, and overdosed on morphine. James Fox's 198 book (and its 1987 film adaptation), *White Mischief*, w about the scandal.

By the time Isabella was born, in 1958, the family w living across the lake from Doddington Hall. As Blow lat said, she lived with beauty at a distance.

"It was very macabre. Their cottage overlooked th big empty house. It looked black," says publisher D vid Macmillan. "It had that touch of faded glory—ver grand furniture from an enormous house stuffed int a small one. The unique English look of trading down."

At the age of four, Blow witnessed the drowning of h young brother, the family's only son and heir, in shallo water in the lake. "I can remember everything about it Blow said. "The smell of the honeysuckle, and him stretche out on the lawn. My mother went upstairs to put her lip stick on. That might have something to do with my ob session with lipstick."

The family was devastated by the loss. Blow parents, Sir Evelyn and Lady Helen, seemed t lose interest in their three daughters, Isabella Julia, and Lavinia, and they were soon dispatche to an all-girl boarding school. When Isabella was 14, her mothe shook her daughters' hands and walked out on them. "The repe cussions of her brother's death were enormous," says author an university friend Liza Campbell. "Here she was, the eldest child but a girl and therefore quite useless. It's a hangover from the me dieval times she loved."

Sir Evelyn remarried. On his honeymoon in the Caribbean hi new wife, Rona, 25 years his junior, became concerned about hi unsightly varicose veins. Upon returning to England, he under went surgery to have them removed but in the process got gan grene and lost one leg above the knee.

Blow was sent to secretarial school in Oxford. "It was a little hedonistic," recalls Adam Boulton, political editor of Rupert Mur doch's Sky News, who was an Oxford undergraduate at the time "There was always a lot of drinking going on. Isabella alway wore cocktail dresses. She'd come into the drawing room, wiggle her hips, and lift her skirt. It was her thing. The only issue was whether she was wearing underwear or not."

From Oxford, Blow headed to London. She took odd jobs, even tually finding a position as a salesgirl at Medina, a boutique in Knightsbridge, where friends would come to borrow clothes for week end parties. A career in fashion started to make sense. "She went into fashion because she liked dressing up," says Macmillan. "She liked being another person, for the day, for the moment, for the event of it."

In 1979, Blow went to America to study art at Columbia Uni versity and then to Midland, Texas, where her first husband, Nick Taylor, an Englishman, planned to make it in the oil business. He didn't. While in Texas, Blow took a trip to New York, where she was introduced to Anna Wintour, then creative director at *Vogue*. Wintour offered her a position as her assistant. "She appeared in the corridor wearing a black lace mantilla, looking like a cross between a woman in an El Greco painting and Alice Cooper," says screen writer Evgenia Citkowitz, then also a *Vogue* assistant. "She washed her desk with Perrier. She was completely baroque compared to her co-workers—they looked like androids in the uniform of chic."

Blow became a part-time Factory girl in the orbit of Andy

Blow, in what would be her final portrait, photographed for *Vanity Fair* on April 30, 2007, at the Battersea Arts Centre, in London, one week before her death. *Opposite*, illustration by Hilary Knight.



"She was just struggling within herself," says Anna Wintour, "but even in that situation her spirit and ability to laugh were undiminished."

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM WALKER • STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE

Warhol. "Issie was seeing Jean-Michel Basquiat, or at least he was sitting in her office a lot of the time," recalls Wintour. America gave Blow the opportunity for re-invention, but there was an undertow of self-doubt. "One always wondered how she really felt about herself that she had to camouflage herself in these extraordinary outfits," says Wintour. "That was there from the word go, but it got more extreme as she got older."

She returned to London in 1986 for the job at *Tatler,* already separated from Taylor; they would soon divorce. In 1989, Isabella Broughton met 24-year-old Detmar Blow. Sixteen days later they were engaged. Detmar, six years her junior, had an estate 100 miles west of London. In theory, he was wealthy; in practice, he was not.

After their fairy-tale wedding, Isabella put her energy into renovating the cottages on the estate to rent to friends from London. The happy newlyweds lived at Hilles, a large Arts and Crafts house that was filled with tapestries, suits of armor, pikes, and other medieval flotsam. "They were like two children set loose in a big house," says her friend (and the author's sister) Lucy Birley, "but they were both desperately insecure about money and fueled each other's fears."

They created a salon, entertaining writers, artists, intellectuals, and minor royalty. But as in so much of her life, the fantasy could be hard to support. "She transformed herself into this extraordinary creature," says interior decorator Camilla Guinness, "but there was always the sense that she was only just keeping her head above water."

And her marital home was not truly her own. Helga, Detmar's mother, gave the young couple use of Hilles under the provision they would vacate if she wished to visit. Isabella felt she was a caretaker in her own home, a situation exaggerated by sibling rivalry. Behind the bohemian façade, it became like a daytime soap opera: Detmar and Isabella at Hilles; his sister, Selina, and her husband, Charles Levinson, a doctor, in a smaller house; Amaury, Detmar's younger brother, roaming the hills in a shawl with two Irish wolfhounds for company; and Helga, pulling the strings from her home on an island off Sri Lanka.

To Isabella's enduring sorrow, she and Detmar were unable to have children. The Levinsons had more success: they produced one son and a daughter and were encouraged by Helga to see themselves as the rightful occupants of Hilles.

To resolve the dilemma, Isabella offered to make a way for Detmar to find a woman who could bear him a son. In 2004 the couple separated. Detmar began an affair with Stephanie Theobald, the social editor of *Tatler* rival *Harper's Bazaar* and a lesbian. Isabella's choice of a lover was a disaster, a Venetian from an old family of glassblowers. It ended badly in a financial dispute. Her friends cannot bring themselves to mention his name. "He's not worth the space," says European fashion P.R. woman Karla Otto. Detmar and Isabella's separation lasted for 18 months. Friends say this episode marked the start of her decline into serious depression.

Still, her legend only grew in the world of fashion. She committed herself to her visions absolutely. Sometimes the event itself surpassed the vision. Musican Bryan Ferry recalls a shoot in Blow's apartment: "Issie had blown the whole budget on a cocktail shaker and ice bucket. She had also hired an 80-year-old man in a white tuxedo who used to do the bar at Claridge's. She spent all her money on extravagant things like that. As I walked in she said, 'Darling, would you like a cocktail?' It was four in the afternoon and the poor man had been standing there all day. It was sheer Evelyn Waugh."

To her old friends, her behavior had not changed with time but had only become exaggerated. "She was a great one for upping the stakes," says David Ogilvy, a singer and music producer. "She'd always be very funny about the situations she got herself into." Indeed, she placed unique strains on the institutions of fashion. In one incident, at *Tatler,* she was sent up to *Vogue* to look at some photos. "She was banned from going up there for three months," recalls stylist Joe McKenna, "when a member of the staff walked in to see her bent over a light box with no knickers on underneath her skirt."

Isabella Delves Broughton was now Isabella Blow, a personality—much sought after for her opinions, endorsements, and keen eye for emerging talent. She was a fashion star. Her outfits more extreme, Treacy's headdresses more imaginative and extravagant. But her essential dilemma was not resolved. Blow still worried about money. She felt unappreciated, unrecognized by the business; if the creative parts of the fashion world had embraced her style and wit, they were getting harder for the workday mainstream to accept. She had successfully established the Style section of the London *Sunday Times* and had been a fashion editor at British *Vogue* only to find herself cast away from both. She was retained as a consultant by Swarovski, the Swiss crystal maker. She convinced her designer friends to use the crystals; Swarovski was re-invented. But they, too, let her go.

"She was brilliant at finding new things and could always find new ways of looking at things," says photographer Mario Testino, a friend from their early days in New York, "but it was hard for her to define her job, and it was hard to find ways to pay her. So you find a designer, or you find the model, but how do you invoice for that?"

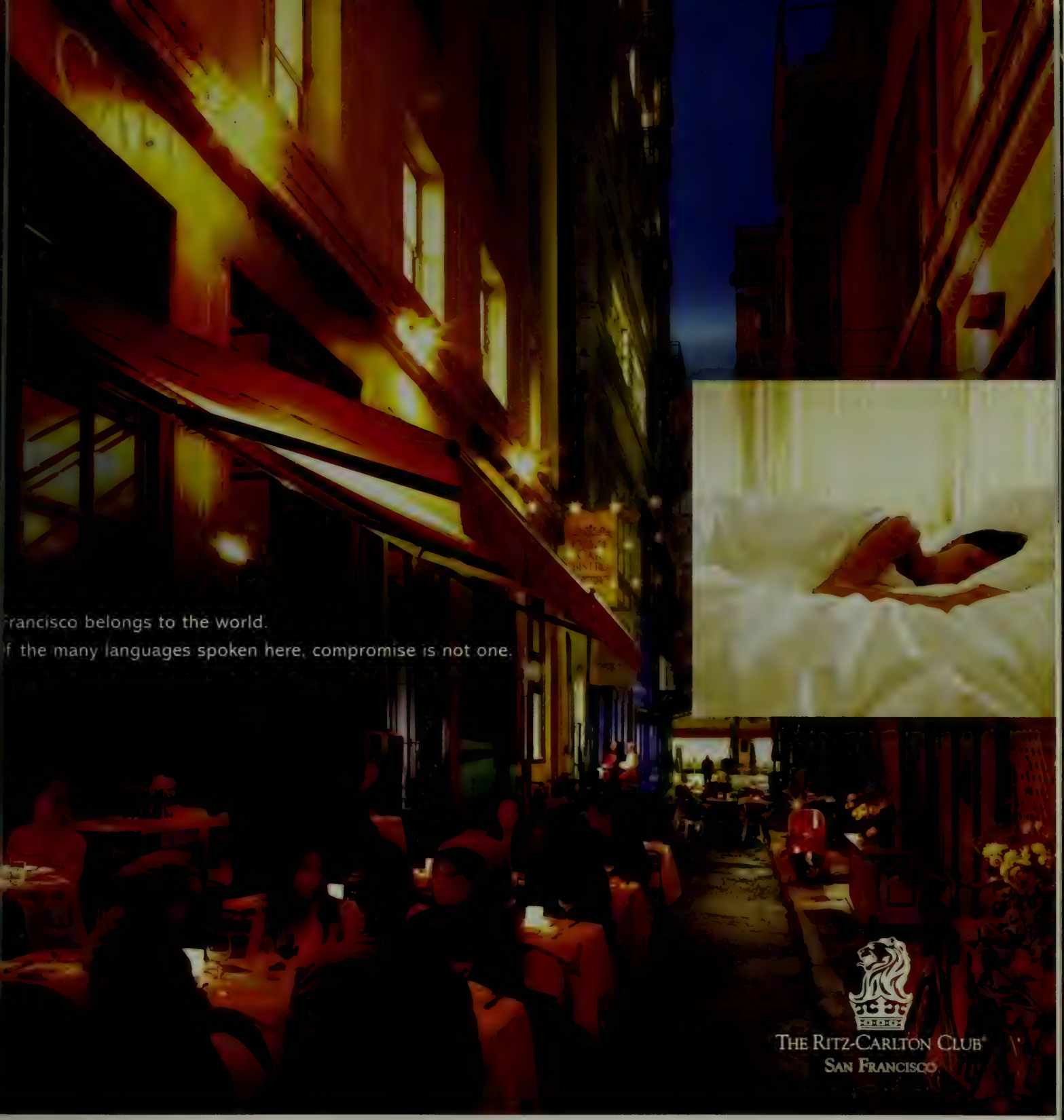
"Issie wouldn't just sell you the specif skill of someone but their entire life. Like slave trader! And she did it in an extreme sophisticated, lewd, and seductive way," sa Malcolm McLaren, architect of punk rock the 70s. "She was like someone constantly search of an idea. But the idea was her, a nobody ever managed to put the mirror in front of her and say, 'Issie, it's all abo *you.* You are the artist, but you're not telli anyone, so you never get the compensation recognition.'"

Blow was still haunted by what happene with her most famous discovery, Alexand McQueen. In 1997, Blow happened to having lunch with Tom Ford, then head Gucci, who mentioned that he was lookin to make acquisitions to expand the Guc group. Blow always claimed that she su gested he buy McQueen's label. They entere into negotiations, and a multi-million-dolla price was agreed upon. The happy party s off on a now legendary train ride to Paris sign the documents. When they got there Blow found there was no mention of her—an there was no role for her in the new compan "Isabella's name was never on the contract," lawyer involved in the negotiations said. Fash ion was showing Blow its coldest face. Sh was devastated, and some blamed McQueen "In a sense, what makes designers successfu is their ruthlessness," offers one well-know fashion insider.

Equally likely, the executives making th deal saw Blow as an unnecessary bottom line expense. Whatever the truth—McQueen declined to speak for this article—Blow pu aside her hurt and the pair remained cautiou friends. (McQueen, along with others, woul pick up some of her private hospital bills i the year before her death.)

"She couldn't separate the fact that yo can do something for money and it doesn have to be any good and that no one wil know you did it. You just get paid for it," says *Vogue* writer and *Bergdorf Blondes* au thor Plum Sykes. "She couldn't do some thing unless she loved it, and she couldn bear things that weren't beautiful or inter esting." And fashion, for all its emphasis o creativity, is a business.

As Blow's world darkened, so did her sense of humor. She began regularly wearing a Victorian mourning ring, and expressed her desire to be buried in Treacy's Pheasant hat. She told *The New Yorker* that, upon her death, her heart was to be taken from her body, placed in a heart-shaped box, and given to Detmar. In 2002, on one of her last trips to New York, she was flown in by Swarovski on the enticement of "the two C's": the Concorde and the Carlyle hotel. She came in her Spanish-widow look. "My husband recently died and I've been left incredibly wealthy," she told *The New York Observer.*



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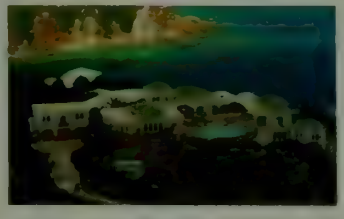
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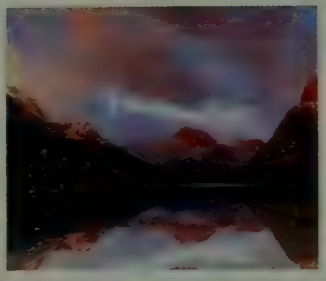
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Blow was always prone to mood swings, they were becoming more pronounced. e fear of ending up penniless became a ation. While her love of clothes and design ver failed, her interest in the fashion busi- s waned. "What is happening is they've troyed the spirit. It's globalization, Amer- nization. Now it's just 'Write the check,'" told reporters in Paris. She hadn't given completely, though. She began to look road for opportunities. Adventure ran, e said, in her veins—her paternal grand- ther, Lady Vera, who sailed the world in ross-channel ferry, had a major influence the young Isabella and remained, 40 ars after her death, a heroine to Blow. She gan work on producing a series of books led *Arabian Beauty,* focusing on fashion the Middle East, with Sheikh Majed al- bah, nephew of the Emir of Kuwait, who ns high-end clothing stores in Kuwait and ubai. India, too, would soon present an op- rtunity for renewal.

Blow also flirted with the idea of becom- g a fashion reporter for Al Jazeera. "Dar- g, it's too exciting," she told friends. "I'm tentially going to be the Elsa Klensch of Qaeda!" "I told her she must be crazy," ys Treacy. "And you can't go round saying at. You mean Al Jazeera, not al-Qaeda!"

At the Milan shows in February 2006, Blow told her old boss Anna Wintour at she intended to kill herself. She then be- n telling all her close friends. Talk of suicide as offered conversationally, and was difficult separate from her wit and sense of humor.

Blow abandoned Milan and returned to ndon. "She was just struggling within her- lf," says Wintour, "but even in that situa- n her spirit and ability to laugh were undi- inished." Wintour, Birley, and Newhouse ranged for her to enter a residential treat- ent center outside London. She went, but ft halfway into the six-week course.

Two weeks later, while her husband was t at a dinner for designer Vivienne West- ood, Treacy happened to drop by Blow's ondon apartment—only to find her in a eak state, having overdosed on sleeping lls. With that first attempt to take her own fe, Detmar placed Isabella under the care f the medical authorities.

Blow began a course of electroshock treat- ent, the controversial procedure that is nce again gaining popularity as a way to anage bipolar depression. She told friends e felt as if she were losing her mind. The eriods of relative normality grew shorter. It's like when you get a sore throat and you now that you're going to get flu" was how e described the onset of depression. "You now it is coming, but you can't do anything bout it."

In April 2006, events took a turn for the orse. Blow was traveling unaccompanied to a treatment facility in West London when her taxi was stopped in heavy traffic on the A40 motorway. She got out, walked up a pedestrian overpass, climbed over the railing, and dropped 30 feet onto the road below. She broke both ankles. The seriousness of the incident would come to signal the start of a steeper phase in her decline. Friends say she began to withdraw from her old circle. *Tatler* began looking for a new fashion director. Designers stopped lending her clothes.

"After all her disappointments, the depression fit naturally into place. She could have all the ideas in the world, but she knew she could no longer deliver," says Robie Uniacke, an old friend. She began thinking not of how she would kill herself but how she wouldn't. "Her certainty was absolute. I thought, There's no way to get through to this person. She's already on the other side."

Her ankle injuries did not, however, prevent her from setting off for Indian Fashion Week in August 2006, as a guest of the Indian Fashion Council. Her friend Tikka Singh, adviser for LVMH on the subcontinent, had arranged for Blow's visit and hoped to collaborate with her on a new handbag. Condé Nast in London began to receive unusual calls: Blow, who was staying in a suite at the Imperial in Delhi, was running up a large bill and planning a trip to the Himalayas. Singh wanted to know who was picking up the check. Not us, said Condé Nast.

In a further complication, Blow was mistaken by the Indian fashion press as being an official Condé Nast representative. Since there was great excitement over the launch of *Vogue* India, Blow was identified as a kind of envoy for *Vogue,* sent by management to research potential candidates for the editorship.

"She'd become like a whirling dervish," says Nicholas Coleridge, managing director of Condé Nast in London. "She started giving interviews to the press. There was an article on the front page of the *Hindustan Times* with a big picture of Issie in a huge hat and the headline MAD HATTER BLOW ARRIVES IN INDIA TO APPOINT VOGUE INDIA EDITOR." Before it went any further, Singh put her on a plane home.

For three weeks she'd be on a high from the shock therapy, then she'd start to come down, go back to the hospital, then the cycle would start again. Friends felt Detmar might have been unable to deal with the situation in part because of a previous experience; Jonathan Blow, his father, had committed suicide when Detmar was 14 by drinking the weed killer Paraquat, a poison that causes the internal organs to slowly shut down; it is the method of suicide favored, oddly, by lovesick Hindus of Tobago.

In the fall of 2006, Isabella decided to take flowers to her father's grave at Doddington and, mirroring her grandfather's suicide, checked into a nearby hotel. This time she took the precaution of calling Treacy to let him know she would be overdosing with pills—her "Marilyn Monroes," as she called them. Treacy called Isabella's *Tatler* colleague Kate Bernard, who found out that she'd booked a car on the magazine's account, and traced her to the hotel, where her plan was thwarted. Other attempts took even more bizarre turns. One of Blow's heroes, and a fellow manic-depressive, Virginia Woolf, drowned herself in 1941 by filling her pockets with stones and walking into the River Ouse near her home in Sussex. Blow went to the river, but it was dry after the summer drought.

On another expedition, she went back to the lake at Doddington, where her brother had drowned four decades earlier. She entered the water but found herself too buoyant to succeed. At one point she asked a veterinarian for tranquilizers for a horse that had broken a leg. That scheme failed when the vet wanted to see the horse first. She considered jumping off a bridge over the Thames in London, but upon learning that there were nets to catch jumpers decided that it would be too inelegant to become entangled.

Earlier this year, during a weekend at Hilles, Blow borrowed her husband's car late one night. Friends feared her disappearance signaled another attempt—and it did. She rammed the car into the back of a Tesco's supermarket truck. The car was totaled, but Isabella was saved by her air bag and emerged from the wreckage unscathed. "I always hated Tesco's," she told Detmar.

Blow returned to India earlier this year with the actor Rupert Everett on a trip sponsored by ICI Dulux, the European chemicals giant, to select new colors and help promote the company's textiles for saris. But her gloom didn't lift. She walked out of fashion shows early. "One thing's for sure," she said. "I won't die of boredom."

Blow went back to Delhi to look into manufacturing for the handbag she wanted to produce, and then to Goa to stay with Karla Otto. There was another overdose, on the beach, and yet another rescue. "It was just a question of time before she would finally succeed," Otto says.

When she came back from India she underwent more shock therapy, resulting in a spectacular high. "She rang me quite late one night," recalls Lucy Birley. "I thought she might have taken acid or something. She said she was buying a castle in Kerala and she would have a farm of white peacocks. We were going to lie on the balcony and she would wear a necklace with emeralds the size of bird eggs. It was like being plugged into a surreal film, extraordinary and dislocated from reality."

In March of this year, Blow was to fly to



Isabella Blow

Kuwait to begin work on the first *Arabian Beauty* book. "She felt the U.K. was not really home for her anymore," says Sheikh Majed al-Sabah, the financier of the project. "She was hoping that if any major magazine was going to come to the Middle East, she'd have strong contacts and knowledge."

Blow was the creative director and stylist. She invested her energy and dedication, getting designers excited about making something special and different. Photographers, too, were inspired by Blow's vivid imagination and committed themselves to the production.

"This will be my comeback," she told friends.

But as the date for the trip drew close, the £10,000 that Isabella was expecting as an advance to cover the costs of the preparations had not come, nor had the plane tickets for Blow, her assistant, and the photography team. Finally, £5,000 was wired to London, along with two tickets to Kuwait. The sheikh had dropped Blow's team and selected a Portuguese commercial photographer. He had also decided to use clothes stocked in his stores, Villa Moda. Blow set off for the Middle East anyway.

"You need me more than I need you," the sheikh allegedly told her, and gave her 20 minutes of his time before flying off to Milan. Blow was devastated. With her vision in ruins, she took an overdose on the shoot and was hospitalized.

"Issie insisted on specific outfits from specific designers. She insisted on a Hussein Chalayan dress that unfolds and nothing can be worn underneath. I cannot put our women in such dresses—dresses with total transparency," the sheikh says. "And she didn't have any special feelings for the brands I wanted to push. She looked at it from a conceptual point of view. I look at it from a realistic point of view."

Back in England, the disappointment of the Kuwait trip pushed the fragile Blow to a new low. A few days later she had surgery to have an ovarian cyst removed. (In some cases anesthesia can trigger depression.) Another round of shock therapy didn't kick in the way it had before. "It hasn't worked," she told Treacy.

On April 30, her sister Lavinia, who lives nearby, drove her three hours to London for the *Vanity Fair* photo shoot. Two days later, Isabella sent a letter of wishes, a kind of will, to her long-suffering accountant. She told a friend that she had an "idea." Many had heard of Blow's ideas before and knew they harbored ill. Back in the kitchen at Hilles that Friday, she mentioned the same thing over the phone to Kate Bernard, but a visitor came in before she had time to elaborate. She promised to call back but did not.

The following morning, Saturday, May 5, Lavinia went out for groceries and returned to find Isabella curled up on the bathroom floor. She'd been sick, the blue in her vomit suggesting something more toxic than sleeping pills. In the car to the hospital she confessed she had drunk weed killer in the field below the house. "She was worried she hadn't drunk enough," Lavinia says, but then, in a statement that is harder to interpret, Isabella tried to reassure her. "Don't worry," she said, "because I've sicked it all up."

The doctors in Gloucester said they couldn't be sure how much of the poison she had ingested until tests came back from Birmingham. For most of that day and int the next, Detmar, Lavinia and Julia, Phil Treacy and his partner, Stefan, clung to th hope that she had taken less than a fat dose. But the next day, Sunday, doctors at th hospital confirmed the worst: Isabella wa dying. They could not say how long it woul take, perhaps as long as three weeks, but th process under way could not be reverse Philip and Stefan sat with her through mo of Sunday. They laughed about Issie's havin forgone a hospital gown for an itchy and u comfortable silver lamé shirt. "Since whe did I ever care about comfort when it come to fashion," Blow reminded them.

"She wasn't depressed," recalls Treac "Even as she was dying, she was makin everyone laugh." But she told him with re solve, "I can't bear to look at my feet any more." She didn't mean the injuries to he feet from her jump the previous year. Sh meant that she couldn't bear her depres sion—looking at her feet while lying in hos pital beds.

Close friends made arrangements to visi her; she made plans with Detmar. Everyon went back to Hilles for the night, planning to return the next morning, but Blow wa weaker than they knew: she had taken sev eral times the lethal dose.

Isabella Blow passed away peacefully in her sleep a few minutes after five in the morn ing on May 7. Several days later, friend say, Alexander McQueen asked a medium to contact his friend. "Isabella is with he grandmother. She is happy, and wishes everyone would not be so sad," the me dium told McQueen. Sometime later the medium called back with a new message from Isabella. "And by the way," she had said, "my mother is not to have any of my hats or shoes." □



Hermès



ONTINUED FROM PAGE 383 Maurice returned o Paris with a two-year European patent on he zipper. He saw Hermès zooming into he age of the automobile, which would no loubt require leather accessories. The zipper pened and closed in a flash, a perfect mecha- ism with which to secure a purse or jacket gainst high speeds. The "Hermès Fastener," as it was called even after the patent had ex- pired, would revolutionize clothing (made by Hermès, the first-ever leather jacket with a zip was worn by the Duke of Windsor), and the Hermès workrooms became so expert in its manipulation that other companies, including Coco Chanel's, came to learn from them.

That zipper—not flat like today's, more like a skinny, silver snake skeleton—lies in a desk drawer in the hushed and beautiful room that was once Émile-Maurice's office and is now another of his legacies, the Hermès Muse- um. Secreted away on a floor above the store, the museum is a long rectangular room with old oak walls, windows curtained in moss- green velvet, and the dust-mote magic of another world. From the age of 12, when he bought his first piece, a walking stick, Émile- Maurice was an avid collector, and in this room he housed his treasures. His focus was the golden age of the horse, which spanned many centuries and even more cultures.

Bejeweled saddles for Eastern warriors and Russian leather for Western kings, stir- rups forged in Peru, bridles from Africa and India. In this room there are phaetons and victorias made as tiny as toys, or scaled as salesman's models. A galloping horse on tri- cycle wheels, its horsehair face worn bald by too many kisses, belonged to Napoléon III's son, the Prince Imperial. (General George Patton's signature is in the museum guest book.) And a royal carriage on a table, cre- ated from paper slips rolled between finger and thumb—the art of *paperole*—is a master- piece probably made by a nun. (Andy Warhol also visited the museum.) The severe black wool sidesaddle suit—or *amazone*—of Ju- lie Hermès, Émile-Maurice's wife, recently served as inspiration for the *Miss Julie*–esque costuming of Madonna's Confessions tour. And if the collection's parasol made of pheas- ant feathers hadn't been so fragile, it would have taken part in Sofia Coppola's *Marie Antoinette.* Coppola did have use of an 18th- century hunting knife and a ray-skin spyglass called an *indiscrète,* which were accompanied to the set by Ménéhould de Bazelaire, the museum's curator since 1986.

"Ali Baba's cavern," "Gepetto's work- shop"—these are ways de Bazelaire de- scribes the collection. "In this room, the childhood spirit of Hermès is gathered. Not to be a prisoner of the past, not at all. Every time an artist, a designer for Hermès, comes here, they are excited. They feel energy from the craftsmanship."

So while the collection has a Proustian power, it is more important in the way it acts as a bank of visual motifs from which Her- mès designers may draw imagery, inspira- tion, for future projects.

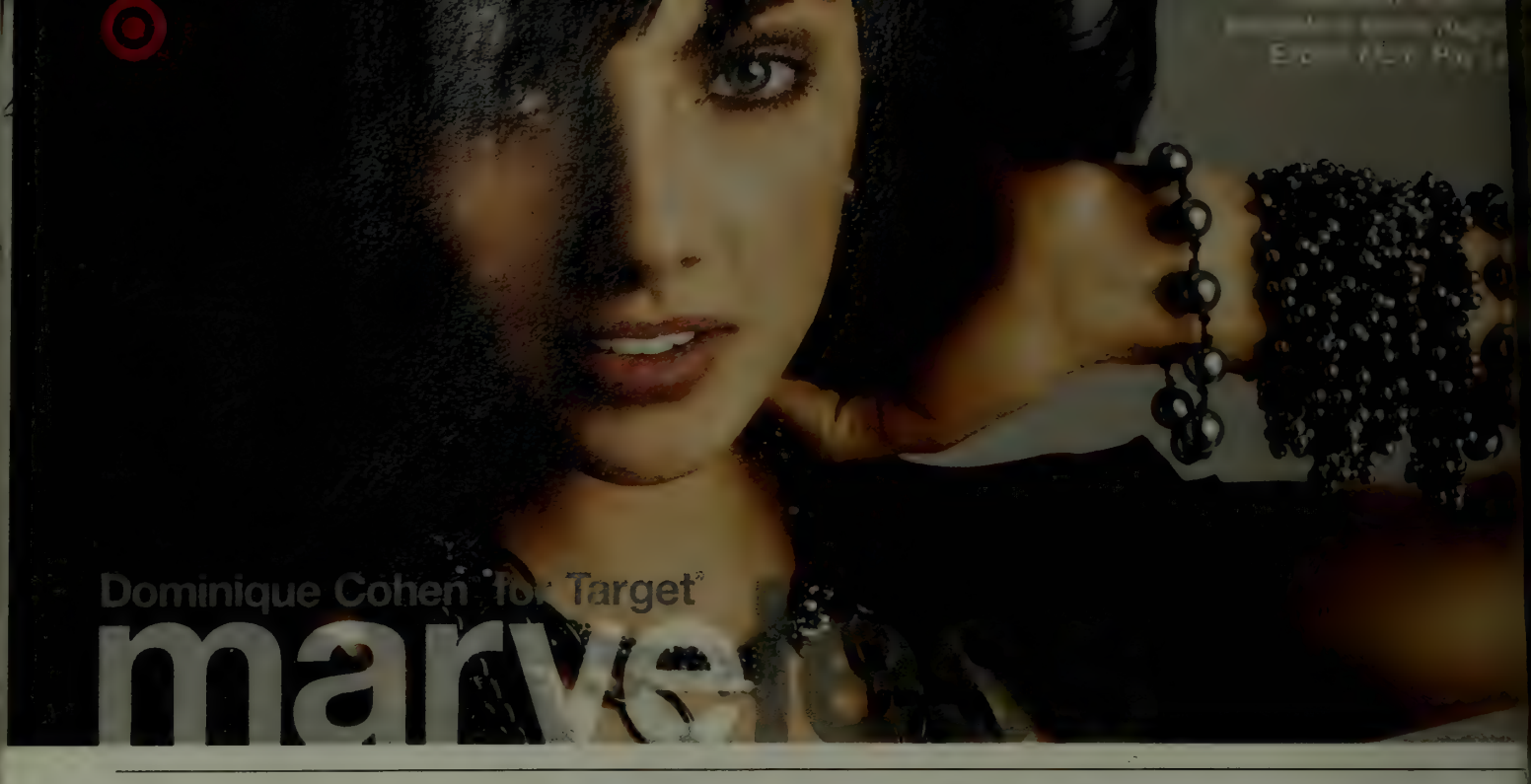
"We cannot do an ugly gadget," says de Bazelaire, "because we would be ashamed if we compared it to this."

The collection as conscience?

"Yes," she says. "Jiminy Cricket for Pinoc- chio."

Émile-Maurice Hermès had four daugh- ters, one of whom died young. When the other three married, their husbands' sur- names—Dumas, Guerrand, Puech—became synonymous with the fourth generation of Hermès. Thus began a branching out in the family tree, a phase in Hermès history when more members of the family began working for the firm. When Émile-Maurice died, in 1951, having added such classics to the com- pany repertoire as the Hermès silk scarf, in 1937 (it grew out of Hermès racing silks), and the Collier de Chien, in the 40s (the cultish dog-collar bracelet, a waiting-list item to- day), son-in-law Robert Dumas took the helm, working in close collaboration with his brother-in-law Jean-René Guerrand.

Presiding over a postwar era in which the Hermès presence in France was consolidated, Robert Dumas put the stress on new design. Artistic and more introverted than his father- in-law, Dumas turned his hand to belts and bags. He brought the Hermès tie to its sine qua non status as *the* power tie. And his fo- cus on the Hermès scarf—"my first love," he called it—resulted in company scarves so recognizably Hermès that flagship stores fly them from their rooftops. Thirty-six by 36 inches of the finest Chinese silk; engraved with an accuracy of one micrometer; screened with as many as 36 color frames; brought to completion over two and a half years; with 12 new designs a year (plus classics brought back): these virtuosic fantasias on culture, na- ture, and art are pure *joie de vivre,* something



Hermès

better than a status symbol. To receive one's first Hermès scarf—it's not about coming up in the world but about embracing it.

Nine of the company's 10 best-selling scarves, including 1957's Brides de Gala (Gala Bridles, the all-time best-seller) and 1963's Astrologie (favorite of fashion designers), were made on Robert Dumas's watch. In fact, in the imagery of these two scarves—the ceremonial gravity of leather bridles and the overhead soaring of the spheres—we see the reverberating dynamic of Hermès: earth and air. It was this very dynamic that Jean-Louis Dumas would articulate when in 1978, upon his father Robert's death, the family made him head of the company.

When he was C.E.O. and artistic director of Hermès, Jean-Louis Dumas often said, "We are like peasants working the land to yield fruit." It is a sentiment he took from his mother, Jacqueline, and it expresses both the sense of stewardship each Hermès generation feels toward the firm and also the simple dignity inherent in work done by hands with tools—the awls, mallets, needles, knives, and stones that populate the workbench of every Hermès artisan (each of whom is five years in the making). Hermès is different from other luxury brands in that it is not so much a design identity as it is a culture, a rarefied world with its own values and ways of working ("the way the grandfathers of our grandfathers did"). Retired workers don't leave the company; they join its Club des Anciens—"the ancients"—which meets for monthly lunches and yearly trips and is a living library of company history and wisdom. The ancients are as much Hermès as the Hermès family members, who even with advanced degrees in other fields may find themselves drawn back to their native ground of leather, silk, and the saddle stitch.

When Jean-Louis, one of 17 cousins who constitute the family's fifth generation, took the reins, in 1978, Hermès was still lofty and a bit sleepy, especially in the leather-working atelier above the store, where, as *Forbes* reported, there wasn't enough work to keep the needles busy. Financial consultants suggested that the company close the atelier and hire outsiders to do the work—tantamount to cutting the heart out of Hermès. Dumas knew better. Equipped with degrees in both law and economics, keenly well read and well versed in the arts, a globe-trotting traveler who relished exotic climes and yet, having worked at Bloomingdale's for a year in the 60s, loved America as well, he looked up over the horizon, much as his grandfather Émile-Maurice once had, and saw a global Hermès, scarves snapping across the continents.

It began with a jolt. In 1979, Dumas launched an advertising campaign, put up in Paris overnight, that pictured hip young Parisians wearing Hermès scarves with jeans—a look so radically high-low the whole house of Hermès protested, an uproar that lasted days. "The idea is always the same at Hermès," Dumas would say in his lighthearted way, "to make tradition live by shaking it up." He'd recognized that retail had changed and if Hermès was to survive without compromise it had to reposition its products, make them relevant to more walks of life. Dumas expanded the Hermès profile by investing, usually at 35 percent, in companies that shared the Hermès ethic of No Compromise—companies like Leica optics and Jean Paul Gaultier's couture. He expanded the Hermès product line by buying entire companies that he believed (the London bootmaker John Lobb) and th made sense within the context of Hermè Art of Living department: Puiforcat silv Saint-Louis crystal. (The company now h 14 divisions.) And he expanded the Herm global presence with a steady increase in t number of boutiques and stand-alone store making few mistakes in a well-researche strategy of growth.

From 1982 to 1989, sales grew fro $82 million to $446.4 million. And if you bought shares of Hermès in March of 199 when 19 percent of the company was publi ly floated (a way to allow family members t sell some shares without upsetting compan structure), you'd be a happy camper. Fro December 1993 to December 2006, th CAC 40 Index shows a rather flat line with shallow rise around 1999, while the Hermè international share price climbs like Everes As a Lehman Brothers analyst said of He mès in 2000, "It's the only stock in its secto to be in its eighth-straight year of double-dig growth." Sales in 2006 reached an all-tim high of $1.9 billion.

It wasn't empire building per se, becaus Hermès could never be mass—and neve wanted to be. It was more like ambassado ships. Dumas's vision, which he called "mult local," saw Hermès stores outside of Franc operating with a great deal of independenc being Hermès, yes, but with a posture that wa proper to each new environment. It would b a dialogue, a dance, Hermès taking the puls of the place, building relationships with ne artists it admired, and often leading the loc *Zeitgeist,* not only through avant-garde, ofte curated windows (also done locally, whil following the lead of Leila Menchari, the ac claimed designer of Hermès's surreal Par windows), but also through heavy sponsorshi



flawless

Isaac Mizrahi

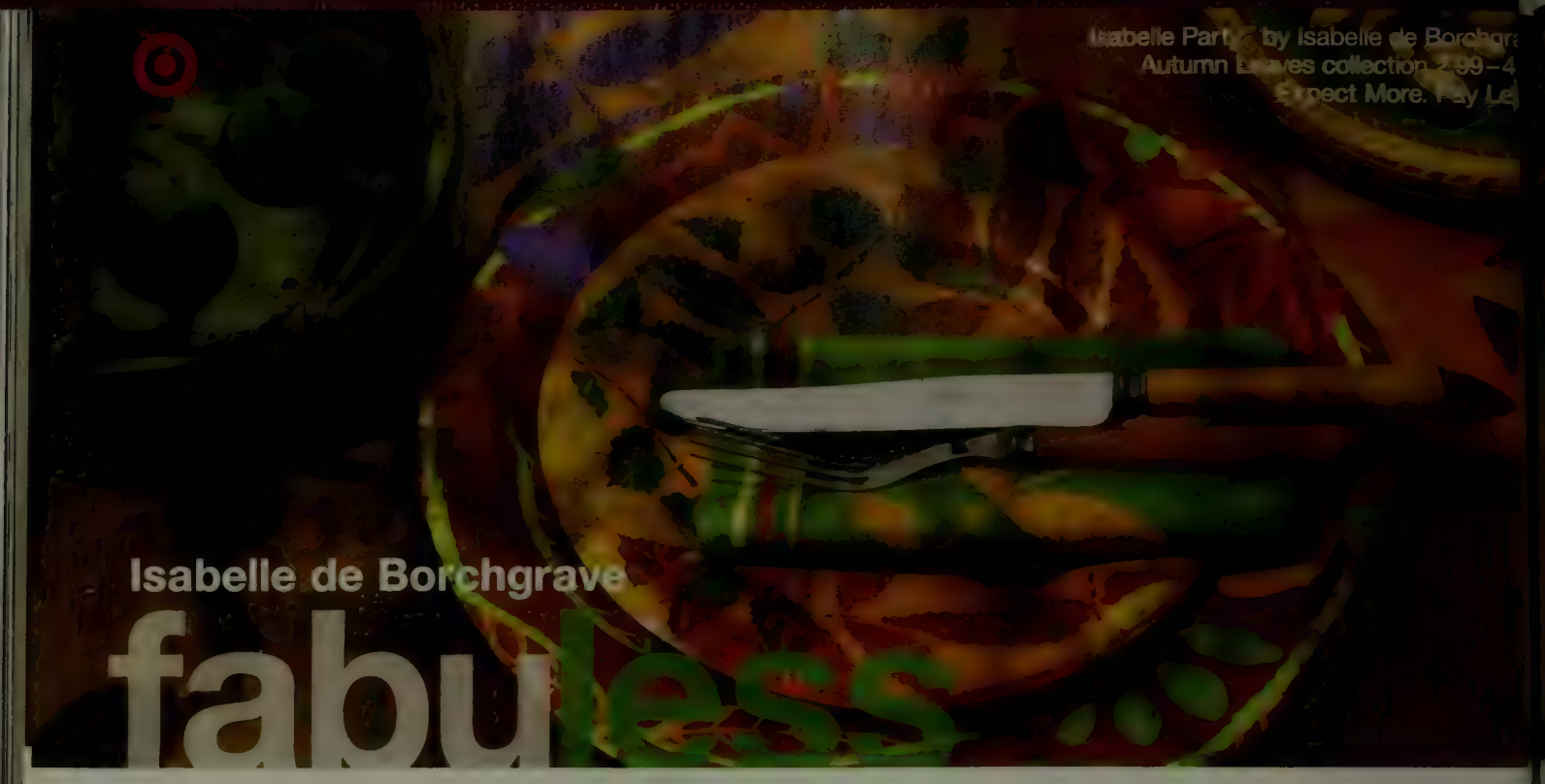
events, art exhibitions, and mini film festi-
s. "Multi-local" inspired, as well, the way
w stores were conceived, whether worked
o existing, often landmark buildings or
nstructed from scratch, as in Dosan Park
Seoul, and in the Ginza district of Tokyo.
When it comes to the evolving aesthetic
Hermès, almost incalculable is the in-
ence of Rena Dumas, the wife of Jean-
uis. Born and raised in Greece, knowing
e wanted to work with space ever since
e was a girl, Rena met Jean-Louis in 1959
en she was studying architecture in Paris.
e principal of a company she founded in
70, Rena Dumas Architecture Intérieure
.D.A.I.), she has designed the interiors of
re than 150 Hermès stores. Her style—
an, taut, extremely subtle, and highly re-
ved—might be described as abstract mod-
ism, but with a sensation of sinuous play
d kinetic daring.
R.D.A.I.'s first job for Hermès was to
sign the interior of an addition to 24 Fau-
urg, made possible by the purchase of the
ilding at 26. Rena said she could not do
eplica of 24—she was interested only in
ing something modern. "They gave me a
y interesting answer, which guided me,"
na says. "They said, 'O.K., but we want
client who enters 24 and goes to 26 not
have a feeling of change, that he goes from
old store to the new store. We don't want
24 Faubourg to become something old.'"
om 24 Faubourg, Rena took "a code of
ments," as she calls it: limestone, cherry-
od, mosaics, leather, and light. Her firm's
nning design for the company's facility in
ntin, where the leather workshops moved
1992 to meet the huge increase in demand,
ll windows, air, awash in light. It's a crystal
lace born of a prism.
Design of Hermès objects, always subtle, has increasingly partaken of this more abstract and architectural approach. The men's wear of Véronique Nichanian, who came on in 1988; the women's shoes and jewelry of Pierre Hardy, who joined the house in 1990; and the ready-to-wear of the esoteric Martin Margiela, engaged in 1997, much to the surprise of the fashion world: these three, all minimalists with an extravagant edge, brought a powerful coherence to Hermès design, a disciplined rigor and sly wit. Indeed, one might say that the Hermès allure is today more dressage than equipage, concentrated yet cool. In fact, the saddles used by the Academy of Equestrian Arts, located in Versailles, are provided by Hermès.

The first years of the new millennium saw Dumas making his last hires, and they were important ones. In 2003, when the press-phobic Margiela decided not to renew his contract with Hermès, wanting to devote himself to his own line, Dumas again surprised the industry, this time by hiring Jean Paul Gaultier—bad-boy couturier, costumer of Madonna, and out-there showman. And Gaultier, who'd turned down many offers to design for other houses, surprised himself by wanting the job. Dumas had asked him for suggestions about who could take Margiela's place. "I threw out a few names," Gaultier recalls, "but finally when I got home, I said to myself, 'Me. I would love to do it.' It's a house that allows for great creative freedom with no limits."

The press fretted over the choice: Could Gaultier rein in his wildness? He could. Gaultier understood the Hermès ethic of *au point*—"just at the right point"—and his collections for Hermès, always in the most sumptuous materials, have ridden that fine line between respect and irreverence. "My mother used to wear Calèche, and through the scent, Hermès was in my childhood memory. That's why I play with the Hermès codes, giving them a twist."

And in the fragrance department: despite the classic Calèche, introduced in 1961, and other successes through the decades—Équipage; Amazone; 24, Faubourg—this was the one Hermès division that underperformed through much of the 90s. In Jean-Claude Ellena, hired in 2004, the company found its nose. Sophisticated, cerebral, with a poet's sense of the mystery of his subject, Ellena creates fragrances that are like organic architecture. His line of Hermessences—lighter, more ethereal mixes—have the feeling of musical airs or inventions, the buoyant play of Hermès.

Come 2005, Dumas began to loosen the reins and relinquish responsibilities. It was during this time of quiet transition that Hermès suffered the loudest, and possibly worst, publicity in its history. What has been called a controversy and a "*Crash* moment," but is better termed a misunderstanding, unfolded on June 14, when Oprah Winfrey and friends arrived at 24 Faubourg at 6:45 P.M. and were told the store was closed. It was true, Hermès closes at 6:30 P.M. But on this particular evening, because the staff was preparing for a fashion show, the store still looked open. "The doors were not locked," Winfrey later said on her television show. "There was much discussion among the staff about whether or not to let me in. That's what was embarrassing." Newspapers and the Internet whipped it up. Hate mail poured into Hermès. The family was mortified. Dumas himself, had he been in better health, would have taken a flight to meet Winfrey, to explain that Hermès never closes its doors to anyone. In his place, Robert Chavez, the president and C.E.O. of Hermès U.S.A., appeared on Winfrey's show to say how sorry



Hermès

the company was. She accepted the apology.

"What is the future of Hermès?" Dumas once answered this question with a single word: "Idea." In early 2006, when Dumas announced he'd be retiring, Hermès was faced with that future: Who would fill the shoes of Jean-Louis Dumas? As it turned out, three people. With the unanimous approval of the Hermès board, Dumas named company veteran Patrick Thomas the new C.E.O. and designated as co–artistic directors his son, Pierre-Alexis Dumas, and his niece, Pascale Mussard. Thomas spoke for all when he said, "This is a family company with a long-term vision. There will be no revolution." And yet, when leadership moves from one generation to the next, there is always a leap, if only of faith.

"One very important feeling for me," says Pierre-Alexis Dumas, "is the feeling of humility. That came about very early, that I never took Hermès for granted. It was a house, our house, and a highly respected institution."

By age 10 Dumas was asking to learn the saddle stitch. "It's not really about the stitch," he says. "It's about being aware of the sense of touch, being able to stitch with your eyes closed, being able to represent yourself and the object you're making in space, being able to listen to what your hands tell you. These are fundamental acts which built our civilization. When I was able to control my hands, I was so proud."

Dumas graduated with a degree in visual arts from Brown University, where fellow students sometimes confused Hermès with Aramis, a hot American fragrance in the 80s. "I was shocked," he recalls. "But this brand is full of paradoxes. It's been around for 170 years, and yet it's a very young brand, because its geographical expansion happened in the last 20 years."

Mussard, like Dumas, doesn't "have any memory without Hermès." Descended from the Guerrand line of the Hermès family, she remembers that "the key of my parents' apartment was the same key as all the offices and the safe of Hermès. My uncles could come every day, at any hour." After school Mussard would go to the Hermès upstairs atelier to watch the leather workers or to play on the terrace. After studying law and obtaining a degree in business, she began at Hermès as a fabric buyer in 1978, when her uncle Jean-Louis took over.

"I knew that my heart was with Hermès, but I always thought I was not good enough." (Company policy: a family member never gets the job over a more qualified outsider.) "When Jean-Louis asked me to join, I was astonished. He said to me, 'You know every corner at Hermès, you know every person.'" Though Mussard is shy, her uncle promoted her into advertising and P.R. Be natural, he told her; say what you want to. "He helped a lot of people to bloom," she says.

And in critiquing a window she'd dressed, one she was proud of, Dumas taught Mussard an important lesson in Hermès allure. "He said, 'It's not a good window—everything is too Hermès. You are like a good pupil, and a window is not about that. You have to make a reaction. You have to surprise. You have to astonish yourself. Be always on a wire, a thread.'"

Pierre-Alexis Dumas reiterates this ideal. "My father was always anxious. He had stage fright, convinced that when everything was prepared, at the greatest events, it will not work. And it was always a success. I understand today that that attitude is a wise one. you just say everything is O.K., you're not t ing risks. The brand is going to be affected that. Slowly it's going to become banal."

Dumas is in charge of all the silk, text accessories, and ready-to-wear, and Mussa oversees leather, jewelry, and non-textile a cessories. "Pierre is very abstract," she sa "He loves paintings, he wants to be a paint he loves things flat. I love three dimensions love objects. And so we are very compleme tary." And they are aesthetically in sync. Li Dumas's mother, Mussard's father, the la Pierre Siegrist, was an architect. Having bo grown up with modernist values, Dumas a Mussard share a love of clean shapes wi strong energy. They want the company grow slim and fit, its touch light but not to light.

"We've known each other for a long time says Mussard. "We understand right away it's Hermès or not. If we like it or not. If we' gone too far away."

"We've got to remain true to ourselves says Dumas, "but we've got to change con stantly. And it's that tension which is at th heart of Hermès."

And something else. Something Mussar was searching for, a key, when she came int the company. "It's from Jean-Louis's father Robert Dumas," she explains. "I asked him What is it about Hermès? If you can say on thing, what is it? And he said to me, 'Hermè is different because we are making a produc that we can repair.' It's so simple. And it's no so simple. Think that you can repair something because you know how to repair it and why i has been damaged. You have the hands. Think that you can repair it because you want to keep it. And think that you can repair it because you want to give it to someone else. I think it's right It's what Hermès is about." □

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ake Como



NTINUED FROM PAGE 374 of super-rich are mpeting for the same limited properties. Berlusconi, perhaps more discriminating n most newcomers, has looked at "a lot" properties, according to Ugoni, but he nts only two or three, none of which are sale. "Berlusconi came one Saturday with wife to see the house even though they ow well it was not for sale," says Michele nepa, an elegant silk industrialist whose nily has been in the business for gen-ations, and who produces fabric for haute uture houses such as Oscar de la Renta, anel, and Lanvin. Canepa owns Villa Il lbiano, in Ossuccio, which dates back to e Renaissance and is considered one of the ost beautiful villas on the lake.

You can reach Villa Il Balbiano by boat, t if you drive along Via Regina, the narrow keshore road, you enter through an ancient lled garden with bursting roses, jasmine, drangeas, and calycanthus plants. There a row of tall, regal cypress trees leading to e stone doors of the house.

Cardinals and counts once lived here. nepa has modernized the interior, leav-g the original trompe l'oeil and pictorial quences painted by the Recchi brothers in 1630, but adding abstract German paintings from the 1950s, 60s, and 70s. There are modern fabrics that come from Canepa's factory and a magnificent ball gown mounted on the wall, made by his wife in the 80s for a museum competition with a Fortuny theme.

In the dining room, which still has the original 18th-century frescoes and a heavy Venetian crystal chandelier, Sri Lankan waiters serve risotto seasoned with fresh herbs from the garden, and homemade fruit sorbet. Canepa—who is one of the silk manufacturers in Como who still do very well despite globalization—admits his life on the lake is rarefied. Would he ever sell Villa Il Balbiano? He shakes his head firmly no.

"Some things are beyond cash," he says, smiling slightly.

Construction on the Liberty-style Villa Il Dosso Pisani began in 1897 and was completed in 1910. The villa sits high on a hilltop looking out onto the lake. Carlo Dossi, a writer, built the portico as a place to entertain his friends and inscribed many of their names, in poems and epitaphs, on the white marble columns inside the courtyard.

His granddaughter, Giosetta Reverdini Pisani Dossi, has poignant memories of growing up in the villa. She remembers the war years in Como: her mother packing away the precious leather-bound books from the library in wooden crates, food coming from the neighboring farms, bombs dropping in the spring of 1944, all the windows in the villa shattering. She also remembers an after-war party: peeking through the big doors of the ballroom and seeing her mother in a long gown, a hundred people dancing and eating.

But those were different times. "My mother had five servants," she says. "Now I have only one servant. The stairs are hard for me to climb. We used to have deliveries to the house. Now we go to the supermarket."

When did life change? There were stirrings in the late 1980s. "Villa d'Este started doing promotions, bringing actresses like Bette Davis or soap stars," Pifferi recalls. That these were noteworthy events says something, perhaps, about the sleepy Como of that era.

Some recall the first wave of arrivistes in the early 1990s, when the fashion crowd followed Gianni Versace—whose ashes are reportedly now enshrined in a private chapel on the grounds of the family's 18th-century Villa Fontanelle. "Versace opened the gates," says Enzo Pifferi. "Before that, it had only been the old, moneyed Milanese families."

Versace, who had acquired his crumbling villa in 1977, introduced Elton John and Madonna to the lake. Later came Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta-Jones. They told their friends. Designers such as Bill Blass, Donna Karan, Ralph Lauren, Calvin Klein, and Oscar de la Renta began vacationing in Como. In 2000, *Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones* was filmed in part at the Villa del Balbianello, which juts out dramatically into the lake. (More recently, *Casino Royale* was shot there as well.) Jennifer Lopez came on her honeymoon in 2001 with her second husband, Cris Judd. Britney Spears visited; Tori Spelling honeymooned. But the biggest change was Clooney's 2002 purchase of Villa Oleandra, in the tiny village of Laglio. According to Robert Eves, "The prices, especially around the Gold Coast, shot up."

Tom Cruise asked to close down the Villa d'Este for his wedding to Katie Holmes, in 2006 (request refused). Then came Ange-



Lake Como

lina Jolie and Brad Pitt, visiting Clooney; the couple reportedly expressed an interest in getting married at Como. This rumor sparked such a media uproar that Reuters and other news agencies sent reporters.

And now come the Russians and the billionaires with lots of cash and nowhere to buy.

"It took me six years to find my property," says Robert Eves. He eventually bought Villa Calla, as he renamed it, but the process was arduous, more courtship than real-estate transaction. Eves had met the owner of the villa through Francesco Ugoni in 2000. The owner had no interest in selling. Eves continued searching. He estimates that he looked at maybe 30 villas.

"The first villas I toured were not like the typical offering in America," he says. "One villa on the lakeshore had not been occupied in 70 years. It had no electricity, heating, or water systems remaining." Another, a Liberty-style villa, on a hill overlooking the lake, had been vacant for 20 years; thieves had removed all the windows, the carved wood paneling, even the flooring.

In the meantime, Eves had continued to meet with the Villa Calla family, and over the years they grew to be friends. "The future availability of the home was not even discussed," Eves recalls. Then, one evening, "the owner of the villa announced at a dinner that he decided to sell his beautiful home to his friend Robert Eves," Eves says. "I was proud and honored." But still there was no mention of price. Another year went by and finally a price—he declines to say what—was agreed upon. ("I told George Clooney at dinner one night that he cost me well over a million dollars" extra, says Eves, who met the actor in Milan after the "courtship.") In January 2006 the deal was at last concluded.

But Eves's story is exceptional. Partly it was his patience, but also his respect and love for Como, which won over the owner. Other old families refuse to sell, no matter how much money is laid on the table.

Athena Besana Ciani lives alone in Cernobbio, in the beautifully fading Villa Besana, which once housed her husband's family. Among their number were explorers, members of Parliament, patriots who fought with Garibaldi—the family history is long. Besana Ciani herself resembles a character from an Edith Wharton novel, with her rope of pearls, her refined manners, her Queen's English accent. (Wharton loved Como and featured it in her 1904 book, *Italian Villas and Their Gardens*.) She serves pre-lunch aperitifs, tiny salted pastries, and cold white wine on her shaded veranda overlooking the long, green garden leading to the lake. She talks about the past.

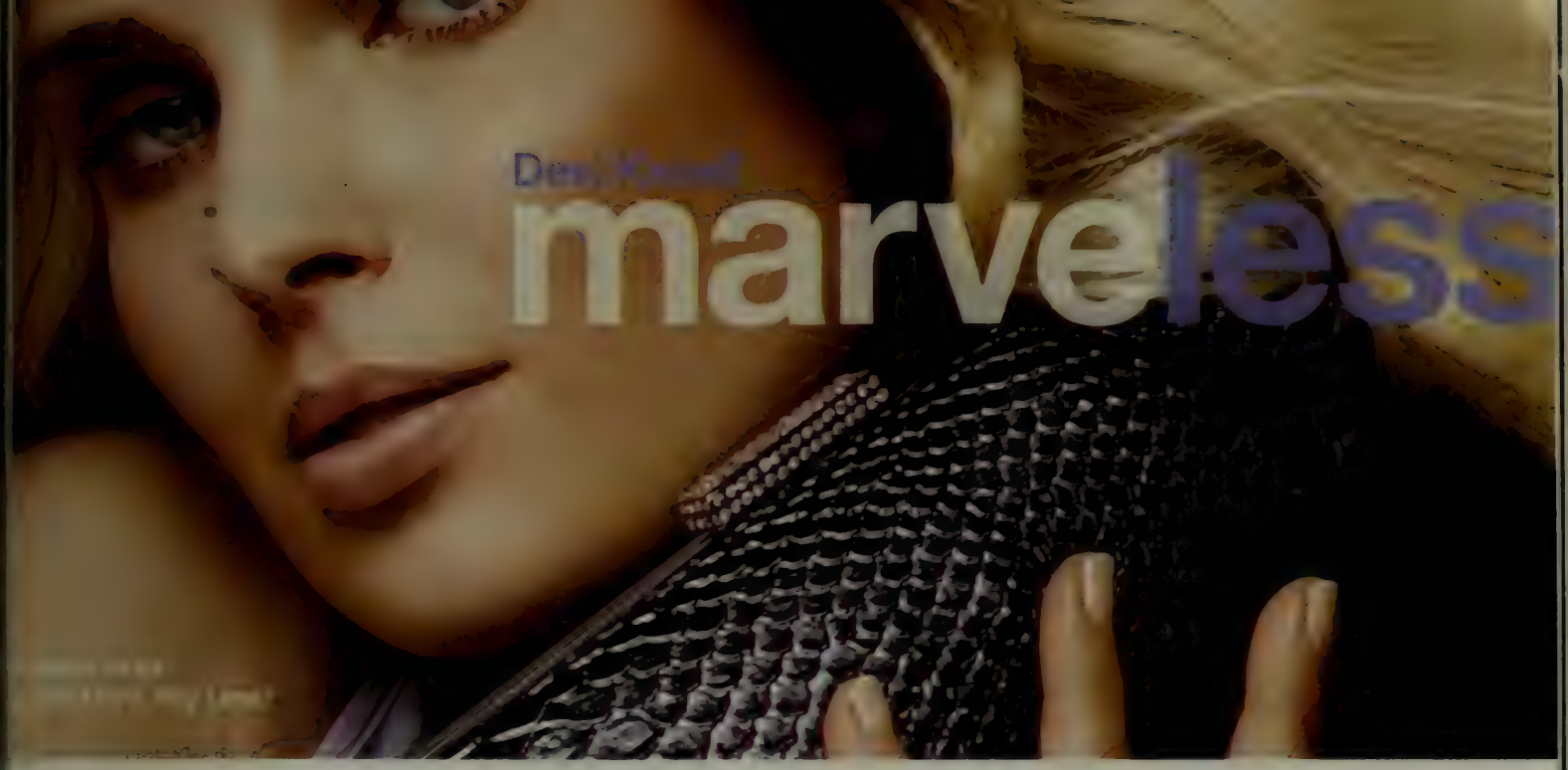
"There was an air of joy in the house. My daughter and seven nephews played in the garden," she says in a melancholic voice. She recalls life in Como from the time she was a little girl. But now, she says, she is worried about how the young generation of Comaschi, such as her surgeon daughter, who lives in England, are leaving for other countries.

Inside, the villa—built in the 17th century—is tiled and cool. Besana Ciani points out precious objects: the portraits of Enrico Besana, who traversed America and New Zealand on horseback in the 1800s; his maps; his exquisite traveling bar with crystal decanters, tiny golden liqueur glasses; a porcelain collection from China. She tells st ries of how her husband's ancestor Baron I polito Ciani bought the Villa d'Este in 183- during the Austrian occupation (the perio of the Risorgimento, which culminated i the 1870 unification of Italy). The legend that the baron used the Villa d'Este as th center of the anti-Austrian movement an sent fireworks into the sky with the colors the Italian flag. "These men were patriots Italy and Lake Como, great men," she say "But now the modern patriots of the lak are rich people who want to destroy it. I they buy my villa, they will divide it up int apartments."

She has had countless offers to sell—fro Russians and others—but always refuse "My house is like an old lady who speak to me of all the people who loved her," sh says quietly.

There are many people around the lak who have the same sense of history as Besan Ciani. But huge sums of money are hard to re sist, and she ticks off on her fingers the nobl families who were forced to sell or rent. "It very difficult to fight against money," she ad mits. "I am sorry not to be an optimist. M life is here. My childhood was here. But it ha changed. It once was so intimate."

Lake Como has always been a magne for the elite. Nineteen hundred year ago, the orator and writer Pliny the Young er, who was born in Como, wrote to hi friend Romanus, "I have several villas upo the borders of this lake, but there are tw particularly in which I take most delight... One of them stands upon a rock, and over looks the lake; the other actually touches it The first... I call my tragic; the other... m comic villa.... The former does not feel th force of the waves; the latter breaks them



om that you see the fishing-vessels; from is you may fish yourself."

If you close your eyes to the construction the new swimming pool being built too ose to the water's edge at the mysterious illa La Cassinella (does Branson own it or ot?), you can imagine Pliny's Lake Como. r even further back.

The Romans arrived here in the second ntury B.C., and the cove near Bellagio, here the lake forks, was turned into an portant military and trading point. In the st century, the wealthy families from Mi- n and other parts of Italy began to build llas to escape the city's stifling summer eat. The Viscontis arrived as early as the 4th century. (Their descendant Luchino isconti, the film director, once lived at Vil- Erba, in Cernobbio.) After the Viscontis ame the Sforzas. Their Como guests were lustrious. At the December 1493 wedding Bianca Maria Sforza to Emperor Maxi- ilian, one attendee, Leonardo da Vinci, as apparently disappointed by the lake in inter. "These trips should be made in the onth of May," he wrote in a message left ehind after the ceremony.

It was in the 1700s that Lombardy came under Austrian rule. This was the begin- ing of Como's economic expansion and the omination of the silk industry. Silkworms ad been imported to Como, and for a time ne region produced the most beautiful silk the world. Como prospered. At the begin- ing of the Industrial Revolution, the new oneyed families in Lombardy began build- ng ever more elaborate villas. Some of these milies still have them.

English lords and Russian princes arrived the 1800s. The villas, through the coming ears, housed tremendous parties full of royalty and heads of state—Kaiser William, Franz Joseph I, the King of Albania, the Queens of Spain, Sweden, and Romania, the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia, Lady Chamberlain, the Sheikh of Kuwait, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. King Farouk of Egypt spent his honeymoon in 1951 at the Grand Hotel in Bellagio.

You can spend your entire time in Como on a Riva speedboat zipping around the lake. But you only get a true sense of the weight of history and the importance of preserving it when you enter the villas. On an overcast late-spring morning, I take a boat—most people travel across the lake by boat—to see Prince Fulco Gallarati Scotti at Villa Melzi d'Eril, one of the most illustrious villas on the lake. Before we reach the landing, I spot the neoclassical and imperial villa through the cypress trees that partially hide it from the lake. The house was built from 1808 to 1810 for Francesco Melzi d'Eril, an ancestor of the prince's and a vice president of the short-lived Italian Republic when it was constituted under Napoleon's rule.

The prince pulls a heavy key from his vest and leads me inside the dark quiet. His grandfather Duke Tommaso Gallarati Scotti, a diplomat, entertained Churchill here in the 1950s. Another ancestor, the first Duke of Melzi, is thought to have been one of da Vinci's lovers. The rooms are dusty and smell of leather. There are two portraits of Napoleon, one in which he holds a map with his hands all over Italy. There are bronze tables by Manfredini. There is a locked cupboard from which the prince pulls an ornate blue cashmere coat with gold trim that at one time belonged to Francesco Melzi d'Eril. There is a heavy guest book with aristocratic signatures going back hundreds of years. From a window, you can see Villa Carlotta, across the lake, once owned by the Sommariva family, rivals of the Melzis.

"Families competed. Alliances were made," the prince says. "Deals were brokered."

But now the noble families are "extinguishing." He adds, "Before, Como was Italian."

Like other residents, he says he has been offered large sums of money to sell the villa, but has always refused. He has also refused to rent it for parties or weddings. "If you open something up commercially," he says, "you lose your property. This villa is priceless. You cannot put monetary value on it." He has, however, opened the gardens—with their Egyptian sculptures and exotic flowers—to the public. That is as far as he will let modern life reach into his fiefdom, and requests by V.I.P.'s for private viewings have been refused.

"New money does not understand the history or the culture of these villas," he says, walking with me through the tiny village of Loppia, most of which is still owned by his family, to the dock where our boat is waiting.

On the way home from Villa Melzi, Sergio, the boatman, points out Villa Oleandra. It's the first place Lyudmila Putin, the Russian president's wife, asked to be taken when she visited Como two summers ago, or so a local will tell me later: "She did not ask, 'Where is the cathedral?' She asked, 'Where is the house of George Clooney?' So she took a boat and went to see the house of George Clooney."

There is indeed plenty of stargazing at Lake Como, but part of the reason that celebrities love the area is that locals tend to protect them. At Gatto Nero, the most star-

Lake Como

ry restaurant in the area, the owner, Fausto Fontana, guards clients such as Britney Spears, Daniel Craig, and Kylie Minogue like a mama lion, and says the privacy of everyone, tourists or celebrities, is respected. But when boats slow so that tourists can gape at Clooney's property or Branson's supposed home or other landmark villas, there is little the homeowners can do. The lake is public property.

Clooney, to his great credit, is beloved by locals. Recently he joined a campaign to stop construction of a large parking complex and floating bridge in Laglio near his villa, convening a meeting of local activists at Villa Oleandra. "I don't want my presence here to be a pain to the other citizens," he told the newspaper *Corriere della Sera,* "but if you ask me, these proposals are in every probability just to exploit the fact that I live here." The actor even said he'd sell the villa and move if the bulldozers arrived. (The mayor of the village eventually decided to scrap the plans and told *Us Weekly,* "To Mr. Clooney we gave the honorary citizenship. We all are proud of his choice to live here on Lake Como.")

The locals see Clooney as *un bravo ragazzo,* a good guy. He tries to speak Italian. He plays basketball with the children. He rides his bicycle down the winding roads without his bodyguards. In return, the locals, who understand the value he has added by putting the little village of Laglio on the map, protect him. Some locals have been known to point tourists who ask for George Clooney's villa in the wrong direction, says one Comasco.

Como's social hub is Villa d'Este. It was built in 1568 by a prince and was later a royal residence of a future Queen of England, Caroline of Brunswick, before becoming, in 1873, one of the most famous hotels in the world. Located in the town of Cernobbio, on the southern end of the Gold Coast, it is a magical place. The scented gardens stretch out, a blending of Baroque and Romantic landscaping. There is a pool, which floats out onto the lake, where Arnold Schwarzenegger and Bruce Springsteen have played with their children.

Many of the rooms are full of antiques and priceless paintings, and the guests have included King Leopold, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Rita Hayworth, Clark Gable, and Vladimir Nabokov. There are wonderful stories, such as how Marlene Dietrich visited in 1949 but would appear on the lake only incognito, in a big hat. Elton John had his personal chef take cooking classes here, and Hitchcock used to come in and question the hotel's chef about which cooking machines he used. The restaurant is famous for its risotto, but Gianni Agnelli's favorite dish was simply the bean salad with tomatoes.

The hotel is now partly owned by the Droulers, a French family who arrived in Como in the 1930s to work in the linen industry. The eldest son, Jean-Marc Droulers, the current C.E.O. and president of the hotel, is often credited with spicing up the image of Villa d'Este in the 1980s. Today, while the old legions of American and French tourists are still coming, sitting on the terrace drinking champagne are a new breed of guests: Russians barking into cell phones or picking away at BlackBerrys.

They don't smile, they don't say "*Buon giorno*" in the elevators, the way polite guests do. In the evening, tall, slender women wearing four-inch gold heels and dressed in leopard-print Cavalli dresses prowl the hallways on their way to dinner. At breakfast, burly men signal waiters by snapping their fingers or commanding them in tones one would use with a dog. They wear their dressing gowns and smoke cigars in the lobby.

"Russians are tough," says one employee who can't be named. "Because they arrived at money so quickly, they never learned manners or culture. They look at a menu and scan it for what is the most expensive. To them, that is class. They have no idea of what good taste is."

At Navedano, a restaurant in the city of Como favored by Hollywood people, the proprietor, Giuliano Casartelli, whose family has run the restaurant for generations and has seen it all, tells me about a Russian millionaire who arrived the night before me with a beautiful young woman. He phoned ahead to order a tableful of expensive, rare flowers. He drank two bottles of Cristal. Then he had the flowers sent to Moscow by private jet the next day.

Gauche extravagance is one thing. Some Russians arouse darker suspicions, as they do in other parts of Europe they have colonized, such as the Riviera. "Every single time X arrives," says the Villa d'Este employee, referencing a Russian steel magnate, "the Italian secret service arrive immediately after and question everyone about his movements."

"Frankly, I check the Russians out before they come," says one businessman in the area, who sometimes hosts visitors and relies on an Italian visa agency for intelligence. "It's not hard to do. You make a few phone calls and you know who you are having as a guest."

Though local gossip has it that some Comaschi homeowners refuse to sell to Russians, one real-estate agent says, "I think that, even if someone tells you this, if a Russian arrives and offers the asked price, everyone will say, Yes, thanks." Many Russians pref to pay in cash, this agent adds, even whe prices are in the millions, though, he says, a Italian anti-Mafia law makes it illegal to a cept more than 12,500 euros in cash.

Robert Eves says another way of protec ing the villas is to buy them not for inves ment but for preservation. "I am putting m villa into a trust for the benefit of my ch dren with strict rules that they cannot se for a profit. It is for their children and the children's children," he writes in an e-mai "A villa on the west shore of Lake Como an extraordinary *tesoro,* and it should be pr tected and carried through the generatio in the traditional Italian way."

So what will happen to Como?

I first came to the northern lakes fro London as a young student, more than tw decades ago, and then returned about 1 years ago with my Italian-born father. It w a strange, Thomas Mann–like voyage. M father was terminally ill but did not yet kno it. He would be dead within a year, and was the last time he would see Italy.

It was he who told me the history of th area, of Mussolini's grisly end, of Churchill paintings, and of the nearby northern fro in World War I, where my great-uncle an grandfather fought in trenches (and m great-uncle died). He told me about the sil industry and the invaders from the nort who came to conquer Italy in 218 B.C.

My father took me to the train statio when I was returning to London. We ha tea first. In the café, an odd man wit a comic-book Iron Curtain accent an imitation-crocodile shoes was sitting with sexy young woman. They began to chat wit us. They were visitors from Russia on a hol day. But the girl kept winking at my elderl father, and the man kept offering me a li to Milan. It was rather odd, and eventuall they left.

"Russians in the Italian lakes, how strange," my father remarked. Then he added, "Did yo see his shoes? Never trust a man with chea shoes."

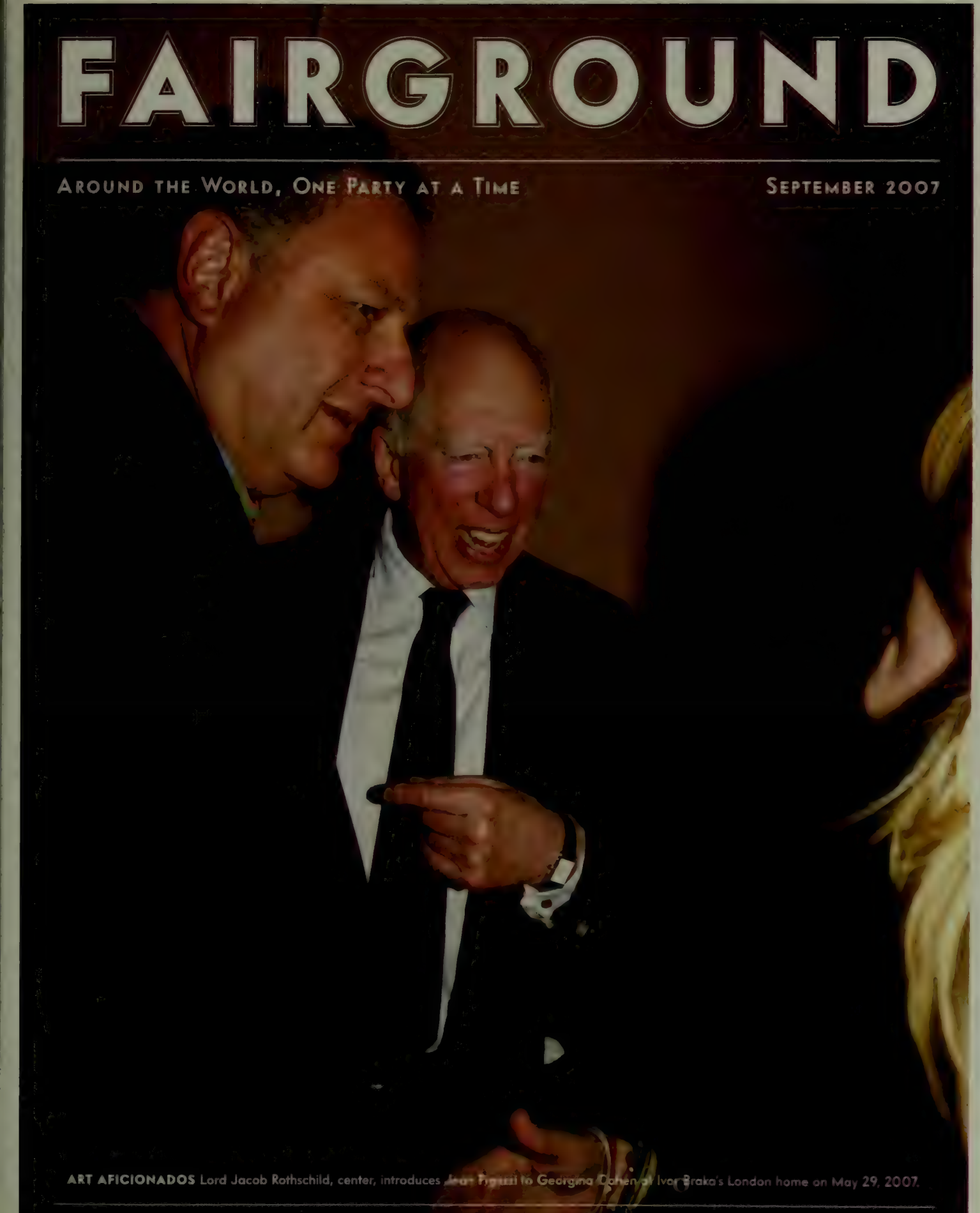
Visiting this spring, I kept thinking tha the Russians are certainly present in th lakes now. But they don't wear cheap shoe anymore.

The day I left Como, it was drizzlin slightly. From the elaborate terrace of Vill Il Dosso Pisani, in the mountains above th lake, I took a final look at the grand villa curving toward the water and the unspoile parcels of hilltop land. I could see smal boats and smell jasmine. Everything looke probably the way Churchill painted it, mor than 60 years ago. But I wonder what it wil look like in 15 years and remember wha Longfellow once wrote of Lake Como: " ask myself, Is this a dream? / Will it vanis into air?" □

FAIRGROUND

AROUND THE WORLD, ONE PARTY AT A TIME

SEPTEMBER 2007



ART AFICIONADOS Lord Jacob Rothschild, center, introduces Jean Pigozzi to Georgina Cohen at Ivor Braka's London home on May 29, 2007.

HIGH ART, PAGE 406.

Toasting Jean Pigozzi and his latest collection, on exhibition at the Tate Modern. PHOTOGRAPHED BY **Dafydd Jones and James King.**

FÊTE-A-PORTER, PAGE 407

The Council of Fashion Designers of America honors Natalie Massenet. PHOTOGRAPHED BY **Erin Baiano.**

THE WRITTEN WORD, PAGE 407

Raising a glass to comedian and author David Steinberg. PHOTOGRAPHED BY **Hannah Thomson.**

DAFYDD JONES

FAIRGROUND



LONDON

ART OF THE PARTY

WHAT

Dinner at Ivor Braka's in celebration of a gallery at the Tate Modern dedicated to works from the Jean Pigozzi collection of Kinshasa painters.

WHO

Louis and Gabrielle Bacon, Guy and Andrea Dellal, H.R.H. Prince Kyril of Bulgaria, Dame Vivien Duffield, Eric Fellner, Amanda Eliasch, and others.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAFYDD JONES (BRAKA, M'NALLY, SITOTA); JAMES KING (BAILEY, CAMPBELL, CHRISTIE, DORRANCE, FOSTER, HERSOV, JACKSON, MACMILLAN, ROTHSCHILD, SUMMERS, YENTOB)

[NEW YORK]

THE FASHIONABLE CROWD

WHAT

Net-a-Porter's Natalie Massenet is the guest of honor at a luncheon hosted by the C.F.D.A. at the new Diane von Furstenberg Studio in Manhattan's West Village.

WHO

Stan Herman, Ruth La Ferla, John Bartlett, Fern Mallis, Gilles Mendel, Catherine Malandrino, Brandusa Niro, Behnaz Sarafpour, and others.

Bird's-eye view of mingling guests.

Anna Wintour and Oscar de la Renta

Natalie Massenet and Rachel Roy

Nicole Miller

Tommy Hilfiger and Natalie Massenet

Robert Lee Morris

John Varvatos and Steven Kolb

Keren Craig

Georgina Chapman

Ralph Lauren and Diane von Furstenberg

Phillip Lim and Daniel Marks

Holli Rogers

Richard Lambertson

David Steinberg and Bob Shaye

A stack of the author's books.

[NEW YORK]

THE GOSPEL OF DAVID

WHAT

Friends gather at the home of Kathy and Tom Freston to celebrate David Steinberg's *The Book of David.*

WHO

Sir Howard Stringer, Bill Roedy, Regis and Joy Philbin, Matthew Perry, David Rosenthal and Carolyn Reidy, Rip Torn, Jean Doumanian, Mary Ellen Mark, Susie Essman, and others.

Robyn Todd Steinberg, Sue Smalley, and Kevin Wall

Arianna Huffington

Rich Russo

Fran Lebowitz

Tom Freston, David Steinberg, and Ronald Perelman

Kathy Freston

Allen Grubman

CREDITS





ON THE COVER

Gisele Bündchen wears a dress by Roberto Cavalli, jacket by Adrienne Landau, shoes by Bruno Frisoni, gloves by La Crasia, earrings by De Beers, bracelet by Cartier, watch by Ebel, clutch by Devi Kroell. Hair products by Kerastase. Makeup products by Lancôme. Hair by Orlando Pita. Makeup by Gucci Westman. Manicure by Gina Viviano. Props styled by Randall Peacock. Bundchen exits a Rolls-Royce Phantom. Styled by Michael Roberts. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Mario Testino, in New York City.

FASHION

COVER: **GISELE BÜNDCHEN'S** dress by **ROBERTO CAVALLI.** All Roberto Cavalli clothing from Roberto Cavalli boutiques nationwide, or go to robertocavalli.com; for **ADRIENNE LANDAU** jacket, go to adriennelandau.com; **BRUNO FRISONI** shoes from Jamie, Nashville, or call 615-292-4188; gloves by **LA CRASIA.** For all La Crasia gloves, go to wegloveyou.com. **DE BEERS** earrings from selected De Beers stores, or go to debeers.com. **EBEL** watch from ebel.com, or call 800-920-3152. **CARTIER** bracelet from Cartier boutiques nationwide, or go to cartier.com; **DEVI KROELL** clutch from Devi Kroell, East Hampton, or go to devikroell.com. PAGE 208: **RASHIDA JONES** styled by Christine Hahn; for **MIU MIU** dress, call 888-977-1900. **LOUIS ROSE** styled by Lisa Von Weise. PAGE 220: **ANNIE MORRIS'S AZZEDINE ALAÏA** dress from selected Barneys New York stores; for **SERGIO ROSSI** shoes, go to sergiorossi.com; Dave Thomas for luxemgmt.com. PAGE 226: For **AGAS & TAMAR** necklaces, go to agasandtamar.com. For **ARMENTA** earrings, call 214-871-3625. For **CARRERA Y CARRERA** ring, go to carreraycarrera.com. For **CATHY WATERMAN** ring, call 212-826-8900. For **CHANEL** ring, call 800-550-0005. For **DE BEERS** medallion, go to debeers.com. For **DIMITRI DESIGN** earrings, call 908-303-1200. For **ETRO** bracelet, call 212-317-9064. For **MISH NEW YORK** cuff, call 212-734-3500. For **NANCEY CHAPMAN** earrings, call 888-523-7787. For **POMELLATO** ring, go to pomellato.com. For **SHAMBALLA** ring, go to shamballajewels.com. For **VERDURA** earclips, go to verdura.com. PAGE 236: Styled by Susanna Puisto for I.C.M. **GIORGIO ARMANI** jacket and tie from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide, or go to giorgioarmani.com. PAGES 266 AND 273: Deda Coben for celestineagency.com. PAGE 288: **CHARLIE COX'S** suit and shirt by **DOLCE & GABBANA.** All Dolce & Gabbana clothing from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, or go to dolcegabbana.it; **MICHAEL TAPIA** tie from Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C. **ZAC EFRON'S BAND OF OUTSIDERS** shirt from bandofoutsiders.com; Dolce & Gabbana tie; **PRADA** pants. All Prada clothing from Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-1900; **DOYLE & DOYLE** ring from doyledoyle.com; **PIAGET** watch from selected Piaget stores, or go to piaget.com. **STEVEN STRAIT'S JOHN VARVATOS** jacket from John Varvatos stores nationwide; Band of Outsiders shirt from bandofoutsiders.com; **BOTTEGA VENETA** tie from Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide, or go to bottegaveneta.com. **CHANNING TATUM'S** suit by **DIOR HOMME.** All Dior Homme clothing from Dior Homme, N.Y.C., or go to dior.com; **THOMAS PINK** shirt. For all Thomas Pink clothing, go to thomaspink.com; Giorgio Armani tie from selected Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide; **J. PRESS** tie bar from J. Press, N.Y.C.; **TIFFANY & CO.** ring from Tiffany & Co., or go to tiffany.com; for **JAEGER LE-COULTRE** watch, go to jaeger-lecoultre.com. PAGE 329: **ALEXA DAVALOS'S CHLOÉ** bottoms from Chloé, N.Y.C. For **MANOLO BLAHNIK** shoes, call 212-582-3007; **NANCY KOLTES** towel from Nancy Koltes at Home, N.Y.C. PAGES 336–37: For Gisele Bündchen's **ARMANI PRIVÉ** shawl and shoes, call 212-209-4110; for **TIFFANY & CO.** necklace, call 800-526-0649; **DAVID YURMAN** ring from David Yurman, N.Y.C.; for **JAMES DE GIVENCHY FOR TAFFIN** ring, right, call 212-421-6222; **LA CRASIA** gloves. **THYAGO ALVES'S** and **ROMULO PIRES'S TOM FORD** tuxedos from Tom Ford, N.Y.C., or call 212-359-0300; **Z ZEGNA** shirts from Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques, or call 888-880-3462; **THOMAS PINK** bow ties. For Alves's and **EVANDRO SOLDATI'S** Dolce & Gabbana masks, go to dolcegabbana.it. Soldati's **KEIKO** swimsuit from Keiko, N.Y.C., or e-mail keikoswim@aol.com. PAGE 339: **CAMILLA BELLE'S** coat and shoes by **PRADA; MIU MIU** cardigan, bra, and skirt from Miu Miu boutiques; **MICHAEL KORS** clutch from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.; **H. STERN** bracelet and earrings from H. Stern, N.Y.C., or go to hstern.net; **GEORGES MORAND** gloves. All Georges Morand gloves from Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. PAGE 340: Clockwise from top left: **JULIO RÊGO'S** clothing by **GIORGIO ARMANI** from Giorgio Armani boutiques. **PEDRO BAHIA'S** bathing suit by **ROBERTO CAVALLI. CAMILLA FINN'S CHANEL** dress from Chanel boutiques nationwide, or call 800-550-0005; for **ELIZABETH HURLEY** bikini, go to elizabethhurley.com; **HERMÈS** hat from Hermès stores nationwide, or go to hermes.com; **D²** belt from Traffic, L.A.; **CARTIER** necklace, on hat, from Cartier boutiques nationwide; for **ROBERTO COIN** earrings, go to robertocoin.com; for **CARLOS SOUZA** necklace, go to mostwanteddesign.com; for **JENNY PACKHAM** bracelet, go to jennypackham.com. **THIAGO MARINHO'S** shirt by **DIOR HOMME; DOLCE & GABBANA** bathing suit; shoes by **ADIDAS; ABERCROMBIE & FITCH** hat from Abercrombie & Fitch stores nationwide, or go to abercrombie.com. PAGE 341: From left to right: **ANTONIO PEDRO'S RALPH LAUREN** suit and shirt from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide, or go to polo.com. **THAIS BOTELHO'S EMPORIO ARMANI** dress from Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide, or call 212-317-0800; **M & J SAVITT** earrings from M & J Savitt, N.Y.C. **RODY CEZAR'S DKNY** suit from selected DKNY stores; **NEIL BARRETT** shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; **THOMAS PINK** bow tie. PAGES 342–43: **CARLOS FERNANDO GOMES DE ALMEIDA'S** (13) **BROOKS BROTHERS** jacket from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide, or go to brooksbrothers.com; **YVES SAINT LAURENT** pants from Yves Saint Laurent stores nationwide, or call 212-980-29[illegible] **ROLDOLFO ASSUNÇÃO'S** (15) shirt from **BALENCIAGA,** N.Y.C. **PEDRO BAHIA'S** (4) **DOLCE & GABBANA** jacket from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide. **PIERRE BAITELLI'S** (9) **MARTIN MARGIELA** suit from Maison Martin Margiela, N.Y.C.; **ELIE TAHARI COLLECTION** shirt from Elie Tahari Boutiques, or call 212-334-4441; Prada shoes. **WAYAN BARROS'S** (10) **VALENTINO** suit from Valentino boutiques nationwide; shirt by Dior Homme; Dolce & Gabbana tie. For **THAIS BOTELHO'S** (6) **JENNY PACKHAM** dress, go to jennypackham.com; for **BRIAN ATWOOD** sandals, go to brianatwood.com. **DALMA CALLADO'S** (11) **HERMÈS** dress and belt from Hermès stores nationwide. **ANDREA DELLAL'S** (14) dress by **ROBERTO CAVALLI;** earrings by **KENNETH JAY LANE; TOM BINNS** cuffs, on left, from Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C.; **M & J SAVITT** earrings and bracelet, on right, from M+J Savitt, N.Y.C. **CAMILLA FINN'S** (2) **D²** dress from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; **STELLA McCARTNEY** shoes from Stella McCartney, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to stellamccartney.com. **CARLOS FREIRE** (5). **BETTY LAGO'S** (3) **GUCCI** dress from selected Gucci stores nationwide. **TAYRONE LEMOS'S** (8) suit by Dolce & Gabbana. **SAULO MELO'S** (7) clothing by Prada. **JULIO RÊGO'S** (1) clothing by **GIORGIO ARMANI** from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. **CAROLINE RIBEIRO'S** (12) **H. STERN** earrings from H. Stern, N.Y.C. **RAPHAEL SANDER'S** (16) suit by Dolce & Gabbana; **DIOR HOMME** shirt and tie; **JIL SANDER** shoes from Jil Sander boutique, N.Y.C. PAGE 344: From left to right: **CAUÃ REYMOND'S** suit by **DIOR HOMME; NEIL BARRETT** shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. **REYNALDO GIANECCHINI'S VERSACE** suit and shirt from Versace boutiques worldwide. **LUIZA BRUNET'S** dress by **DOLCE & GABBANA; CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN** shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C.; headdress by **HENRIQUE FILHO; GEORGES MORAND** gloves. For **YASMIN BRUNET'S** Dolce & Gabbana corset and belt, go to dolcegabbana.it; **LUCIANO PADOVAN** shoes from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; mask, worn as a headdress, by **SAULO HENRIQUES.** For **MÁRCIO GARCIA'S CANALI** suit, go to canali.it; **THOMAS PINK** shirt; **THEORY** tie from Theory, N.Y.C. PAGE 345: From left to right: for **RENATO RANGEL'S D²** bathing suit, go to dsquared2.com. **TAÍS ARAÚJO'S VALENTINO** dress from Valentino boutiques nationwide; **TOMAS MAIER** bikini from Tomas Maier, N.Y.C.; **DIOR** shoes from Dior, N.Y.C.; **H. STERN** earrings from H. Stern, N.Y.C.; for **CAROLINA AMATO** gloves, go to carolinaamato.com. **CAMILA PITANGA'S ZAC POSEN** dress from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; H. Stern earrings and bracelet from H. Stern, N.Y.C.; **GEORGES MORAND** gloves. **TAYRONE LEMOS'S ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA** shirt from selected Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques; for **KEIKO** bathing suit, call 212-226-6051; **ABERCROMBIE & FITCH** hat from Abercrombie & Fitch stores nationwide; **CHANEL** pins from Chanel boutiques nationwide. For **BERNARDO BRAGA'S FENDI** suit, call 800-FENDINY;





RADA shirt; **DOLCE & GABBANA** tie; **NIKE** shoes from Urban Outfitters and Scoops stores nationwide. PAGES 346–47 Clockwise from top left: **FLÁVIA OLIVEIRA'S IOR BY JOHN GALLIANO** blouse and hat from Dior, N.Y.C.; ring by Kenneth Jay Lane. **ROGÉRIO FASANO'S** clothing by **DASLU HOMME**, from Daslu, São Paulo. **HONNES MATTOS'S VALENTINO** suit and shirt from Valentino boutiques nationwide; **DKNY** tie from selected DKNY stores. **RENATO RANGEL'S** suit by **PRADA; ARCISO RODRIGUEZ** shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. **CAMILLA FINN'S SONIA RYKIEL** dress from Sonia Rykiel, N.Y.C.; **DIANE VON FURSTENBERG** bikini from Diane von Furstenberg, N.Y.C.; for **LOUIS VUITTON** beret, go to louisvuitton.com. **JOHN MORAES'S URBERRY LONDON** suit from Burberry London, or go to burberry.com; **DOLCE & GABBANA** shirt and tie. **DANIEL ESDRAS'S CALVIN KLEIN** suit from Calvin Klein collection store, N.Y.C.; **DIOR HOMME** shirt. **LEANDRO GHIDINI'S RALPH LAUREN** suit from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide; **DOLCE & GABBANA** shirt and tie. Paulo Melo's **RALPH LAUREN** suit and shirt from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. **CAMILLA BELLE'S CHLOÉ** special-order dress from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; for **MANOLO BLAHNIK** shoes, call 212-582-3007; for **ROBERTO COIN** jewelry, go to robertocoin.com. For **AMAURY BITETTI'S CANALI** suit, go to canali.it; **BRIONI** shirt from Brioni stores nationwide. **ADRIANA LIMA'S EMANUEL UNGARO** dress from Emanuel Ungaro, N.Y.C., and Palm Beach, Fla.; **AZZARO BY VANESSA SEWARD** coat from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and selected Neiman Marcus stores; for **TÉ CASAN** shoes, go to tecasan.com. **CAETANO VELOSO'S** suit by **PRADA; COSTUME NATIONAL** shirt and tie from Costume National, N.Y.C. and L.A.; **CHURCH'S** shoes from Church's, N.Y.C.; **CALVIN KLEIN** socks from Macy's, N.Y.C. **PEDRO POLO'S** Hermès suit from Hermès stores nationwide; **PRADA** shirt; **THEORY** tie from Theory, N.Y.C.; **CESARE PACIOTTI** shoes from Cesare Paciotti boutiques, N.Y.C. and L.A. **JONATHAN HAAGENSEN'S** Brioni jacket, pants, and shirt from Brioni stories nationwide; Thomas Pink tie. **ALESSANDRA AMBROSIO'S** coat by Dolce & Gabbana; **BLUMARINE** shoes from Voga, N.Y.C. **CARLOS FREIRE'S MOSCHINO** suit from Traffic, L.A.; Prada shirt; Costume National tie from Costume National, N.Y.C. and L.A. PAGE 348 From left to right: **PEDRO POLO'S** shirt by **PRADA**; for **DOLCE & GABBANA** mask, go to dolcegabbana.it. **FERNANDA LIMA'S DONNA KARAN COUTURE** dress from Donna Karan Collection stores nationwide; **DIOR** shoes from Dior, N.Y.C.; **TOM BINNS** earrings and cuff from Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C.; **LA CRASIA** gloves. **RAPHAEL SANDER'S JIL SANDER** shirt from Jil Sander boutique, N.Y.C.; **THOMAS PINK** bow tie; for **CARLOS SOUZA** necklace, go to mostwanteddesign.com. PAGE 349 **ADRIANA LIMA'S AZZARO BY VANESSA SEWARD** coat from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; **BCBG MAX AZRIA** dress from selected BCBG Max Azria boutiques, or go to bcbg.com; shoes by **MOSCHINO; GEORGES MORAND** gloves. For **MAURICIO "SHOGUN" RUA'S CANALI** pants, go to canali.it. PAGES 350–51 **GUSTAVO AZEVEDO'S** (17) **RALPH LAUREN PURPLE LABEL** suit and shirt from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. **RAPHAEL BRIANT'S** (23) tuxedo by **DIOR HOMME. DANIEL BROITMAN'S** (18) jacket and shirt by **PRADA; BROOKS BROTHERS** bow tie from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide. **ALICE DELLAL'S** (6) **BOTTEGA VENETA** top and shorts from Bottega Veneta boutiques; for **D²** sandals and shoulder guards, go to dsquared2.com. **CHARLOTTE DELLAL'S** (4) **MOSCHINO CHEAP AND CHIC** dress from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; **GEORGES MORAND** gloves; for **BADGLEY MISCHKA** necklace, go to badgleymischka.com; for **ARA VARTANIAN** ring, go to ara.com.br. **DANIEL FIEL'S** (16) **NARCISO RODRIGUEZ** suit and shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. **MARCELLO GALINDO'S** (13) suit and tie by **DOLCE & GABBANA. LEANDRO GHIDINI'S** (8) Prada jacket, suit, and pants from selected Prada boutiques. **THEORY** tie from Theory, N.Y.C. For **BEBEL GILBERTO'S** (22) **JASMINE DI MILO** dress, go to jasminedimilo.com; **CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN** shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C. **KODIAK'S** (20) jacket by Dior Homme; **BRIONI** shirt and tie from Brioni stores nationwide. For **MÁRCIO GAUDIE LEY'S** (3) **FENDI** suit, call 800-FENDINY. **VERSACE** shirt from Versace boutiques nationwide. **MATTEUS MELLO'S** (25) suit by Prada; Versace shirt from Versace boutiques worldwide. **MARISA MONTE'S** (19) **EMILIO PUCCI** dress from Emilio Pucci, N.Y.C. **ALAN PIERRE'S** (11) suit and shirt by Prada; **MARNI** tie from Marni, N.Y.C. **DIEGO RAMON'S** (14) suit by Dolce & Gabbana; Dior Homme shirt. **RENATO RANGEL'S** (15) suit and shirt by Dior Homme; **GIORGIO ARMANI** tie from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. **JOÃO RENATO'S** (10) **ETRO** jacket from selected Etro stores nationwide; Brioni shirt from Brioni stores nationwide; **DANIELLE WALLACE** tie from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. **GUISELA RHEIN'S** (24) Bottega Veneta dress from Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide; **LA CRASIA** gloves; earrings by Kenneth Jay Lane; for Ara Vartanian ring, go to ara.com.br. For **TATIANA SANTO DOMINGO'S** (7) **LUISA BECCARIA** dress, go to luisabeccaria.com; for Badgley Mischka jewelry, go to badgleymischka.com; for **CASSIN** shrug, call 212-564-0946. **ALAN SCARPARI'S** (9) D² suit from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Prada shirt and tie. **BERNARDO SEGRETO'S** (12) suit by Dolce & Gabbana; Prada shirt; **MICHAEL TAPIA** tie from Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C. Evandro Soldati's (1) **ALEXANDER McQUEEN** jacket from Alexander McQueen, N.Y.C.; Dior Homme sweater. **GABRIEL WARDIL'S** (2) Brioni jacket from Brioni stores nationwide; Dior Homme shirt; Thomas Pink bow tie. **WEDER WILHAM'S** (21) **ISSEY MIYAKE** tuxedo from Issey Miyake, N.Y.C.; Prada shirt; Michael Tapia tie from Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C. **MATTEUS YOHARANA'S** (5) shirt by **ROBERTO CAVALLI**. PAGES 352–53 Left to right: **FLÁVIA OLIVEIRA'S GIANFRANCO FERRÉ** dress from Gianfranco Ferré, N.Y.C.; **CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN** shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C.; **LA CRASIA** gloves. **IZABEL GOULART'S BALMAIN** dress from Intermix, N.Y.C., and Ron Herman, L.A.; Christian Louboutin shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C.; **MARY NORTON** clutch from Mary Norton, N.Y.C., or go to marynorton.com. **MARCELLE BITTAR'S MARCHESA** dress from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; for **BRIAN ATWOOD** shoes, go to brianatwood.com. **FABIANA SEMPREBOM'S ISAAC MIZRAHI** dress from Bergdorf Goodman, or go to isaacmizrahiny.com; for **ZAC POSEN** shoes, go to zacposen.com. For **RAICA OLIVEIRA'S CASSIN** jacket, go to cassincollections.com; **GIORGIO ARMANI** dress from Giorgio Armani boutiques; for **PIERRE HARDY** shoes, go to pierrehardy.com; for **CAROLINA AMATO** gloves, go to carolinaamato.com. For **ALESSANDRA AMBROSIO'S** special-order **VERSACE** dress, go to versace.com; **GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN** shoes from Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques. All jewelry by **H. STERN** from H. Stern, N.Y.C. PAGES 354–55 Clockwise from top left: **IGOR RANGEL'S DOMENICO VACCA** jacket, from Domenico Vacca, N.Y.C., or go to domenicovacca.com; **PRADA** shirt; **THOMAS PINK** bow tie. **MARCIA FORTES'S EMILIO PUCCI** dress from Emilio Pucci, N.Y.C. **ERNESTO NETO'S CORNELIANI** suit from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **DIOR HOMME** shirt. Evandro Soldati's bathing suit by Dolce & Gabbana. **PAULO ZULU'S GUCCI** suit from Gucci stores nationwide; Thomas Pink shirt; **COSTUME NATIONAL** tie from Costume National, N.Y.C. and L.A. **ALESSANDRA D'ALOIA'S BILL BLASS** suit from Saks Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf Goodman stores nationwide. **RODRIGO HILBERT'S BROOKS BROTHERS** jacket and pants from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide; Thomas Pink shirt; **NEIL BARRETT** tie from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. For **ANA BEATRIZ BARROS'S LOUIS VUITTON** coat, go to louisvuitton.com; **GEORGES MORAND** gloves; **ROBERTO CAVALLI** sandals. **BEATRIZ MILHAZES'S DONNA KARAN COLLECTION** dress from Donna Karan Collection stores nationwide; for **ARA VARTANIAN** earrings, go to ara.com.br. For **JAN OLESEN'S LOUIS VUITTON** jacket, go to louisvuitton.com; Prada shirt; **MICHAEL TAPIA** tie from Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C. **ADRIANA VAREJÃO'S** Gucci dress from selected Gucci stores, or go to gucci.com; **CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN** shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C. **GABRIEL MATTAR'S** Prada suit; **RALPH LAUREN PURPLE LABEL** shirt from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. For **SERGIO MELO'S GIORGIO ARMANI** jacket and pants from selected Giorgio Armani boutiques; for **CANALI** shirt, go to canali.it; Brooks Brothers bow tie from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide; for **CESARE PACIOTTI** shoes, go to cesare-paciotti.com. **JENS PETER'S** Corneliani jacket from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **CHARVET** shirt from Bergdorf Goodman and Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO** pants from Salvatore Ferragamo, N.Y.C.; Brooks Brothers bow tie from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide; **CHURCH'S** shoes from Church's, N.Y.C. **FERNANDA TAVARES'S MIU MIU** dress from selected Miu Miu boutiques; Roberto Cavalli shoes; for Badgley Mischka earrings and bracelet, go to badgleymischka.com; **DIOR**

CREDITS

BY JOHN GALLIANO necklace from Dior, N.Y.C.; Georges Morand gloves. On chair, left of Tavares, Christian Louboutin purse from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C. PAGES 356–57 **ROLDOLFO ASSUNÇAO'S** (1) **BALENCIAGA** shirt from Balenciaga, N.Y.C. **PEDRO BAHIA'S** (27) suit by **DIOR HOMME. PIERRE BAITELLI'S** (26) **MARTIN MARGIELA** suit from Maison Martin Margiela, N.Y.C.; Elie Tahari Collection shirt from Elie Tahari boutiques. **WAYAN BARROS** (11). **MARCELLE BITTAR'S** (21) **CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION** dress from Calvin Klein Collection, N.Y.C. **ISABELA CAPETO'S** (19) dress by Azzedine Alaïa; for **GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI** shoes, go to Giuseppe-zanotti-design.com. **ANDERSON CARDOSO DOS SANTO'S** (6) and **THIAGO DA SILVA COSTA'S** (15) **MOSCHINO** bathing suits from Absolutely Suitable, Miami. **FRANCISCO COSTA'S** (23) clothing by **CALVIN KLEIN. DANIEL ESDRAS'S** (13) Calvin Klein Collection suit from Calvin Klein Collection, N.Y.C. **MARCUS FLORES'S** (25) **GUCCI** bathing suit from selected Gucci stores. **ISABELI FONTANA'S** (10) dress by **ROBERTO CAVALLI. CARLOS FREIRE** (4). **LEANDRO GHIDINI'S** (16) Martin Margiela suit from Maison Martin Margiela, N.Y.C.; shirt by Dior Homme. **DIOGO PIRES GONCALVES'S** (18) shirt by Dior Homme. **IZABEL GOULART'S** (29) **BALMAIN** dress from Intermix, N.Y.C., and Ron Herman, L.A.; boots by **DOLCE & GABBANA. PEDRO LOURENÇO'S** (12) clothing by Dior Homme. **LUIZA MARIANI'S** (22) **DIANE VON FURSTENBERG** dress from Diane von Furstenberg, N.Y.C.; **BURBERRY** belt from selected Burberry stores; Moschino shoes from St. Thomas, Austin, Tex. **JHONNES MATTOS'S** (7) **VALENTINO** suit and shirt from Valentino boutiques nationwide. **CARLOS MIELE'S** (5) **D²** jacket from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; shirt by **COMME DES GARÇONS. SAULO MELO'S** (17) clothing by **PRADA. ANA MONTEIRO'S** (24) **EMPORIO ARMANI** dress from Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide. **OSKAR METSAVAHT'S** (3) suit by Dior Homme. **JOHN MORAES'S** (9) suit by Prada; tie by Dolce & Gabbana. For **LENNY NIEMEYER'S** (2) **ADRIENNE LANDAU** coat, go to adriennelandau.com; **DIOR** shoes from Dior, N.Y.C.; H. Stern earrings from H. Stern, N.Y.C. **FLÁVIA OLIVEIRA'S** (14) **AZZARO** dress from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. **RAPHAEL SANDER** (8). **CAIO YAZ'S** (20) shirt by Roberto Cavalli. **FELIPSE VELOSO'S** (28) **ALEXANDER McQUEEN** jacket from Alexander McQueen, N.Y.C.; for Dolce & Gabbana mask, go to dolcegabbana.it. PAGES 358–59 **ISABELI FONTANA'S CHRISTOPHER KANE** dress from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. and San Francisco, and Ikram, Chicago; for **CARINE GILSON** undergarment, go to carinegilson.com; for **MANOLO BLAHNIK** shoes, call 212-582-3007; for jewelry by H. Stern, go to hstern.net; **GEORGES MORAND** gloves. Male models, clockwise from top left: **LEANDRO GHIDINI.** John Moraes's **BURBERRY LONDON** suit from selected Burberry stores; shirt by **DOLCE & GABBANA;** tie by **THOMAS PINK. PAULO FERREIRA'S** suit and shirt by Dolce & Gabbana; tie by Thomas Pink. **RODRIGO FROTA'S HERMÈS** tuxedo from Hermès stores nationwide; shirt by Thomas Pink; **COSTUME NATIONAL** tie from Costume National, N.Y.C. and L.A. **JOÃO VELLUTINI'S** suit and shirt by **PRADA;** tie by Thomas Pink. **FELIPE HULSE'S** suit and shirt by **DIOR HOMME;** tie by Thomas Pink. **RAPHAEL SANDER'S** suit by **DOLCE & GABBANA;** for **JIL SANDER** shirt and tie, call 212-838-6100. For **DANIEL ESDRAS'S CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION** suit, call 877-256-7373; shirt and tie by Dolce & Gabbana. For **FELIPE CAFFÉ'S VALENTINO** suit and shirt, call 800-997-0410; tie by Thomas Pink.

BEAUTY

COVER **GISELE BÜNDCHEN'S** hair styled with **KÉRASTASE** Voile Fixateur Oléo-Relax, and Double Force Hairspray; Orlando Pita for Kérastase/Orlo Salon. On her face, **LANCÔME** Color ID Precise Match Weightless Makeup S.P.F. 8 in Ii-40, and Color ID Precise Match Weightless Portable Powder in II Medium; on her eyes, Destiny Cube Eye Shadow in Charisma; on her cheeks, Blush Subtil Contouring & Highlighting Duo in Two to Tango; on her lips, Baiser Baume in Rose Marshmallow; Gucci Westman for Lancôme. Nail enamel in Mauve Mocktail by **SALLY HANSEN;** Gina Viviano for artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGE 208 Top, **RASHIDA JONES'S** hair styled with **KÉRASTASE** Spray Volumactive, and **KLORANE** Extra Gentle Dry Shampoo with Oat Extract; Corey Morris for factorydowntown.com. On her face, **SHU UEMURA** Nobara Cream Foundation No. 574, Face Powder Matte in 5YR Light; on her cheeks, **L'ORÉAL** Blush Délice Sheer Powder with Vitamin C in Sugar 'n' Spice; on her eyes, **MAC** Pro Lash Mascara in Coal Black; on her lips, MAC Tinted Lipglass in Russian Red; Maria Seccia. Bottom left, **LOUIS ROSE'S** hair by Kristin Gallegos for See Management. PAGE 220. **ANNIE MORRIS'S** Hair styled with **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** Sheer Hold Hairspray; Richard Collins for Frédéric Fekkai/The Wall Group. Miriam Azoulay for margaretmaldonado.com. PAGE 228 **EMPORIO ARMANI** Diamonds from fine department stores nationwide, or go to giorgioarmaniparfums.com; Belle en Rykiel by **SONYA RYKIEL,** from Nordstrom stores nationwide; **DKNY** Delicious Night from Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; **TOM FORD FOR MEN** from fine department and specialty stores nationwide; **MARC JACOBS'S** Daisy from specialty stores nationwide; **RALPH LAUREN'S** Polo Explorer from fine department stores nationwide; **MISSONI ACQUA** exclusively from Nordstrom stores nationwide; **SARAH JESSICA PARKER'S** Covet from macys.com; **GWEN STEFANI'S** L from fine department and specialty stores nationwide. PAGES 266 AND 273: Mira Hyde for Redken and MAC/ celestineagency.com. PAGE 288: **ZAC EFRON'S** and **STEVEN STRAIT'S** hair styled with **BUMBLE AND BUMBLE** Styling Creme; **CHARLIE COX'S** hair styled with **KIEHL'S** Creme with Silk Groom. On Cox's, Efron's, Strait's, and Tatum's faces, **ORIGINS** Have a Nice Day Super-charged Moisture Lotion S.P.F. 15; on their lips, **KIEHL'S** Lip Balm No. 1. Frankie Payne for Bumble and Bumble/Luxe. PAGE 329: **ALEXA DAVALOS'S** hair styled with **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** More All-Day Density Styling Whip; Michel Aleman for Frédéric Fekkai. Makeup products by **SHU UEMURA;** on her face, Water Perfect Smoothing Water-in Fluid Foundation in Golden Beige; on her eyes, Fiber Xtension Lengthening Mascara in 01 Xtra BLK; on her lips, Rouge Unlimited in 190; Keiko Takagi for See Management. Ana-Maria for Onyx Salon & Spa/ artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGE 332: Hair by Ryan Trygstad for thewallgroup.com. Makeup by Tina Turnbow for artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGES 336–37: See cover credits. PAGE 339: Hair styled by Marc Lopez for Artlist Paris; assisted by Armando Gineste, Katia Pacheco and Marcele Frias. On **CAMILLA BELLE'S** face, **CHANEL** Pro Lumiére in Cool Beige; on her eyes, Les Quatre Ombres de Chanel in Dreams, and Inimitable Mascara Multi-Dimensionnel in Noir; on her cheeks, Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Tempting Beige; on her lips, **DIOR** Addict Rouge à Lèvre in Uncontrollable Pink; Fulvia Farolfi for Chanel; assisted by Erica Monteiro, Andre Alencar, Ana Machado, Carolina Ribeiro, and Fernando Rodrigues. PAGE 340: On **CAMILLA FINN'S** face, **CHANEL** Pro Lumiere in Nude; on her eyes, **SHISEIDO** Silky Eye Shadow Quad in Earth and Sky; on her cheeks, Shiseido Accentuating Powder Blush in Innocent Rose; on her lips, **DIOR** Addict Rouge à Lèvre in Red Interference. PAGE 341: On **THAIS BOTELHO'S** face, **CHANEL** Teint Innocence in Soft Honey; on her eyes, **DIOR** 2 Couleur Eye Shadow in Diorplay Light, and Diorshow Mascara in Noir; on her lips, Shiseido Lip Gloss in Red Coral. PAGE 344: On **LUIZA BRUNET'S** face, **DIOR** Diorskin Pure Light Foundation in Medium Beige, and Diorskin Poudre Libre in Transparent Medium; on her eyes, **CHANEL** Irréelle Duo Silky Eye Shadow in Matte-Velvet; on her lips, Chanel Rouge Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Cristelle Peach. On **YASMIN BRUNET'S** face, Dior Diorskin Pure Light Foundation in Ivory; on her eyes, Chanel Irréelle Duo Silky Eye Shadow Duo in Matte-Velvet, and Inimitable Mascara Multi-Dimensionnel in Noir; on her lips, Chanel Rouge Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Cristelle Peach. PAGE 345: On **TAÍS AVAGO'S** face, **CHANEL** Teint Innocence in Soft Honey, and Poudre Universelle Libre in Translucent 3; on her eyes, Shiseido Silky Eye Shadow Quad in Dusk to Dawn; on her cheeks, Chanel Jouse Contraste Powder Blush in Tempting Beige; on her lips, Chanel Rouge Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Shanghai Red. On **CAMILA PITANGA'S** face, Chanel Teint Innocence in Soft Honey; on her eyes, Shiseido Silky Eye Shadow Quad in Dusk to Dawn, and Lasting Lift Mascara in Black; on her lips, Chanel Rouge Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Muse. PAGES 346–47: **ALESSANDRA AMBROSIO'S** hair styled with **VICTORIA'S SECRET** So Sexy High-Gloss Style Creme, and Natural Hold Hairspray. On her face, Victoria's Secret Very Sexy Flawless Cream Makeup S.P.F. 30 in Light 20; on her eyes, Mosaic Eye Shadow in Satisfied, and Intensifying Mascara in Blackest Black; on her cheeks, Mosaic Blush in Love Life; on her lips, Perfect Lipstick in Don't Stop. On Camilla Belle's face, Chanel Pro Lumiere Foundation in Cool Beige, and Poudre Universelle Libre in Translucent 1; on her eyes, Inimitable Mascara Multi-Dimensionnel in Noir; on her lips, Dior Addict Rouge à Lèvre in Uncontrollable Pink. **ADRIANA LIMA'S** hair styled with Victoria's Secret Smoothing Shine Serum. On her face, Victoria's Secret Very Sexy Makeup Flawless Cream Makeup S.P.F. 30 in Light 20; on her eyes, Mosaic Eye Shadow in Satisfied, and Intensifying Mascara in Blackest Black; on her cheeks, Mosaic Blush in Love Life; on her lips, Perfect Lipstick in Don't Stop. PAGE 348: On **FERNANDA LIMA'S** face, **CHANEL** Teint Innocence in Naturel; on her eyes, Cils á Cils Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Fantasia; on her lips, Rouge Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Paparazzi. PAGE 349: Adriana Lima's hair styled with Victoria's Secret Natural Hold Hairspray. On her face, Victoria's Secret Very Sexy Flawless Cream Makeup S.P.F. 30 in Light 20; on her eyes, Mosaic Eye Shadow in Satisfied, and Intensifying Mascara in Blackest Black; on her cheeks, Mosaic Blush in Love Life; on her lips, Perfect Lipstick in Don't Stop. PAGES 350–51: On **ALICE'S** and **CHARLOTTE DELLAL'S** faces, **DIOR** Diorskin Pure Light Foundation in Peach, and Diorskin Poudre Libre in Transparent Light; on their eyes, **SHISEIDO** Silky Eye Shadow Quad in Dusk to Dawn, Eyeliner Pencil in Black, and Distinguish Mascara in Black; on their cheeks, **CHANEL** Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Tempting Beige. On Alice's lips, Dior Addict in Rose. On Charlotte's lips, Dior Addict Rouge à Lèvre in Red Interference. On **TATIANA SANTO DOMINGO'S** face, Shiseido Fluid Foundation in Natural Light Ochre, and Enriched Loose Powder; on her eyes, Dior 5 Colours Eye Shadow in Night Dust, and Diorshow Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Chanel Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Fantasia; on her lips, Dior Addict Rouge à Lèvre in Digital Brown. On **MARISA MONTE'S** and **BEBEL GIBERTO'S** faces, Dior Diorskin Pure Light Foundation in Peach, and Diorskin Poudre Libre in Transparent Light; on their eyes, Shiseido Eyeliner Pencil in Black, and Distinguish Mascara in Black; on their cheeks, Chanel Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Tempting Beige; on their lips, Dior Addict Rouge à Lèvre in Red Interference. PAGES 352–53: **ALESSANDRA AMBROSIO'S** hair styled with **VICTORIA'S SECRET** So Sexy High-Gloss Style Crème, and Natural Hold Hairspray. On her face, Victoria's Secret Very Sexy Flawless Cream Makeup S.P.F. 30 in Light 20; on her eyes, Mosaic Eye Shadow in Satisfied, and Intensifying Mascara in Blackest Black; on her cheeks, Mosaic Blush in Love Life; on her lips, Perfect Lipstick in Don't Stop. On **MARCELLE BITTAR'S, IZABEL GOULART'S, FLÁVIA OLIVEIRA'S,** and **RAICA OLIVEIRA'S** faces, **CHANEL** Teint Innocence Foundation in Wheat, and Poudre Universelle Libre in Translucent 2; on their eyes, Les Quatre Ombres de Chanel in Variations, and Extracils Mascara in Noir; on their lips, Rouge Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Fire. On **FABIANA SEMPREBOM'S** face, Chanel Teint Innocence Foundation in Gentle Ivory, and Poudre Universelle Libre in Translucent 1; on her eyes, Les Quatre Ombres de Chanel in Variations, and Extracils Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Fantasia; on her lips, Rouge Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Magnolia Rose. PAGES 354–55. On **FERNANDA TAVARES'S** face, **SHISEIDO** Fluid Foundation in Natural Light Beige, and Enriched Loose Powder; on her eyes, Silky Eyeshadow Quad in Earth and Sky, and Distinguish Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Accentuating Powder Blush in Innocent Rose; on her lips, Perfecting Lipstick in Tahiti Pink. **ANA BEATRIZ BARROS'S** hair styled with **VICTORIA'S SECRET** So Sexy High-Gloss Style Crème; on her face, Very Sexy Flawless Cream Makeup S.P.F. 30 in Medium 20; on her eyes, Intensifying Mascara in Blackest Black; on her cheeks, Mosaic Bronze in Natural; on her lips, Perfect Lipstick in Whisper. PAGES 358–59: On **ISABELI FONTANA'S** face, **CHANEL** Teint Innocence in


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neat, and Poudre Universelle Libre in Translucent 2; on eyes, Les Quatre Ombres de Chanel in Variations, d Cils à Cils Mascara in Noir; on her lips, Rouge drabase Creme Lipstick in Fire. On all male models' es, **YVES SAINT LAURENT** Teint de Jour Cream in ige Rose. PAGE 365: **JAMIE BURKE'S** and **AGYNESS YN'S** hair by Paolo Ferreira for See Management. akeup and grooming products by **DIOR**. On Burke's e, Diorskin Pure Light in Light Beige; on his eyes, eliner Pencil in Noir; on his lips, Addict Ultra-Nude in ked Brown. On Deyn's face, Diorskin Pure Light in ach, and Diorskin Poudre Libre in Clair Transparent; her eyes, Eyeliner Pencil in Noir, and Diorshow ascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Dior Bronze Make Up rmonie de Blush in Sunrise Party; on her lips, Dior ldict Ultra-Nude in Naked Brown; Phophie Mathias for arie-France Thavonekham. PAGES 382–83: Lyndell ansfield for CLM/Kiehl's. PAGE 393: Rozelle Parry for anel/Joy Goodman; Gianni Scumaci for Bill Charles.

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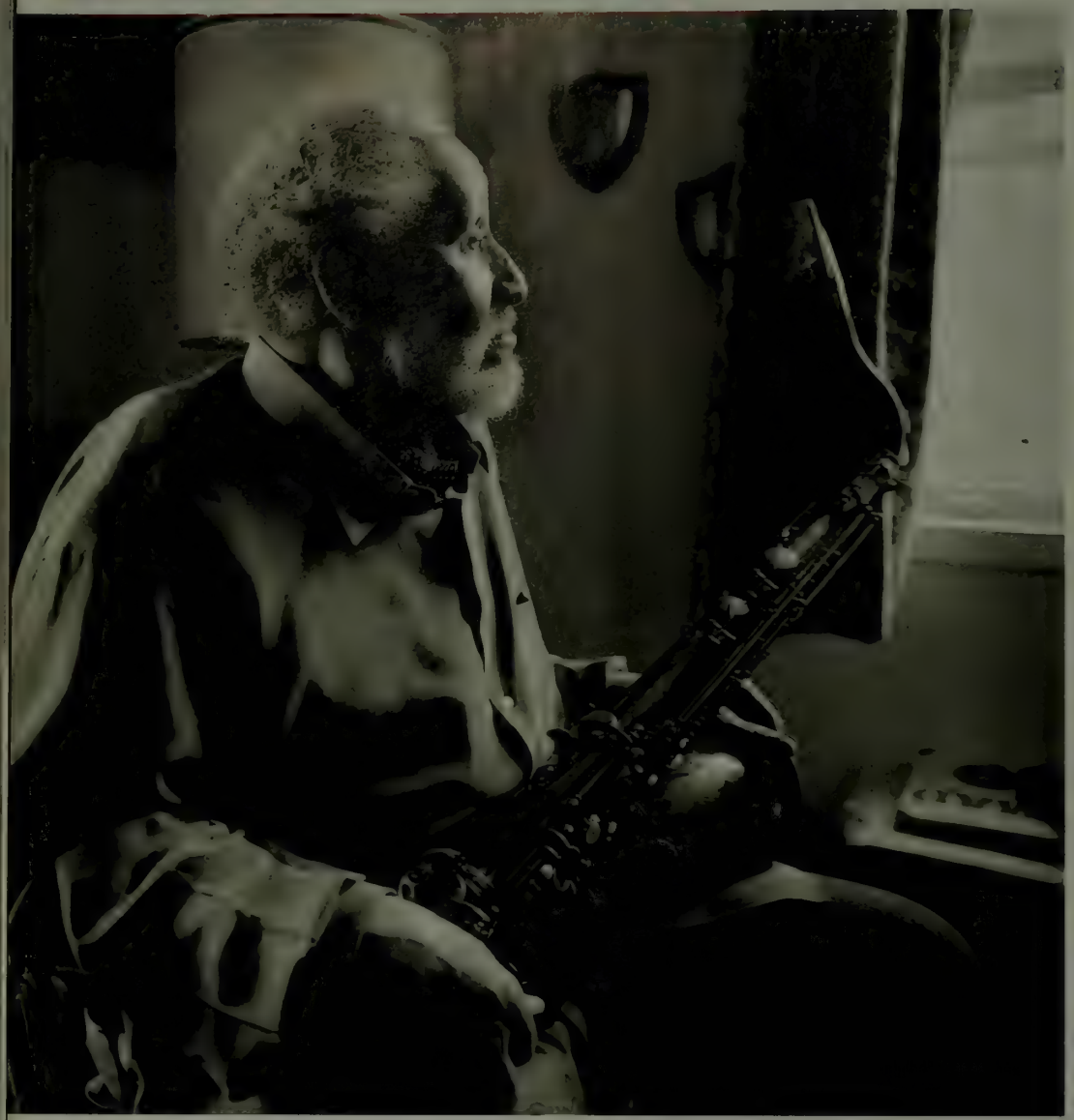
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EDITOR'S NOTE: The photograph of Barbaro that appeared on the cover of the August issue was taken by Barbara Livingston.

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SONNY ROLLINS

Before reaching 21, Sonny Rollins played with Thelonious Monk–a sign of the saxophone colossus he would become. For more than 50 years, the jazzman has enriched the world of music with his progressive improvisational style. This month, he turns 77 and performs at the 50th anniversaries of the Monterey Jazz Festival and his first concert at Carnegie Hall. Here, Rollins reflects on his plumber, good food, and inner consciousness

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Perfect happiness is something which doesn't exist in this life. The goal is to never be too happy or never be too sad.

What is your greatest fear?
Not getting close enough to my aspirations.

Which living person do you most admire?
I'm afraid that I don't admire people that much. Maybe my plumber.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Not always being resolute enough.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Slovenly personal traits.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Overindulgence in good food.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Probably thriftiness.

On what occasion do you lie?
When I'm absolutely forced to by one of life's stupid entanglements.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Probably "You dig?"

What is your greatest regret?
Not saying some things to departed associates.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Of course my late wife, Lucille.

Which talent would you most like to have?
The one that I have.

What is your current state of mind?
Peaceful but active.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Listening to my inner consciousness and summoning the strength and determination to act on it.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
A more evolved, intelligent being.

What is your most treasured possession?
When I lost so many prized possessions on 9/11, I learned a lesson: possessions are not "where it's at."

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Being in the belly of the beast in a straitjacket.

Where would you like to live?
Wherever I can be left alone.

What is your favorite occupation?
Music, or whatever contributes to the edification of others.

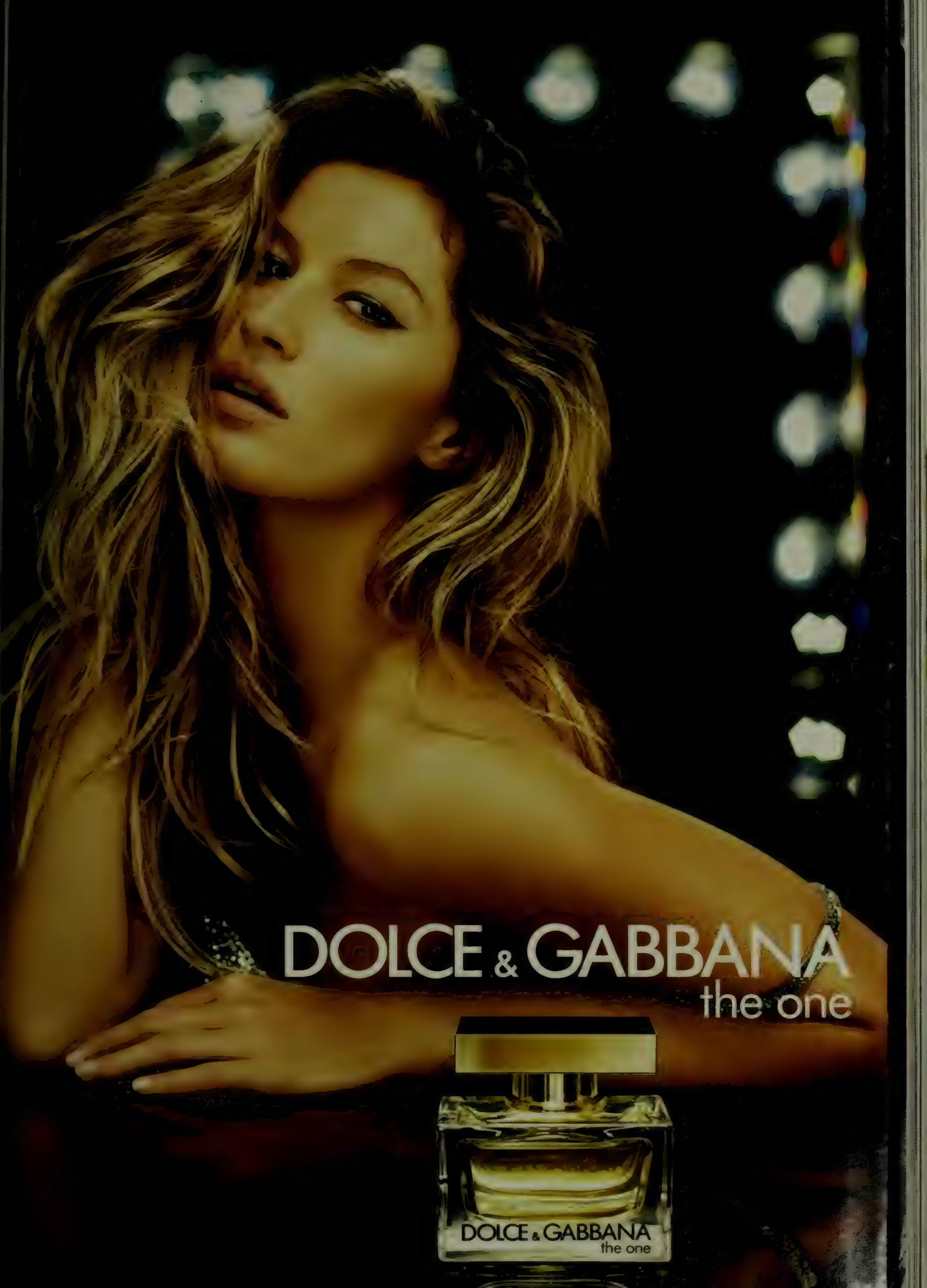
What is the quality you most like in a man?
Listening more than talking.

What do you most value in your friends?
Loyalty.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Anyone whose life is lived giving more than taking.

What is your motto?
"Do unto others," and, secondly, one I made up about watching TV: "Images and lies, and bad for your eyes."

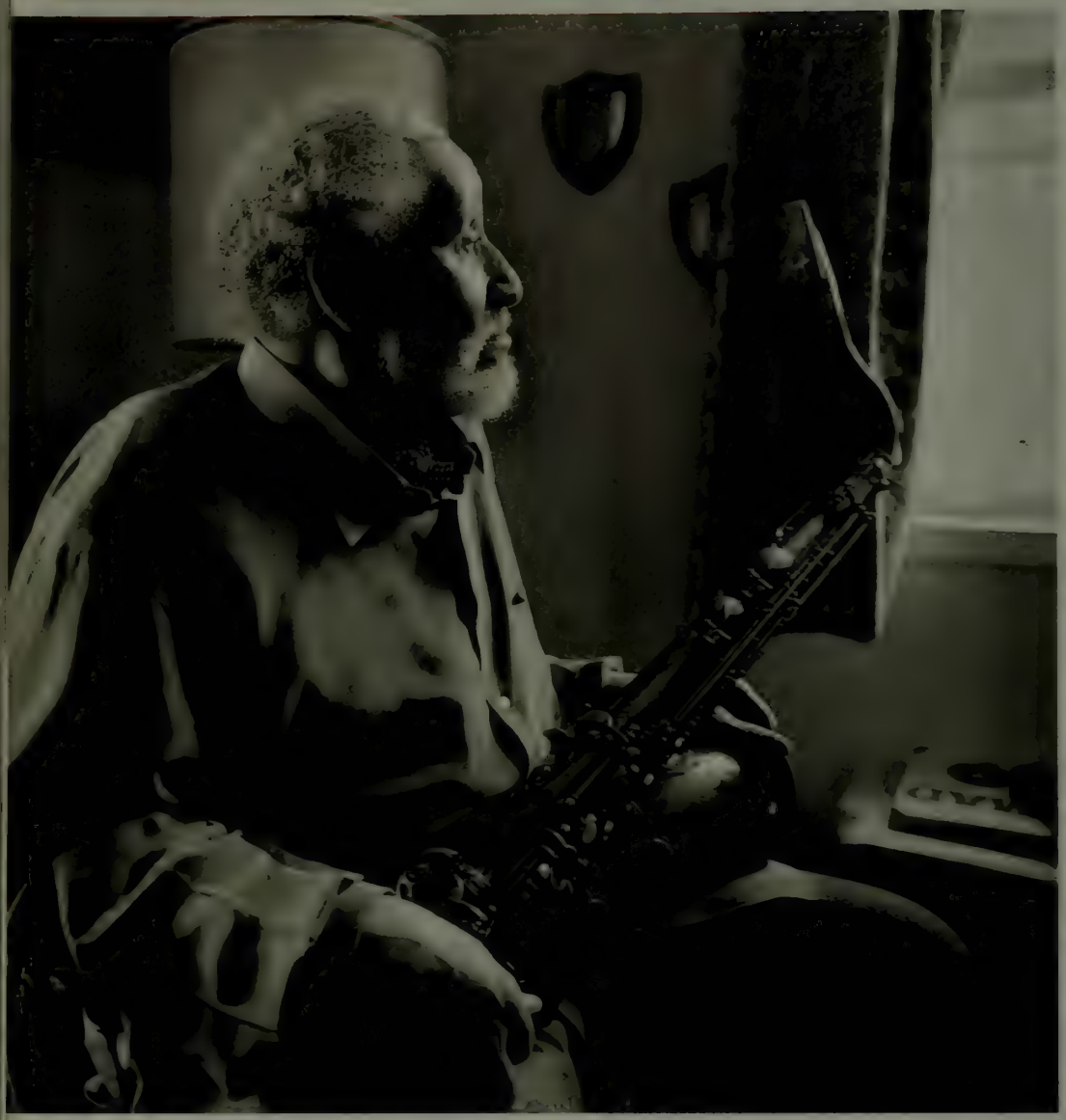
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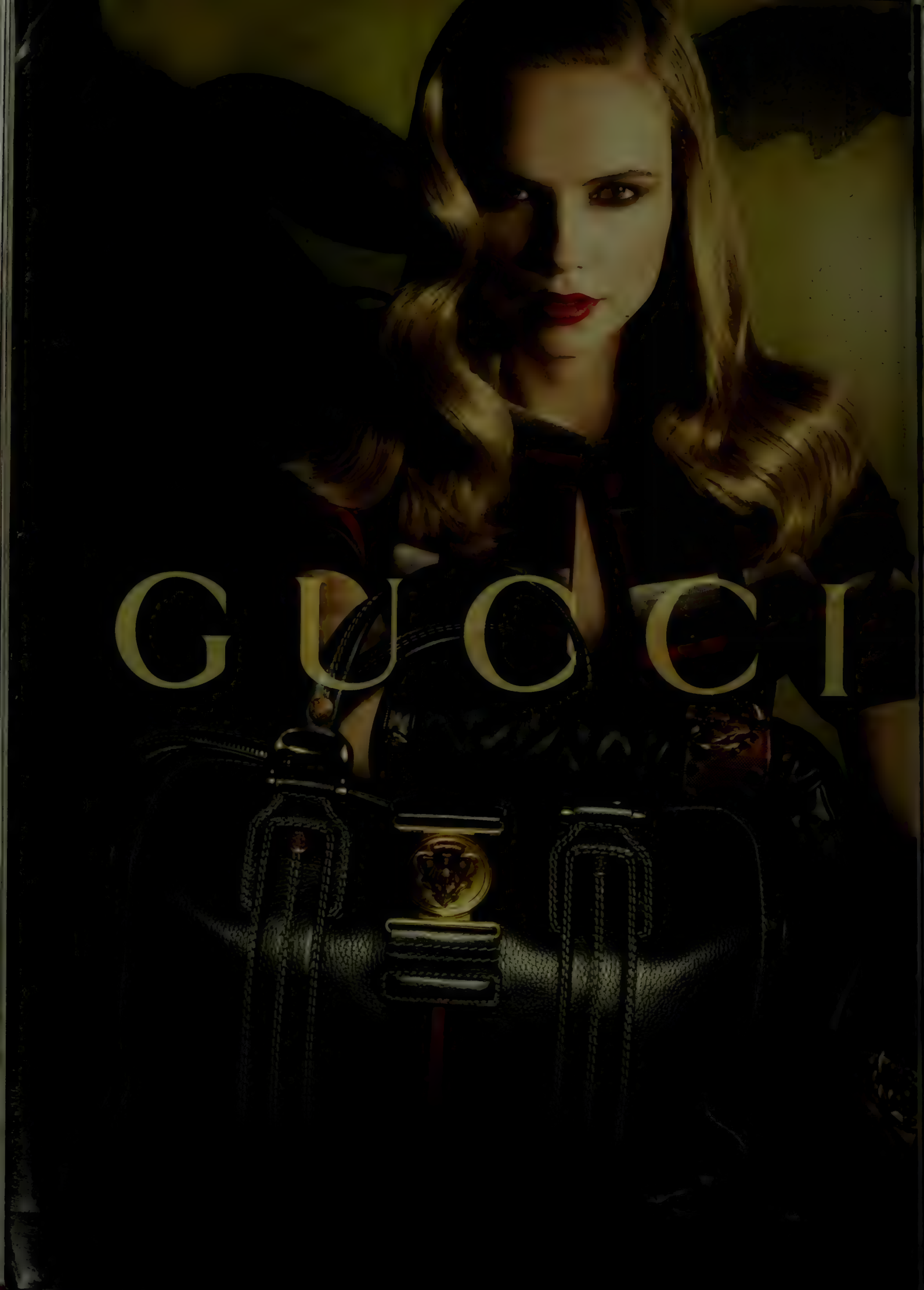
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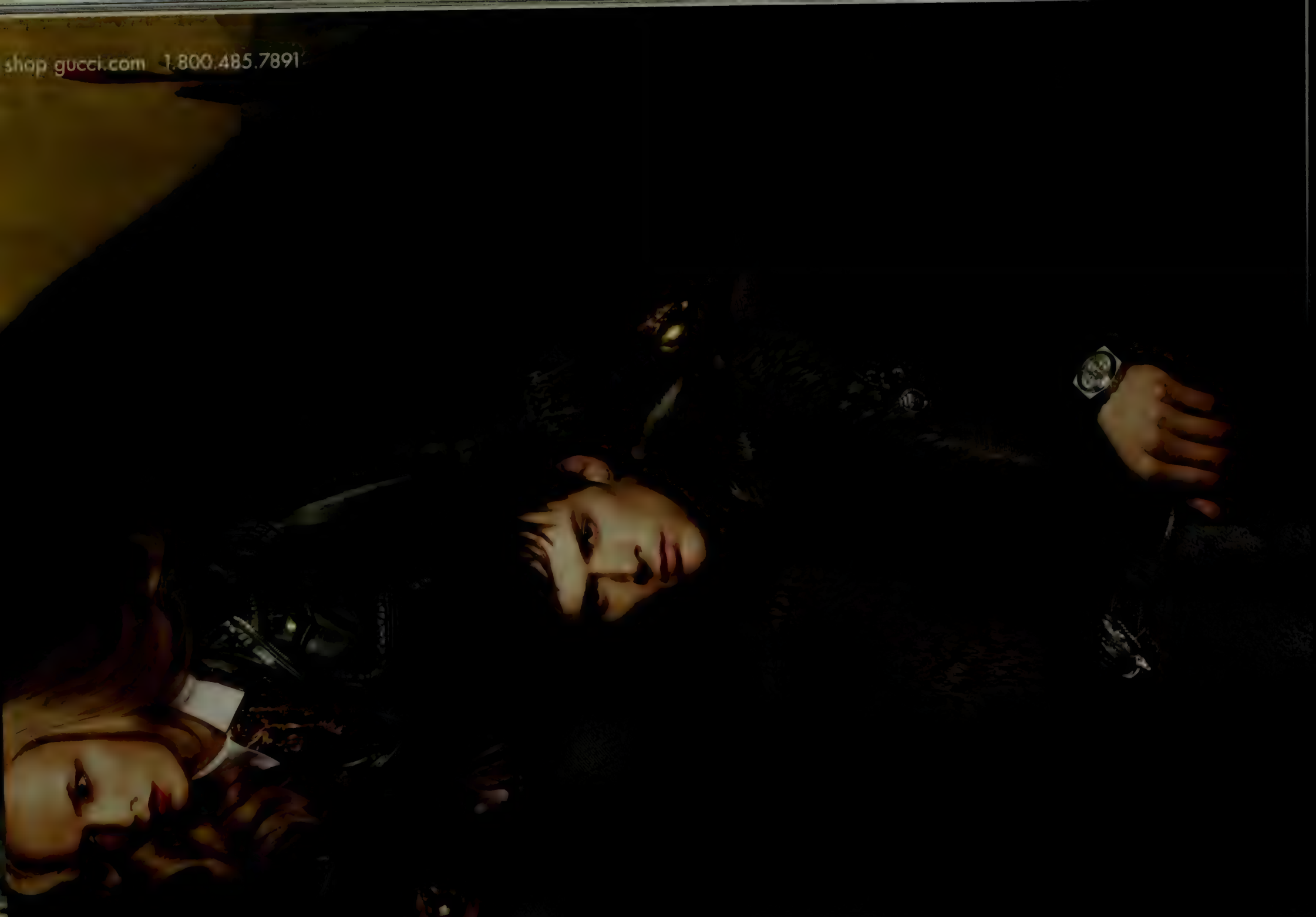

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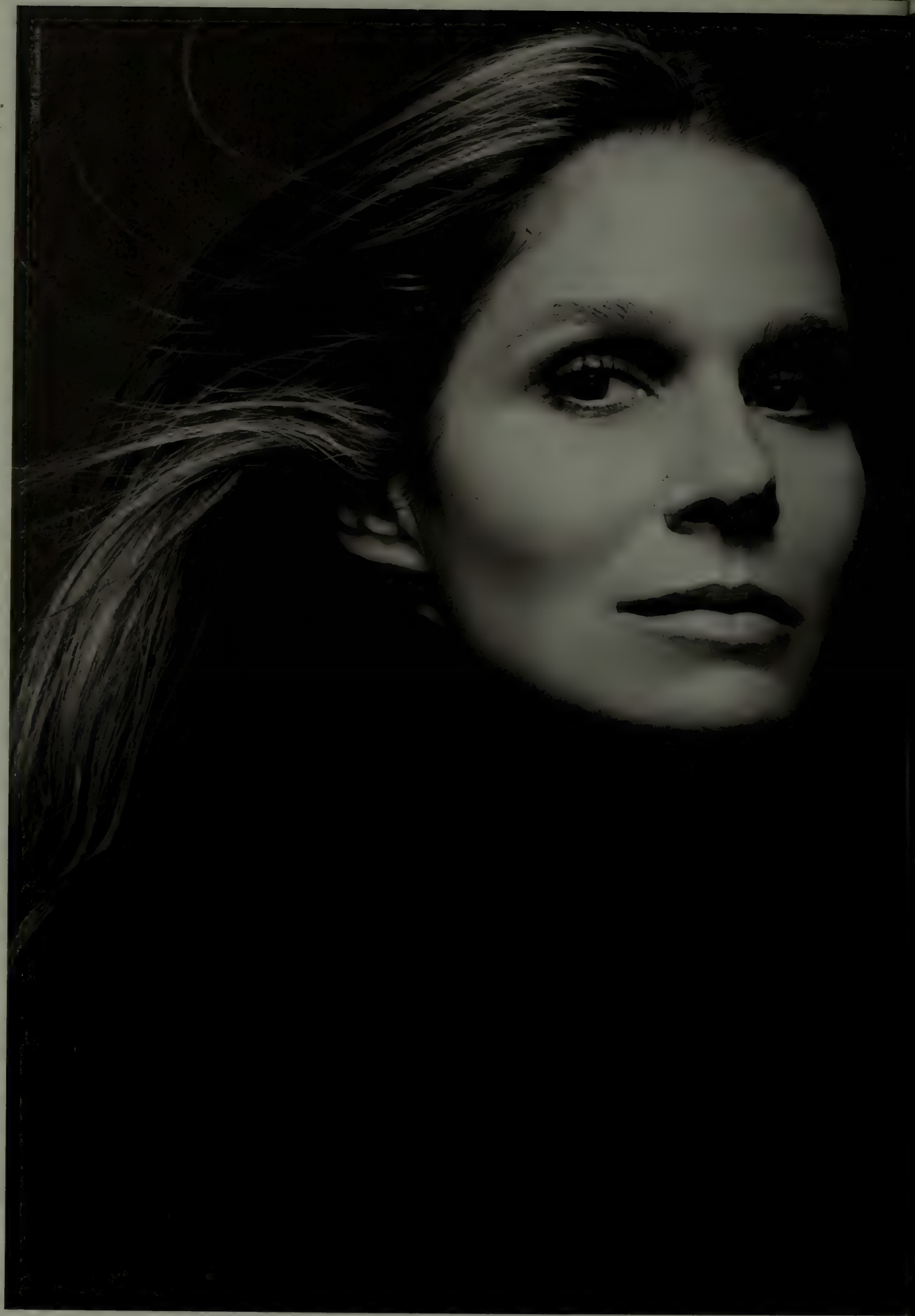

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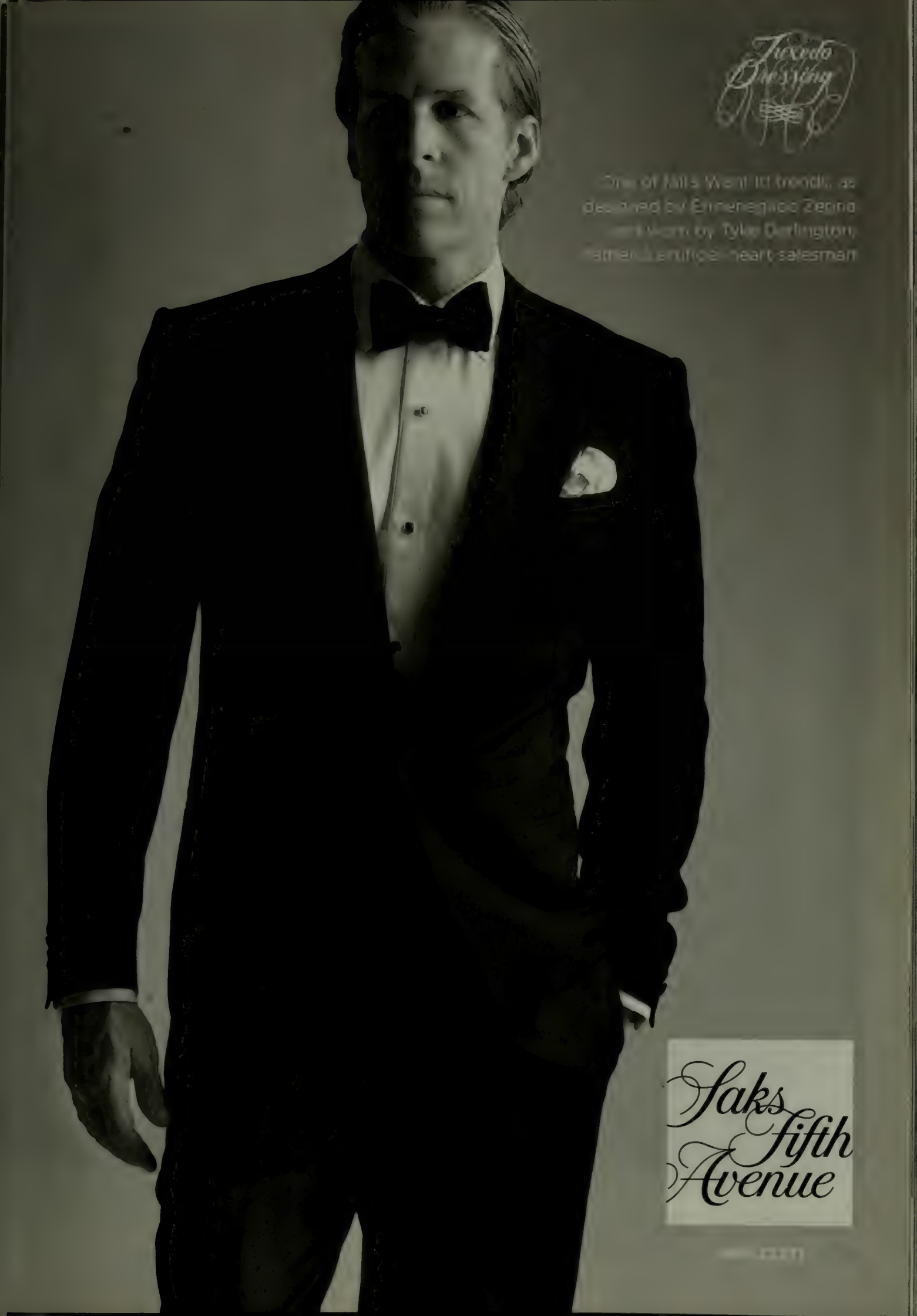


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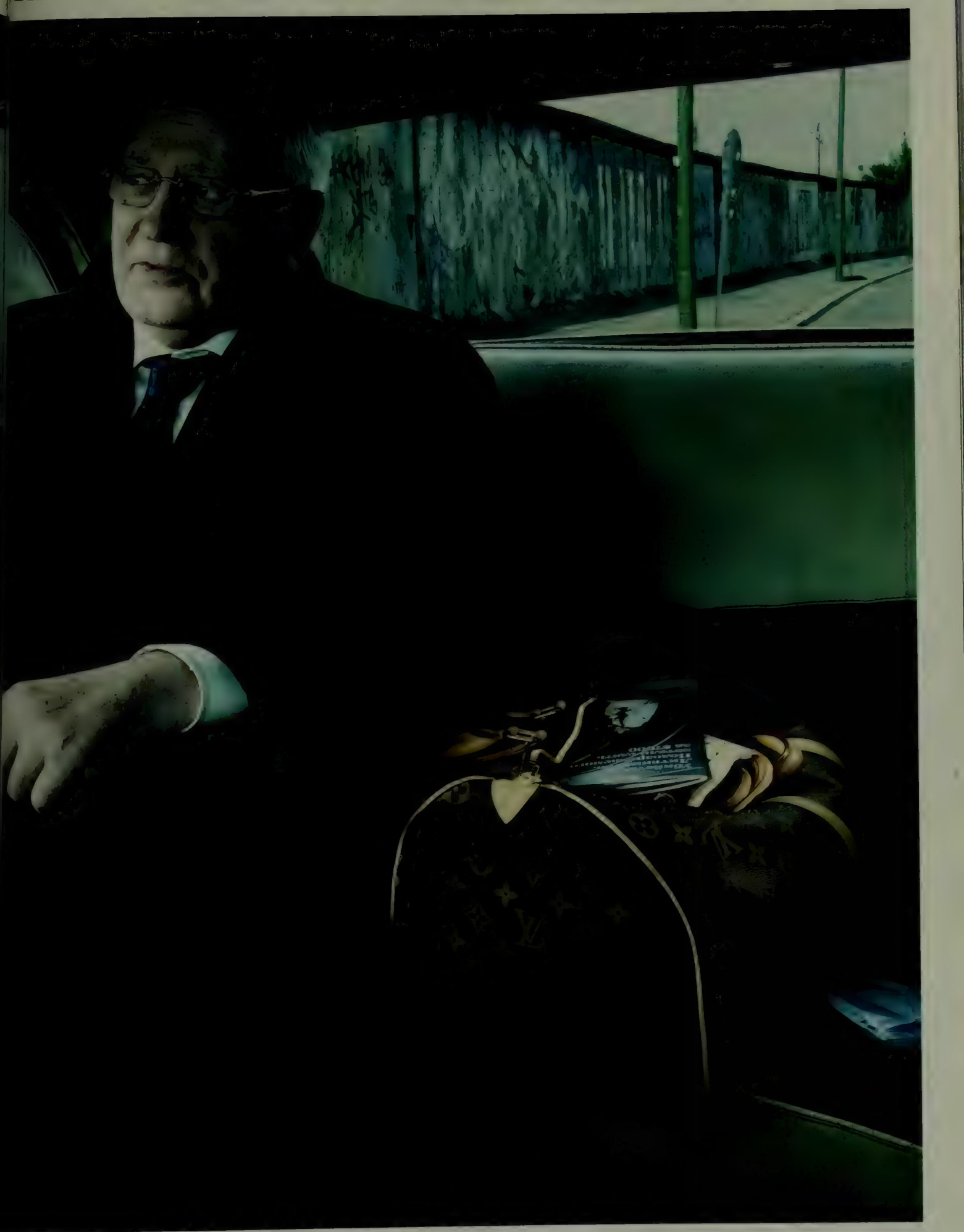



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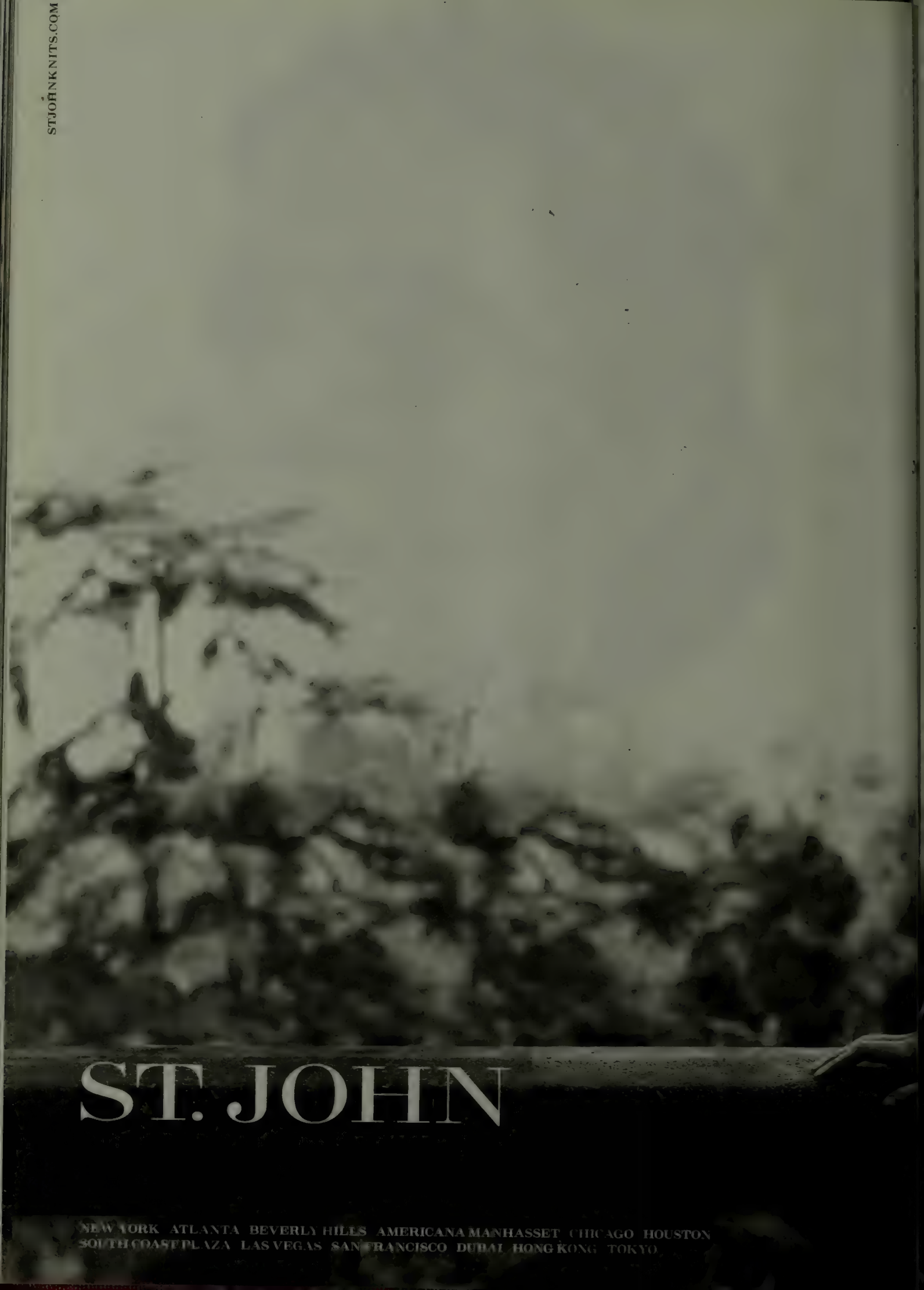

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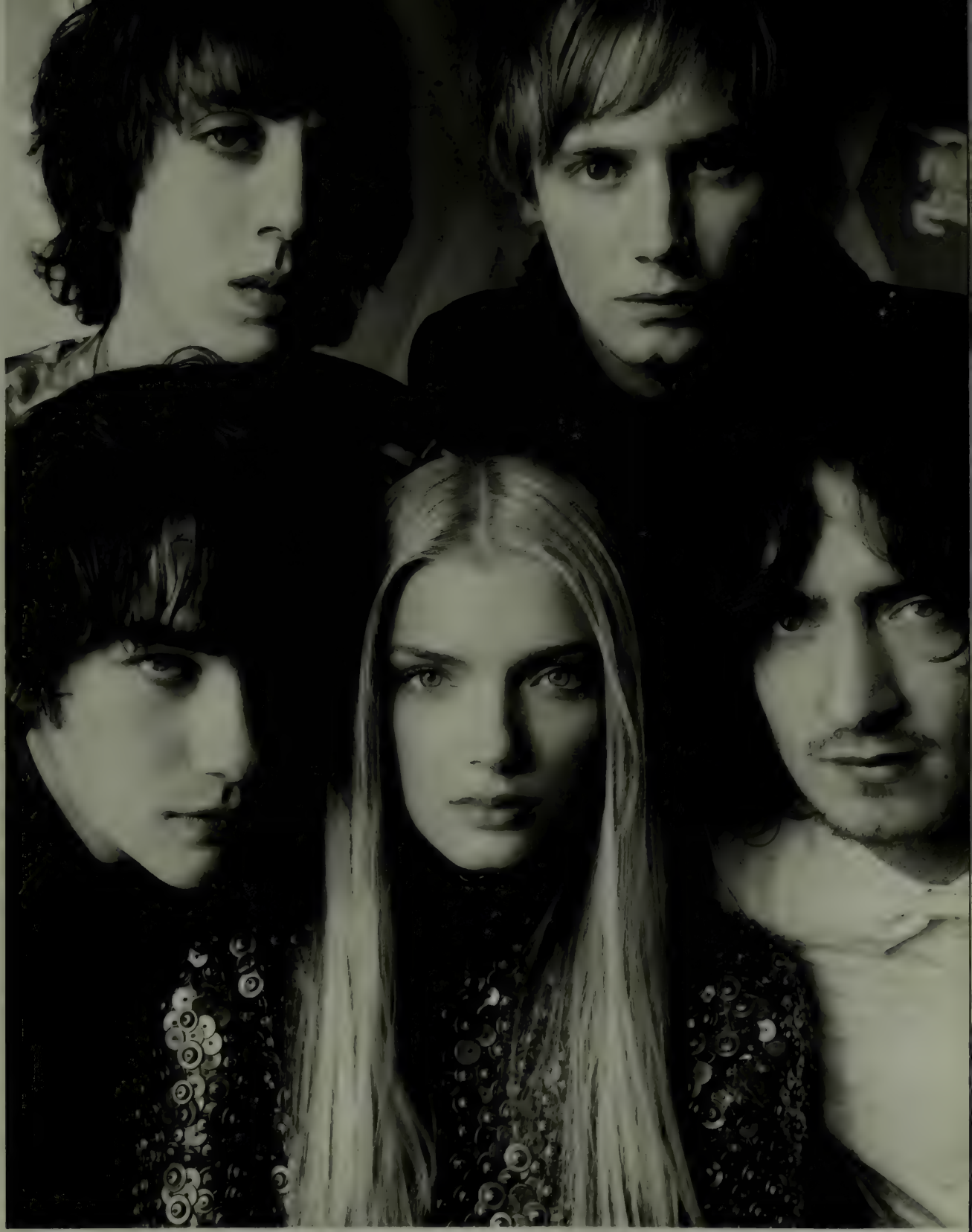
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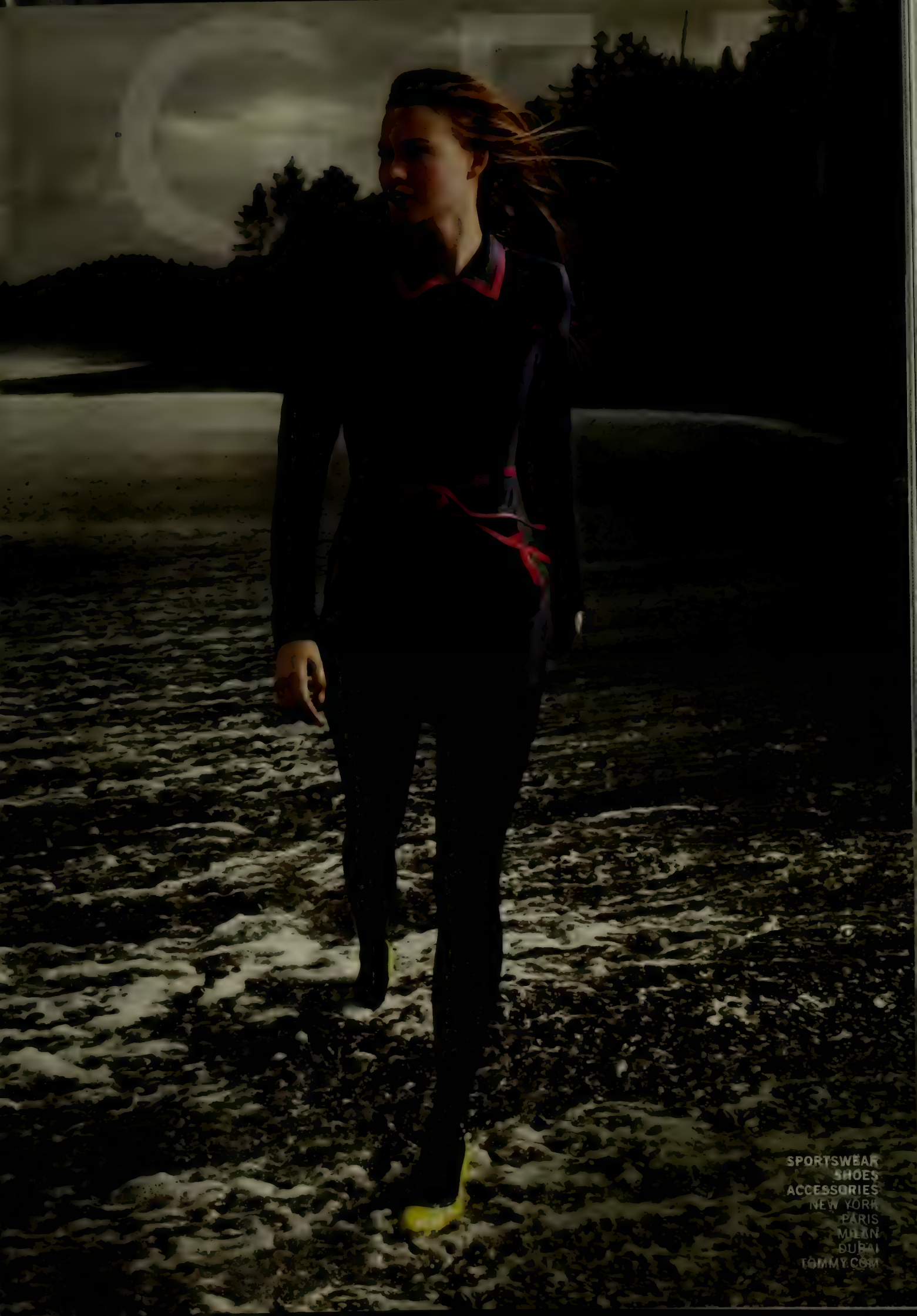


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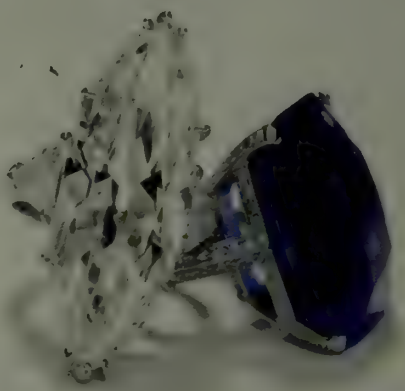
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Broadway in Las Vegas

The Paris Las Vegas casino just announced that Tony Danza and James Borstelmann will join the new 90-minute Las Vegas production of the Mel Brooks musical comedy *The Producers*. Both performers come to Las Vegas from the musical's Broadway cast, continuing their tenure with the most critically acclaimed show in Broadway history. For more details, visit harrahs.com.

◀ **Tony Danza and James Borstelmann in *The Producers*.**





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Alexis Bryan, Tommy Hilfiger, and Elizabeth Saltzman

Celebrating Timeless Elegance

On June 26, Tommy Hilfiger and *Vanity Fair* editors Elizabeth Saltzman and Alexis Bryan hosted a celebration of the new book *Grace Kelly: A Life in Pictures*, for which Tommy Hilfiger wrote a foreword. Held at the Private Roof Club and Garden of the Gramercy Park Hotel, in New York, the evening featured an exhibition of rare photographs of Grace Kelly, cocktails, and music spun by DJ Sky Nellor. Guests included Daniel Baker Jr., Fabiola Beracasa, Miranda Brooks, Ann Dexter-Jones, Marina Rust Connor, and Andrew Saffir.

Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee

To celebrate the Emmy-nominated epic movie *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, HBO and *Vanity Fair* hosted a cocktail reception at the Autry National Center, in Los Angeles, on May 24. The evening, which drew more than 125 guests, featured an interior design and exhibition of photographs of the film's cast by Stephen Berkman, who was on hand to mingle with guests and talk about his inspiration for the artwork.



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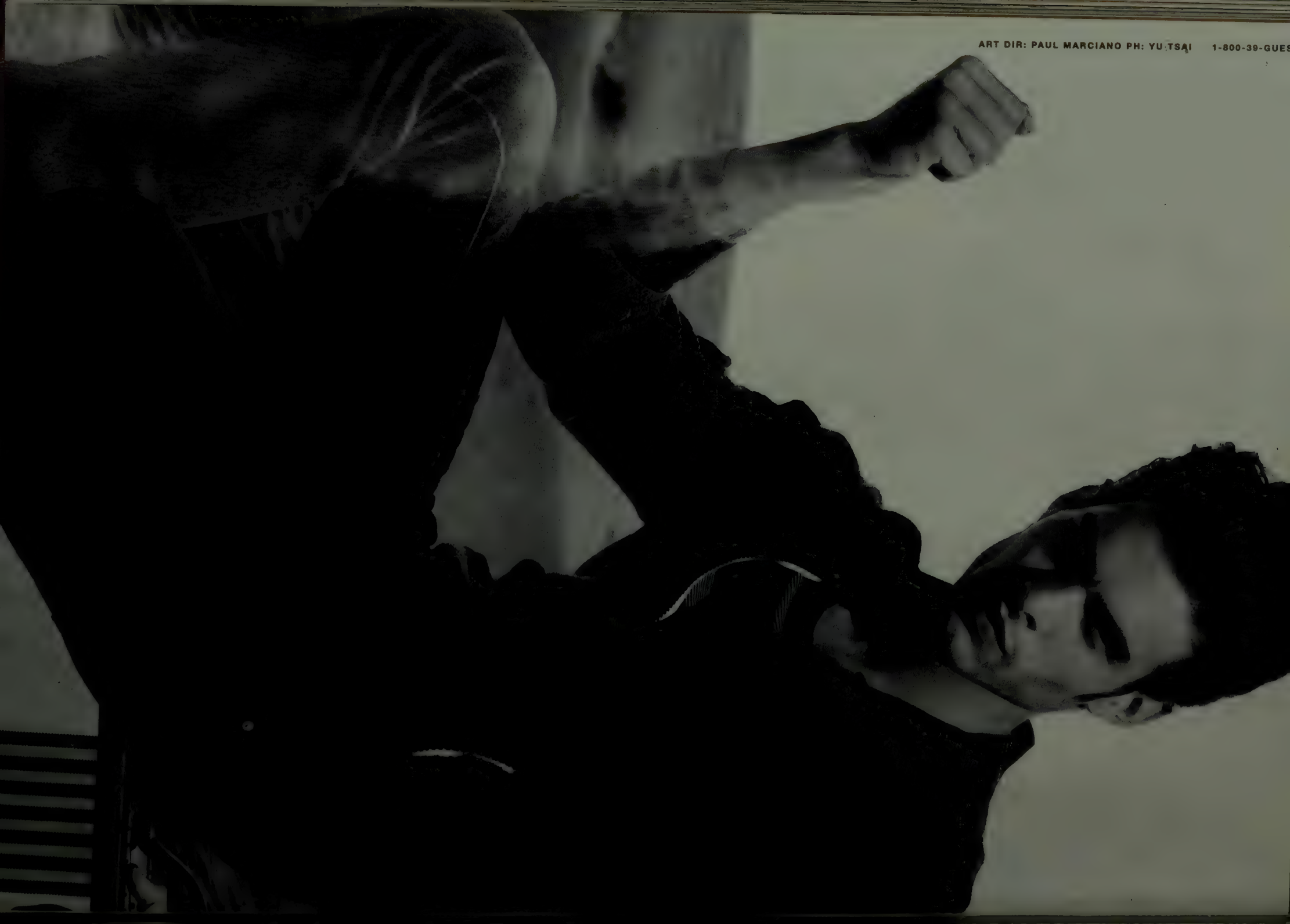
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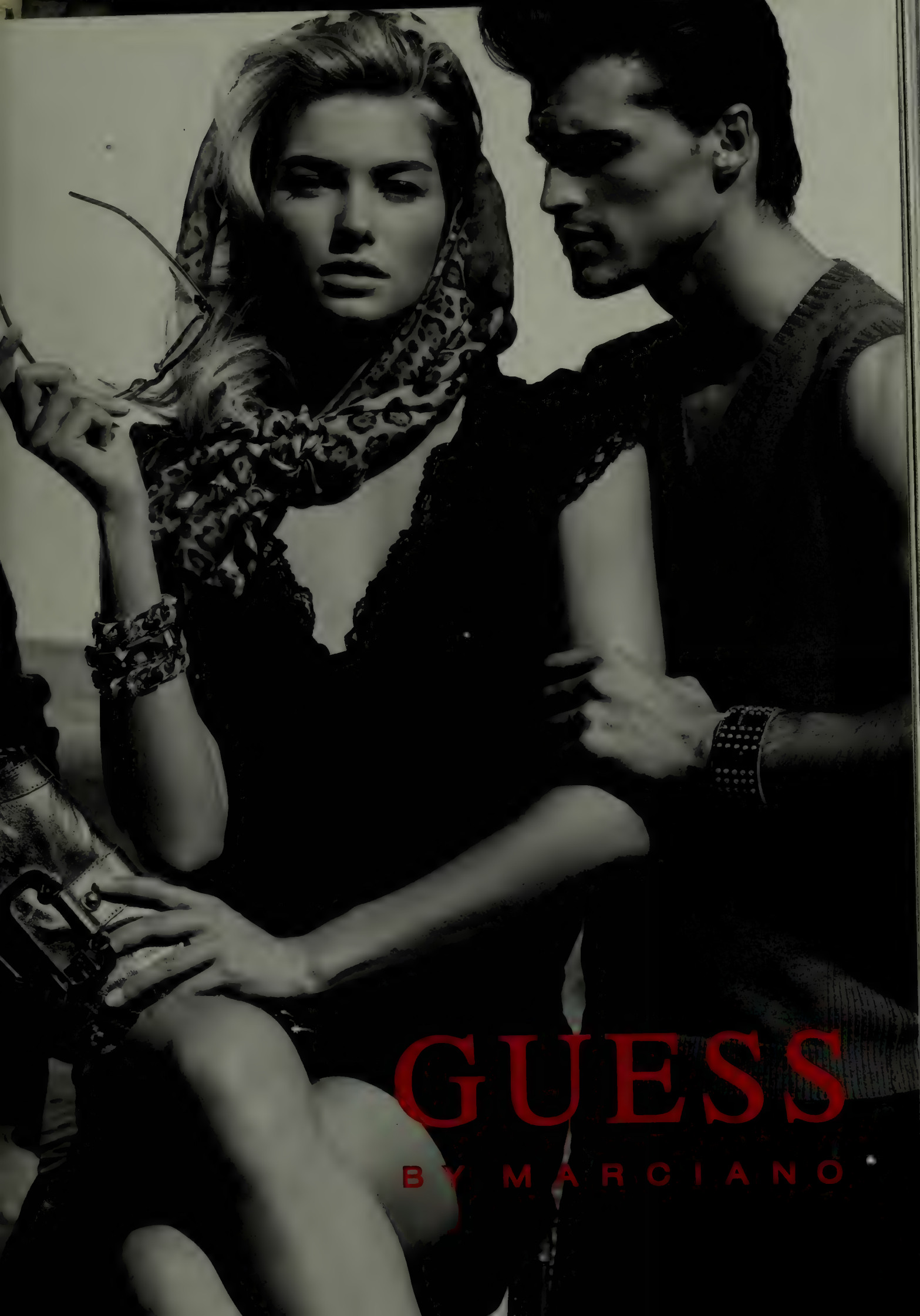
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- A ZSA ZSA GABOR FEATURE BY LESLIE BENNETTS
- OUTTAKES FROM THE AMY ADAMS PHOTO SHOOT

FEATURES

324 THE LADY IS YAR Nicole Kidman is finally sailing with the wind. At her home above Sydney Harbor, as she films Baz Luhrmann's epic *Australia,* the star of next month's *Margot at the Wedding* tells Krista Smith about co-parenting with Tom Cruise, supporting her husband, Keith Urban, through rehab, and her hope for a baby. Photographs by Patrick Demarchelier.

332 INSIDE BUSH'S BUNKER Faced with a hostile Congress, plummeting polls, and fleeing loyalists, George W. Bush seems even more trapped in the White House, and increasingly dependent on, gulp, Dick Cheney. Talking to insiders, Todd Purdum probes the president's fortress mentality. Illustration by Edward Sorel.

336 BILLIONS OVER BAGHDAD In April 2003, the hastily created, American-led Coalition Provisional Authority in Iraq began receiving planeloads of cash, $12 billion by June 2004. To date, $9 billion is unaccounted for. Donald L. Barlett and James B. Steele uncover evidence of a feeding frenzy that emptied the safe in Baghdad as the Pentagon shrugged.

340 LIFE WITH ZSA ZSA Jonathan Becker and Leslie Bennetts spotlight Zsa Zsa Gabor and her ninth husband, Prince Frederick von Anhalt, who want to squelch the rumors about the state of their union.

342 THE MAN IN THE IRONY MASK Since he spun off from *The Daily Show* in 2005, Stephen Colbert has zinged the cultural establishment with his faux-news hit, *The Colbert Report,* rarely breaking out of egomaniacal character. With the release of his new book, Colbert drops the deadpan for Seth Mnookin. Photographs by Mark Seliger.

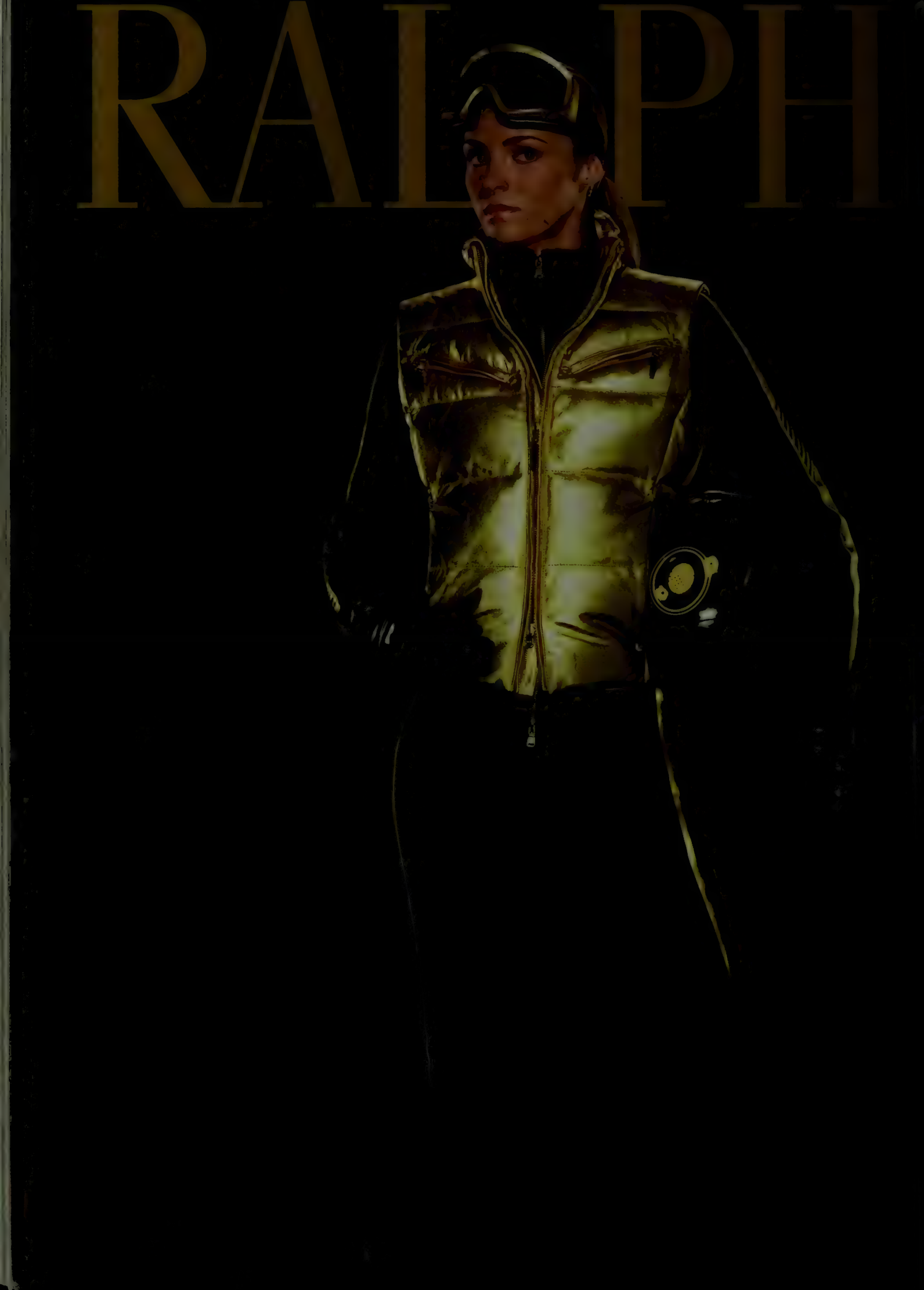
346 TALK OF THE TOWN The one-upmanship between Blackstone's Stephen Schwarzman and K.K.R.'s Henry Kravis, heads of the top two private-equity firms, has Park Avenue and Palm Beach abuzz. As Wall Street tremors shake their hugely profitable pedestals, Michael Shnayerson examines a rivalry between new money and newer money.

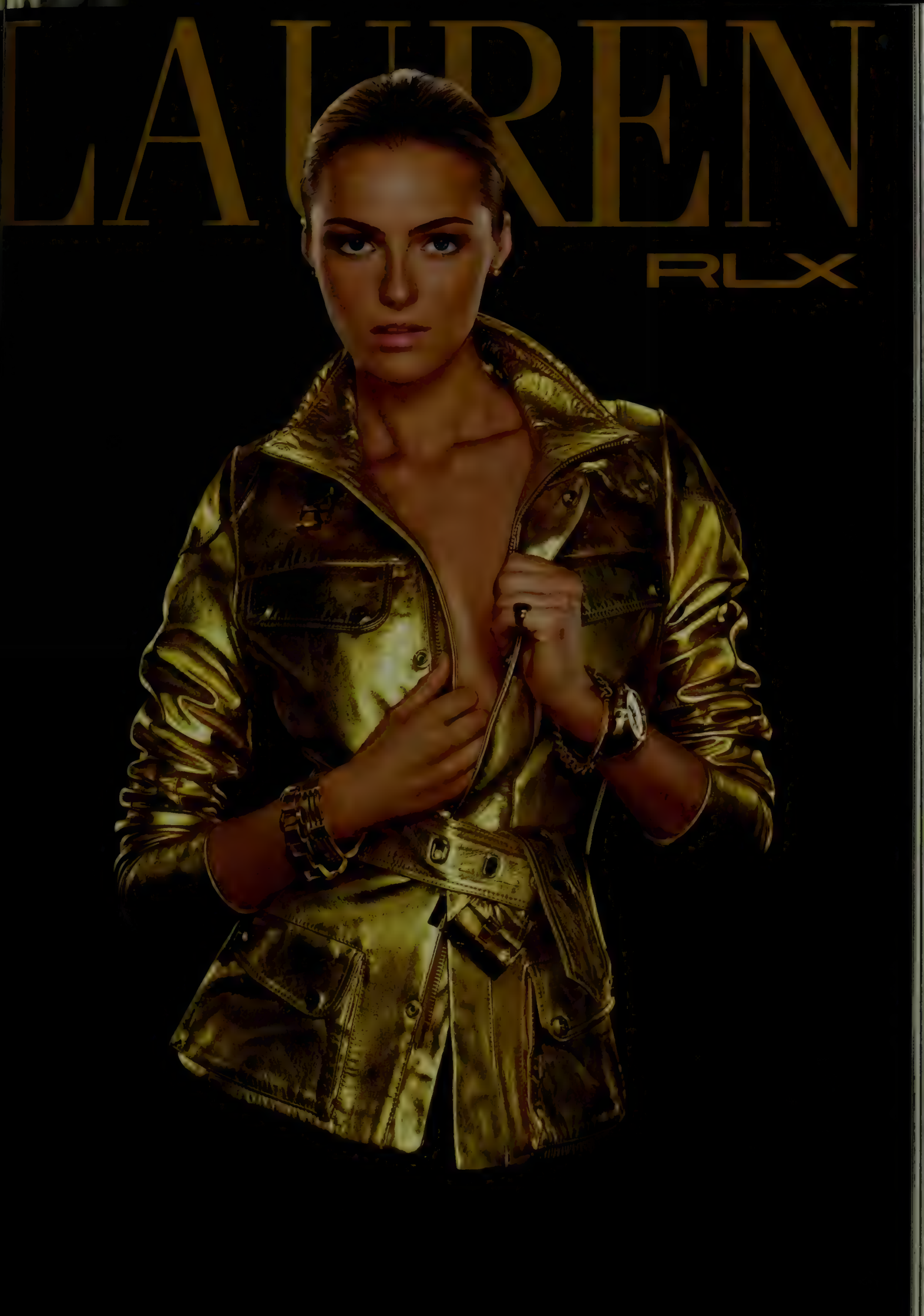
352 STAR OF CHINA Michael Roberts and Evgenia Peretz spotlight Ziyi Zhang, who has made her first U.S.-style thriller, *The Horsemen.*

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354 GOING AFTER GORE When he ran for president, Al Gore took a bashing from the media, often for things he never said (see: inventing the Internet). For the first time the now lionized Gore and his family open up, to Evgenia Peretz, about a bias that may have tipped the scales.

358 WILD ABOUT AMY Norman Jean Roy and Krista Smith spotlight Amy Adams, the flametop who's enchanting Hollywood with four new movies.

362 MACARTHUR'S GRAND DELUSION Surrounded by yes-men, an arrogant commander launches a disastrous offensive based on rigged intelligence. Sound familiar? In an excerpt from his final book, *The Coldest Winter,* the late David Halberstam recounts the human folly and brutal price of General MacArthur's Korean War strategy.

FANFAIR

159 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Harry Gesner modernizes Malibu. The Cultural Divide. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Lisa Eisner gets tied up at Kiki de Montparnasse; A. M. Homes spotlights Louise Bourgeois My Stuff—Anya Hindmarch; Night-Table Reading; Punch Hutton steps up to the plate to Save 2nd Base. Victoria Mather wakes up with the giraffes. A new generation of comedians takes the stage. Krista Smith rides the Harry Gesner wave. Graham Fuller goes *Into the Wild;* A. M. Homes joins *The Jane Austen Book Club;* Bruce Handy reviews *Michael Clayton*. Olivia Strand samples Frédéric Fekkai's new products; Maria Ricapito on Givenchy's classic scents; Hot Looks. The latest design innovations.

COLUMNS

198 ON THE LIMITS OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT, PART I If God doesn't strike him first, Christopher Hitchens may be doomed by his cherished vices. At 58, the smoke-wreathed, scotch-fueled author takes his first step on the road to rehabilitation, at a high-end spa. Photographs by Art Streiber.

206 THE SIMPLE LIFE: WHITE HOUSE EDITION The scuffles with the press, the AWOL twins, the "Awkward Moments on the Tarmac"—it's a wonder no one has pitched the White House as reality TV. James Wolcott explores the potential ratings bonanza of the Prez Channel.

214 IS THIS THE END OF NEWS? As print and broadcast journalism ready their own obituaries, one hope remains for narrative news: the Internet. With Newser.com, Michael Wolff hopes the right algorithm will keep his industry alive.

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CAST IRONY

STEPHEN COLBERT, OUT OF CHARACTER 342



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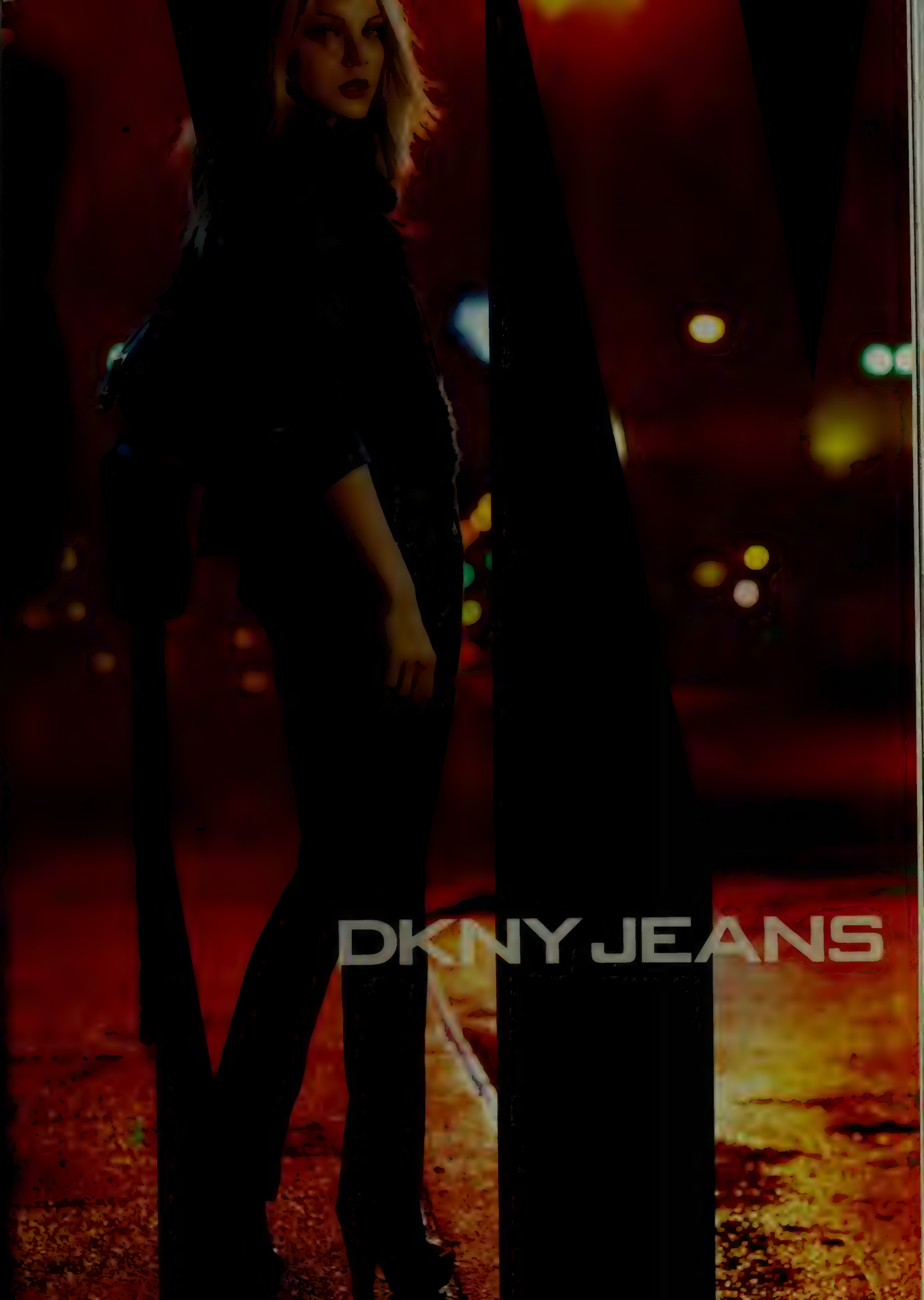

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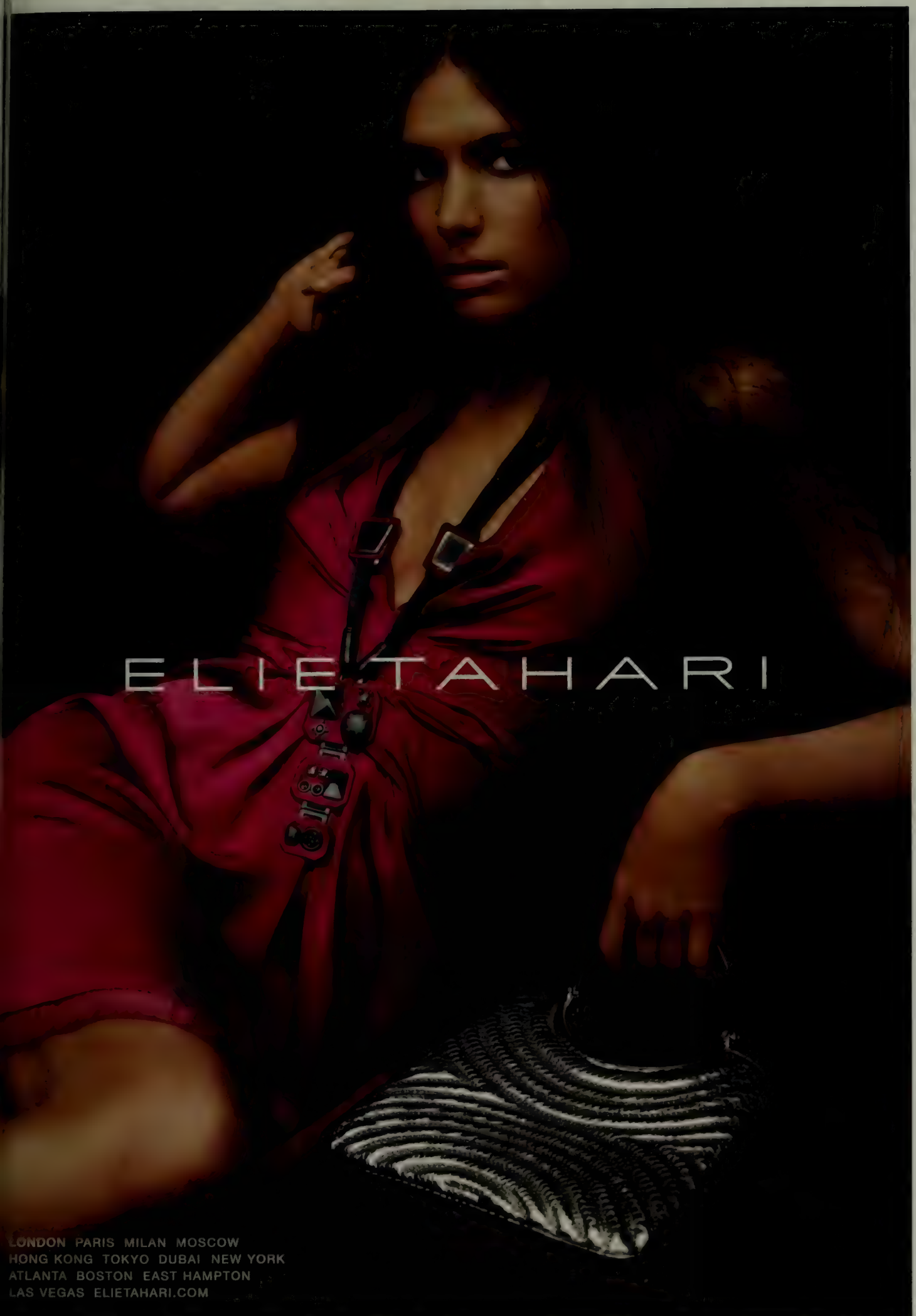


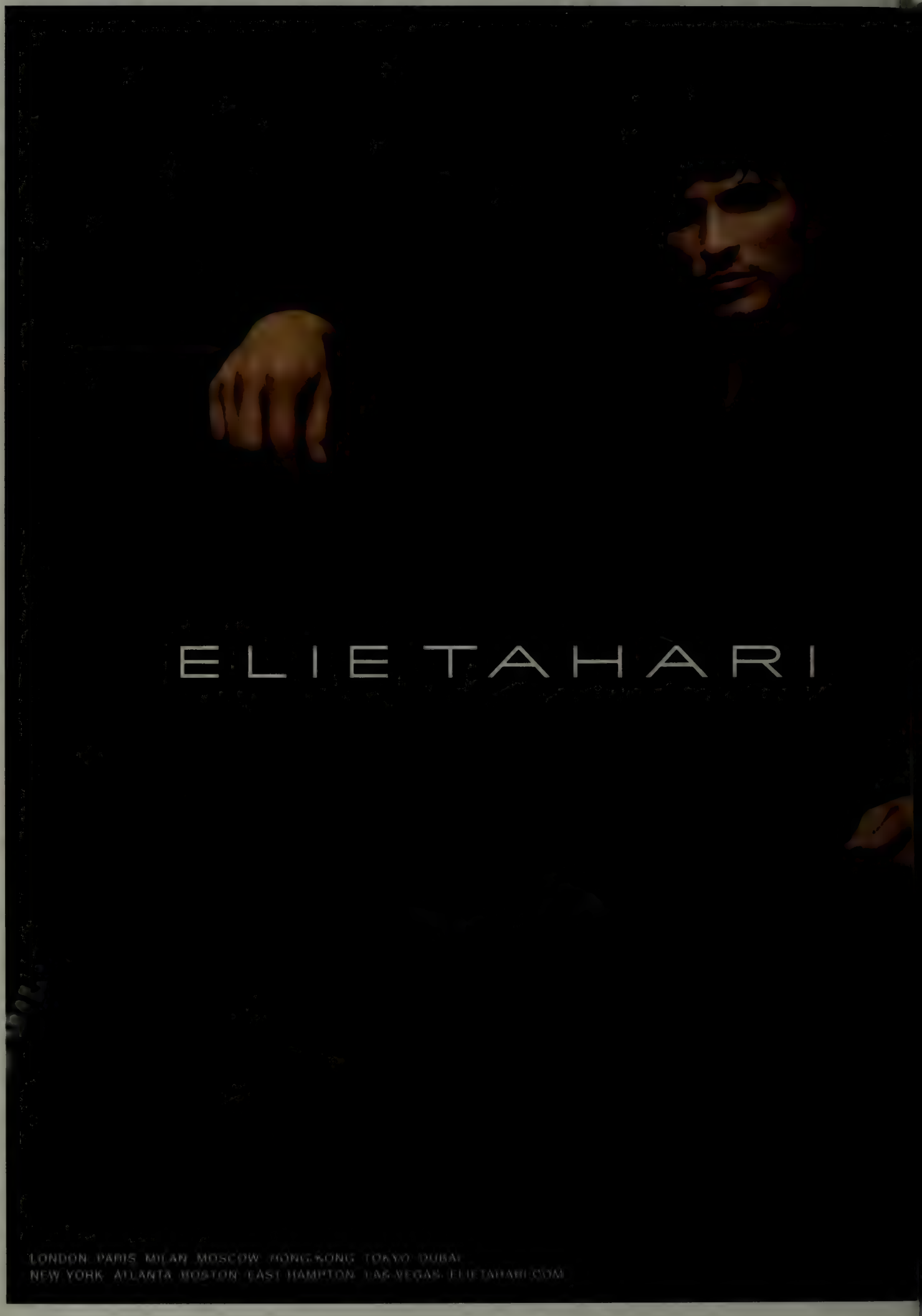
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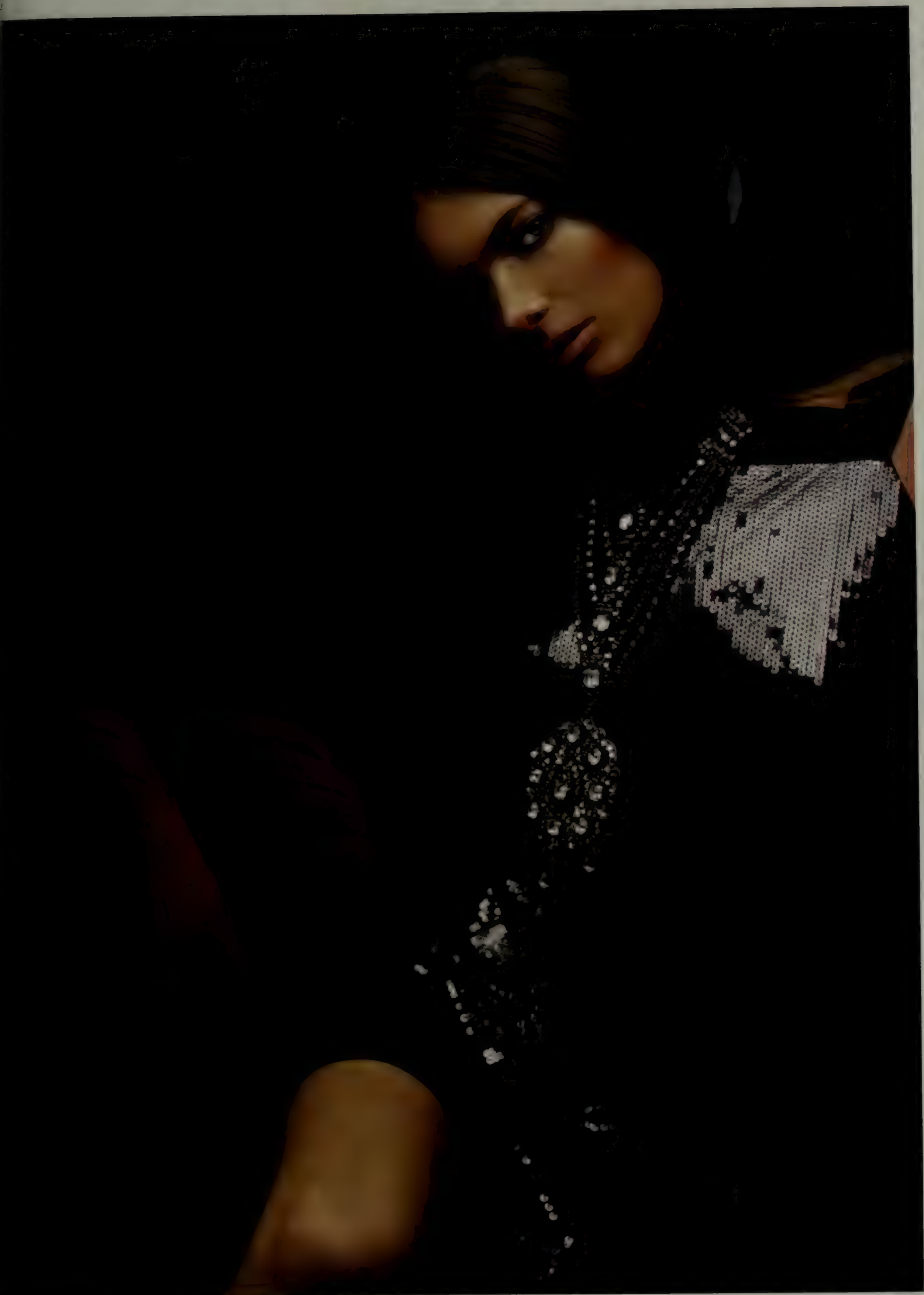
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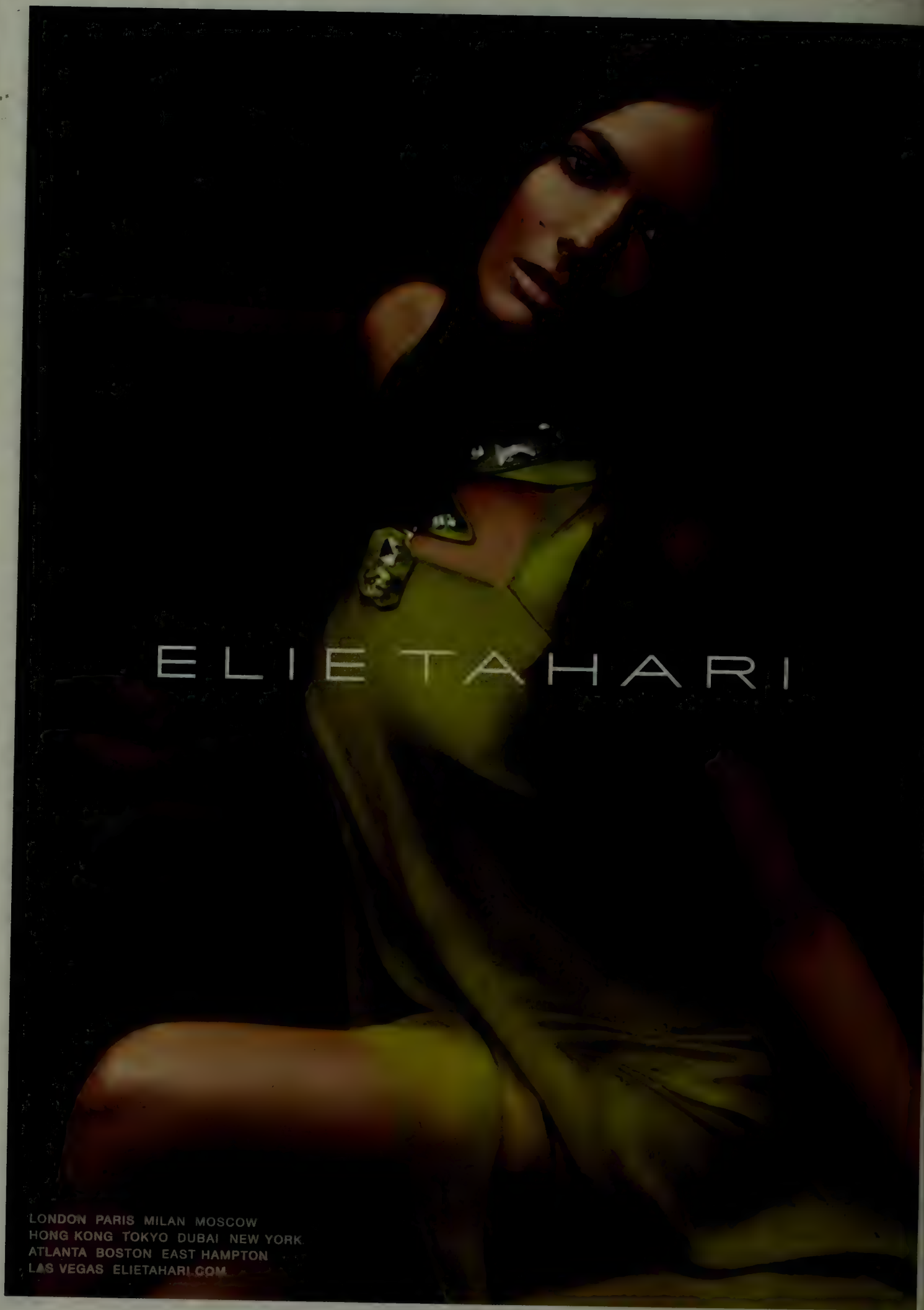
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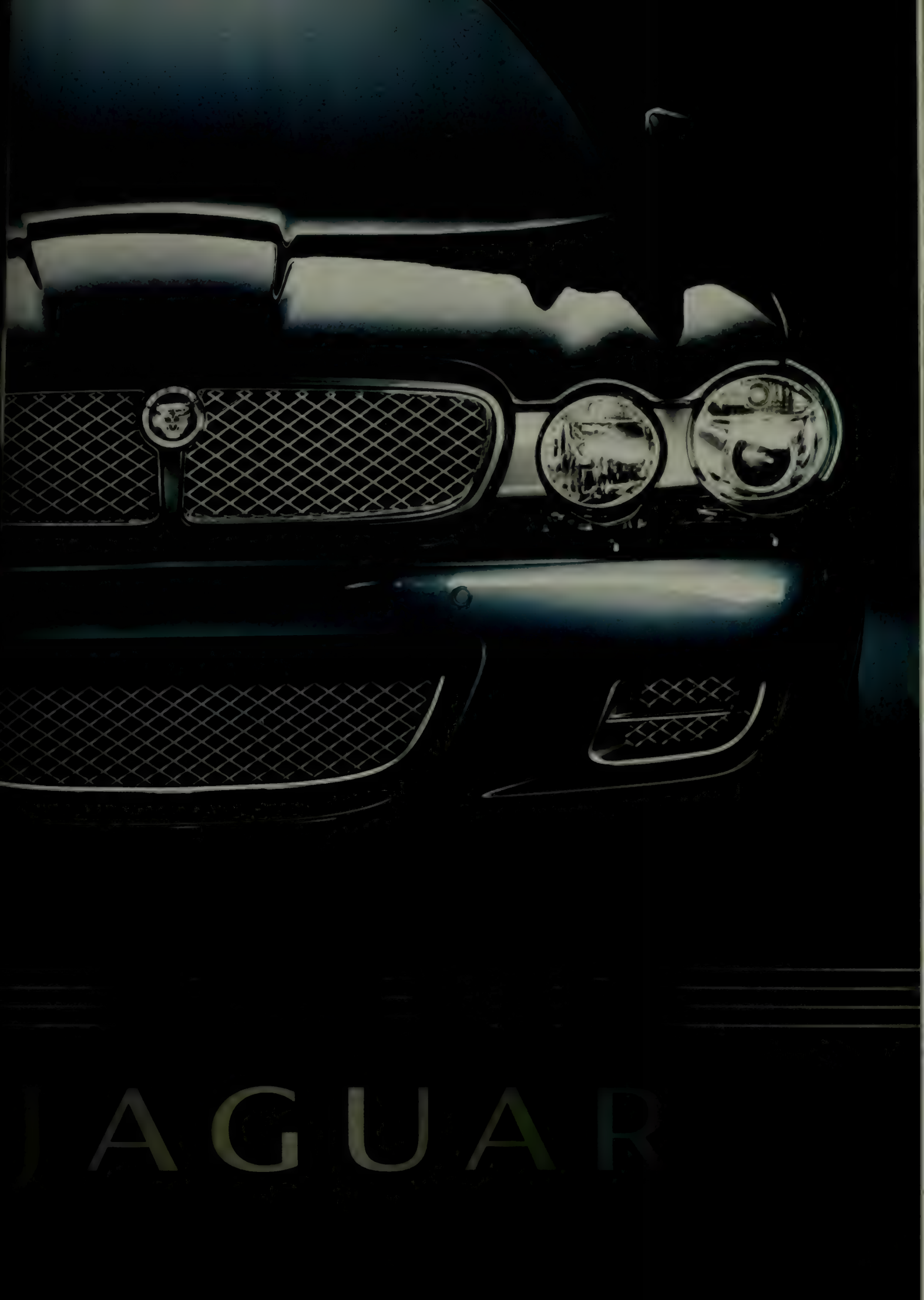
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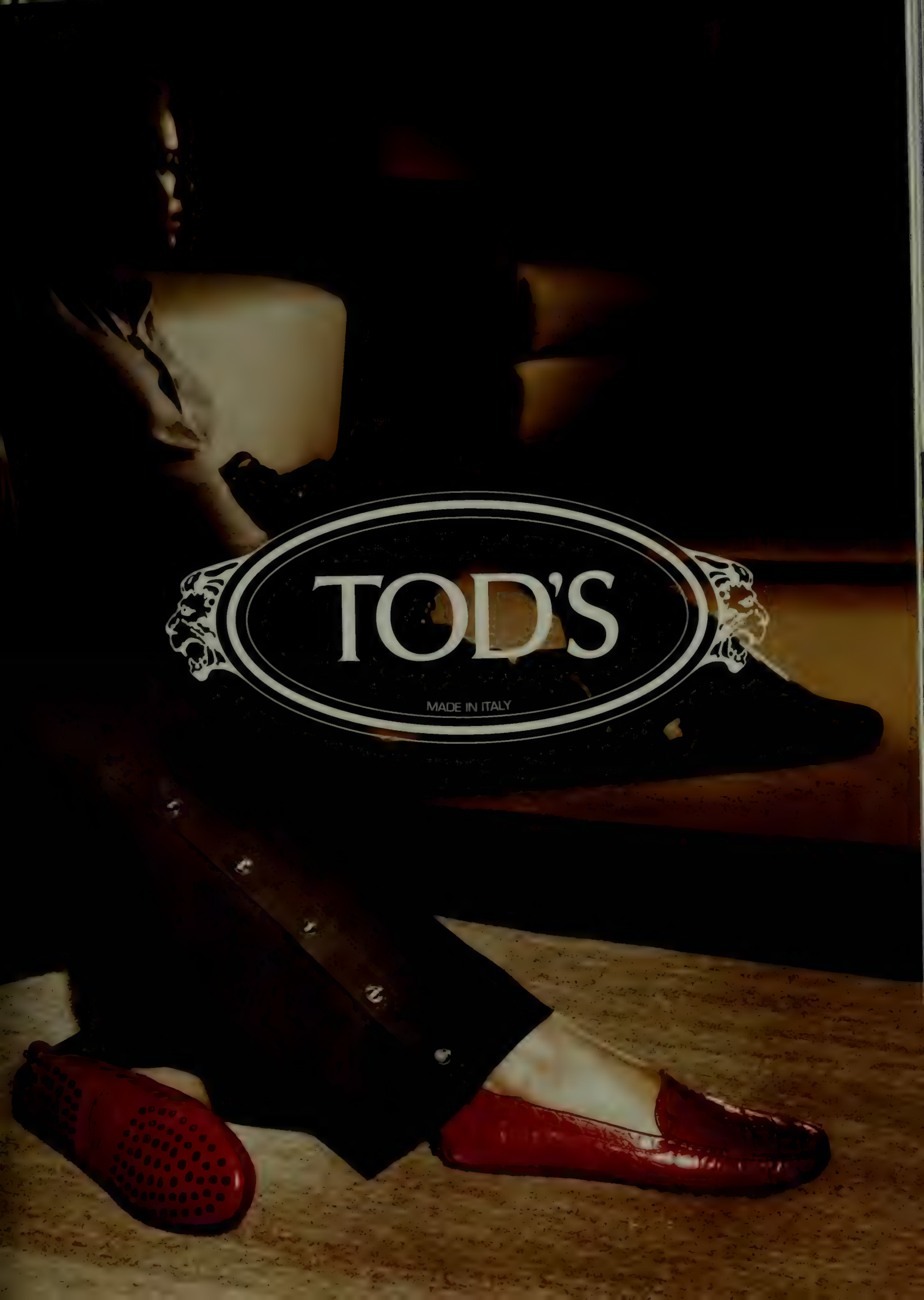
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226 **PHIL SPECTOR'S CHEAP SHOTS** Dominick Dunne has more inside dope on the Phil Spector murder trial, including the defense's attempt to blame the victim, director Michael Bay's online rebuttal, and a Hollywood madam's clash with the judge.

230 **AMERICAN BEAGLE** By the mid-1960s, Charles Schulz was struggling to keep "Peanuts" fresh. In an excerpt from his new biography of Schulz, David Michaelis describes how Snoopy saved the day, embodying a generation's dreams and dilemmas.

244 **SPICE GIRL** François Halard and Laura Jacobs spotlight Rachael Ray, as her latest cookbook sizzles off the press.

246 **LAZY-ASS NATION** What would Ben Franklin have said about such laborsaving inventions as the robotic vacuum cleaner or the self-parking car? (Probably "Huzzah!") Jim Windolf marvels at the country's can-do-but-why-bother ethics. Photographs by Art Streiber.

SPECIAL SECTION

259 **THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT—THE VANITY FAIR 100** Guess which newly endowed media baron once again tops *V.F.*'s annual list of the world's most powerful people. Plus: a mogul's view of the world, the insider's Rolodex, and the *Next* Establishment—30 moguls in the making.

VANITIES

311 **ALL ABOUT EVE** Henry Alford takes "Starlets 101"; Howard Schatz snaps David Strathairn. Mark O'Donnell computes celebrities; Craig Brown fills in the missing entries of *The Reagan Diaries*. A guide to decreasing your asshole footprint. George Wayne laughs off Sarah Silverman.

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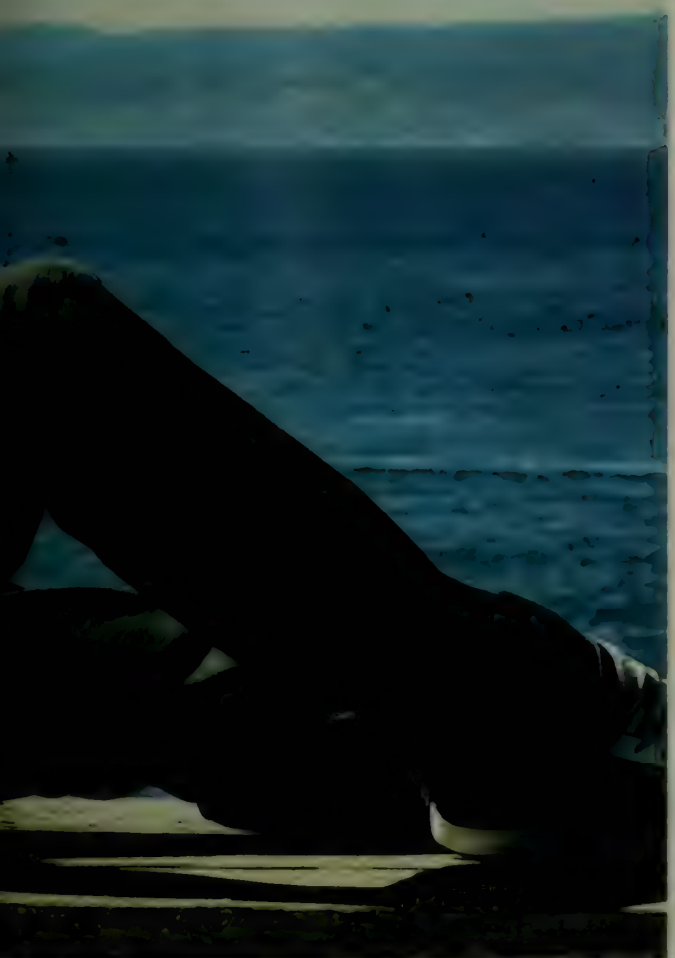

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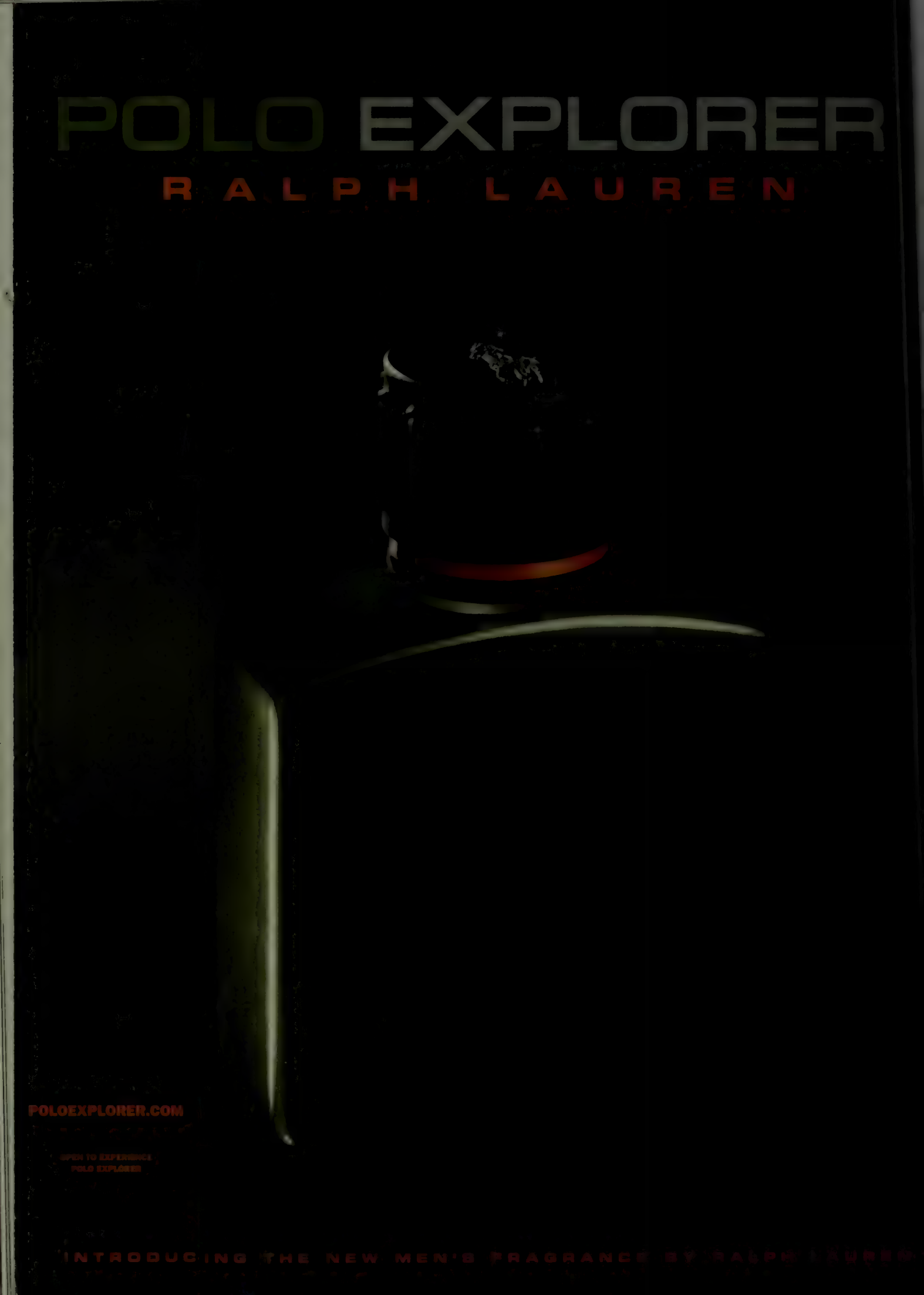
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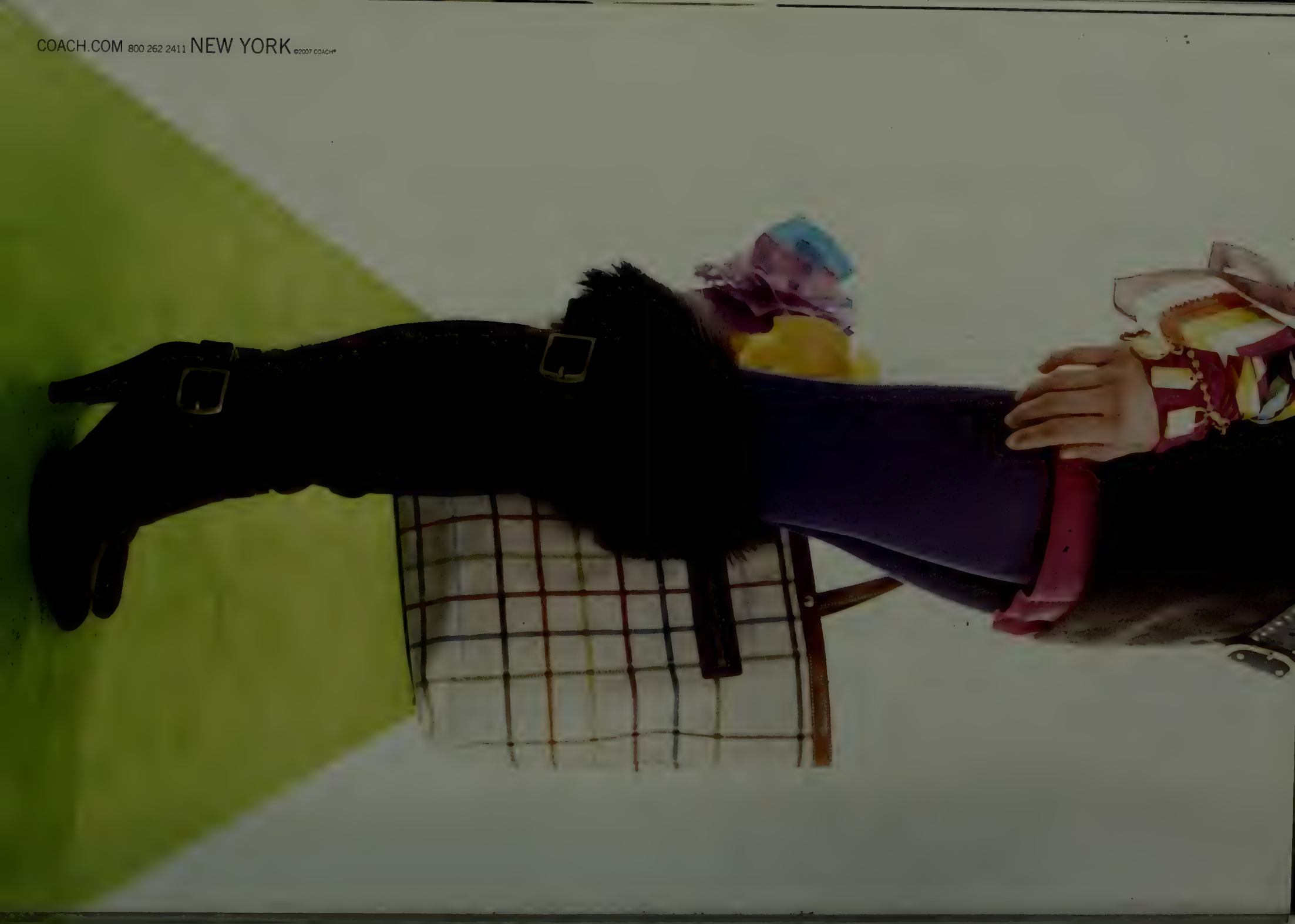
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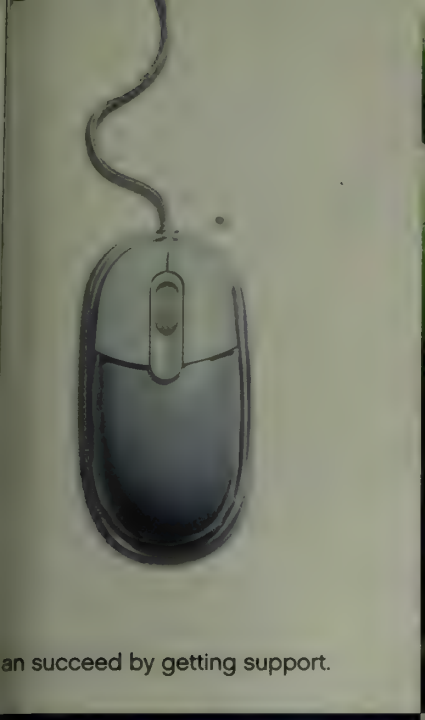
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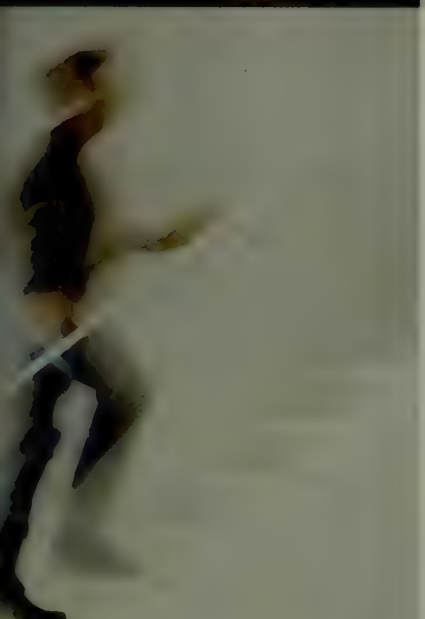
I can push myself further.



I can do it differently this time.



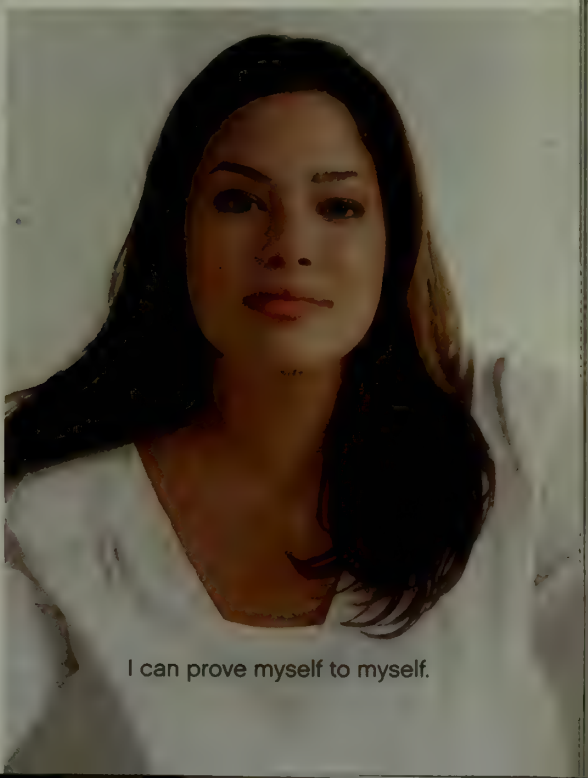
I can make changes that stick.



look for ways to burn more calories.



I can walk my dog around the block, again.



I can prove myself to myself.

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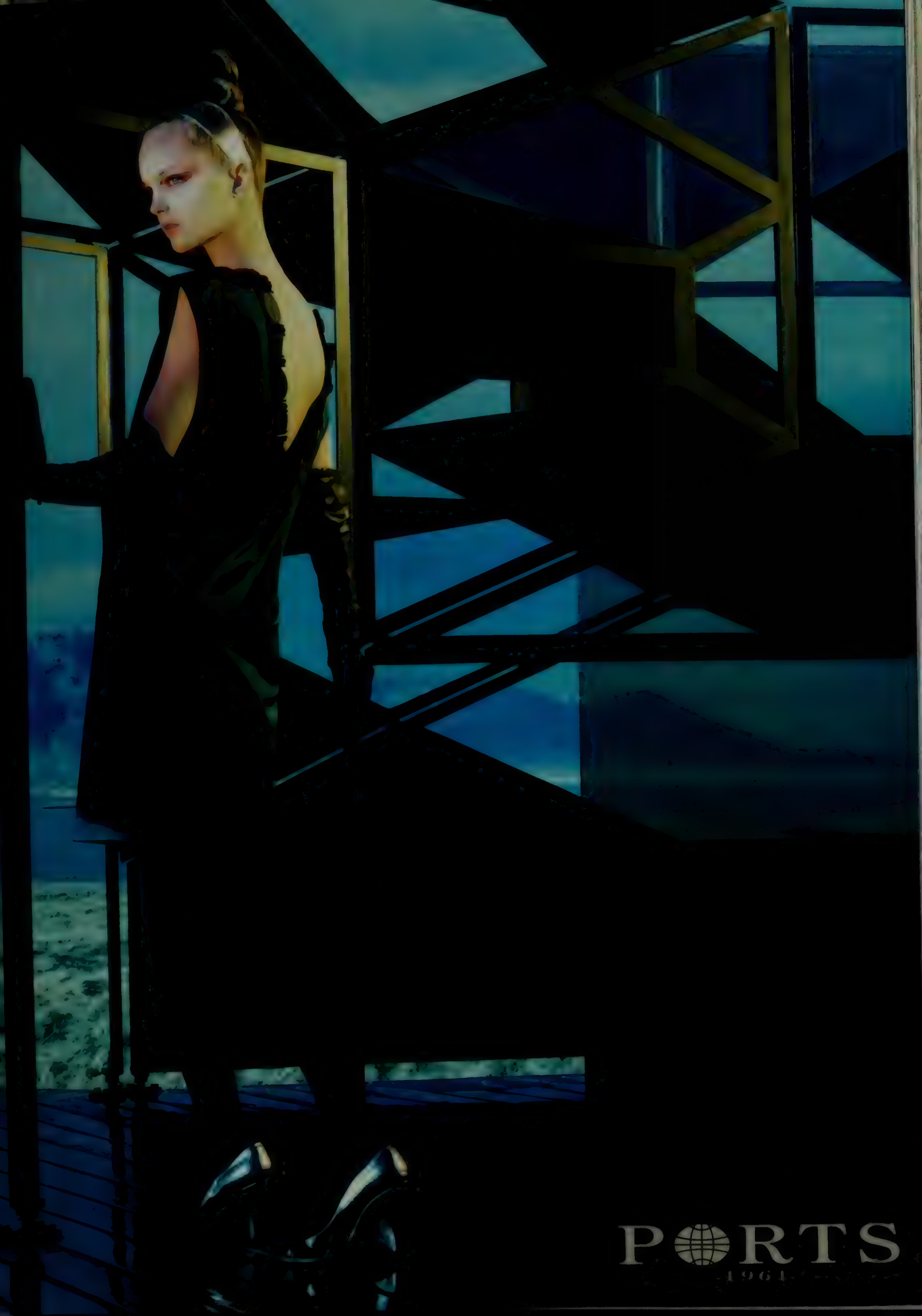

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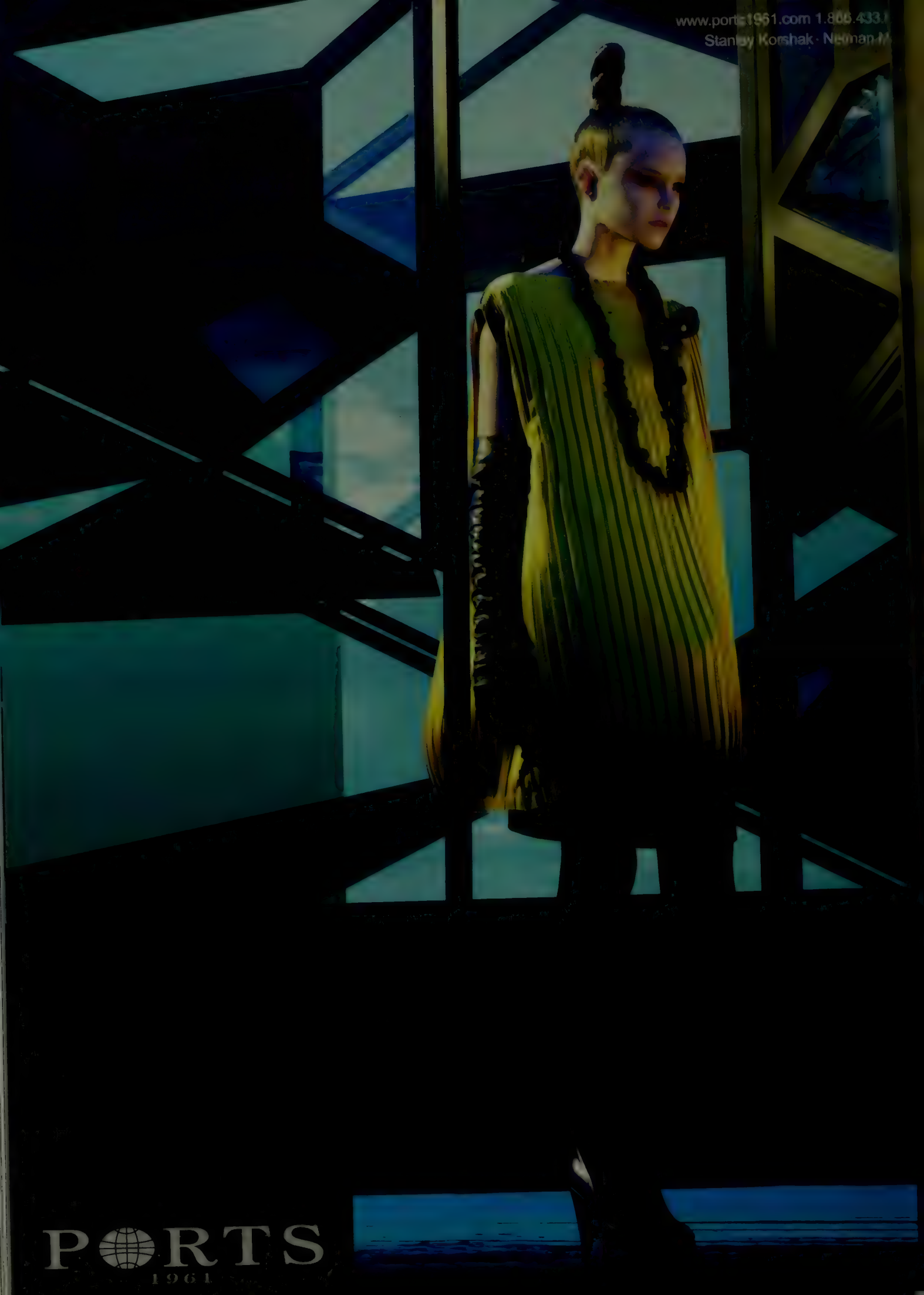

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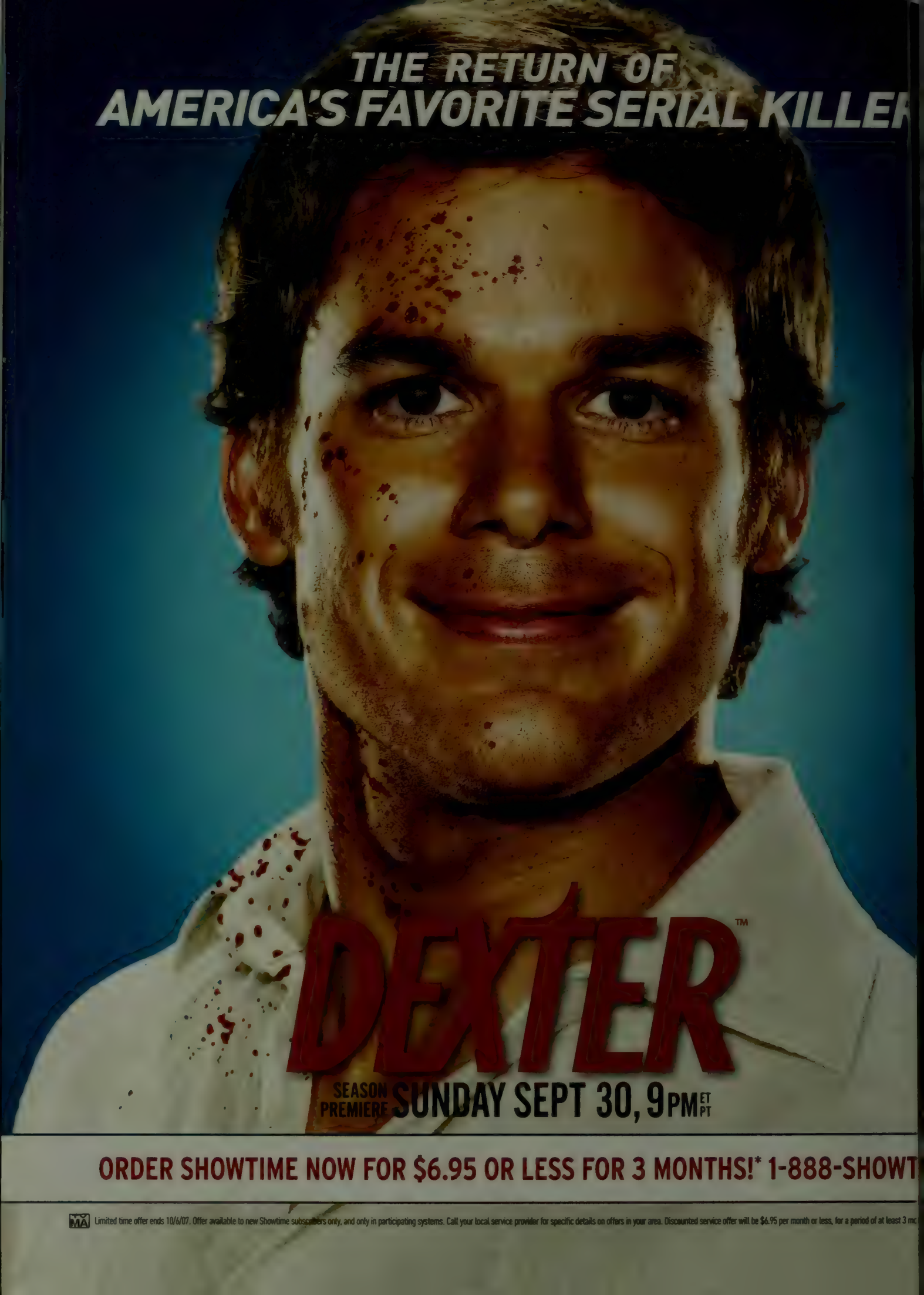

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Is it possible that for the past seven years we've gotten President George W. Bush wrong? Is it possible that that effortless stupidity and inexplicable arrogance that have become his hallmark are all just an act? Like Borat—only dumber? Is it possible that Bush figured he could accomplish more for the commonweal if he didn't come off as just another responsible, competent world leader? Perhaps he believed that if he assumed the guise of a strutting, bumbling, dim-witted ass, everyone would give him a wide berth, much the way drivers slow down when they see a car swerving madly up ahead. Genius, right? Think about it. Perhaps Bush was *Rove's* brain! Perhaps the vice president actually *does* report to the president. Perhaps Bush doesn't go to bed at 9:30, but instead, like Castro, works through the night in some candlelit aerie in the West Wing, his Promethean intellect humming away as he dots the *i*'s and crosses the *t*'s of his devilishly clever master plan. Maybe he's not the incurious, isolated simpleton the press makes him out to be. (See Todd Purdum's "Inside Bush's Bunker," on page 332.) Perhaps the president has been playing chess while the rest of us have been playing checkers.

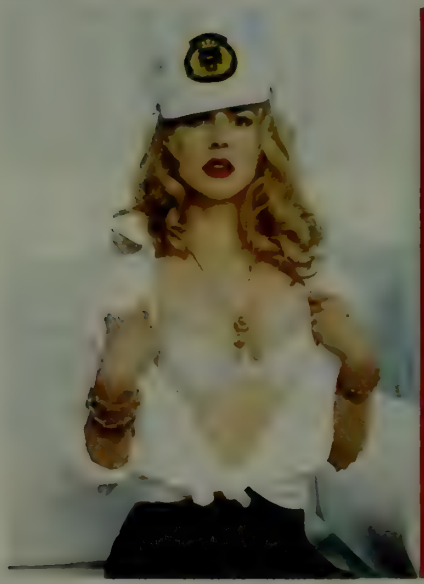
Stay with me here. Let's say he "bungled" the Katrina evacuation and recovery on such an epic scale not because he was incompetent—nobody could be *that* incompetent—but rather as a tough-love gesture to force the good people of Louisiana and Mississippi to stand on their own two feet. Let's say he trampled on 30 years of legislative safeguards for our air, land, and water not to pay off the polluting interests that put him in office, but rather as a means of galvanizing America's environmental movement. Let's say the quotidian ineptitude across myriad government departments—not enough flu vaccine, passport and visa backlogs, and so forth—is not a hands-on way of demonstrating the administration's "starve the beast" theory, that we would be better off with less government, but an attempt to teach the convenience-obsessed American public the virtue of patience.

Pure genius, I tell you. Bush makes the dollar weaker so Americans can't afford to holiday abroad. Result: they see more of their own country. By vetoing stem-cell research and making it ever more expensive for his fellow citizens to get decent health care, the president is in truth asking us to read his lips. *Message: Get healthier, America!* And by consistently making such a fool of himself, he has selflessly given us someone to laugh at during these troubling times, the way screwball comedies did during the Great Depression. (See James Wolcott's "The Simple Life—White House Edition," on page 206.)

The ineptitude is on such an Olympian scale that you really have to marvel at the man's dedication and execution. Take the billions in cash that went missing in Iraq—someone certainly did. Following the 2003 invasion, the Coalition Provisional Authority received $12 billion in cash from the New York Federal Reserve—that's 363 *tons* of money. What happened to it? Well, some was passed out to Iraqi ministries and functionaries in order to prime the Iraqi economy. But as Donald L. Barlett and James B. Steele report this month in "Billions over Baghdad," on page 336, more than $9 billion in cash simply vanished. How could this happen? As with so many other aspects of this war, the job of auditing the disbursement and accounting of the money was outsourced. You would think a job like this would go to one of those giant Washington firms like SAIC or Halliburton. Nope, not this one. In a commendable nod to the little guy, the Pentagon awarded the contract to NorthStar, a company so small, Barlett and Steele discovered, that its mailing address is a post-office box in Nassau. Plus, its only "office" is a split-level home in La Jolla, California, that houses several legally registered companies—none accustomed to handling billions of dollars in cash in a war zone, to be sure. One has the stated purpose of selling "furniture, home furnishings, and flooring." Don't tell me the Bush administration isn't pro small business.

Perhaps the reason for our crushing deficits is not so that the super-rich can get super-richer by paying less in taxes. (See Michael Shnayerson's "Talk of the Town," on page 346.) Perhaps instead it's a macro lesson for the rest of us in the value of personal thrift. Perhaps Bush really is spying on us to protect our privacy. Perhaps he has taken away our civil liberties only in order to get us to appreciate them, much the way we notice hot water only when the boiler breaks down. Perhaps the war in Iraq—which pretty much the whole shortsighted world has likened to jamming your hand into the middle of a hornet's nest—was, in fact, the result of a necessary deal hammered out with al-Qaeda in the aftermath of 9/11: *Look, we give you a recruitment poster for generations of future terrorists; you leave America alone—or at least until I'm out of office.* The fact is, nobody, but nobody, could have been so consistently ignorant, stubborn, and just plain stupid over a seven-year period, unless there was something else going on behind the scenes. Or could they have been?

—GRAYDON CARTER



ON THE COVER

Nicole Kidman wears a shirt by Prada; skirt by Ralph Lauren Collection; bra by Carine Gilson; hat by Au Petit Marelot; necklace by 88 Fine Jewelry; bracelets by David Yurman (right arm, top), Oro Vi for Gold Expressions (right arm, bottom), and Tiffany & Co. (left arm). Hair products by John Frieda. Makeup products by Chanel. Hair by Kerry Warn. Makeup by Virginia Young. Styled by Michael Roberts. Photographed exclusively for *VF* by Patrick Demarchelier in Sydney, Australia.

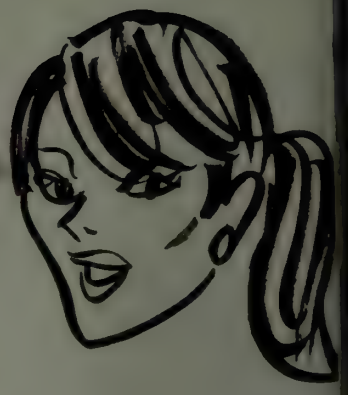
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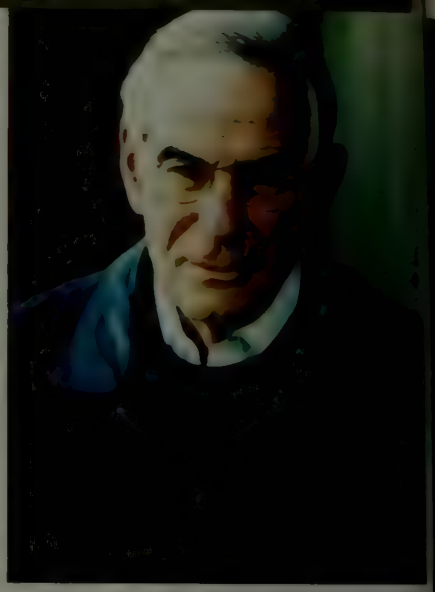
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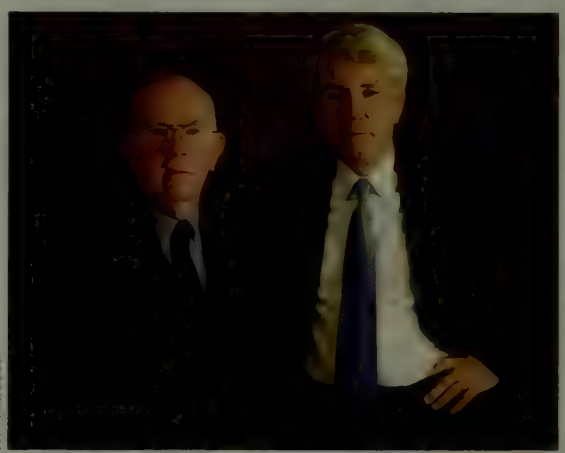
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David Halberstam

David Halberstam's last book, *The Coldest Winter* (Hyperion), excerpted on page 362, is about the tragic consequences when arrogance and ignorance prevail in the character of a leader, as evidenced most sharply in decisions regarding war. It is a theme that Halberstam, a longtime *Vanity Fair* contributing editor, who was killed in a car accident in April, famously explored in *The Best and the Brightest*, his classic account of the hubris that led the Kennedy administration into Vietnam. Thirty-five years later, *The Coldest Winter* revisits an earlier American conflict, one less prominent in the nation's memory but holding a similarly cautionary lesson: the Korean War. "It's easy to see the parallels between MacArthur and Korea on the one hand and Cheney and Iraq on the other," says *V.F.* deputy editor Doug Stumpf, who edited several Halberstam books before working with him at the magazine. "We see how history repeats itself—in this case, how cooked intelligence, distorted by a megalomaniac in charge, can lead to the deaths of thousands of American soldiers." *The Coldest Winter* is out now.



NICK KELSH

Donald L. Barlett and James B. Steele

Pulitzer Prize–winning contributing editors Barlett and Steele return this month with an investigation into the disappearance of a staggering $9 billion in cash, meant for the stabilization of Iraq. Barlett, a former counter-intelligence official, says, "It just doesn't track. Nobody's ever going to know where this money went. But it is possible to determine how it happened, and that's what this article is." Barlett and Steele describe how the banknotes were sent to Iraq in shrink-wrapped bricks and sometimes disbursed in wheelbarrows and out of the trunks of cars—seemingly to anyone who wanted some. The company hired as an accountant had a post-office box in the Bahamas. Steele adds that reporting this story would have been impossible without the Internet: "Only because of the volume of material on the Web were we able to track it down." The duo's most recent story for *V.F.* was a portrait of the Washington super-contractor SAIC.

Todd S. Purdum



"The biggest mystery about George W. Bush is how a person with such political skills, personal charm, and seductive talent could become a pariah in Washington and the world," says national editor Todd Purdum, whose article "Inside Bush's Bunker" begins on page 332. "In Washington, Bush has become a party of one, alienating not only the Democrats but also large swaths of his own party. One of the questions we set out to look into is whether there is something about the White House that made him that way." Purdum, who spent 23 years at *The New York Times* prior to joining *Vanity Fair* last year, has profiled Dick Cheney, Karl Rove, and John McCain for the magazine.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

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Cooking It Up

Geoffrey Zakarian's career, which has spanned more than 20 years, has been defined by his taste and passion for fine cuisine. As an accomplished chef, he has both created and presided over some of the country's top restaurants, and is currently the chef and owner of the acclaimed New York eateries TOWN and Country. Zakarian also recently published his first cookbook, *Geoffrey Zakarian's Town/Country.*



PETER MICHAELIS

David Michaelis

"America tends to embrace a single towering figure who changes the way we look at a medium," says author David Michaelis. "Charles Schulz was clearly the one for comics." At age eight, Michaelis was introduced to Schulz's "Peanuts" by an unlikely source: his schoolmaster at St. Albans, in Washington, D.C. "He was an intense disciplinarian, right out of Dickens," Michaelis recalls. "His one soft spot was for 'Peanuts,' and his desk had a secret drawer filled to the brim with early 'Peanuts' books. The prize for a score of 99 or above on a test was to sit at his desk, read 'Peanuts,' and eat a Callard & Bowser toffee." In an excerpt from *Schulz and Peanuts: A Biography* (out this month from HarperCollins), beginning on page 230, Michaelis explores the evolution of Schulz's most beguiling character, Snoopy.

Norman Jean Roy



Norman Jean Roy has photographed such actresses as Naomi Watts, Sandra Bullock, and Hilary Swank for *Vanity Fair,* but he says he couldn't ask for a better subject than Amy Adams. "She was kind, gracious, beautiful, and easy to photograph," says Roy. At the suggestion of stylist and *V.F.* contributing editor Sarajane Hoare, Roy opted for an airy, white-on-white look for his shots of Adams. "We wanted to evoke the spirit of Old Hollywood," Roy says, "taking inspiration from the film *The Philadelphia Story*"—the 1940 classic starring Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Jimmy Stewart. As Roy notes, "With Amy's timeless face, it was easy to evoke the spirit and beauty of Hepburn. She is a gem."

Peter Newcomb and Heather Halberstadt

In 1994, *Vanity Fair* unveiled its New Establishment, a list of a new professional order coming from the fields of entertainment, information, and technology. Last year, the list expanded to 100 names and was dubbed the Vanity Fair 100. Now, 30 newcomers—the *Next* Establishment—make their debut in this month's issue. "We're looking for the next Murdoch, Prada, and Spielberg. Up-and-comers who, if they play their cards right, might end up on the 100 someday," says senior editor Heather Halberstadt, who, along with senior articles editor Peter Newcomb, compiles this annual feature. In the spring the two (seen here in editor Graydon Carter's office tweaking the rankings) traveled to Los Angeles and San Francisco to meet with a dozen of the contenders. Back in New York, the pair were surprised by this year's turnover. "There was a lot of churn," Newcomb says. "It was a year of turmoil, and we saw old stalwarts get bumped." Newcomb joined *V.F.* last year after spending 22 years at *Forbes;* Halberstadt has worked on the list since 1998.



GRAYDON CARTER

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



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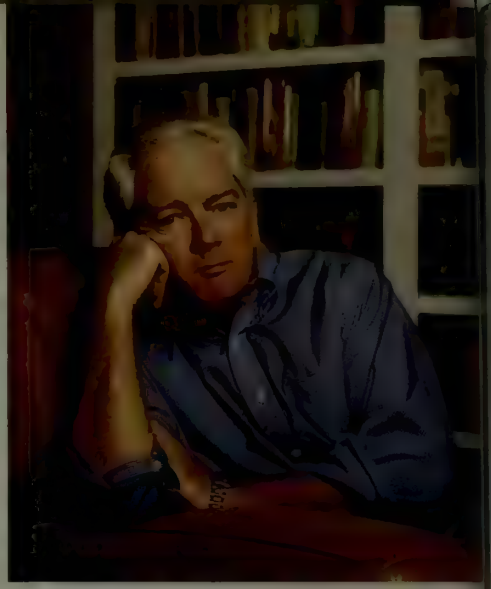
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Michael Shnayerson



An unapologetic generalist, contributing editor Michael Shnayerson has reported on subjects as varied as actress Sandra Bullock's love life and the dark dangers of electronic voting machines. For "Talk of the Town" (page 346), he reached out to a wide range of private-equity chieftains to get their thoughts on the two biggest operators in their midst, Henry Kravis, of Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, and Stephen A. Schwarzman, of the Blackstone Group. He found them happy to talk about the financial ramifications of high-EBITDA buyouts and aggravated hurdle rates, but considerably less so to discuss the personal dynamics that make Kravis and Schwarzman such fascinating characters—and increasingly bitter rivals. Again and again while reporting this story, Shnayerson was struck by the similarities between the two men, not just in the arc of their business careers but also in their marriages, their lifestyles, and how they dealt with fame. "The parallels," he says, "only confirm why these two men are in such sharp competition with each other."



GASPER TRINGALE

Krista Smith

For this month's issue, senior West Coast editor Krista Smith traveled to Sydney, Australia, to visit Nicole Kidman. "It was exciting to interview Nicole in her home environment," says Smith, who spent time at the actress's house and with her family. "It was a great opportunity to see where she grew up. And, at 40, she's still committed to making interesting choices, both professionally and personally." Smith, who has written about actors for more than a decade, was struck by the size of Sydney. "As international as it is, Sydney is still relatively small. It's sort of incredible that one of Hollywood's biggest stars came from so far."

Jim Windolf



Contributing editor Jim Windolf got the idea for "Lazy-Ass Nation," page 246, when he read newspaper stories on the unveiling of the Lexus LS 460, the car that can more or less park itself. "Something had gone seriously wrong," he says. According to Windolf, laziness is a part of the American identity, going back to the Founding Fathers. As for the future, he envisions even greater opportunities for sloth. "We will merge with machines and life will be no trouble at all—pleasant, but dull," he says. The very industrious Windolf lives in New York City. His recent articles on musician Rufus Wainwright and his family, and the Farm, a hippie community located deep in the Tennessee woods, are available on VF.com.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

Evgenia Peretz



While reporting her story on Al Gore and the press, contributing editor Evgenia Peretz discovered that journalists are among the toughest subjects to interview. "They know how easy it is to get the story wrong, or a little off," she says. "So they are in some ways the hardest ones to get the story from." Peretz's *Vanity Fair* article about George Bush's Texas retreat, "High Noon in Crawford," appeared in *The Best American Political Writing of 2006* (Thunder's Mouth Press)



ELAINE BROWNE

Art Streiber

This month, photographer Art Streiber captured contributing editor Christopher Hitchens's concerted effort to make over his personal habits. "Hitch was incredibly game," says Streiber, whose photographs begin on page 198. "And the resort was really accommodating. They made room for us in their spa and fitness center for three hours for our photo shoot, in which the subject broke the rules by smoking and drinking while getting his treatments." Streiber, who also shot the images that accompany contributing editor Jim Windolf's article about laziness in America (page 246), is currently photographing the movie posters for the Judd Apatow–produced comedies *Forgetting Sarah Marshall, Drillbit Taylor,* and *The Pineapple Express.*

Seth Mnookin



Even after learning that Stephen Colbert—the Sunday-school-teaching South Carolinian, not the bombastic Bill O'Reilly parody he plays nightly on Comedy Central's *The Colbert Report*—had compared the media to "blood-sucking lampreys," contributing editor Seth Mnookin wasn't worried about interviewing the man famous for excoriating his guests and embarrassing the president. Says Mnookin, "Colbert is an actor—when you see his show live, you get a very clear sense of his absolute love of performing and the fun he has playing with his studio audience."



Philipp Von Hessen

This year, photographer Philipp Von Hessen has captured Euro-hedonism in all its glory, first in Ibiza ("Make Mine Ibiza!," April) and now in Rome ("Couture Dynasty," page 193). In July the Hamburg, Germany, native attended (along with international movie stars and members of royalty) Valentino's three-day 45th-anniversary extravaganza celebrating the designer's long, storied career in fashion. According to Von Hessen, photographing the Valentino-clad crowds was "like taking pictures of friends," as so many of the attendees are his. The true challenge was conveying the essence of the historic locations—the experience of trekking from the Coliseum to the Villa Borghese (both of which served as backdrops for dinners) was "like being in a Fellini film," he says.

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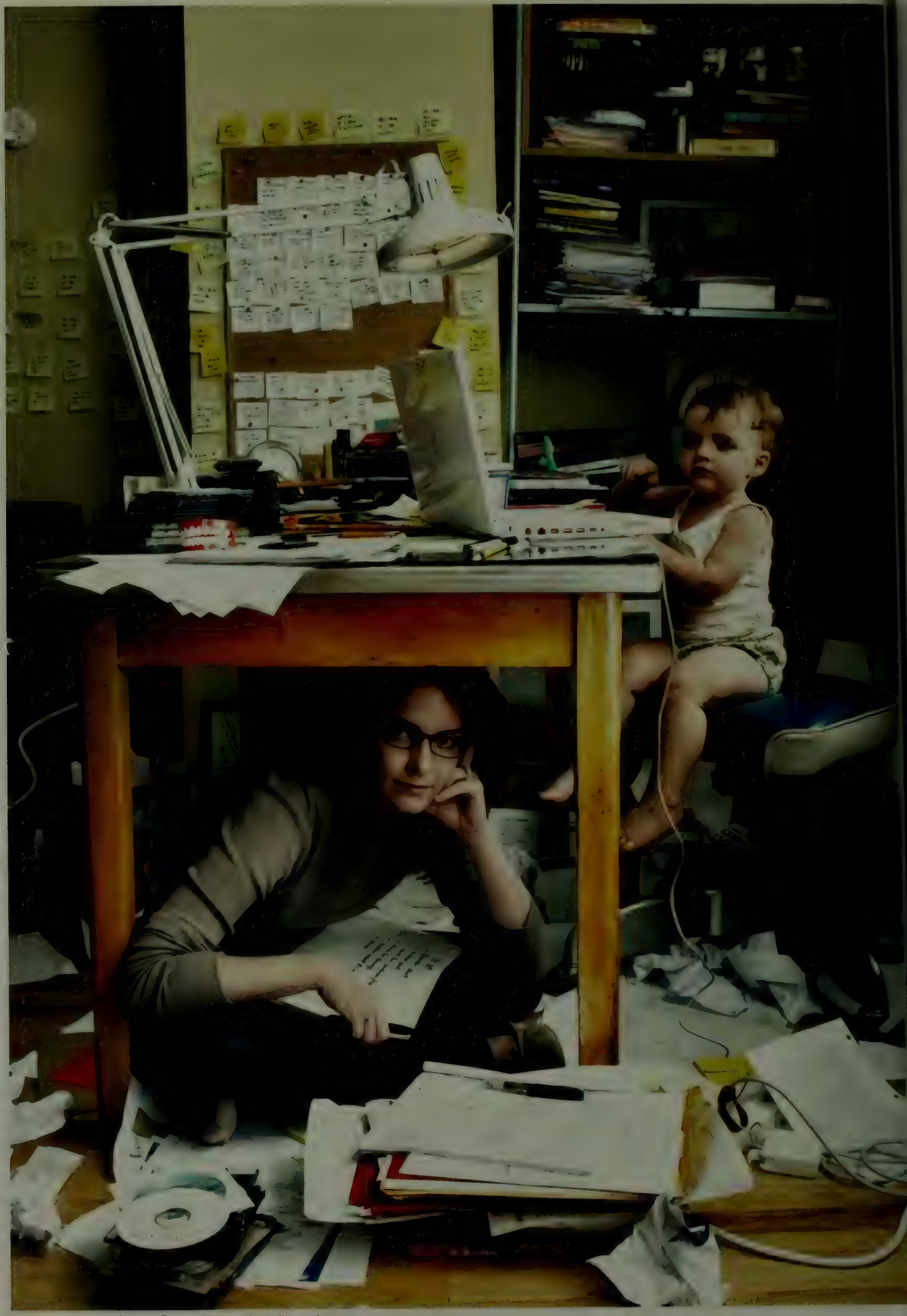
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LOVING A LEGEND

Show of horse; presidential comparisons; high on Sly; scrutinizing *The Simpsons;* a pastoral fantasy; yogi stereotyping; torture talk; and more



NATIONAL TREASURE
Barbaro and jockey Edgar Prado moments from winning the Kentucky Derby, at Churchill Downs, in Louisville, Kentucky, May 6, 2006.

As someone who fell in love with Barbaro, followed every day of his recovery, and read everything written about him, I can say nothing has evoked emotions inside me quite like Buzz Bissinger's insightful account ["Gone Like the Wind," August] describing the ups and downs of the beloved horse's struggle, the passion of those who tried desperately to save him, and, most of all, the dignity, poise, and will to live that this magnificent creature displayed throughout his ordeal. The impact of Barbaro and his legacy can never be overestimated. His story will continue to stir the deepest feelings and leave the question of "What if . . . ?" forever unanswered.

KATHLEEN PARSONS
Redondo Beach, California

THANKS TO Buzz Bissinger for a beautifully written article about Barbaro and to those who cared for him and loved him. Bissinger captured with eloquence what I have felt but a lump in my throat would not allow me to say: Barbaro's life and struggle allowed us to regain our compassion and human kindness once again.

CANDACE SERVISS
Loda, Illinois

BARBARO WAS not, as Buzz Bissinger wrote, "betrayed by his own Thoroughbred body." He was betrayed by the people who advocate the use of animals in a sport that pushes them beyond their limits for profit and entertainment. He was betrayed again by the very people who claimed to love him when they forced him to endure the pain and suffering of multiple surgeries and long, unsuccessful attempts at recovery. How utterly selfish.

CAROLYN LAWRIE
Toronto, Ontario

THANK YOU for the beautifully written and photographed story on Barbaro. Unfortunately, I, too, broke the cardinal rule: I fell in love with a horse.

LINDA LIGHTNER
Glen Mills, Pennsylvania

YOUR ARTICLE on Barbaro rightly describes a horse with an amazing combination of speed and personality, but does little to condemn the industry that led to his demise.

The analogy used by Peter Brette is apt: "Is he a boy or a man?" Horses don't reach full physical maturity until five to six years of age, but the racing industry has established a universal birthday for all Thoroughbreds and sets top races for two- and three-year-olds. At two and a half, when most horses hit their peak racing stride for Grade 1 races, they are approaching the developmental benchmarks for a 14-year-old kid. Bones are

still fragile, tendons pliant, everything still very much a work in progress. When you run this work of art at top speeds, coupled with the ever present influence of barbiturates injected prior to every race to numb the pain sensors (which tell the body to stop prior to serious injury), it can come as no surprise that a potentially fatal disaster is waiting behind every race. We are running boys in a system that requires the stamina of men.

Fans proclaim that they love Barbaro for his heart, heroism, and spirit—and the mementos sent to his recovery hospital from around the world bear this out—but these same fans sit idly by while the racing industry continues to toss two-year-old colts and fillies into the gristmill of racing. To say you love the horse, without a demand that the industry mend its ways to adopt more humane standards, indicates that you merely love horse racing, rather than the horse himself.

CARRIE TIPTON
Vienna, Virginia

DO WE HUMANS ascribe spirit and stamina and sauciness to horses on our own? Or do horses cause us to by tugging on our heartstrings? I'm a busy mom and working-class schmo, and as a result Barbaro's plight merely blipped across my radar. But when I read Buzz Bissinger's piece, I cried. Lots. Always fall in love with a horse.

LINDA RICHTER
Niles, Ohio

SUCH AN INDULGENT sport Thoroughbred racing is, one in which *über*-moneyed people, such as the Jacksons, can count these horses and their winnings as assets, in the same way one does a yacht, or a Rolls-Royce. What compels them to push these remarkable animals beyond the limits of their abilities and anatomies? Simple answer: money. I don't doubt for a moment that the inner circle touched by Barbaro loved him. We all loved him, for his spirit and determination to win our races and then simply to survive. What a remarkable horse, but what a seemingly unnecessary tragedy.

MARY ANN BASHAW
Phoenix, Arizona

WHEN I READ on gossip Web sites that the cover of the August *Vanity Fair* almost went to the racehorse Barbaro instead of rising teen actor Shia LaBeouf, I thought, No contest—the cover's got to be of the kid. But after finishing Buzz Bissinger's enthralling chronicle of that magnificent horse's rise and fall, I found myself with tears in my eyes. Not because of Bissinger's flawless writing, or the story's stellar cast of characters—the steadfast owners, the steely trainer, the intrepid doctor. It was because of Barbaro—a legend destined to live (like the great equine luminaries before him) far beyond our time, and far beyond a time when anyone will remember who this year's "hot" teen actor was. Barbaro on your cover would have been a keeper.

SIRENA J. SCALES
Washington, D.C.

I CANNOT THINK of the last time that a *Vanity Fair* article sent shivers down my spine the way "Gone Like the Wind" did. I have never been to a horse race; I have never bet on a horse. Really, I couldn't care less about horses. But this story, like Barbaro, grabbed me and never let go. My thanks to *V.F.* and the talented Buzz Bissinger for bringing this amazing story home to readers like me.

MJ JAFFRAY
Goodwood, Ontario

BARBARO never knew of or thought about Triple Crowns, winnings, or stud fees. He never knew of or thought about his owners' egos or financial ambitions, the fans' need for thrills, or their desire to make money off of him. Barbaro was expected to

FOR MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GO TO VF.COM.

MORE FROM THE *V.F.* MAILBAG

Barbaro grief, mainly. Buzz Bissinger's "Gone Like the Wind" struck a nerve, or anyway a tear duct, among many *V.F.* readers: "I'm sobbing" (Donna Piccoli, Exton, Pennsylvania); "I was totally crying" (Danita Cardey, of Riverside, California); "I was brought to tears" (Annette McDaniels, Ellicott City, Maryland); "tears streaming down my face" (Alicia Stiteler, La Verne, California); "I was in tears" (Diane Yoder, New Carlisle, Ohio); and, at press time, "I'm still crying" (Diane Beeman, Aliso Viejo, California). Kimberly Dotseth, of San Diego, says, "My tears were crazy bad for the loss of this beloved and beautiful horse."



Finally, what a difference 18 minutes can make: "I got through one paragraph and cringed . . . Come on, people! Let a horse person help you!" That's Lynne Blackwell, of Shorter, Alabama, e-mailing us on a Wednesday afternoon at 3:38. Then, at 3:56: "I take it back. You did a good job on the article after all."

David Kamp's "Sly Stone's Higher Power" drew forth a number of memories of the *sui generis* performer back in the (hey)day. Susan Corrado Goldberg, of Delray Beach, Florida, remembers a 1970 Tampa concert where, after the requisite hour's delay, "oh, baby!! . . . [Sly] sauntered in with the 'family' and funked the house." Mercy Baron, of Los Angeles, has a 1971 anecdote, the first 15 words of which are "To my surprise, out came Sly from this bedroom and asked if we wanted to" (sorry, that's all we have room for). Steve Glatt, also of Los Angeles, remembers a 1973 show at the L.A. Coliseum (yes, it started an hour late): "It was fancy hats, glitter, and feathers with Sly walking around . . . with these enormous golf gloves. He kept prancing around the stage, occasionally sniffing something from the gloves. After about 15 minutes of this, people started yelling, 'Why don't you just play?' Sly grabs the microphone and for another 20 minutes starts rambling incoherently about 'the Man' and revolution while arguing with the audience. Finally he gets behind the keyboards and the band launches into 'Everyday People.' . . . Halfway through the song, Sly yells, 'This f-ing keyboard is out of tune!' He storms off the stage and 20 roadies start crawling around trying to fix the problem."

The Mailbag has its own Sly Stone story—circa 1972—but we're still awaiting legal advice regarding certain fine points relating to the statute of limitations. Besides, here's something far more interesting from Casey Stewart, of Rancho Cordova, California: "I loved your article on my Uncle Sly."

Uncle Sly!

From Anne Lovett, of Atlanta, helpful leads on the Anne Bass mystery: "I kept thinking I had heard of that plot before. It was on a tape of a class for romance writers given by Cheryl Ann Porter. I would tell the police to look for some writer-actor types—and I might add it doesn't take a medical professional to know how to give injections. Any diabetic knows how."

"Well, managed to get to page 67 without seeing 'eponymous.' Enough already." If you're reading this, Christina Neumeyer, of Carlsbad, California, this time you've already gotten to page 142.

MARK SELIGER


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perform whether he felt like it or not. Barbaro, through his suffering, taught us that horse racing is a cruel "sport."

According to news reports, Barbaro now has a brother, a full brother. Will we be subjected to the same sad story all over again? Or could Barbaro's brother be the symbol for a new era in the care of racehorses?

JUDITH M. HANSEL
Reno, Nevada

STATE OF DELUSION

"THE HISTORY BOYS" [August] reminds us of how much we will miss the insightful political commentary of David Halberstam. We are told that Harry Truman was a largely unpopular leader who, despite intense political pressures, was determined to limit the war in Korea. Our current leader, George W. Bush, on the other hand, squandered the enormous goodwill showered upon him after 9/11 on a retaliatory war he had wrongly believed would be popular with an angry nation. Both men may have been embattled and besieged, their poll numbers eroding during a difficult war, but the similarities end there.

JEFF CHEN
San Mateo, California

DAVID HALBERSTAM'S last dispatch is a must-read. It is sad that he left us when we need him most. His only misstatement is calling Dick Cheney "seemingly the toughest tough guy of them all." I believe that most of Dick Cheney's failings can be attributed directly to the fact that he is most profoundly an unmanly man who is trying to live up to a masculine ideal against which he falls desperately short.

MELITTA RORTY
Benicia, California

IF THERE IS SUCH A THING as Karma or justice in this world or the next, David Halberstam is now walking with the angels. Meanwhile Bush, Cheney, and the rest of the "History Boys" will spend eternity with the consequences of what they have wrought upon the world: the anguished cries of the dead, maimed, wounded, tortured, and grieving forever ringing in their ears.

MARIE COLACCHIO
Norwich, Vermont

I AM SURPRISED that the late, great David Halberstam, in his devastating critique of the Bush administration, did not mention two more big differences between George W. Bush and Harry Truman. Truman believed in accountability and had a prominent sign on his desk to that effect: THE BUCK STOPS HERE. By contrast, no one is ever held accountable in the current administration. Indeed, the most incompetent are promoted and rewarded—witness the presidential medals awarded to General Tommy Franks, former C.I.A. director George Tenet, and former American proconsul for Iraq Paul Bremer. Truman also loathed war profiteering, which he likened to treason. Again by contrast, Halliburton and other multi-nationals have routinely overcharged for services in Iraq, and this president has nary a word to say about it. Bush as a latter-day Truman? I don't think so.

ANTHONY MARX
Queensland, Australia

THE ULTIMATE FUNKMASTER

DAVID KAMP'S article on Sly Stone ["Sly Stone's Higher Power," August] was phenomenal. I was born and raised in San Francisco and grew up listening to Sly's music. As a matter of fact, some of my family members had ties to Sly back in the day. He's a living legend and will forever remain one of the greatest contributors to music. Thanks for giving us a glimpse into his life.

SHEILA CHADWICK
Indianapolis, Indiana

IN DAVID KAMP'S article about Sly Stone, he called the rock band the Great Society the precursor to the Jefferson Airplane. Having grown up and lived in San Francisco during the 1960s, I can tell you for a fact that Grace Slick left the Great Society and sang her first concert with the Jefferson Airplane on October 16, 1966, at the Fillmore Auditorium. She joined the Airplane, already in existence, after its original female lead singer, Signe Anderson, departed following the band's first album. Slick brought two songs with her when she joined the band, "Somebody to Love," written by her brother-in-law, Darby Slick, and her composition "White Rabbit."

DAVID FRIEDLANDER
Nashville, Tennessee

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO *THE SIMPSONS*

I LOVE THEATER of the absurd as much as anyone—Antonin Artaud, the Marx Brothers, *Seinfeld*—but *The Simpsons* is another matter ["Simpson Family Values," by John Ortved, August]. Assuming that Homer Simpson is taken from the character of that name in Nathanael West's *Day of the Locust,* I would say a sober rereading of the 1937 classic and viewing of the later movie with Donald Sutherland will show how savagely this animated program has contributed to the decay of American civilization and to an aggressive lack of fellowship in the nation. While not the cup of tea for Bush Sr., this show is very much an emblem for Bush Jr. and his cynical, radical fellow travelers.

DAVID T. JOHANNESEN
Dartmouth, Massachusetts

JOHN ORTVED'S assertion that "prime time had not seen an animated sitcom since *The Flintstones,* in the 1960s," is not accurate. Hanna-Barbera's *Wait 'til Your Father Gets Home,* which featured actor Tom Bosley (*Happy Days*) in the lead voice role, first ran in syndication from 1972 to 1974, more than a decade and a half before America's favorite yellow family.

HARRY ALLEN
New York, New York

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOUTH KENT

I COULDN'T HELP but smile at Michael Shnayerson's description of my hometown, as featured in his August article, "Something Happened at Anne's!"—not at Anne Bass's misfortune but at the portrait of a dreamlike idyll, generally untouched by the rhythms of modern life and accessible only to a select few. While this is a pleasant enough patina for my small, quiet town, it is grounded more in the fantasies of a handful of fabulously wealthy part-time residents than in reality.

South Kent is unmarked not due to its cachet but because it is merely a neighborhood postal district within the town of Kent. As to the charming assertion that Kent is a community of genteel farmers, there are a few struggling local farms, but almost everyone has an ordinary middle-class job. In fact, most "farming" occurs only in the Marie Antoinette (or shall we say Anne Bass?) sense.

AMELIA CASON
New York, New York

OM, SWEET, OM

I WAS SADDENED to see that Maya Breuer and Jana Long consider themselves black yoga teachers rather than yoga teachers who happen to be black [Letters, August]. But I think it is the tone of their letter that I found so off-putting. How can they use yoga, which means "union" or "yoke," for racial polarization where none exists?

Perhaps *Vanity Fair* failed to include teachers and masters who are black. However, *V.F.* also CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

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Tang Wei as Wong Chia Chi in *Lust, Caution.*

Dior Beauty Creates the Looks from *Lust. Caution*

At the core of this fall's most anticipated espionage thriller, Ang Lee's *Lust, Caution,* is the transformation of heroine Wong Chia Chi (Tang Wei) from fresh-faced innocent to irresistible seductress. In this month's issue, Dior Beauty reveals the inspiration and products behind each of these gorgeous looks.

Discover the *Lust, Caution* makeup collection exclusively at Bloomingdale's from September 21 to 27—and when you purchase any two items from the collection, you'll receive a pair of tickets to see the film.*

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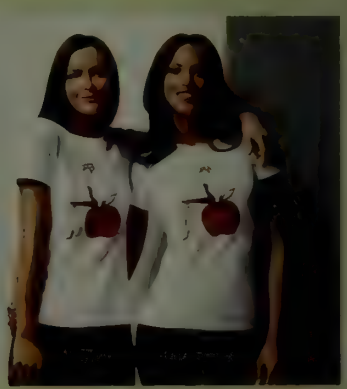
On June 27, Rembrandt and *Vanity Fair* hosted the launch of Katherine Center's new book *The Bright Side of Disaster,* at The Brilliant Mouth Experience, Rembrandt's pop-up boutique in New York's Soho neighborhood. More than 125 guests turned out to meet the author, enjoy refreshing cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, and immerse themselves in the Rembrandt experience.



Katherine Center and Kathy Weber of Johnson & Johnson.

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Artist Tim Biskup.

The Art of Helio

On May 23, Helio and *Vanity Fair* hosted an exclusive exhibition of artwork by Tim Biskup at the Billy Shire Fine Arts Gallery, in Culver City, California. The evening drew nearly 300 guests who had the opportunity to relax in the Helio lounge and enjoy Kendall-Jackson wines, preview the latest Helio devices and services, watch a video of Biskup at work for Helio, and hear a live performance by innovative musician Chas Smith.

Making Time for the Arts ▶

The Movado boutique at South Coast Plaza was the site of a cocktail reception hosted by Movado and *Vanity Fair* on June 28. More than 200 guests gathered to meet violinist Sarah Chang, hear a live jazz performance, view an exhibition of *Vanity Fair* images of great performers, and shop the Movado collection. A percentage of the evening's sales benefited the Orange County Performing Artscenter.



Ray Stuart of Movado, Sarah Chang, Pat Poss and Jan Landstrom of the Orange County Performing Artscen and Zaven Batmanian of Movado.


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eaturing more than 90 works in various media spanning the early 1990s to the present—including Takashi Murakami's rst animated film, as well as iconic and new paintings and sculptures—this international traveling retrospective is an nprecedented opportunity to survey the depth and breadth of the artist's entire career.

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Since 1997, the VH1 Save The Music Foundation has provided nearly $40 million dollars worth of new musical instruments to 1,500 public schools in more than 100 cities around the country, impacting the lives of more than 1 million public school children.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144 failed to include yoga teachers who are Jewish, Muslim, dwarfs, twins, physically challenged, blind, or in assisted-living facilities. The list of omissions is endless. It is O.K. to mention to *V.F.* that your group exists and that the magazine should take notice. It is quite different to assume that black people were omitted because no one knew that people of color practice yoga.

PHYLLIS MASS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

AMERICAN TORTURE

KATHERINE EBAN'S recent article for VF.com on terrorist interrogations ["Rorschach and Awe," July 17] is gravely flawed. For starters, the terrorist Abu Zubaydah provided virtually all of his valuable intelligence during C.I.A. questioning. That process was lawful and successful.

Initially, Abu Zubaydah was evasive. There may be people elsewhere who believe they built some sort of rapport with him in those early days, but neither Abu Zubaydah's conduct nor, most important, the production of intelligence from him backs that up. It was, most of all, the efforts of the C.I.A. that led Abu Zubaydah to share concrete, actionable information that our government used to identify other terrorist figures and disrupt their activities.

A great deal of myth has grown up around the C.I.A.'s terrorist-detention

POSTSCRIPT

In 1998, a 25-year-old journalist named Stephen Glass was the hottest young star in the competitive orbit of Washington journalism. An associate editor for *The New Republic,* he routinely managed to find the pitch-perfect quote and the trenchant observation in every story he wrote. He was earning more than $100,000 a year and also attending Georgetown Law at night. Glass seemed too good to be true, which of course he was. As contributing editor Buzz Bissinger chronicled in *Vanity Fair* ("Shattered Glass," September 1998), Glass's spectacular rise was outdone only by his even more spectacular fall, in which it was discovered that 27 of his 41 stories for *T.N.R.* contained fabrications.



Stephen Glass, a former staff writer at *The New Republic,* was dismissed from the magazine for fabricating stories.

Today, the name Stephen Glass still looms large, and *T.N.R.,* despite a rich history as one of the country's leading voices, has never fully recovered from one of the greatest discovered frauds in journalistic history. The release of the highly acclaimed 2003 film *Shattered Glass* (based on the *V.F.* article), which enjoys a continued life on DVD, hasn't helped, either.

For those who had worked with Glass and were still looking for a genuine apology, the 2003 publication of his novel, *The Fabulist,* formulated in part on his experiences at *T.N.R.,* was seen as a crassly self-serving enterprise. The book failed both critically and commercially.

Now *T.N.R.* finds itself embroiled in a new, similar controversy. This time around, the trouble concerns the magazine's "Baghdad Diarist" column. Written by an American soldier under the pseudonym of Scott Thomas—in July he revealed himself to be army private Scott Thomas Beauchamp of the First Infantry Division and the husband of a *New Republic* reporter-researcher—the column has been laced with disturbing anecdotes of military misbehavior that conservative publications and bloggers charge have been manufactured. In writing about the new allegations of fraud, the media have routinely invoked Glass's name. But it may also be a case of guilt by association. Army investigators, after conducting their own inquiry, said that Beauchamp's stories for the magazine were false, but did not elaborate on what exactly was incorrect. *T.N.R.,* in its own investigation, said Beauchamp's accounts were corroborated by five members of his unit, with the exception of the location of one incident. *New Republic* editor Franklin Foer, who stands by its columns, acknowledges that the shadow of Glass has "created some unfair assumptions."

Glass, who now lives in Los Angeles with his longtime girlfriend, did not return phone calls from *V.F.* But about a year ago, Billy Ray, the director of *Shattered Glass,* met Glass for the first time, at a party in the Hollywood Hills. According to Ray and other sources, Glass has been working at a small law firm, apparently in a paralegal capacity. Their chat was amiable, said Ray, who noted that Glass "said everything a person who was contrite would say.... Knowing his history, I can hope that was sincere, but that's just hope." Glass also continues to try to entertain, no longer through fictional journalism, but in first-person storytelling sketches with the L.A.-based comedy troupe Un-Cabaret.

To read the original story, please visit **VANITYFAIR.COM.**

NEVILLE ELDER

Elegance is an attitude

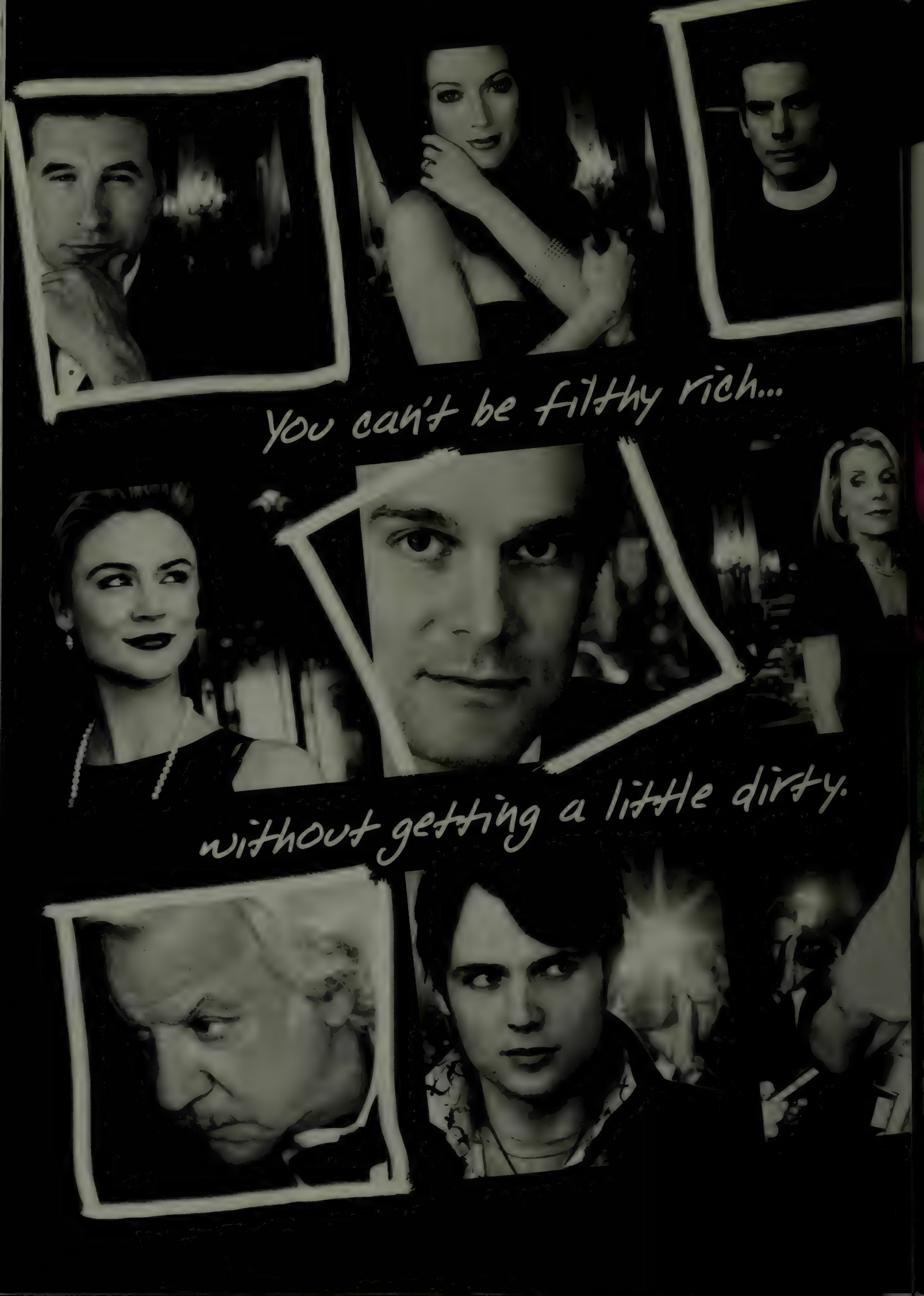
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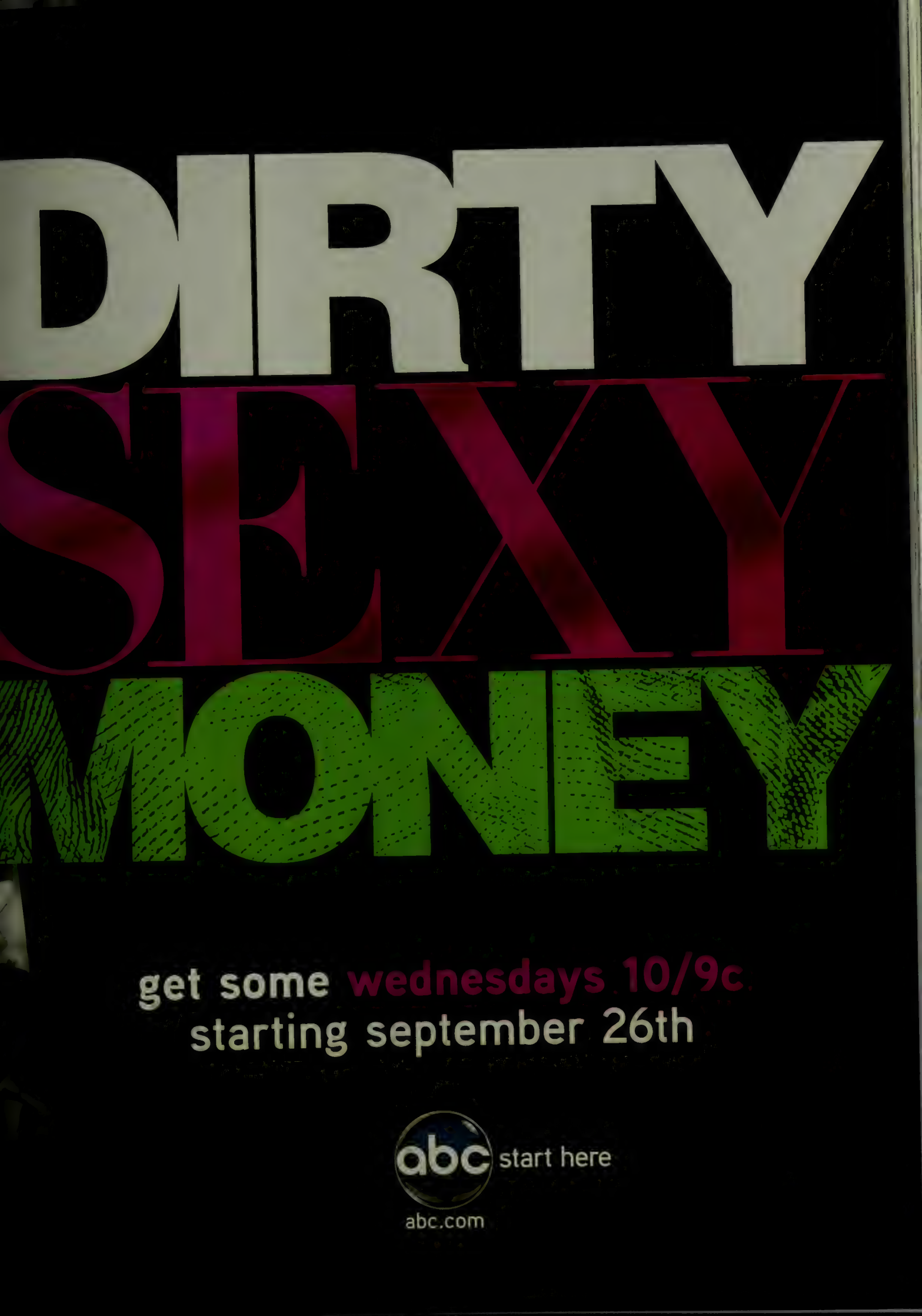


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program. That is the cost of denying al-Qaeda knowledge of the interrogation methods used so effectively against its operatives. In fact, the effort has been small, legal, carefully run, and reviewed within the executive branch and by Congress.

It has also been highly productive, providing a unique window into al-Qaeda that has helped our country, and others, foil terrorist plots and save innocent lives. Had Eban asked me about Abu Zubaydah, I would have tried to correct the misimpressions that wound up shaping her story.

PAUL GIMIGLIANO
Deputy director of public affairs,
Central Intelligence Agency
Washington, D.C.

KATHERINE EBAN REPLIES: What shaped my story was a 10-month reporting effort and interviews with more than 70 diverse sources, out of which emerged a consistent viewpoint: that coercive interrogation techniques of the kind employed at black sites by the C.I.A. do not work any better than traditional rapport building.

It was humane interrogation that got Abu Zubaydah to reveal the identity of Khalid Shaikh Mohammed as 9/11's master planner. Many experts and insiders I interviewed say that American interrogators could have stayed within the Geneva Convention guidelines and achieved equal intelligence gains, with far less stain on our reputation abroad. Instead, the C.I.A. turned its interrogation training over to two psychologists who reportedly lacked real-world experience and advocated untested methods.

Mr. Gimigliano's claims of success are impossible to verify, since the evidence for them remains classified. Meanwhile, he neglects to mention that some within the C.I.A. opposed the agency's use of coercion and, to this day, doubt the approach's utility.

LAST REBEL STANDING

I WONDERED for years why a magazine such as *Vanity Fair* had not published a piece on the doings of Mort Sahl ["Mort the Knife," by James Wolcott, August]. Saul is by far the most genius political satirist in American cultural history. While Lenny Bruce was the visceral and ultimately tragic voice in exposing the bigotry and hypocrisy of modern America, Sahl's voice was, and still is, like a slingshot of reverberant truth in the brain cells of anyone with an intellect.

I still listen to his recordings from the hungry i, and his perceptions are even more relevant today than they were then. That he is teaching at 80 gives me hope that America has not been entirely lost to the ignorant, warmongering Fascists currently in charge of your government.

LOUISE McKELVIE
Vancouver, British Columbia

READING ABOUT MORT SAHL in your August issue rekindled a cherished memory from the 1960s: I encountered the comic standing in front of me in line at a market in Studio City, California. The specific interchange has long been lost to memory, but an offhanded quip from this Burbank English teacher so tickled the great Mort Sahl that it made him laugh—and quite loudly! He doesn't just create humor; he relishes it in others as well.

STEVE CAMPBELL
Burbank, California

AS GOOD AS IT GOT

I WAS THRILLED to come upon "Expats in Wonderland" [by John Richardson, August], because I have always appreciated the lives of the Murphys. But while it was quite informational, I felt that it did not do the couple justice. Though it is true that there has been cause for speculation regarding Gerald Murphy's sexuality, and indeed he may have been sexually conflicted, there has been no conclusive evidence that, as was so eloquently stated, he was a "closet case."

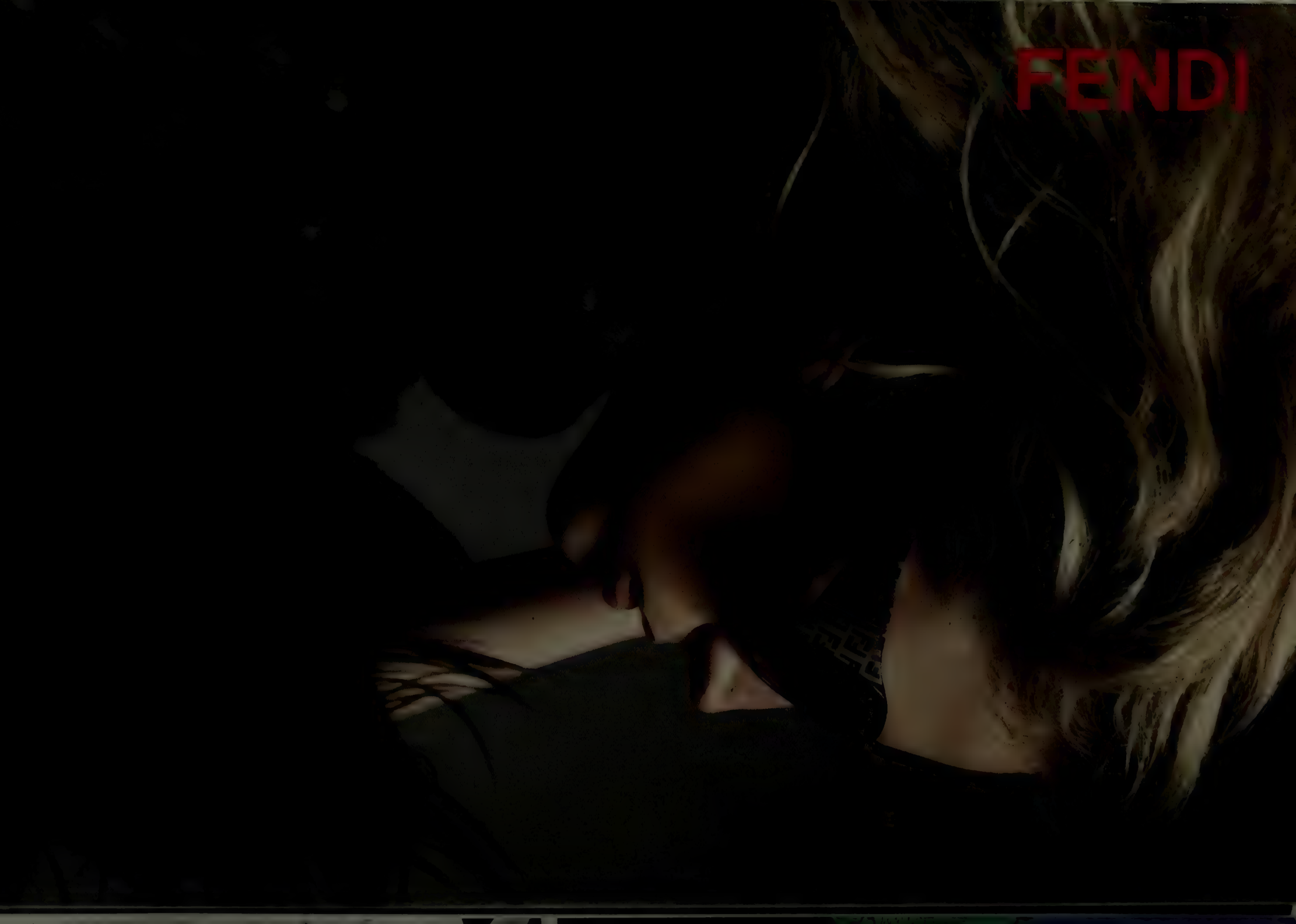
Furthermore, I felt that the story did not effectively convey the enchantment and beauty of the world which this quintessential dazzling couple created and in which they lived. Donald Ogden Stewart, the playwright and Oscar-winning screenwriter, likened them to a fairy tale: "Once upon a time there was a prince and a princess.... They were both rich; he was handsome; she was beautiful; they had three golden children." Always, their world revolved around family and good friends and happy times. After all, theirs was a life well lived.

VINCENT UGARO
Montclair, New Jersey

CORRECTION: On page 131 of the August issue ("Something Happened at Anne's!," by Michael Shnayerson), we misstated the paternal parentage of billionaire Sid Bass and his three brothers. Their father was Perry Richardson Bass.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.


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31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE

OCTOBER 2007



LIVING ON THE EDGE
Harry Gesner on the balcony of the Cooper House—one of more than 100 homes he has designed in Malibu, California. For more, turn to page 176.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN LIPPMAN


FENDI





Williams Associates, Oasis Hotel Dining Room, Palm Springs 1953, from Julius Shulman Modernism Rediscovered 2

Shulman's Archives

Julius Shulman Modernism Rediscovered 2 (Taschen) pays tribute to the hidden gems of midcentury modern architecture, using never-before-published images and notes from **Julius Shulman's** abandoned files. (taschen.com)

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

October

01

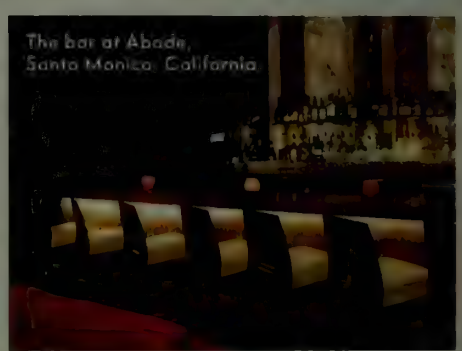
With its breathtaking glass façade, the Jack Diamond–designed **Harman Center for the Arts,** in Washington, D.C., new home of the **Shakespeare Theatre Company,** opens with a gala on October 1. (shakespearetheatre.org)

Behind the Lens

Barnstorm, the elite photography workshop conducted by Pulitzer Prize–winning photojournalist **Eddie Adams,** celebrates its 20th anniversary this year in the Catskills. (10/5–10/8; eddieadamsworkshop.com)

06

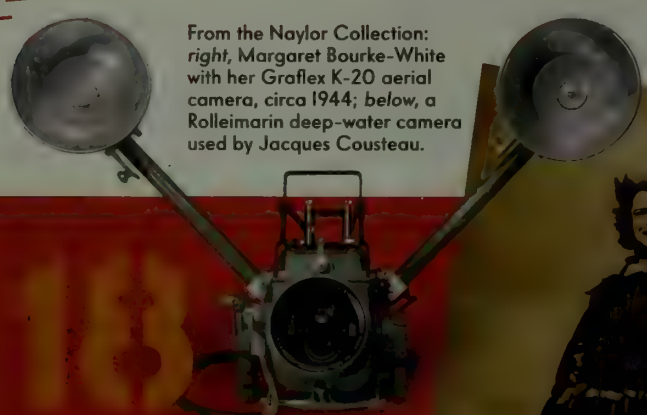
The **45th New York Film Festival** on October 6 honors as its "Centerpiece" the Coen Brothers' *No Country for Old Men.* Also among the festival's 30-plus films is Cannes Palme d'Or winner *4 Months, 3 Weeks, and 2 Days.* (9/28–10/14; filmlinc.com)



The bar at Abode, Santa Monica, California

SEASIDE DINING

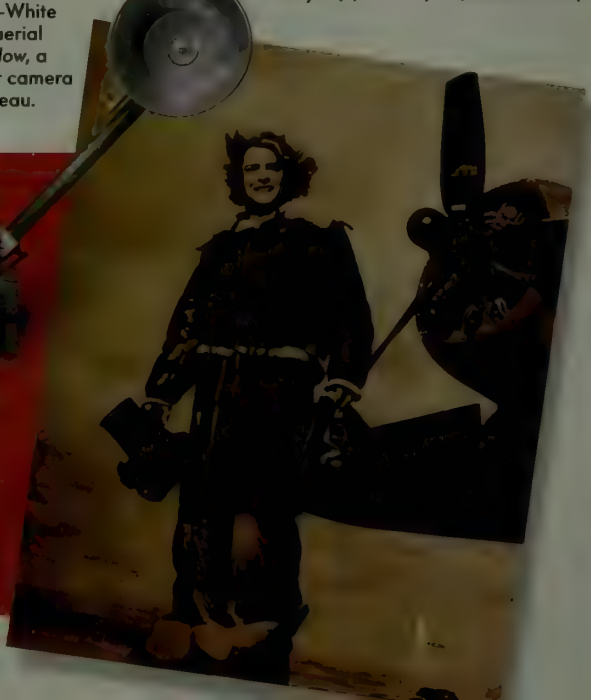
Santa Monica's newly opened **Abode** restaurant—one block off the beach—serves organic, seasonal cuisine in a swingy, sophisticated, and relaxed atmosphere. There's also a patio that is perfect for cocktails or dining alfresco. The wine list is fab, as are the oysters four ways, the chocolate soufflé, and everything else we ate. (1541 Ocean Avenue)



From the Naylor Collection: *right,* Margaret Bourke-White with her Graflex K-20 aerial camera, circa 1944; *below,* a Rolleimarin deep-water camera used by Jacques Cousteau.

15

From the daguerreotype to the digital Leica, **Jack Naylor** has it all. His collection of photographic ephemera has been a work in progress for more than 50 years, and he's turning the lot over to **Guernsey's** of New York for auction. (10/18–10/21)



Rockin' the Hall

On October 18 the international fashion and music communities come together in London's Royal Albert Hall for **Fashion Rocks,** a runway show hosted by **Samuel L. Jackson** to aid the Prince's Trust. (fashionrocks.co.uk)


GUCCI





Grace Kelly on vacation in Jamaica, 1955, and a Schaefer beer coaster, *inset*, from Kelly's personal scrapbook, both from *The Grace Kelly Years*.

Because, as James Beard so wisely noted, "food is our common ground, a universal experience," we present you with a feast:

V.F. contributing editor **David Kamp** and the saucy **Marion Rosenfeld's** *The Food Snob's Dictionary* (Broadway) enlightens denizens of Hooters-style breastaurants about the finer points of "forcemeat" whilst delighting those high-hat cuisinerds who can gas on about "fair trade" until the grass-fed, free-range cows come home. **H.R.H. the Prince of Wales** (in league with **Stephanie Donaldson**) bestows jewels of inspiration in *The Elements of Organic Gardening* (Kales Press). **Judith Jones,** mother of modern cookbook publishing (taste Julia Child's *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*), elevates food to the exalted position of *The Tenth Muse* (Knopf).

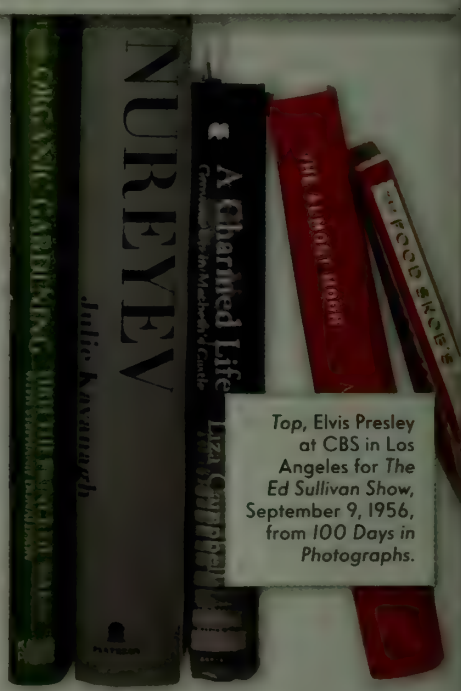
BLINDING US WITH SCIENCE: As if unlocking the secrets of DNA for us wasn't nice enough, Nobel Prize–winning scientist turned memoirist **James D. Watson** proffers advice on how to become more brilliant yourself, such as *Avoid Boring People* (Knopf). Novelist **Andrea Barrett** blends science and storytelling in *The Air We Breathe* (Norton). The subjects of tales in **Oliver Sacks's** *Musicophilia* (Knopf) range from the rare few who experience musical notes as colors and tastes, to the multitudes afflicted with "brainworms"—those irrepressible tunes that embed themselves in our minds.

ALSO THIS MONTH: **Julie Kavanagh** distills the fabulous spirit of *Nureyev* (Pantheon), the ballet world's first pop icon. From adoption to abortion, birth to infertility, **Karen E. Bender** and **Nina de Gramont's** anthology of stunningly honest essays encompasses all the contradictions and complicated emotions surrounding *Choice* (MacAdam Cage). *(Not that You Asked)* (Random House), but gleefully unrepentant troublemaker **Steve Almond's** impassioned essays make him worthy of the title "Grandmaster Rant." *Valentino* (Taschen), the crown prince of couture, gets a sparkling new tiara from splendid *V.F.* correspondent **Matt Tyrnauer, Valentino Garavini, Suzy Menkes,** and **Armando Chitolina.** With a near spooky sense of empathy and a wit that finds its mark like lightning, the stories in **Jim Shepard's** *Like You'd Understand, Anyway* (Knopf) transport readers light-years beyond what they think they know of the world, capturing the humanity in such odd ducks as a tortured French executioner and an amorous female cosmonaut. Literature laureates from 1986 to 2006, such as **Günter Grass, Toni Morrison,** and **J. M. Coetzee,** speak to cultural upheaval, memory, and the imagination in their *Nobel Lectures* (New Press). Not one word, however, about Iardon.



HOT TYPE

QUICK TAKES: **Susan Faludi** analyzes *The Terror Dream* (Metropolitan) of 9/11. **Li Campbell** lives *A Charmed Life* (St. Martin's). **Klara Glowczewska** packs *The Condé Nast Traveler Book of Unforgettable Journeys* (Penguin). **John Grisham's** *Playing for Pizz* (Doubleday). **Jim Lehrer** shouts *Eureka* (Random House). **Joshua Henkin** muses on *Matrimony* (Pantheon). **Ben Macintyre** exposes *Agent Zigzag* (Harmony). **Alice Sebold** shines in *The Almost Moon* (Little, Brown). **Donald Friedman** traces *The Writer Brush* (Mid-List Press). **Tiki Barber** knows *Tiki* (Simon Spotlight). **Judith Thurman** rhapsodizes about *Cleopatra's Nose* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). **Nick Hornby** hits up youthquakers in *Slam* (Penguin). **Frédéric Mitterrand** adores *The Grace Kelly Years* (Skira). National Geographic presents *100 Days in Photographs.* **Lucy Norton** translates the *Memoirs of Duc de Saint-Simon* (1500 Books). **Ron Wood** gets satisfaction in *My Life as a Rolling Stone* (St. Martin's).



Top, Elvis Presley at CBS in Los Angeles for *The Ed Sullivan Show,* September 9, 1956, from *100 Days in Photographs.*



Like Spinoza, who has a cameo in **Maira Kalman's** sublime new book, *The Principles of Uncertainty* (Penguin Press), Kalman is on a quest for nothing less than "a rational explanation for everything." In pursuit of answers to such existential conundrums as "What is happiness?" and "What is identity?," Kalman's elegantly witty and at times melancholy narrative runs arm in arm with her unmistakable paintings on a serendipitous romp through the history of the world—checking in with Pavlov's dog, Vita Sackville-West, the Bolsheviks—as well as her own universe. What emerges is the fancy and richness of Kalman's vision, one informed by unbounded curiosity and a life swamped with love but clouded with sorrow. "How can I tell you everything that is in my heart?" she writes. "Impossible to begin. Enough. No. Begin." *Yes, begin.* —E.S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEE HARRIS



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Getting the Kinks Out

KIKI GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

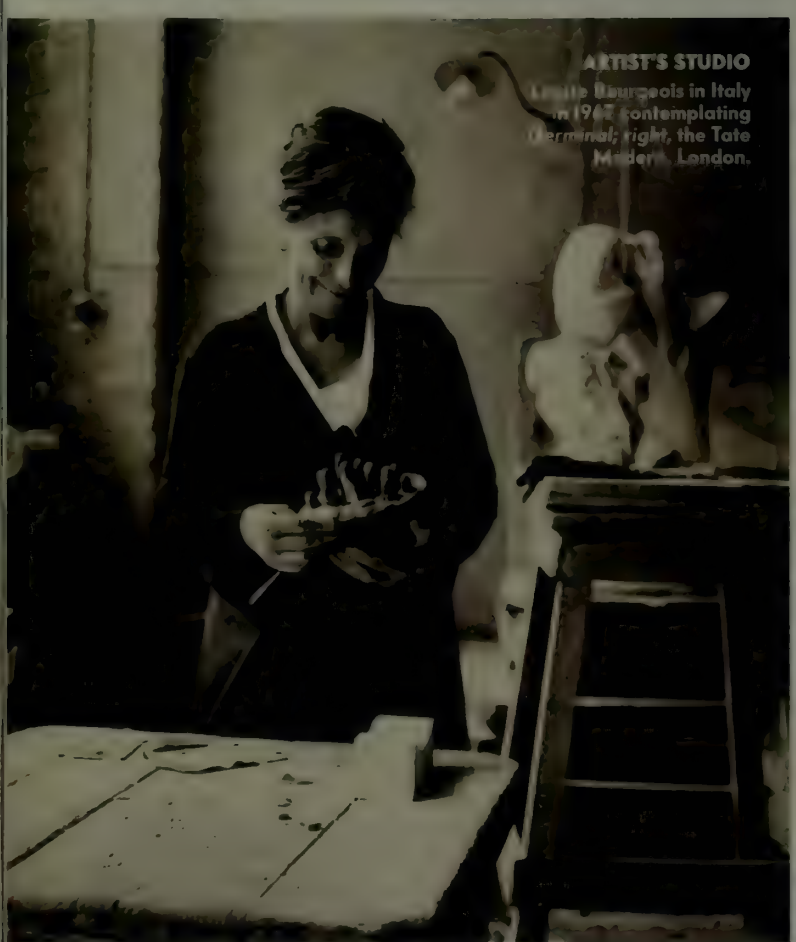
BOUDOIR ESSENTIALS
From left: Kiki de Montparnasse products; interior of the New York store, in SoHo; lingerie and intimates by Kiki.

Sex shops are supposed to be fun. But there's that whole stigma to them. Most are way too creepy, and, honestly, who really wants to be seen entering or leaving one?

Well, fret not. **Kiki de Montparnasse** has come to Los Angeles. Designed by the creative team Commune (the same people who did the New York store, which opened in 2006), the West Coast boutique feels like a 1950s Italian Carlo Molino apartment. You are buzzed in through a gate, which opens onto a secret garden. Already the creepy factor has vanished—now it's just sexy, like **Catherine Deneuve** in *Belle de Jour* or something. Photographs and art by **Thomas Ruff, Helmut Newton, Pablo Picasso, Man Ray,** and **Brassaï** hang alongside a selection of **Sam Haskins** black-and-white images, which are for sale. The dressing rooms feature a dimmer switch with three settings—before, during, and after; a sexier version of day, evening, and night. The luscious interior complements the merchandise perfectly. These are toys you don't have to hide—beautiful rock-crystal, blown-glass, and titanium sculptures with a dual purpose; 24-carat-gold handcuffs fancy enough to wear out to dinner; and candles that melt into massage oil. There are custom leather or satin blindfolds, riding crops with antiqued-silver tips, ostrich-feather ticklers, and super-chic lingerie. If you're looking for something really spectacular, a brass-and-leather sex chair custom-made in England will surely fit the bill. Tallyho!

Kiki de Montparnasse founder **Jon Rubin** sums up the store's point of view: "At the core, we hope to provide people with experiences that, in addition to being sexy, seductive, romantic, fun, empowering, and fulfilling, might actually be transformative." And if by that he means ratcheting up by a million percent everyone's perception of what a sex store should be, well, then, mission accomplished.

—LISA EISNER



ARTIST'S STUDIO
Louise Bourgeois in Italy in 1947 contemplating *Germinal*; right, the Tate Modern, London.

HONORING THE QUEEN OF EXISTENTIAL ART

A living legend at 95, artist **Louise Bourgeois** is the last of the great postwar avant-garde figures. Born in Paris in 1911, and residing in New York since 1938, she is a first-generation feminist artist—intentionally or not. Her art is at once figurative and abstract, and resonates with nearly mythological expression of the primitive symbolic psychic experience. Working in materials ranging from marble and bronze to rubber and fabric, she explores the archetypes and paradoxes of childhood, memory, and sexuality. In a career that has spanned three-quarters of a century, she has been touched by masters such as **Pierre Bonnard** and **Fernand Léger,** and she has gone on to influence the most contemporary of artists—**Kiki Smith** and **Tracey Emin.** "It is as if Louise Bourgeois's vocabulary was fully formed in the 1940s and she spent the rest of her career translating it," says curator **Frances Morris.** "She is peculiarly attendant to the language, the pulse of the everyday. Intellectual curiosity drives her experimentation. Her thinking process has to quickly become a physical process." This fall the **Tate Modern** will celebrate her career with a major survey of more than 200 works spanning seven decades—among them her iconic 1974 *Destruction of the Father* and *I Do, I Undo, I Redo,* three steel-and-mixed-media towers, each more than 40 feet tall, commissioned for the museum's opening, in 2000. The exhibition will then travel to Paris and the States.

—A. M. HOMES



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Anya Hindmarch in her London store.

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CLOTHES

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NIGHT-TABLE READING

A. O. SCOTT
FILM CRITIC, **THE NEW YORK TIMES.**

Cultural Amnesia, *by Clive James (NORTON).* "Clive James is one of my critical heroes. No one else matches his range or his energy. At the moment I'm happily wading through *Cultural Amnesia,* his alphabetically ordered encyclopedia of short essays on major cultural figures. At first the selections seem absurdly random: Heinrich Heine and Dick Cavett? But almost immediately a pattern becomes clear. This is a book—maybe *the* book—about the moral responsibility of intellectuals in the face of 20th-century tyranny. And the thing is: it's damn funny too."

TOM COLICCHIO
RESTAURATEUR, has most recently opened **CRAFT** *in L.A.'s Century City.*

I'll Sleep When I'm Dead: The Dirty Life and Times of Warren Zevon, *by Crystal Zevon (ECCO).* "A great portrait of a rock 'n' roll maniac, as told by people who loved and loathed him."

EVELYN LAUDER
SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT, the **ESTÉE LAUDER COMPANIES;** *FOUNDER and CHAIRMAN, the* **BREAST CANCER RESEARCH FOUNDATION.**

A Scented Palace: The Secret History of Marie Antoinette's Perfumer, *by Elisabeth de Feydeau (I. B. TAURIS).* "De Feydeau introduces the events leading to the French Revolution, including Marie Antoinette's vast expenditures. Learning about Jean-Louis Fargeon's personal relationship with the queen and about the fragrances that he compounded is particularly relevant for me and my line of work. It is also fascinating to read about the various ingredients, many of which are used to this day."

Pink with a Wink

SCORING FOR THE CURE

In honor of **Breast Cancer Awareness** month, **Save 2nd Base**—the organization established by **Erin Dugery** and **Kelly Day** in memory of their sister and friend **Kelly Rooney**—has launched a line of namesake T-shirts. Rooney, who died from the disease last year at 43, leaving behind a husband and five children, was given a 2006 Courage and Inspiration Award by the Women's Board of the American Cancer Society. "Kelly refused to let cancer take away her sense of humor," says Dugery. She fell in love with the Save 2nd Base idea when the three women were selecting their team name for last year's Breast Cancer 3-Day 60-mile walk. Available at save2ndbase.com, the T-shirts, which come in three colors, are sassy and fun while still delivering a serious message. Fifty percent of the proceeds benefit the Kelly Rooney Foundation, which was established to inspire further support, research, and eradication of the disease in young women. —P.H.



Save 2nd Base T-shirts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JILLIAN EDELSTEIN



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1 Based on 2007 EPA estimates and segmentation. 2 2007 Silverado 2WD with available 5.3L engine has an EPA est. MPG 16 city/22 hwy. 3 2007 Tahoe 4x4 with standard 5.3L V8 has an E
2008 EPA estimates. Tahoe 2WD with available 5.3L V8 has an EPA est. MPG 14 city/20 hwy. 7 2008 Tahoe Hybrid limited availability in select markets starting fall 2007. See chevy.com/
not available for sale. 10 Assumes fully charged battery. Actual range may vary depending on driving habits and conditions. Information subject to change without notice. Not availabl

HYBRID

The 2007 Chevy Tahoe already has best-in-class fuel economy.[6] So why mess with a good thing? To make it better, of course. That's why, this fall, Chevy is introducing the Tahoe Hybrid,[7] America's first full-size hybrid SUV. The 2008 Tahoe Hybrid provides the power and capability you'd expect from a utility vehicle, while delivering fuel efficiency you'd never imagine. When you pair the two-mode technology with our Active Fuel Management™ system, the Tahoe Hybrid is 25% more fuel-efficient[8] than our already superior Tahoe. **And joining our Tahoe Hybrid this fall will be the new Malibu® Hybrid.**

ght now se less.

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ELECTRIC

Imagine: A daily commute without a drop of gas. We have put tremendous design and engineering resources in place to make the Concept Chevy Volt™ a reality. The Volt, with its revolutionary GM® E-Flex Propulsion System, is different than any previous electric vehicle because it will use a High-Energy Battery and range-extending onboard power source that can run on gas, ethanol, or biodiesel to recharge the battery while driving. For someone who drives less than 40 miles a day, Chevy Volt will use zero gasoline and produce zero emissions.[10]

AN AMERICAN REVOLUTION

4 E85 is 85% ethanol, 15% gasoline. For more information or to find an E85 station near you, go to chevy.com/e85. 5 Based on EPA segmentation. 6 Based on 2007 GM segmentation and Based on EPA est. MPG 14 city/19 hwy. for the 2008 Tahoe with Vortec 5.3L engine. EPA estimates for 2008 Tahoe Hybrid not available at time of printing. 9 Equinox Fuel Cell test vehicles M Corp. Buckle up, America!



A giraffe looking for a snack at Giraffe Manor, Nairobi; *right*, saying hello.



To the Manor Born

ON HOLIDAY WITH GIRAFFES

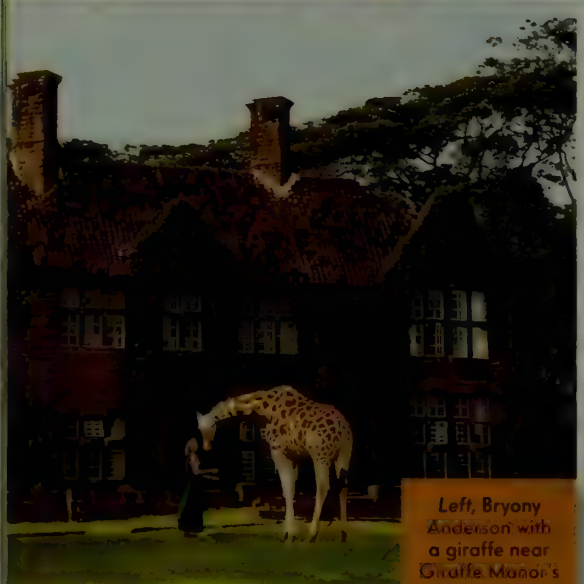
I love having breakfast with giraffes. They don't talk about the weather or the Iraq war. Rather, they whiffle gently at the homemade jam and exercise some light quality-control over the toast, with their necks—longer than Gisele Bündchen's—waving from the garden to the sunroom. Giraffes have been popping into Nairobi's **Giraffe Manor** ever since the **Earl of Leven's** grandson, **Jock Leslie-Melville**—a relic of the *White Mischief* days—and his American-born wife, **Betty,** a former beer-commercial model turned rip-roaring animal conservationist, bought the faux Scottish hunting lodge, in 1974. That year, the amiable herbivores who kept poking their heads interestedly through the first-floor bedroom window were about to be dispossessed, their habitat lost to farmland development and their lives threatened.

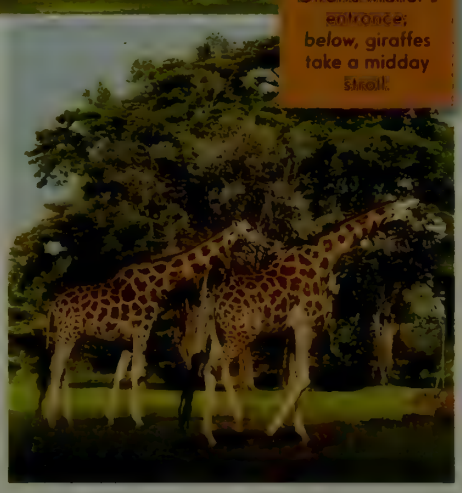
Betty persuaded her husband to allow the giraffes to live on their 15-acre estate, and the couple began the African Fund for Endangered Wildlife, based in Kenya and Maryland, which later bought an additional 105 acres for the giraffes. They adopted Daisy, one of the highly endangered Rothschild's giraffes—which can be as tall as 20 feet, making them the tallest of the species. Daisy's descendants have since proliferated, and as I arrive at Giraffe Manor, her latest great-grandchild is wobbling across the lawn, taking its first steps. Birth is pretty startling if you're a giraffe: life starts with a six-foot drop.

In 1984, after her husband's death, Betty opened Giraffe Manor as a guesthouse, which is now run by her son from her first marriage, **Rick Anderson,** and his wife, **Bryony.** It has just six bedrooms, one furnished with the writer **Karen Blixen's** furniture (colonial Danish Ikea). The log fireplaces are baronial, the dining room lit only by candles, and, outside, warthog families, the comedy acts of the bush, strut their stuff. The gin-and-tonics have the kick of, well, a giraffe. And after a few, seeing a giraffe put its head through the front door, hoping to find the butler, seems perfectly normal. The butler obliges with nuts. Of course. It is the cocktail hour. Visitors have included **Walter Cronkite, Johnny Carson, Stephen Sondheim, Brooke Shields,** and **Sir Mick Jagger.**

This is where you must stay in Nairobi. First, because it is mad—an endangered commodity in our world of global homogenization. Second, because the Kenyan capital is crime-ridden, traffic-jammed, and without a decent hotel. Giraffe Manor, out in the suburb of Langata, doesn't pretend to be swanky. It can be a delicious introduction to Africa, or a rest after a full-on safari. "It's a home, and you are our houseguests," says Bryony. "No spa, no television. Here you walk in the forest, you talk, you sleep, and you read." There are views of Mount Kilimanjaro and the Ngong Hills, meals made with organic fruits and vegetables, and Jock's mother's piano, brought to Kenya in 1919.

You'll experience part of something old—the struggle and romance of pioneer Kenya—and something new: the struggle for wildlife conservation in the midst of an overflowing, impoverished population. As for the giraffes, they are eventually released into the wild. "They adapt very quickly," says Bryony. "But transporting them is tricky. They have the highest blood pressure of any mammal, and have to be strapped upright, otherwise they faint. We avoid low bridges." —VICTORIA MATHER





Left, Bryony Anderson with a giraffe near Giraffe Manor's entrance; *below,* giraffes take a midday stroll.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMON UPTON

Dear Ketel One Drinker
Hello again.

LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING NOW . . .

Will Ferrell, Ben Stiller, and Vince Vaughn may be comedy's Big Men on Campus, but there's a freshman class of young comedians angling to become the new class clowns. Featured almost entirely in so-called loser comedies, many of these actors have honed their craft under the guidance of comedy guru Judd Apatow (*Superbad, Knocked Up, The 40-Year-Old Virgin*) and *Saturday Night Live* creator Lorne Michaels. With a spate of collaborative projects being released in the coming year, these new kids are making the leap from freaks and geeks to multiplex heroes in a single bound.

—PUNCH HUTTON

Blue: Television Red: Film



Walk Hard
Sony, December 2007



JENNA FISCHER



The Brothers Solomon
Sony, September 2007



The Heartbreak Kid
Paramount, October 2007



KRISTEN WIIG



ANDY SAMBERG



The Office
NBC



How I Met Your Mother
CBS



JASON SEGEL



JASON SUDEIKIS



Saturday Night Live
NBC



Forgetting Sarah Marshall
Universal, May 2008



Hot Rod
Paramount, August 2007



DANNY R. McBRIDE



RAINN WILSON



Juno
Fox Searchlight, December 2007



JONAH HILL



BILL HADER



The Pineapple Express
Sony/Columbia, August 2008



Superbad
Sony, August 2007



SETH ROGEN



The Rocker
Fox Atomic, 2008



MICHAEL CERA



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Kids in America
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DAN FOGLER



Fanboys
Weinstein Co., January 2008


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PRIVATE LIVES

HARRY GESNER





Every day, **Harry Gesner,** 82, walks through his door in Malibu, takes a few steps to the beach, does a ritualistic series of stretches followed by a set of push-ups, dons his custom helmet complete with bird feathers, grabs his long board, and paddles out into the ocean. "I've been surfing all my life," he tells me. A World War II hero and self-taught architect and innovator, Gesner is responsible for more than a hundred houses and buildings. Known for his visionary style and renegade manner, Gesner was environmentally conscious long before it became fashionable.

Gesner is a native of Southern California, with deep roots.

"I come from an old family on my mother's side that had the original land grant for Santa Barbara. My grandfather **Alexander Harmer** painted with Remington and Borein and Russell, and they all had studios in his complex in Santa Barbara at one time or another. His works hang in the Whitney and the National in Washington, D.C." Gesner's uncle **John K. Northrop** invented the famous flying-wing airplane, which led to the B-2 stealth bomber. Gesner's father, an engineer, was responsible for the automobile supercharger. His great-grandfather invented the repeating shotgun for Winchester Arms. Gesner admits, "I know, the genes were all in line for me."





MALIBU MOMENTS Clockwise from top: Harry Gesner in one of his designs, the Getty House, Malibu, California; walking down his private beach with his 22-year-old dog, Cleopatra; his Cooper House in the background; the Eagle's Watch house; Gesner surfing with his grandchildren Finn, 10, Rory, 7, and Tuck, 4, and his son Zen; Harry's living room at his home, the Grandcastle, in Malibu.

At 17, already a pilot, he was recruited into the army's 10th Mountain Division because he could ski. "I had an uncle who was Norwegian who taught me to cross-country ski, and then I segued into downhill racing. They were trying to get ahold of skiers. We were pretty rare in those days." The unit was an elite division of men expertly trained to fight in the rugged terrain of Europe and Japan during W.W. II. Eventually, Gesner ended up at the top of the list CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVEN LIPPMAN


GUESS
SUEDE





THE GOOD LIFE
Clockwise from above: the Cooper House, [illegible] picture of his father]; at work converting his car to electric; Gesner's sketch of the Mushroom Tripod House.







CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176

of volunteers for the invasion of Normandy.

Immediately after the war, he went to South America. "My father had been an amateur archaeologist, so I sopped up some of that and went down there to dig into pre-Incan tombs. At that time you could organize your own expedition and go into places that had not been explored before in Ecuador. All you had to do was get the right equipment and hire some people and go in and watch your back." After six months he sold his "loot" to museums and private collectors and decided to pursue his true love—architecture. It was while he was auditing classes at Yale that he had a fateful encounter with **Frank Lloyd Wright.** "I had been doing some drawings that he saw, and he wanted me to go to Taliesin West and study under him, and I just couldn't do it. I admired what he'd done and what he was doing, but I didn't want to be another little F.L.W., so that's when I made my decision to self-educate." Gesner gave himself 10 years to become an architect. It took less than half that time.



"I worked as a laborer, learning everything there is to know about building. I can pick up any tool on the job and work right along with the journeymen, and I learned a great deal from them . . . and by the end of five years I had already gotten into designing and building. And by the end of 10 years I was so busy it didn't matter."

Gesner can be credited for a large part of the unique visual culture that comprises the Malibu landscape. His Wave House, built in 1957, inspired the Danish architect **Jorn Utzon,** who went on to design the Sydney Opera House. More recently, Getty Museum architect **Richard Meier** insisted the museum restore a Gesner house on property it had acquired years ago. "Meier said, 'Don't tear the house down. It's an example of his work, and a very good one.' I can't believe he did this, but he did," Gesner boasts. "They put about a million dollars into fixing it up so it could be a center for their trustees. I was amazed I had designed it, it looked so great."

Currently, Gesner is working on a yoga center in the Colorado Rockies for yoga guru **Rod Stryker** and is busy with his new windmill design and an electric motor. "I'm converting a 190SL Mercedes bought brand new in 1957 into an electric car. I think the automotive companies were very remiss in not developing the electric engine along with petroleum. The first car was electric—did you know that? I just think we have to get away from petroleum and oil. It's leading us into a disaster zone."

Gesner credits his father and grandfather for having inspired him. "Never practice or invent in your field," he says they told him, "and you will come up with an original idea, and you won't be held to the academic confines of your education."

Retirement isn't even a consideration at this point. "I'm looking for a way to be reborn, you know, physically. My father, he was fabulous. When he was dying, he was in his 80s. He'd had a massive heart attack, and I was there at his side, and he said to me, 'Harry,' he says, 'I can't wait for the next experience.' That says it all." —KRISTA SMITH

GROOMING BY DAVID COY. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE.

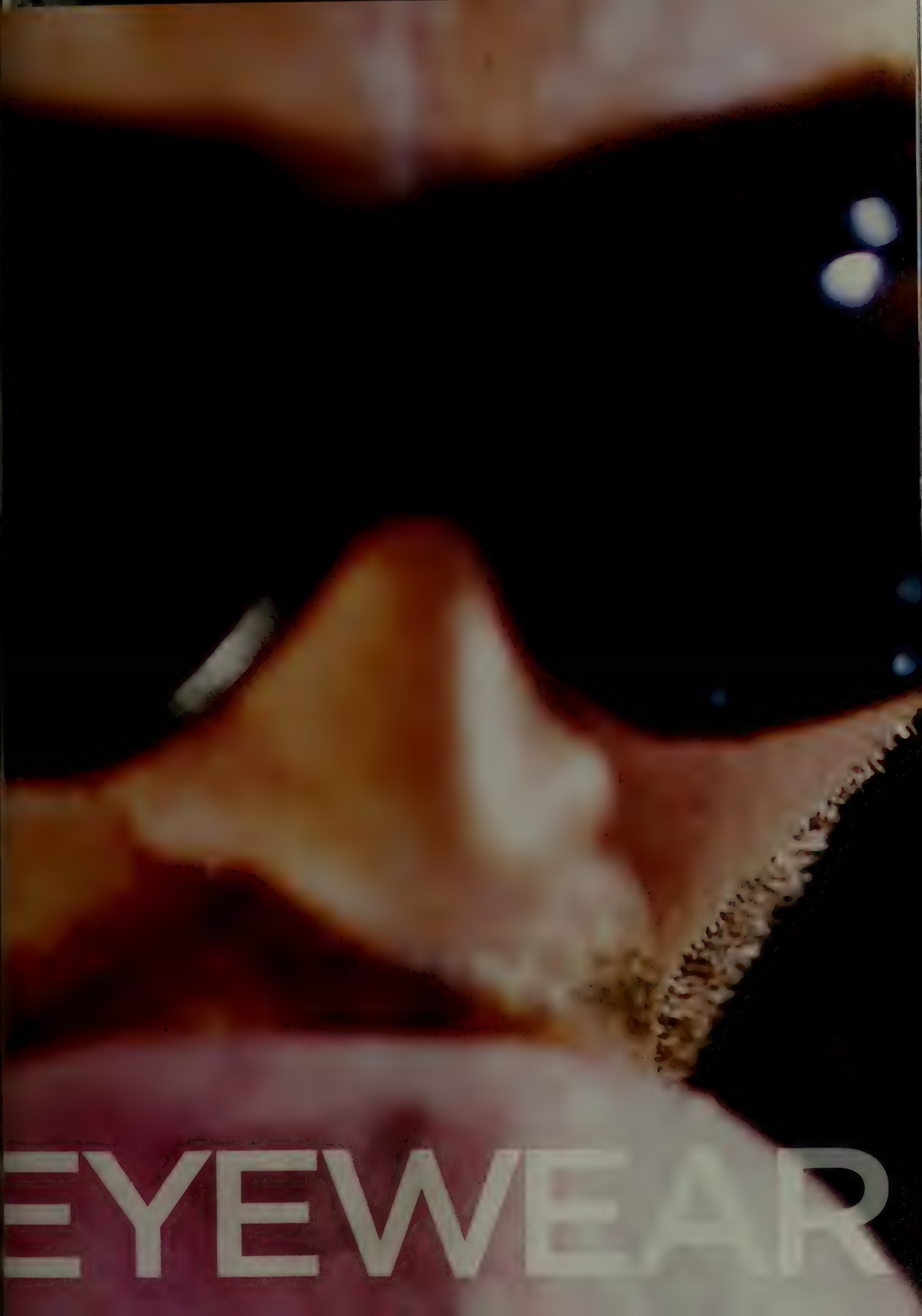


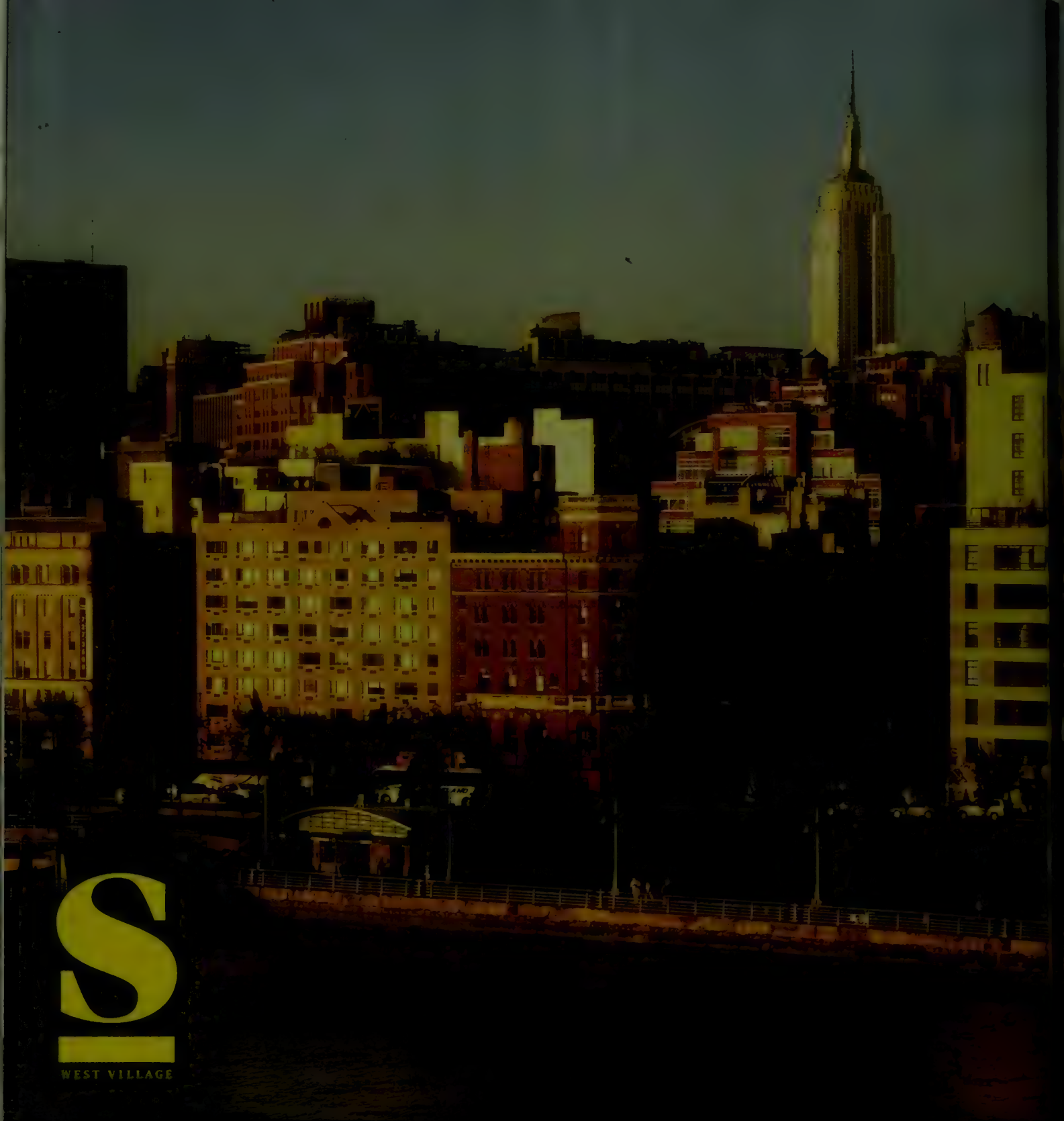
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HOT REELS



Emile Hirsch and Sean Penn on the set of *Into the Wild*.

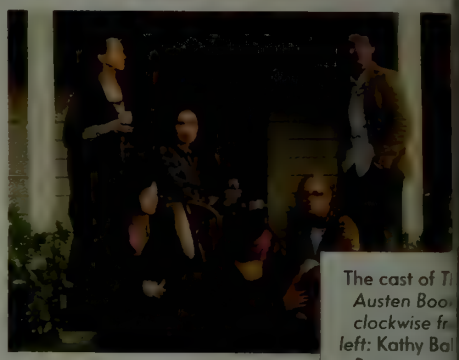
The Wilderness Experience

When **Sean Penn's** not acting, he directs heartfelt dramas, dirge-like in their rhythms, that make little concession to box-office tastes. In his latest, *Into the Wild*, which Penn himself adapted from **Jon Krakauer's** best-seller, the dirge is cacophonous. It's the tragic true story of **Christopher McCandless** (**Emile Hirsch**), who shortly after graduating from Emory University, in 1990, donated his savings to Oxfam and traded in his glittering career prospects for the hobo life. He was found dead of starvation on the Stampede Trail, Alaska, in September 1992.

As McCandless traverses the country, inexorably heading north, he sojourns with a pair of aging hippies (**Catherine Keener** and **Brian Dierker**), a rowdy grain harvester (**Vince Vaughn**), a pretty teen folkie (**Kristen Stewart**), and an old-timer (**Hal Holbrook**) who wants to adopt him. These encounters are contrasted with flashbacks to McCandless's upbringing at the hands of his despotic father (**William Hurt**) and hapless mother (**Marcia Gay Harden**)—his odyssey was really a flight.

Overwrought though it is, *Into the Wild* becomes poignant whenever Penn turns to the wistful voice-over narration by **Jena Malone** (playing McCandless's sister) or **Eddie Vedder's** acoustic songs on the soundtrack. Above all, it is Penn's love letter to the American wilderness and the spirit of rugged individualism. Visually embracing McCandless's passion for Tolstoy and Jack London, the film looks askance at the bourgeois value system and urban blight. And Penn doesn't miss the chance to take a dig at **George Bush Sr.'s** leading the U.S. into the Gulf War. If they gave out Oscars for having the courage of one's convictions, Penn would have a fistful. —GRAHAM FULLER

BOOK OF LOVE

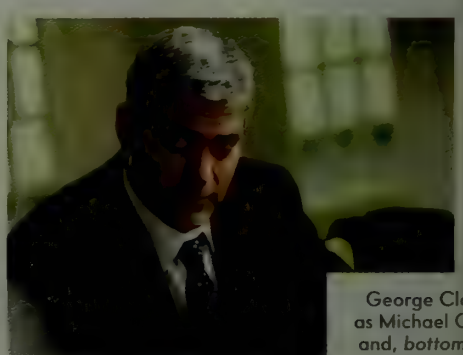


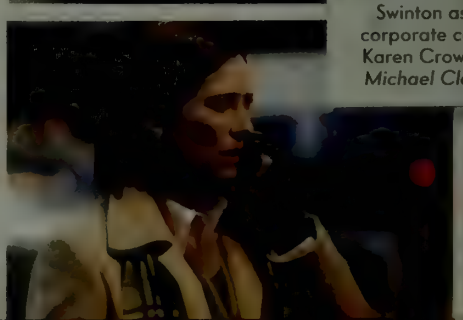
The cast of *Ti Austen Boo* clockwise fr left: Kathy Bal Brenneman Dancy, Mari Maggie Gra Emily Bl

It is a truth universally acknowledged that after almost 200 years the world of Jane Austen remains a source of endless fascination. **Robin Swicord's** first feature film, *The Jane Austen Book Club*, based on **Karen Joy Fowler's** best-selling novel, is an understated delight. In this comedy of manners, set in modern Sacramento, California, far from Austen's Regency-era England, five women and one man form a book club, and all take time on the six major Jane Austen novels. The ensemble cast includes **Kathy Baker, Maria Bello, Marc Blucas, Emily Blunt, Amy Brenneman, Hugh Dancy, Maggie Grace, Lynn Redgrave, Jimmy Smits,** and **Nancy Travis.** The paradox is the echo of their isolation; although from another era, these Californians seek comfort and companionship in Austen's keenly observed world and find the preoccupations of social position, friendship, and love remain the same today. Over the course of a poignant six months, these ordinary people explore the intimacy of their friendships, their ambivalences, and the failings of their relationships. "Is not general incivility the very essence of love?" wrote Jane Austen. It is Austen's (and Swicord's) keen eye on the dream to find one's place in the world and on the predictable unpredictability of human behavior that makes this dance of manners and desires a joy to watch. —A. M. HOMES

Ocean's Away

On the one hand, *Michael Clayton* is a standard-issue legal thriller: partners square off in sterile, steel-and-glass bullrings; corporate baddies speak their evil in press-release cadences; and, it turns out, a single lawyer—even a ground-down middle-aged one—*can* still make a difference. On the other hand, *Michael Clayton* has been put together with a level of thought and unobtrusive craft rarely seen since the studio system was cranking out those gorgeous old sausages. This movie gets so much right, has so many subtle grace notes—why can't all genre pictures be this good? Making the most of his beaten-puppy eyes, **George Clooney** plays the titular hero, a fixer who gets tangled up with his firm's nastiest corporate client. It's nice to be reminded that as an actor Clooney can do more than just saunter through a casino wearing a suit well; here he gets to show off angsty chops that could have got him cast in a Sidney Lumet movie back in the 70s. But the shiniest gold star goes to **Tilda Swinton,** as a lawyer whose amorality doesn't mask her squishy vulnerability, making her all the more malevolent. The notably accomplished first-time director is **Tony Gilroy,** a screenwriter whose previous credits include the Jason Bourne movies—three more exquisitely crafted genre pictures, come to think of it. —BRUCE HANDY





George Cloo as Michael Cl and, *bottom*, Swinton as corporate co Karen Crowd *Michael Clay*

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CAREER HIGH
Frédéric Fekkai, photographed on the fire escape of his SoHo salon; *inset*, Fekkai's Coiff Oceanique Tousled Wave Spray.

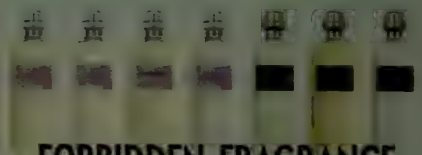
A Cut Above

FEKKAI'S LATEST BEAUTY OASIS

Frédéric Fekkai has added some flattering new layers to his empire. Last month, he opened on Melrose Place, saving West Hollywood's A-list the drive to his Beverly Hills salon. The second-floor hideaway—worlds away from his bustling New York spaces—also features a terrace for alfresco manipedis. "In New York, they want only the best, and they want it A.S.A.P.," Fekkai says. "In L.A., there's a different energy altogether. The Melrose Place salon will offer a beautiful, relaxing environment."

BEAUTY

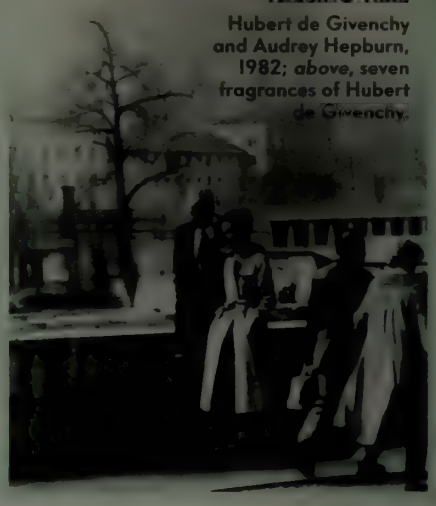
With five salons and more on the way, the dashing hairdresser can't be everywhere at once. So he created the new styling line Coiff to help clients make the best of his couture cuts at home. "Coiff is for the woman who understands that her hair is her best accessory: it's the first thing people see, and it's the easiest thing she can change about herself every day," he says. The eight lightweight products, from Défense Pre-Style Thermal/UV Protectant to Magnifique Ultra-Light Finishing Crème, allow women to style according to their mood. And the Fini Sheer Hold spray bolsters done-but-undone screen-goddess hair. "It's playful and seductive," he says. "The essence of woman." —OLIVIA STRAND



FORBIDDEN FRAGRANCE

Couturier **Hubert de Givenchy,** who has dressed women in both clothing and scent, believes "a fragrance remains the exclusive domain of each woman who wears it, since it can never be exactly the same on any other." Givenchy developed his first perfume, L'Interdit, for his muse, **Audrey Hepburn,** in 1957. The name, which means forbidden, was born out of the star's desire to be the only woman to wear it. It took a year of Givenchy's persuading before Hepburn agreed to let him sell it commercially. And ultimately, she posed for the campaign.

In celebration of the 50th anniversary of Givenchy's fragrance house, seven of his scents (which haven't been available in the U.S. for 20 years), including L'Interdit and Monsieur, which is worn daily by the designer, have been reissued. They are slightly remixed and come in charming matching bottles. Forbidden no more, the scents are perfectly modern yet beautifully reminiscent. —MARIA RICAPITO



PASSING TIME
Hubert de Givenchy and Audrey Hepburn, 1982; *above*, seven fragrances of Hubert de Givenchy.



Hot Looks

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MATT TYRNAUER

New York's innovative glass house . . . A new house for new art . . . Blindingly chic shades . . .

NOUVEL'S NEW WAVE

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A jigger you can be proud of . . .

In with the New

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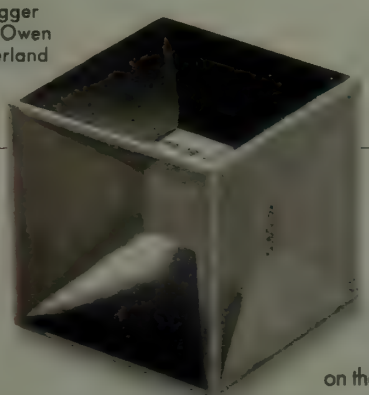


Retrosuperfuture shades.

Bright Shining Eye

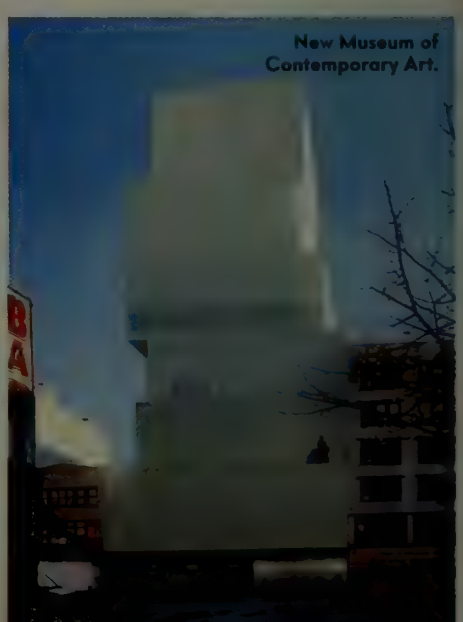
Daniel Beckerman, his brother Simon, and Sean Beolchini have solved one of the affluent society's oldest problems: how to get quality sunglasses for a reasonable price. No more picking through supermarket displays and street vendors' tables. Now, at stores such as Ron Herman in L.A., Colette in Paris, and Steven Alan in Manhattan, you can buy Retrosuperfuture shades, handmade in Italy with Zeiss lenses. This sets them apart from the $10 pair that fits your face but doesn't protect you from toxic rays. They have a Ray-Ban Wayfarer 50s-crossed-with-80s look to them.

Aluminum Cube Jigger by Josh Owen for Kikkerland Design.



JIGGER IT Josh Owen, an industrial designer and author of *Big Ideas/Small Packages*, employs a Japanese economy in his work—simple materials and compact designs. The Cube Jigger is inspired by wooden box-shaped sake cups but is made of aluminum. Its ingenious function: portioning six liquid measures for drinks. If you are on the wagon, you can bake with it or use it as a paperweight.

New Museum of Contemporary Art.




HECHO EN MEXICO
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TEQUILA
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PLATA
Jose Cuervo
PLATINO
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COMPANIA PREMIADA MUNDIALMENTE CON MEDALLAS
HECHO EN MEXICO
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No 00340
Jose Cuervo

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A limited edition masterpiece created with Esencia de Agave, a unique process developed by Cuervo master distillers. The result of over 200 years of heritage, this closely-guarded family secret starts with only the most flavorful hearts of the finest estate-grown blue agave. It optimizes the delicate agave notes for a lush, vibrant tequila of exquisite character and complexity. So exceptional it was recently named the world's best-tasting silver tequila.*

Jose Cuervo Platino · 96
Patrón Silver · 89

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*The Beverage Testing Institute, 2005

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HINTS OF RIPE RASPBERRY, CHERRY, DATES AND CINNAMON.

WELCOME TO THE UNDERSTATED COMPLEXITY OF PURE DARK CHOCOLATE.

©2007 Artisan Confections Company

BITTERSWEET

FANFAIR

Jean Nouvel's geometric façade, with nearly 1,700 panes of glass of different shapes and sizes, for 100 11th Avenue in New York City.

DESIGN FOR LIVING

MATT TYRNAUER

New York's innovative glass house . . . A new house for new art . . . Blindingly chic shades . . .

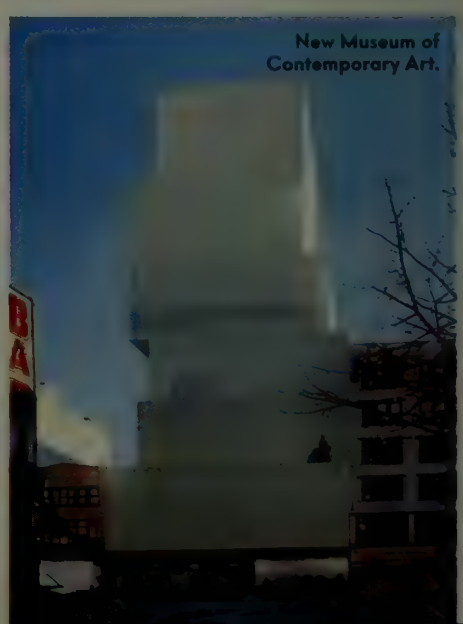
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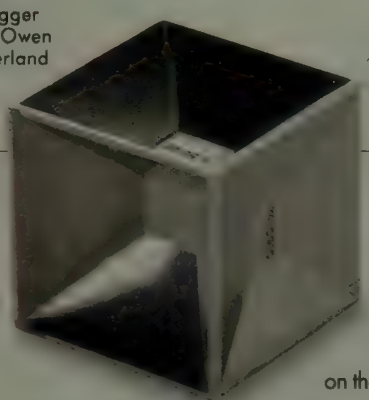


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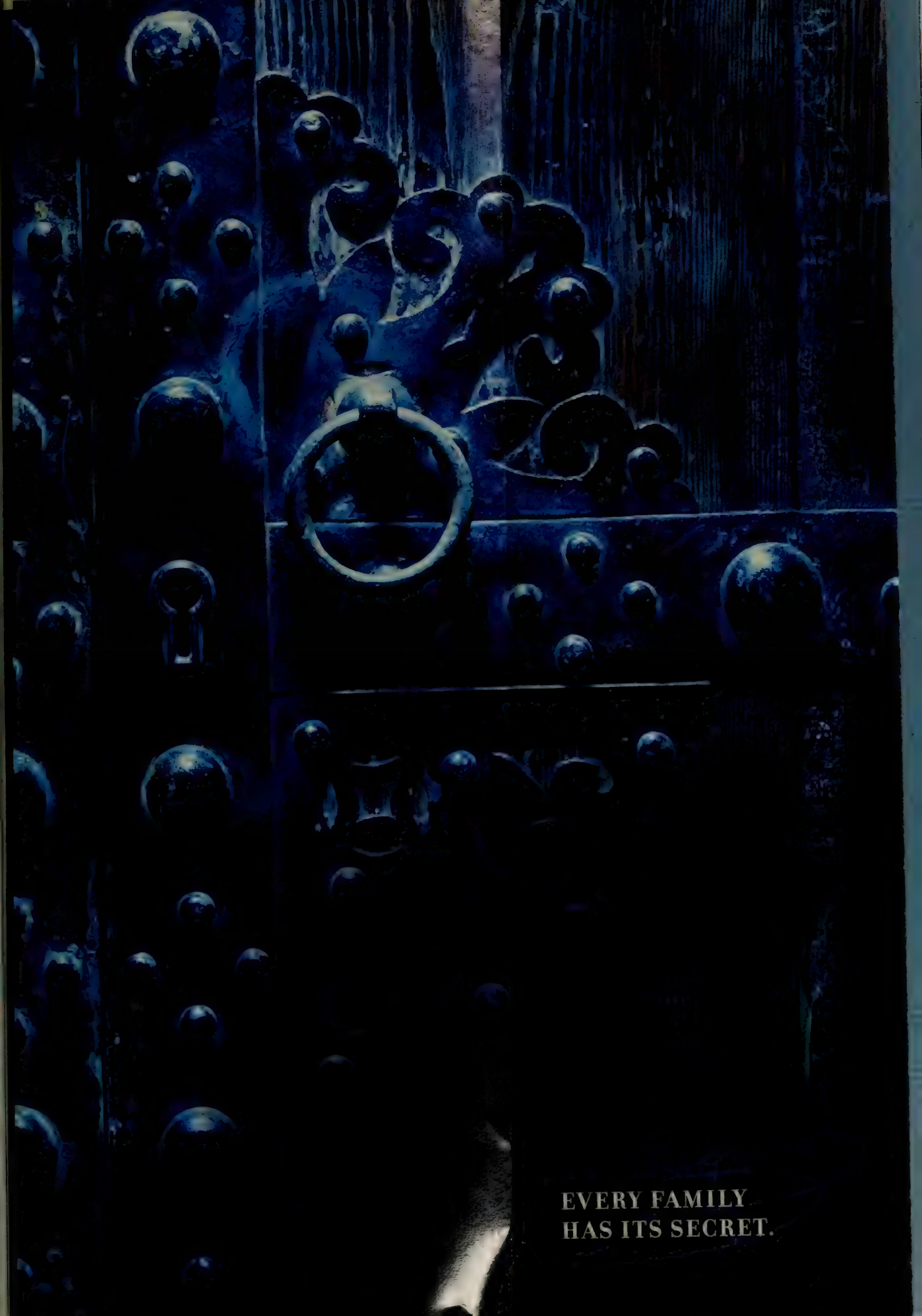
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EVERY FAMILY
HAS ITS SECRET.

PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN

Dianne Reeves



LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

You have proved what a heroic friend and human being you can be, and now the task at hand is to turn away from the world for a while, leaving all bitterness behind, and devote yourself to more spiritual endeavors. Over the past few years, many Libras have found that it was no picnic dealing with siblings or neighbors. But happily, your communication skills should have improved a thousandfold—unless you're still one of those sand-headed folks who refuse to cope with confrontation. Haven't you learned that there is nothing to fear?

David Petraeus



SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

When the drive for success begins to get old (and it will, as soon as Saturn leaves your solar midheaven), it's time to start looking for ways to get off that infernal hamster wheel, feel more personally fulfilled, and finally enjoy a normal life. Normal for you, that is. Also, your financial situation over the past 15 years has certainly been one for the books. For some Scorpios, it's been a case of *cooked* books.

Steven Spielberg



SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Pluto's entrance into your sign, back around the time of the O.J. trial, marked a turning point in your life. It's probably taken you this long to see just how big a change you've gone through. While there were times when you felt powerless, you actually gained clout that will stay with you forever. Now you have come to another fork in the road, and this time it's in your solar 10th house. The path you take can bring you greater prominence than ever before, but ask yourself this: Are you really willing to be typecast that way?

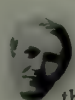
Denzel Washington

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19



With your 12th-house planets pulling you in a more spiritual direction, it is bound to take you a few more months of nail-biting tribulation before you finally re-enter the world as the powerful human being you were destined to be. But it won't be long before you're out of the darkness and into the light. Saturn, your ruler, has departed at last from your solar 8th house, so your sexual and financial deep freeze is finally going the way of the ice sheets in Greenland. On second thought, maybe it's just global warming.

Thomas Edison



AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Aquarians aren't nearly as clubby as they are said to be, so it's rather amusing that after all this time you are finally grasping the value of belonging to a group of like-minded rebels. It's a testament to the power of the 11th house. Now that you're feeling a little shaky out there on your own, you need the support of others. That said, you are a lot heartier than you think, so please do us all a favor and choose a new refrain. "Can't any of you people see that I could croak at any time?" is *so* unbecoming.

Rihanna

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20



Well, well, well. What in the world has happened to that laid-back, siesta-taking, somewhat supercilious Pisces who used to laugh at all the fools who couldn't wait to sell out just so they could become part of the miserable rat race? A midheaven Pluto has shown you that you can be just as ambitious and controlling as the rest of us. You see too that survival in this world depends as much on politics as it does on talent. All your relationships are going under the microscope now, and it will soon be time to deepen your commitments. Or else.

Suri Cruise



ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL

Judging from the wild activity taking place in your solar 9th house, it looks as if your "education" is just about complete. This learning experience has little to do with formal schooling, however. It's more about liberating you from the false ideas and mind-bending prejudices you were subjected to in your youth. Now that you have awakened and begun to embrace your own personal heresy, you have a chance to discover new work, pursue the higher calling of service, and stay healthy enough to enjoy it all.

Queen Elizabeth II

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20



It's not easy for you to talk about certain subjects. You prefer to believe that if you keep your mouth shut, the spooks will eventually tire of haunting you and go away. Remember that the Buddha was a Taurus, however, and nothing scared him. Death, immorality—he faced it all without judgment, and so should you. Transits in your 5th and 8th houses tend to raise the subjects of love and sex, so there's no escape from reality now.

Ban Ki-moon

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 2



Here's a brain-twisting question: Who is that irritating individual you have been Krazy Glued to for the last umpteen years, the one who has been your teacher in a subject—relationships—that you once refused to study but now *categorically* refuse to fail at, no matter how hairy the situation gets? Next question: Are you going to re-double your commitment to this person, who happens to symbolize Pluto's transit through your 7th house, or will you overcome your fears of being left alone and finally begin functioning on your own?

Vera Wang

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22



Though the moon still rules over your thoughts, feelings, moods, and panic attacks, you've certainly gained a better perspective on the transformations in your health and work areas. Thanks to the outer planets in your 8th and 6th houses, you have seen that it is not possible to thrive when every change in the moon's sign reduces you to hysteria. Whatever problems arise with children or siblings, you can be happy once you accept the truth that there's a pie in the face awaiting us all around one corner or another.

Jorge Posada

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 2



Long live Leo. Once again you have triumphed over the darkness and proved that the Force is strong within you. You have emerged safely from under Saturn's cloud, more firm in your resolve and solidly on your course (or so we hope). How brave you were to open your heart and become more affectionate, not to mention emotionally honest. Money is always an issue, but after this trip through the underworld it should be a piece of cake—not that anyone expects you to stop bitching and moaning.

Greta Garbo

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22



The transit of your 3rd-house ruler through your 4th house has been a whopper of a ride for the whole family. Those you thought would be your womb-to-tomb buddies vanished from your life, and others you thought you'd never speak to again are sleeping under your roof. The whole episode teaches you never to say never, doesn't it? For all the heartbreak and secret ecstasy you've tasted, it's time to pull yourself together, take a cold shower, and clean up your mind and body. It shouldn't hurt *too* much.

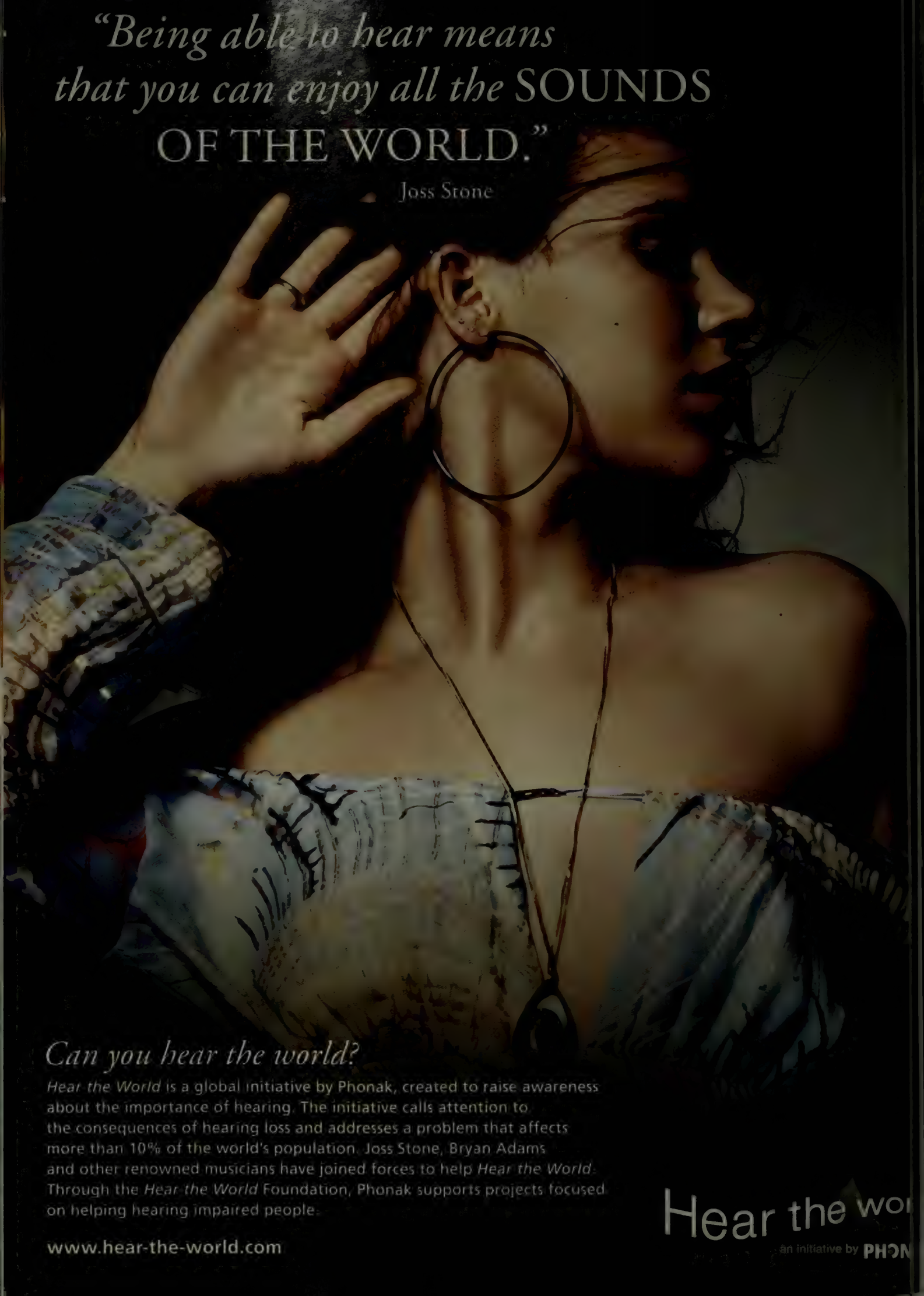


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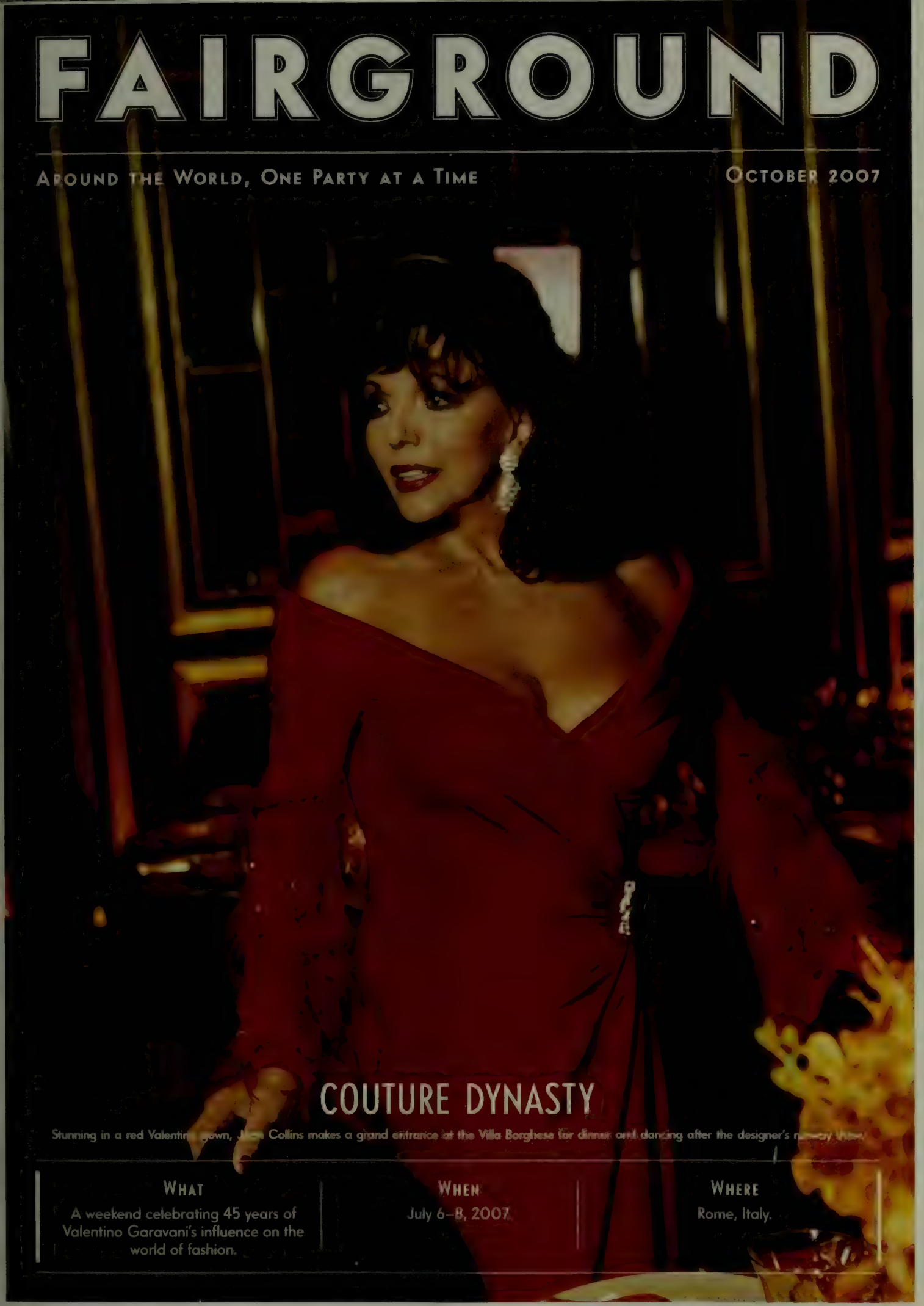
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"Being able to hear means that you can enjoy all the SOUNDS OF THE WORLD."
Joss Stone
Can you hear the world?
Hear the World is a global initiative by Phonak, created to raise awareness about the importance of hearing. The initiative calls attention to the consequences of hearing loss and addresses a problem that affects more than 10% of the world's population. Joss Stone, Bryan Adams and other renowned musicians have joined forces to help Hear the World. Through the Hear the World Foundation, Phonak supports projects focused on helping hearing impaired people.
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an initiative by PHON

FAIRGROUND

AROUND THE WORLD, ONE PARTY AT A TIME

OCTOBER 2007



COUTURE DYNASTY

Stunning in a red Valentino gown, Joan Collins makes a grand entrance at the Villa Borghese for dinner and dancing after the designer's runway show.

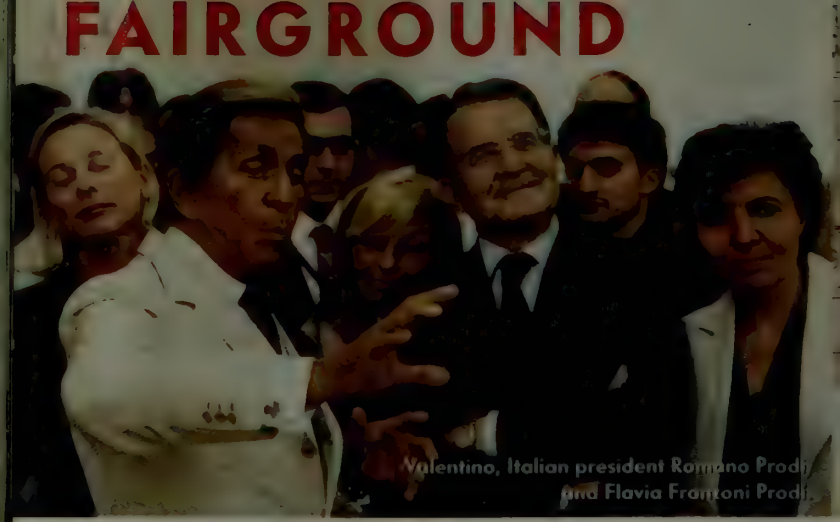
WHAT
A weekend celebrating 45 years of Valentino Garavani's influence on the world of fashion.

WHEN
July 6–8, 2007

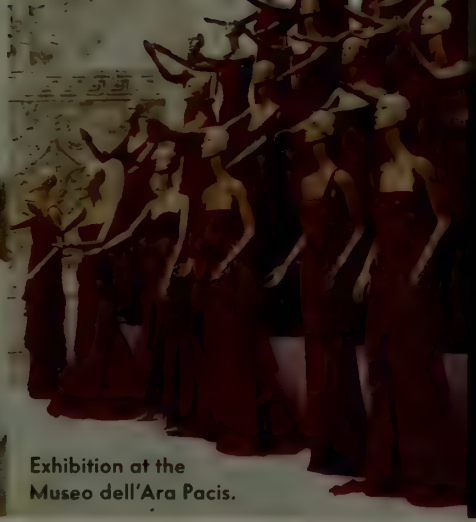
WHERE
Rome, Italy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIPP VON HESSEN

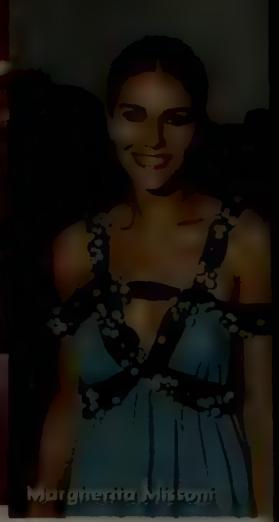
FAIRGROUND



Valentino, Italian president Romano Prodi, and Flavia Franconi Prodi.



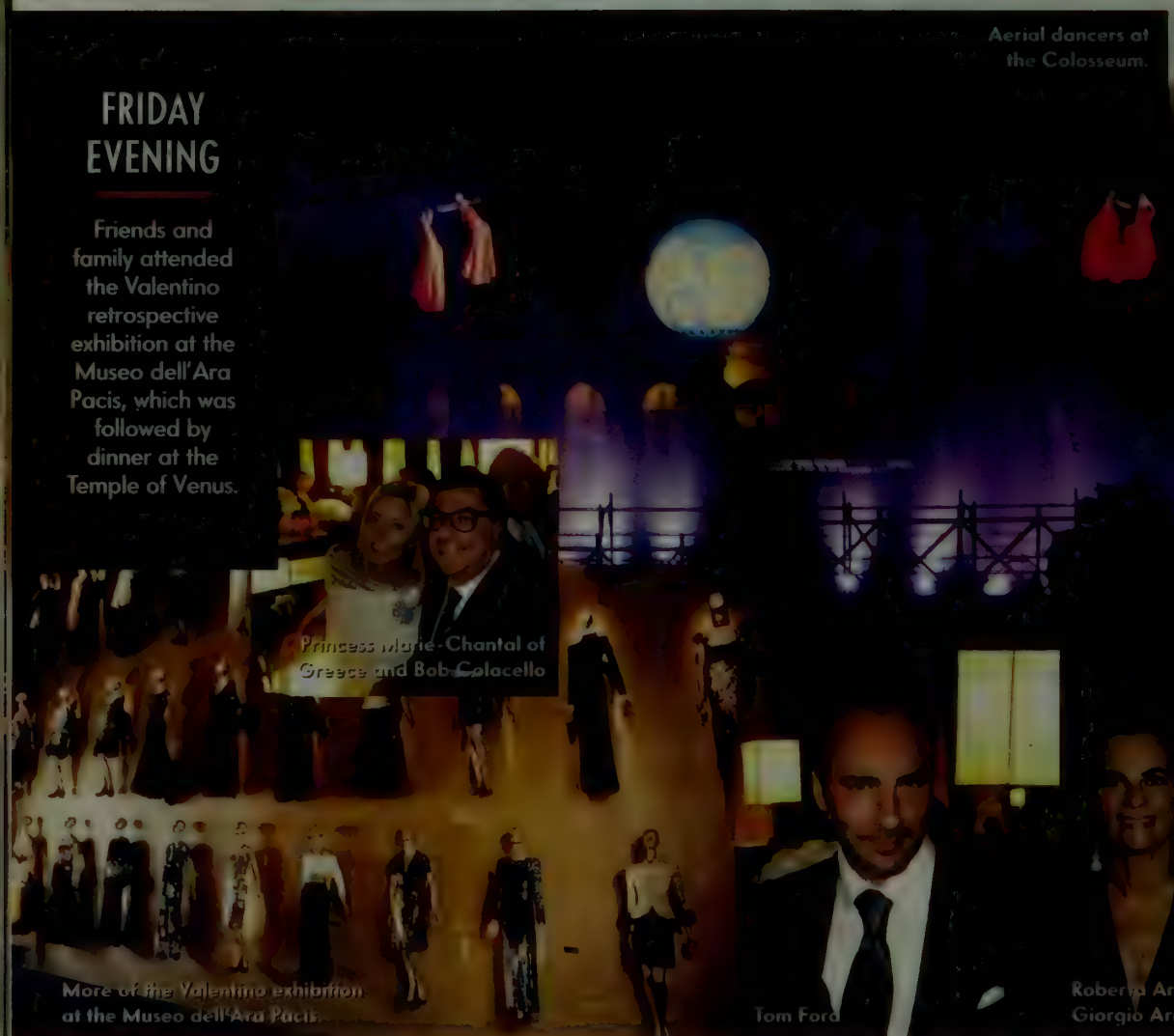
Exhibition at the Museo dell'Ara Pacis.



Margherita Missoni

FRIDAY EVENING

Friends and family attended the Valentino retrospective exhibition at the Museo dell'Ara Pacis, which was followed by dinner at the Temple of Venus.



Aerial dancers at the Colosseum.



Giancarlo Giammetti, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Matthew Broderick

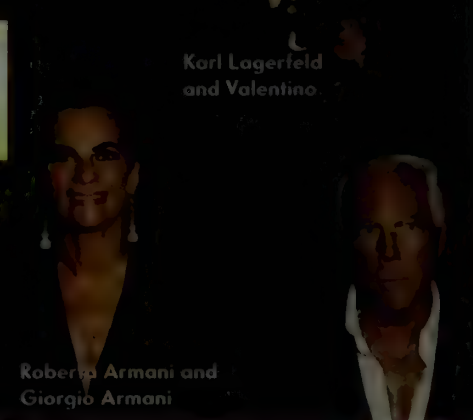
Princess Marie-Chantal of Greece and Bob Colacello



Karl Lagerfeld and Valentino

More of the Valentino exhibition at the Museo dell'Ara Pacis.

Tom Ford



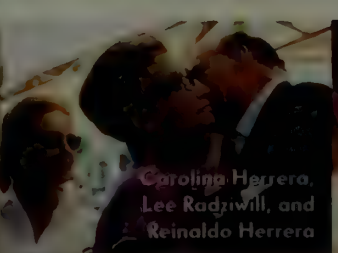
Roberto Armani and Giorgio Armani



Maria Frering



John Gelasio and Kenneth Jay Lane



Carolina Herrera, Lee Radziwill, and Reinaldo Herrera



Lynn Wyatt



Lady Lynn de Rothschild

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Longtime Valentino friend Marina Palma hosted a lunch at the Bolognese restaurant.

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FAIRGROUND

The Santo Spirito complex.

SATURDAY EVENING

The Valentino haute couture collection was shown in the halls of the Santo Spirito complex.

Tom Ford, Donatella Versace, Giorgio Armani, Roberta Armani, Lady Amanda Harlech, and Carolina Herrera

Princess Caroline of Monaco and Bob Colacello

Hamish Bowles and Anna Wintour

Liz Hurley and Uma Thurman

Justin Portman and Natalia Vodianova

Diane von Furstenberg and Barry Diller

Model Maya Johansson.

Walking the runway.

Daphne Guinness

SATURDAY GALA

Dinner and dancing in the Parco dei Daini, at the Villa Borghese.

Rupert Everett, Franca Sozzani, and Donatella Versace

Carlos Souza

Princess Firyal of Jordan and Ferdinando Brachetti Peretti

Eugenia Silva

André Leon Talley

Charlene Shorto de Ganay, Jacques Gelardin, Ferdinando Brachetti Peretti, and Hilde Polli

Mick Jagger and Nicky Haslam

SUNDAY MORNING

Arki Busson hosted a brunch at the French Academy of Villa Medici before guests departed.



ELEMENTAL *attraction*

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The dynamic new brand for Swarovski's world-famous light-filled crystals. Dazzling drops of desire, adding touches of brilliance to fashion, jewellery, accessories and interiors. Bringing creative visions to life. Love at first light. Wherever you see the "Made with CRYSTALLIZED™ – *Swarovski Elements*" label.

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THE ELEMENTS BRAND OF SWAROVSKI



MASQUED MAN
Christopher Hitchens [illegible]

On the Limits of Self-Improvement, Part I

There's an entire micro-economy based on the pursuit of betterment. The author–58, full-figured, and ferocious in his consumption of cigarettes and scotch–agreed to test its limits, starting with the Executive De-Stress Treatment at a high-end spa

Begin professional report and opinion here:

Insofar as we are able to be objective, here follows a brief physical review of the subject, Christopher Eric Hitchens, at the time of this writing enjoying his 59th summer. Obstacles to the continuance of such enjoyment may be listed in no especial order as follows.

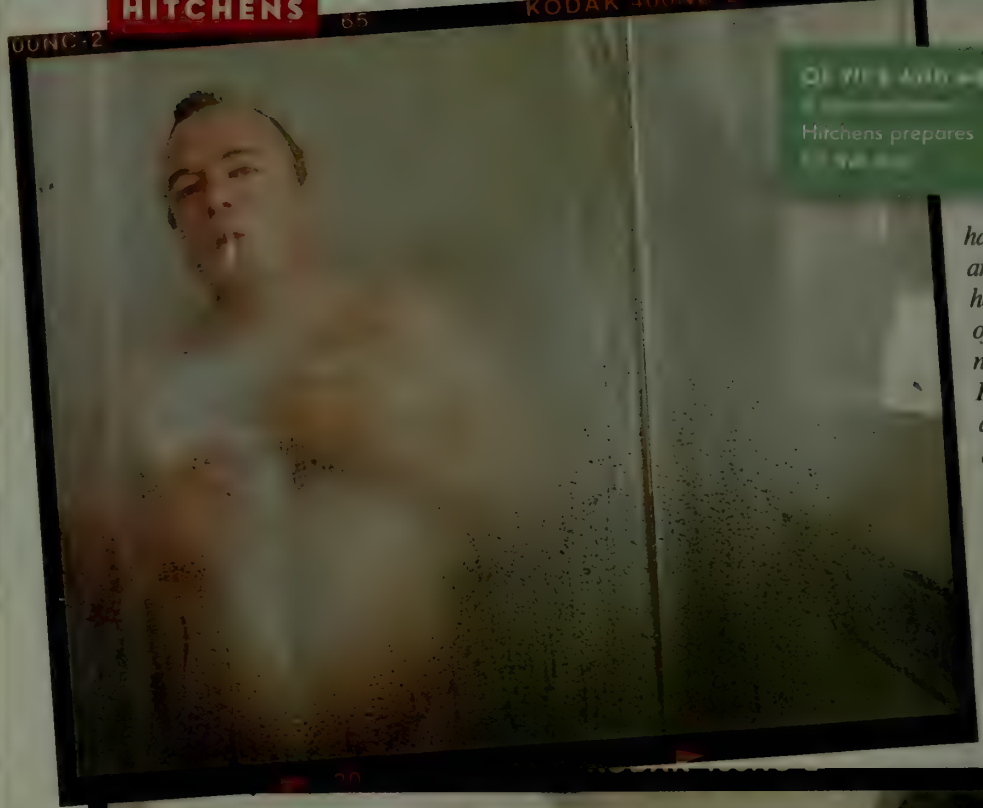
The subject has good genes on both sides of his family and has been mercilessly exploiting this inherited advantage for some decades. An initial review of his facial features, as glimpsed in the shaving mirror, reveals relatively few lines or wrinkles and only a respectable minimum of secondary or tertiary chins. However, this may be because the skin is so tightly stretched by the generally porpoise-like condition of the body when considered–which with a shudder it must be–as a whole. Moreover, the fabled blue eyes and long, curled eyelashes (for some years the toast of both sexes on five continents) are now somewhat obscured by the ravages of rosacea and blepharitis, which on certain days lend a flaky aspect to the picture and at other times give the regrettable impression of a visage that is actually crumbling to powder like a dandruffed scalp. It may be for this reason that the subject prefers to undertake the morning shave through a cloud of blue cigarette smoke that wreathes the scene in the fumes of illusion. (N.B.: This would not altogether account for the subject's habit of smoking in the shower.)

The fanglike teeth are what is sometimes called "British": sturdy, if unevenly spaced, and have turned an alarming shade of yellow and brown, attributable perhaps to strong coffee as well as to nicotine, Pinot Noir, and other potations.

Proceeding south and passing over an almost vanished neck that cannot bear the strain of a fastened top button or the constriction of a tie, we come to a thickly furred chest that, together with a layer of

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With me a feeling of fitness and well-being always lends extra zest to the cocktail hour.

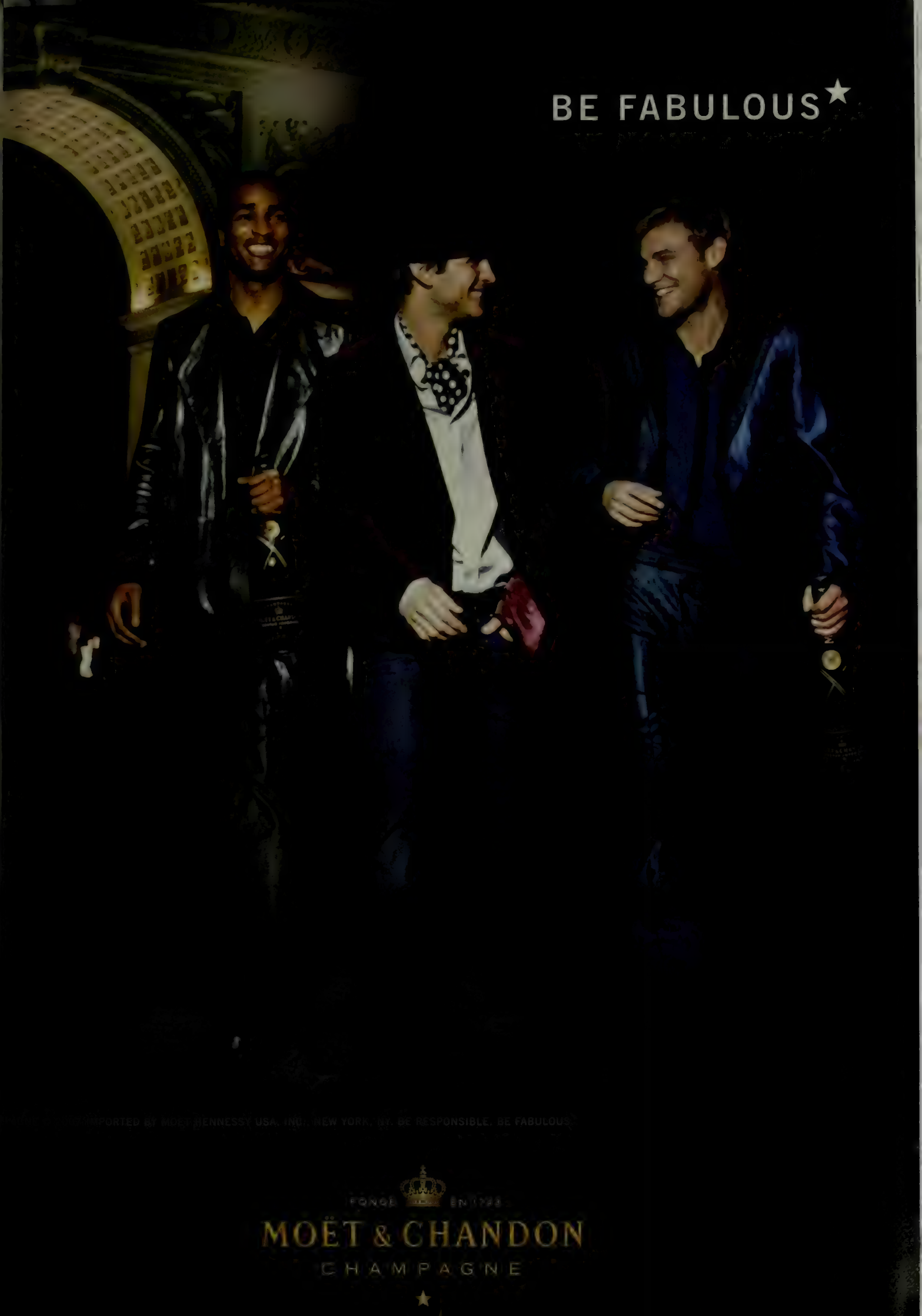
flab, allows the subject to face winter conditions with an almost ursine insouciance. The upper part of this chest, however, has slid deplorably down to the mezzanine floor, and it is our opinion that without his extraordinary genital endowment the subject would have a hard time finding the damn thing, let alone glimpsing it from above.

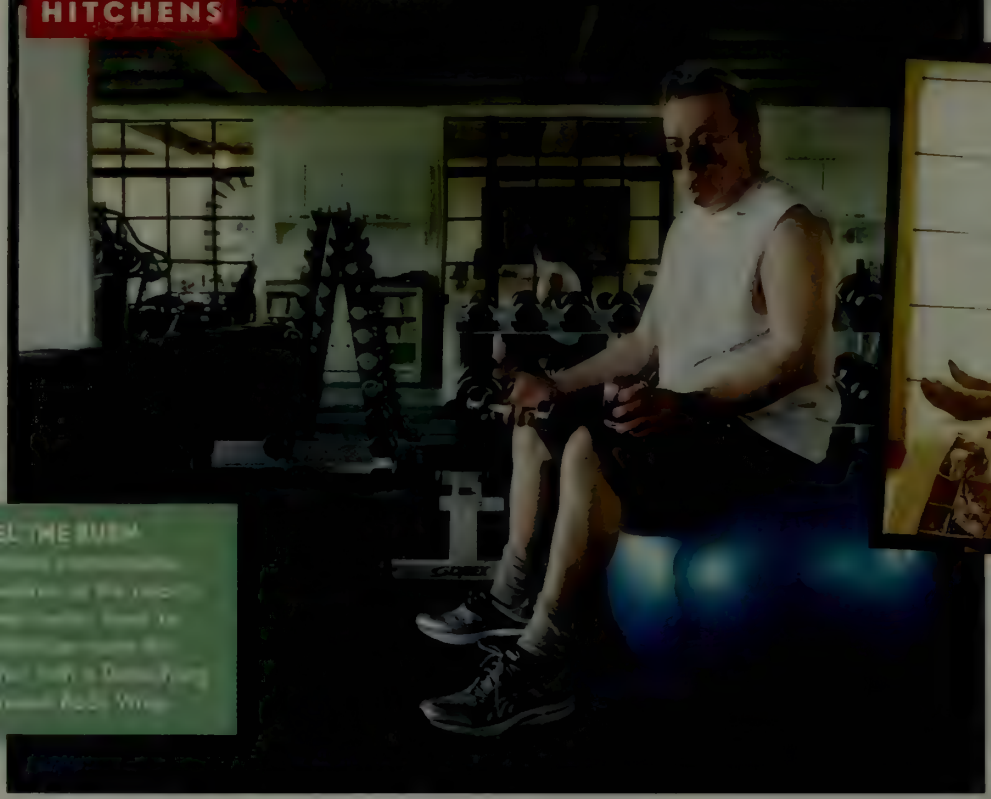
Matters are hardly improved on the lower slopes, which feature a somewhat grotesque combination of plump thighs and skinny shins, the arduous descent culminating in feet which are at once much too short and a good deal too chunky. This combination, of ratlike claws and pachydermatous-size insteps, causes the subject to be very cautious about where, and indeed when, he takes off his shoes. There have been unconfirmed reports of popular protest whenever and wherever he does this. Nor do his hands, at the same time very small and very puffy, give any support to the view that the human species does not have a common ancestor with the less advanced species of ape. The nails on the hands are gnawed, and the nails on the feet are claw-like and beginning to curl in a Howard Hughes fashion (perhaps because the subject displays such a marked reluctance to involve himself in any activity that may involve bending).

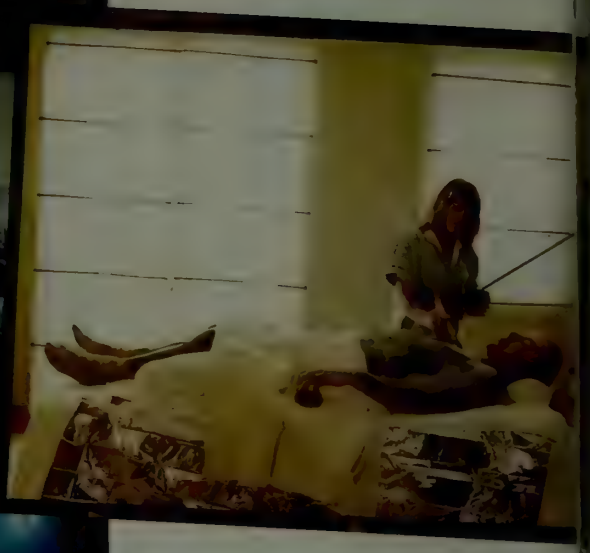
Viewed from the front when clothed, the subject resembles a burst horsehair sofa cushion or (in the opinion of one of us) a condom hastily stuffed with an old sock. The side perspective is that of an avocado pear and, on certain mornings, an avocado pear that retains nothing of nutritious value but its tinge of alligator green. (N.B.: The bumps and scales of this famous delicacy are sometimes visible and palpable as well.) Of the rear view, all that need be said is that it conforms to the preceding, though with considerably less excuse as well as with mercifully less fur. Seen from directly above, the subject has a little more protective cover than some males of his age, but this threatens to become a pile of tobacco-colored strands clumsily coated onto an admittedly large skull. At all times, the subject gives off a scent that resembles that of an illegal assembly, either of people or of materials, in the hog wallows of Tennessee or in the more remote and primitive islands of Scotland. He becomes defensive, and sometimes aggressive, when asked about the source of this effluvium. It is considered by me, and by the rest of this committee, and by the subject's few remaining friends and surviving family, a medical mystery that he can still perform what he persists in referring to as his "job."

Initial Response of Subject

Well, I mean to say, I don't consider myself especially vain, but it was something of a shocker and a facer to read all that at once. I'd noticed a touch of decline here and there, but one puts these things down to Anno Domini and the acquirement of seniority. A bit of a stomach gives a chap a position in society. A glass of refreshment, in my view, never hurt anybody. This walking business is overrated: I mastered the art of doing it when I was quite small, and in any case, what are taxis for? Smoking is a vice, I will admit, but one has to have a hobby. Nonetheless, when my friends at this magazine formed up and said they would pay good money to stop having to look at me in my current shape, I agreed to a course of rehabilitation. There now exists a whole micro-economy dedicated to the proposition that a makeover is feasible, or in other words to disprove Scott Fitzgerald's dictum that there are no second acts in American lives. Objectives: to drop down from the current 185 pounds, to improve the "tone" of the skin and muscles, to wheeze less,


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One could easily enough add seaweed and algae and mud to one's list of regular addictions.

to enhance the hunched and round-shouldered posture, to give some thought to the hair and fur questions (more emphasis perhaps in the right places and less in the wrong ones), to sharpen up the tailoring, to lessen the booze intake, and to make the smile, which currently looks like a handful of mixed nuts, a little less scary to children.

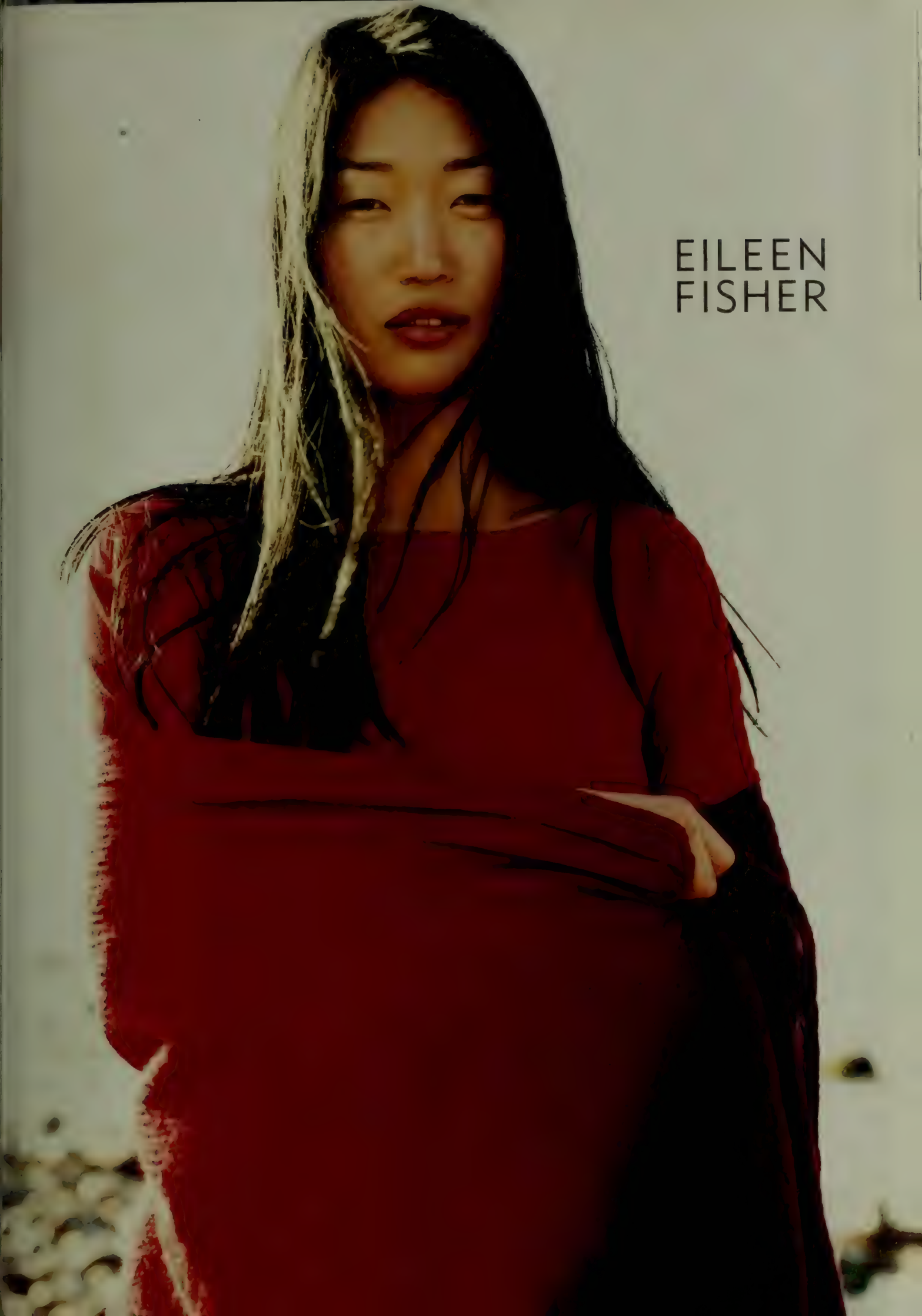
Step One was for me to be dispatched to a spa. We chose one of the very best: the Four Seasons Biltmore Resort in Santa Barbara, California. Air like wine, gorgeous beaches, lush vegetation, and a legendary hotel with the nicest staff imaginable. The friendly people at the fitness clinic took one look at me and decided, first, on the "Executive Distress Treatment." At least, that's what my disordered senses told me they had recommended. However, it turned out to be the Executive De-Stress Treatment, during which I was massaged with hot stones all along my neck and back by a young lady who didn't turn a hair when she got to Step Two, which was "reflexology" applied to my leprous and scaly upper and lower paws. I can't give you a very comprehensive account of this, because it had the effect of making me fall into a refreshing sleep. I woke briefly from blissful repose to find a new female face taking the second shift, which was a Gentlemen's Facial, involving hot towels enveloping the features, followed by a treatment with "non-perfumed and non-greasy lotions." Off I went again to sleep, and came round to find myself alone, like a pink salmon on a slab, with "Greensleeves" playing softly on the stereo. I'm bound to say I don't usually wake up feeling this good.

I should then, of course, have discovered that I was locked in and that my evening meal of oatmeal, prunes, and mineral water would shortly be served. But, no, I was free to go. Now, I don't know about you, but with me a feeling of fitness and well-being always lends extra zest to the cocktail hour. And what's a cocktail without a smoke? And what else gives you a better appetite for dinner? The Bella Vista restaurant at the Biltmore is justly renowned, and I thought that perhaps if I tried the tasting menu Chef Martin Frost had prepared for me, with just a little morsel for each course . . . And a meal without wine is like a day without sunshine, as they say in France. And so the long night wore on agreeably enough.

In the morning, none too early, I descended to the beach to begin my program of yoga stretching. It was not thought advisable that I do this by myself—muscles become like mussels at my stage of life, and if not stretched carefully will either lose their elasticity or else snap with a sudden "pop" that I have already once, and disconcertingly, heard as I made the mistake of running for the phone. (Why did I do that?) I thus had the exhausting experience of watching my yoga instructor, the divine Madeline McCuskey, as she showed me the moves. Even regarding her in this way was a workout of a kind. Not to be outdone by some tempestuous and tawny Californian, I attempted to balance and extend myself in the same way, only to find that I was seized by the sensation that I might die or go mad at any moment.

I was soon back at the spa, this time for a more rigorous detoxifying experience. A different young lady painted me a more delicate shade of green than my usual coloring in the A.M. and then slowly wrapped me in foil and linen. This was less like being a salmon on a slab, more like being a steamed Chilean sea bass in the hands of a capable sous-chef. I was told, as the heat built up in the seaweed, that the natural green came from marine algae that were very rich in nutrients and that the coating would "draw toxins" out of my system, as well as revitalize my muscles and generally relieve tension. This time I stayed awake, felt my pores opening all right and even briefly heard them screaming, suppressed the feeling that I was about to be garnished, or served on a bed of arugula with a lemon wedge in my mouth, and realized that it had been quite a long time since I had had a smoke or a drink. This was surely progress in itself! A greatly daring session on the treadmill and with the weights was to follow, and by the time that was over I felt that I had really earned my lunch, into which I tucked with a gusto of browsing and sluicing that still had a vague feeling of conscience lurking behind it. I then punished myself by booking an 80-minute Fitness Scrub and Massage, this time to be administered by a grown man, where I was pitilessly raked with almond meal and subsequently endured a serious pummeling and probing that identified my sloped and hunched shoulders as the main source of my generally sorry posture.

The trouble with bad habits is that they are mutually reinforcing. And, just as a bank won't lend you money unless you are too rich to need it, exercise is a pastime only for those who are already slender and physically fit. It just isn't so much fun when you have a marked tendency to wheeze and throw up, and a cannonball of a belly sloshing around inside the baggy garments. In my case, most of my bad habits

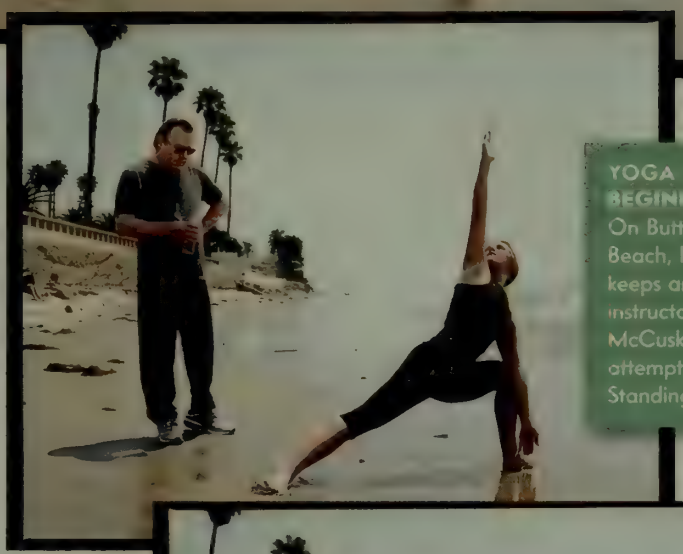

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are connected with the only way I know to make a living. In order to keep reading and writing, I need the junky energy that scotch can provide, and the intense short-term concentration that nicotine can help supply. To be crouched over a book or a keyboard, with these conditions of mingled reverie and alertness, is my highest happiness. (Upon having visited the doctor, Jean-Paul Sartre was offered the following alternative: Give up cigarettes and carry on into a quiet old age and a normal death, or keep smoking and have his toes cut off. Then his feet. Then his legs. Assessing his prospects, Sartre told Simone de Beauvoir he "wanted to think it over." He actually did retire his gaspers, but only briefly. Later that year, asked to name the most important thing in his life, he replied, "Everything. Living. Smoking.")



Thus I soon evolved a routine at the Biltmore. A facial, followed by a cocktail and a well-chosen lunch, succeeded by a nap, followed by a brief workout, followed by a massage or wrap, some reading and writing, and then a thoughtfully selected dinner. The rooms and public areas didn't permit smoking, but room service was able to reach my ashtray-furnished patio with creditable speed. I suppose one could easily enough add seaweed and algae and mud (and, on one occasion, another tincture of green in the shape of an Avocado-Citrus Body Wrap, which at least gave me a new and better way of looking like an overripe pear) to one's list of regular addictions. It would be like going to confession in between an exhausting program of sins. You will be glad to hear, however, that I high-mindedly declined the Chardonnay-Clay Body Wrap: it savored too much of yet another method of taking in booze, through the pores. Instead, I opted for a punishing session on the Biltmore's immaculate croquet lawn. As the dolphins and seals gamboled off the beach, and as Chef Frost wielded his skillet with never diminishing brilliance, I felt that I could be very content to go on leading this life, but that each detox only sharpened the appetite for further treats, and that, all things considered, I couldn't afford the weight gain. I also had to admit what I have long secretly known, which is that I positively *like* stress, arrange to inflict it on myself, and sheer awkwardly away from anybody who tries to promise me a more soothed or relaxed existence. Bad habits have brought me this far: why change such a tried-and-true formula?



YOGA FOR BEGINNERS On Butterfly Beach, Hitchens keeps an eye on instructor Madeline McCuskey, and attempts a Standing Bow Pose.



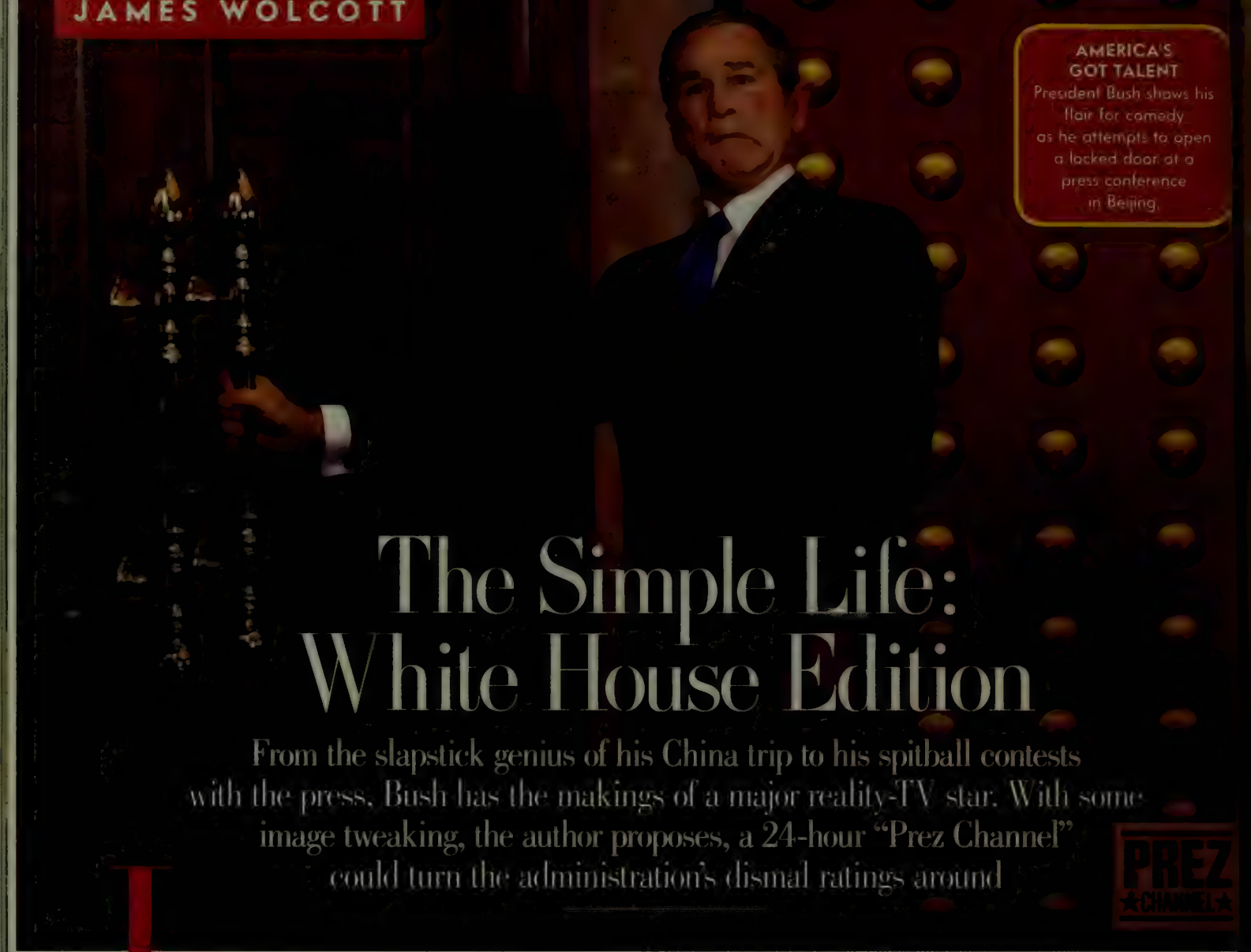
FOR MORE PHOTOS FROM HITCHENS'S SELF-IMPROVEMENT, GO TO **VF.COM.**

I also take the view that it's a mistake to try to look younger than one is, and that the face in particular ought to be the register of a properly lived life. I don't want to look as if I have been piloting the Concorde without a windshield, and I can't imagine whom I would be fooling if I did. However, this did leave the kippered lungs and the grisly teeth, and the liver and various other viscera, leading a life of their own in a kind of balloon that annoyingly preceded me into the dining room. Who was to be boss here? Was it worth getting any new clothes until this question of mastery had been decided? If the war with my outer carapace was to be won, and I was to remain a decisive minister of the interior whose orders could expect to be obeyed, it was clear that the struggle would have to be carried to a new and higher level.

To be continued . . . In the next installment our correspondent confronts extreme smoking cessation, high-end dentistry, bespoke tailoring, cold-turkey booze withdrawal, and ultimate waxing. □



JAMES WOLCOTT



AMERICA'S GOT TALENT
President Bush shows his flair for comedy as he attempts to open a locked door at a press conference in Beijing.

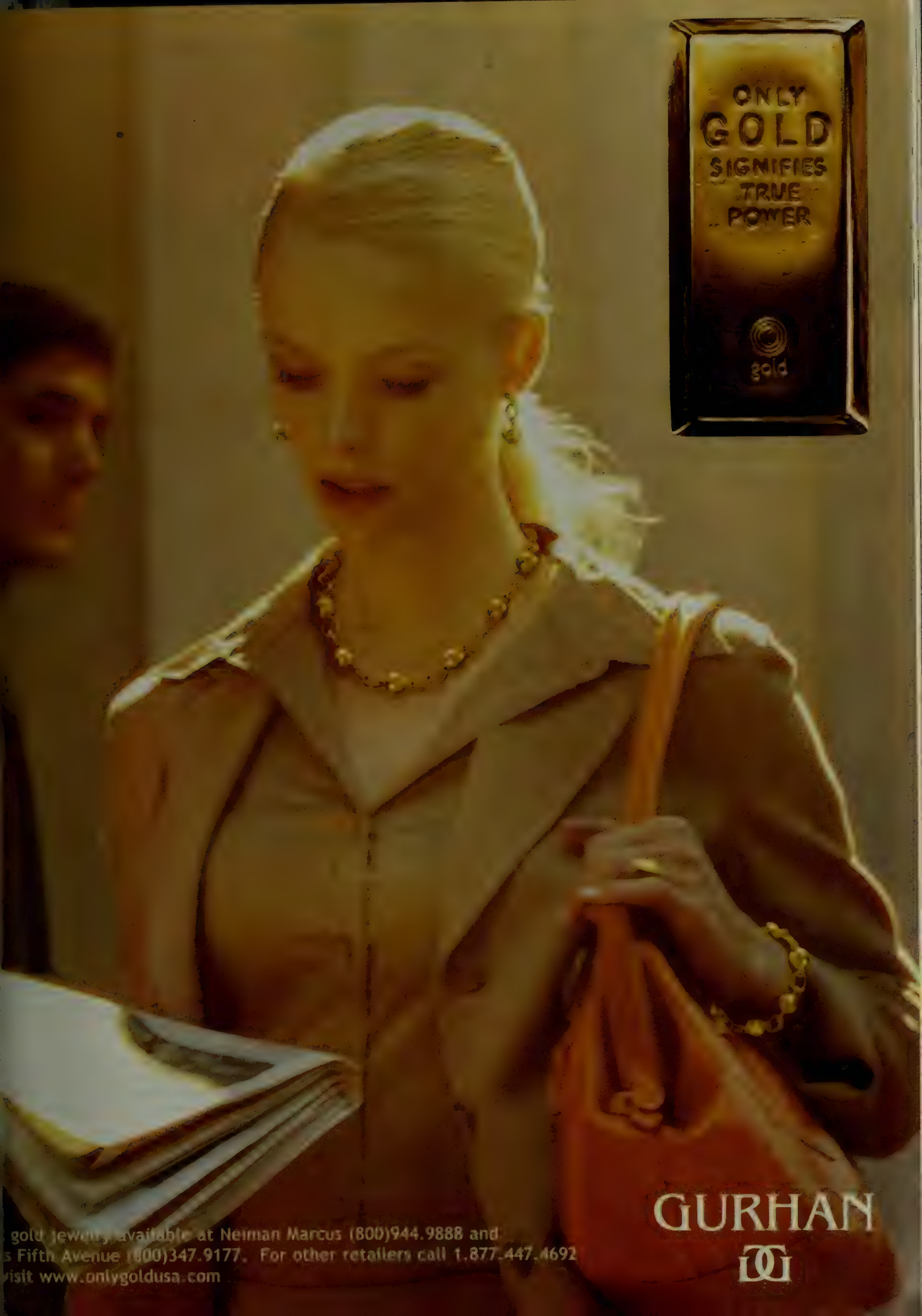
The Simple Life: White House Edition

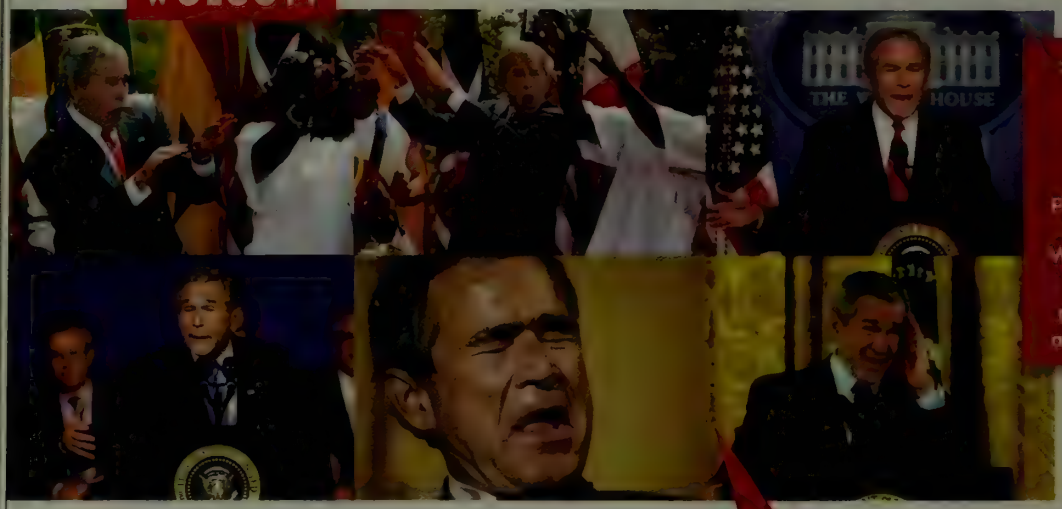
From the slapstick genius of his China trip to his spitball contests with the press, Bush has the makings of a major reality-TV star. With some image tweaking, the author proposes, a 24-hour "Prez Channel" could turn the administration's dismal ratings around

If I were programmer in chief of this great, ignoble nation of ours, I would decree the creation of a cable channel devoted entirely to the daily activities of the president of the United States: a continuous feed of every public move and policy implementation the Leader of the Free World makes—every speech, Cabinet meeting, press conference, wreath-laying ceremony, signing statement, fat-cat fund-raiser, factory-floor tour, state dinner, motorcade ride, morning jog with the Secret Service, prayer breakfast, and game of fetch with Barney, the unimpeachable White House dog. In September, XM Satellite Radio launched a new 24-hour channel called P.O.T.U.S. '08 (Secret Service acronymic code for president of the United States), featuring podcasts, field reports, and free blab time for presidential hopefuls, but seeing beats listening, even when there isn't that much to see. This channel, my channel, would combine streaming video with packaged segments exploring a single theme such as "Awkward Moments on the Tarmac" (like when Bush dropped Barney on his head). Some spoilsports might consider such saturation coverage of the chief executive intrusive and excessive, unbecoming of a once respected superpower. But why should the president enjoy more privacy than any other beloved/reviled celebrity in or out of rehab? Washington has so eroded rights to privacy it seems only fair to return the favor. If peekaboo access is withheld because of some carefully concocted national-security concern—when, say, private talks are being held in the Oval Office with lobbyists, members of Congress, foreign dignitaries, and other dubious characters, or when the current occupant and the First Mate are sedately a-slumber while the rest of the country lies awake worried sick about health-care costs—a stationary camera could be trained on the White House from a chaste distance, much as the Empire State Building was enshrined by Andy Warhol's aloof, mystifying gaze in the eight-hour monochromatic epic *Empire*. If the camera observes a pet chimp being buried in the backyard in the gothic moonlight, so much the better.

Given that unlikelihood, however, a slate of all-president all-the-time programming may not hold the initial promise of a pulse-racing ratings grabber. At first groan, it may sound as enticing as an intravenous drip of slow death, a premature burial in the hourglass sands of time. Aren't the videos posted on the official White House Web site boring enough? cynics will gibe. Ah, *oui,* they are, unless you're riveted by T-ball festivities featuring former Dodgers manager Tommy Lasorda standing around like a penguin, or a roundtable on the Employment Eligibility Verification System. But the Prez Channel—as I envision this dreambaby—needn't be a passive onlooker deprived of the additives and flavorings that have made American television the finest in the land. A splash of personality here, a spark of friction there—these could make all the diff. It could be reality TV writ large, a Bob Woodward book come to life. We've already got a president capable of playing along.

In Alexandra Pelosi's campaign documentary, *Journeys with George,* which premiered on HBO in 2002, George W. Bush ably demonstrated that he has the Stove Top Stuffing of a genuine fake reality-TV star. He filled out the part to fit the flight of his ego. According to James Poniewozik's review in *Time* magazine, "When [then candidate Bush] learned she


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SO YOU THINK YOU CAN DANCE? Reaction shots galore as the president entertains the KanKouran West African Dance Company, holds press conferences and gives speeches.

and tone-deaf faux pas supply plenty of material that could be spun into gold with the proper editing software. Welcoming N.C.A.A. championship teams to the White House on June 18, Bush reeled off some of the team names of those present: "There's Tigers and Badgers, Huskers and Anteaters. Go Anteaters. Fight Anteaters." Seeing that his Anteaters bit had pretty much run its miniature course (shades of Julie Andrews with a chorus of bluebirds. Today it's boobirds that caw. We're sick of him now and bored beyond exasperation. Following Abu Ghraib, Katrina, the Valerie Plame scandal, his flyboy showboating on the aircraft carrier with the MISSION ACCOMPLISHED banner as backdrop, the ongoing evisceration of Iraq, and the shaming embarrassment of Alberto Gonzales as attorney general, the majority of us can't wait for Bush to drag himself back to Dodge bearing the invisible stigmata of permanent disgrace to wind down his days in the infernal glow of wildfires heralding the wrath of the global warming he did nothing as president to forestall. Yet although his poll numbers are Nixonian, reflecting low esteem acidifying into outright loathing, his presidential brand still carries enough residual goodwill to enjoy a minor comeback, if only his zoo handlers would allow a spot of image tweaking by the creative team of infotainment pros I intend to assemble at Prez once the phones are installed. Underneath his arid exterior is a deposit of wet clay just dying to be manipulated.

"THERE'S TIGERS AND BADGERS, HUSKERS AND ANTEATERS. GO ANTEATERS. FIGHT ANTEATERS."*

was making a movie, says Pelosi, 'he realized he was either going to be the butt of the joke or the star of the show. So he decided to be the star.'" Acting like an overgrown Matthew McConaughey with the gaggle of reporters, Bush Jr. joshed, grinned, crinkled, flirted, gamely indulged in self-mockery, proffered big-brotherly advice to Pelosi (the daughter of current Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi), and, as comic relief from the high-altitude cabin fever, rolled oranges down the aisle of the plane as if it were a bowling alley. In the annals of cinéma vérité, *Journeys with George* posed no threat to the classic status of such fly-on-the-walls as D. A. Pennebaker's *Dont Look Back* or Frederick Wiseman's institutional exams (*High School, Hospital, Juvenile Court, Public Housing,* etc.), but as an inside glimpse of Dubya Unplugged it was judged a P.R. boon for the president, "a rare record of the one-on-one Dubya we've often heard described by his cronies but rarely seen—a loose, funny, people-savvy seducer" (*Time* again). His vulgarity was interpreted as a by-product of an earthy vitality and authenticity denied his Democratic opponent, that circuit board known as Al Gore. Joe Leydon enthused in *Variety,* "It's been reported some of President Bush's current handlers are worried that 'Journeys with George' will make Dubya look somehow 'less presidential.' Actually, the only thing they have to complain about is the timing of the pic's release: Had it appeared prior to the 2000 election, there likely would not have been any disputes over the Florida vote count, because Bush's electoral victory would have been all the more resounding." Yup, Bush's likability was still a viable asset way back then in November of '02, when his approval numbers were the highest of any president going into midterm elections since Dwight Eisenhower and Republicans rode the crest of that popularity to recapture the Senate and pad their majority in the House, an almost unprecedented feat. Those were the days when almost every column by Peggy Noonan sounded as if it could be sung by

It isn't that the frat-rat funny bones that once beguiled a gullible press have entirely retracted into the rigid armor and determined lockjaw of Unwavering Resolve. His hair may have gone steel gray, his brow may have become furrowed, his gunslinger stride as he ambles to the lectern may betray signs of uncomfortable chafing in the lower 40, but his knack for Red Skelton slapstick remains intact (remember that wacky routine in China when he couldn't get the red door open?—how he milked it for pantomime), as does his ability to surrender to the beat and bust a funky move (as he did with a West African dance troupe to spotlight Malaria Awareness Day). His impish humor Letterman's "Uma, Oprah; Oprah, Uma"), he returned to his prepared statement, urging the athletes gathered to use their championship status "to help heal a broken heart." He kids because he cares. Vamping a few opening remarks on a drop-in visit with small-business owners and budget balancers in Nashville, Tennessee, on July 19, the Compassionate Conservative cavalierly acknowledged a returning soldier in the audience who had been rendered an amputee. "Good man," he said. "We're going to get him some new legs, and if he hurries up, he can out-run me on the South Lawn of the White House." Bush made it sound as if somebody was going to pop over to the Leg Store and fit the fella up good as new.

In expansive mood, he likes to air out his salted notion of savoir faire. In his first joint press conference with Britain's new prime minister, Gordon Brown, held at Camp David on July 30, Bush administered verbal noogies to reporters as Brown, unused to such nonsense, made murmurous noises to indicate mirth and did his best to hold up his tired end of the banter. Before fielding a question from Jim Rutenberg, of *The New York Times,* Bush lobbed one of his own.

PRESIDENT BUSH: Rutenberg, today's your birthday? How old are you?
J.R.: Thirty-eight.
PRIME MINISTER BROWN: My goodness.
PRESIDENT BUSH: Here you are—amazing country, Gordon, guy is under 40 years old, asking me and you questions. It's a beautiful sight. (Laughter.)
J.R.: Forty is the new 30, Mr. President.
PRESIDENT BUSH: It's a beautiful sight. (Laughter.)
PRIME MINISTER BROWN: Six in my Cabinet

*President Bush, in a speech welcoming N.C.A.A. championship teams to the White House, June 18, 2007.

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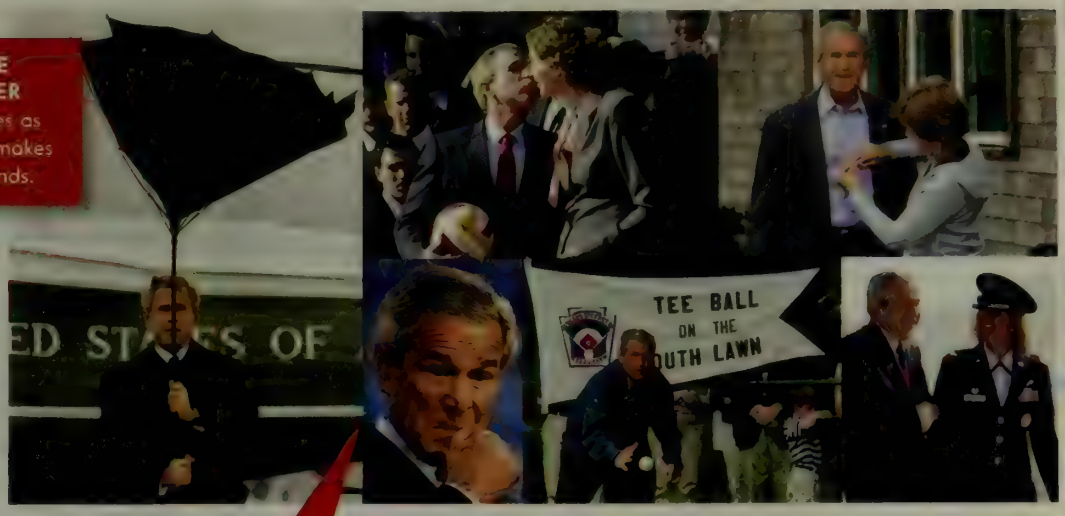


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are under 40.
PRESIDENT BUSH: Are they? (Laughter.)
J.R.: Forty is the new 20.
PRESIDENT BUSH: You must be feeling damn old, then?
PRIME MINISTER BROWN: Absolutely. (Laughter.)



EXTREME MAKEOVER
Hilarity ensues as the president makes his daily rounds.

"TOO MANY OB-GYNS AREN'T ABLE TO PRACTICE THEIR LOVE WITH WOMEN ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY."*

It was like listening to the soft patter of a Smothers Brothers routine gathering moss. Modesty prevented Rutenberg (whom Bush also slanged as "Mr. Birthday Boy") from revealing his integral part in this merriment when he duly wrote up the press conference for the *Times* the next day. Like most of his colleagues, Rutenberg neglected to take note of the snippy capper to this lukewarm love-in. When Bush spotted the BBC's Nick Robinson, who in a previous press conference had irked the president by asking him if he was "in denial" about Iraq, he acknowledged the correspondent's existence with a tart "You still hanging around?" He had tarter words of farewell, observing Robinson's sweaty pate and advising, "You'd better cover your bald head, it's getting hot out." Whereupon Robinson, as he confided on his blog, "made the fatal error of answering a quip with a quip: 'I didn't know you cared.' To which the president said, quick as a flash [and over his shoulder, I would add], 'I don't.'" Oooh, flash of claws from Miss Thing. I watched this spitball contest broadcast live on TV, yet if it weren't for the British press and Robinson's blog, I wouldn't have had clue one as to what that little spat was about, or known the backstory. It was ignored by journalism's concierges as an anecdotal non sequitur. If Prez were up and running, this incident would have yielded an episode highlight, a classic reality-TV showdown intercut with stunned reaction shots of bystanders and an italicized slash of music to underscore the tension in the air. You know, the way they do on *Top Chef* when one of the contestants casts aspersions on another's crabmeat appetizer and not even Padma's willowy diplomacy can stem a sulky round of bitter pouts.

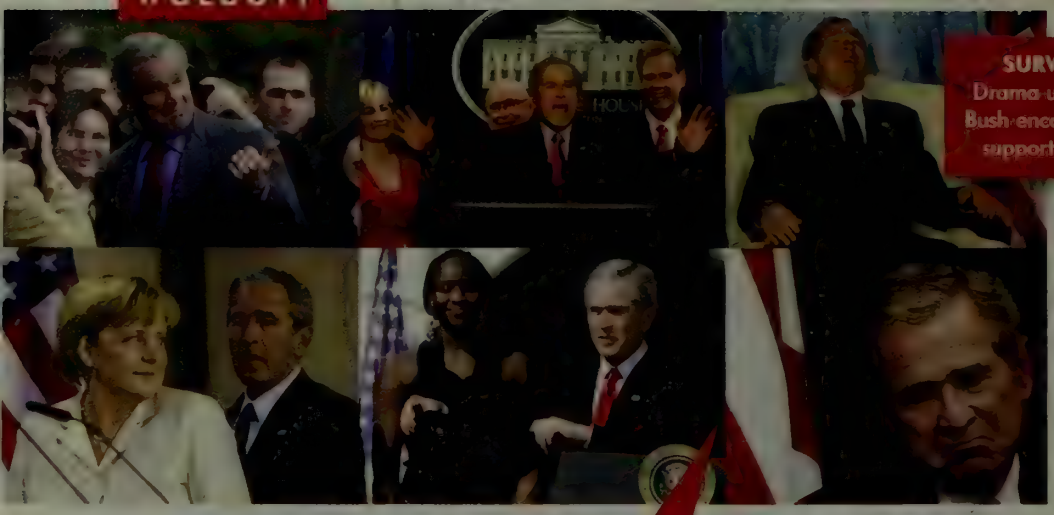
In a January 2005 "conversation" on Social Security "reform," Bush asked the age of an official at the Social Security Administration who was about to address him. Andrew Biggs said he was 37. Bush responded, "Thirty-seven, talking to the president. That's great." At another Social Security event, in March 2005, he found out the age of a student asking him a question was 20: "[A]nd so here you are talking to the president about Social Security." And, at a Medicare prescription drug benefit "conversation" in April 2006, Bush found out that a Dr. Wang was from another place, making him exclaim, "Shanghai. And here he sits, as well, talking to the President of the United States." Bush had commented earlier about how great it was that an immigrant had gotten to sit next to him.

—The Rude Pundit blog, August 1, 2007.

Cheap laughs, cutting repartee, petty one-upmanship—essential elements in any reality-TV enterprise. But they aren't enough to keep the riverboat afloat for a multi-year run, except perhaps on VH1, that freak emporium of damaged goods (such as *The Surreal Life* and the 'roid-raging *Breaking Bonaduce*). It takes a stronger, deeper sealant. To ensure audience identification with the glue gun of empathy, you've got to have a little thing that we in the trade like to call "heart," gobs and gobs of heart. George Bush has a heart, a two-fisted heart that he wears on his sleeve, his belt, and anywhere else it'll do the job God intended. One of his signature gestures is to emphasize the forceful truth of what's in his heart by fanning the fingers of one or both hands around his chest as if illustrating bra-cup size. Not only does he know what's in his heart, the uncounterfeitable proof of his sincerity, he knows what's in others' hearts—he's an organ reader. Asked at a 2004 press conference if he wasn't offended that then secretary of defense Donald Rumsfeld didn't personally sign condolence letters to the families of soldiers slain in Iraq, he prefaced his testimonial to Rumsfeld's sensitive nature by saying, "Listen, I know how—I know Secretary Rumsfeld's heart." When he nominated White House counsel and former personal attorney Harriet Miers to the Supreme Court, one of his assurances was "I know her heart." I don't need to explain to you English majors that the heart is a symbol of love, and "love" is another major unit in the president's vocabulary, to the point of his championing medical-liability reform during the 2004 re-election campaign by warning, "Too many good docs are getting out of the business. Too many ob-gyns aren't able to practice their love with women all across the country." Unfortunate innuendo aside, the president believes the best, safest way to practice love is with a hug—that, to paraphrase the Beatles, the hug you give is equal to the hug you get. Be a hugger, he urged those gathered at a Rose Garden event on July 26 honoring the Special Olympics ("If you've never been a hugger, I strongly advise you to be one. That means you stand at the end of the finish line of a race and you hug the people coming across the line"), and even those of us who believe a second Nuremberg jury should be convened to try the president, the vice president, and a host of neoconservative architects for Iraq war crimes would concede that this sentiment presented the president at his most sympathetic and human-seeming. It would have made a helluva lead-in to a very special episode of *Extreme Makeover: Home Edition*, with host Ty Pennington on hand to help dole out the hugs.

By and large, however, Bush's second term has been an emotional bust, with its dearth of warm fuzzies and feel-good moments. The chrome peeled off of Bush's halo as national healer in the post-Katrina tragedy of errors, the commendation "Heckuva job, Brownie" tied like a tin can to his legacy no matter how they try to

*President Bush, at a re-election campaign event in Poplar Bluff, Missouri, September 6, 2004.



SURVIVOR
Drama unfolds as Bush encounters his supporting cast

"IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN A HUGGER, I STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO BE ONE."*

paper things over at the future Bush presidential library and car wash. The post-Katrina squalor and corruption has made it difficult for the president to milk pathos out of subsequent disasters. Bridge falls down in Minnesota, he shows up in his monogrammed jacket, mushmouths the usual platitude about good people who are hurtin', then turns things over to some inept crony to handle as he hugs a few locals and pats a few manly shoulders in an assuredly not-gay way. Bush's outreach efforts have gone stale and are in dire need of an undo. He and his staff should take a page from reality-TV demigoddess Kathy Griffin, stand-up comic and self-deprecating star of Bravo's *My Life on the D-List.* In Season Three, Episode Five, the acrylic-haired half-pint was booked to entertain prisoners at the Arizona State Prison Complex in Perryville in a pair of sexually segregated performances, her routines interspersed with sit-down chats with the orange-suited inmates—conversations that were often sadly moving, especially those with the female inmates. Many of the women were in for drug-related charges involving their husbands or boyfriends and were separated from their children. The threat they posed to society seemed minuscule and the pain and suffering of their incarceration disproportionate, their plight leaving even Griffin choked up. Not everyone within the confines of the Arizona pen was as deserving of the sympathy vote. As Griffin was escorted through one enclosure, a female voice shouted from a cell, "I want to kill you!," a threat Griffin deflected with an offhand "Oh yeah, take a number, honey," and soon after she was strapped into a protective "stab vest" for a visit to the maximum-security wing. "Stab vest" is not a term often bandied about on reality TV, even when Scott Baio comes a-calling on his former bedmates on VH1's new "celebreality" series *Scott Baio Is 45 . . . and Single,* and Griffin's prison tour—like her visit to Iraq in Season Two—was a gutsy eye-opener without being preachy or hyped-up. Imagine the illuminating good that could be done if President Bush took a similar field trip, actually sitting down and powwowing with drug addicts at a rehab clinic, cons in a work-release program, or returning vets coping with disabilities without his huge banana-republic entourage functioning as a mile-long bulletproof prophylactic. He might learn something, we might learn something; it could be one more of those "teaching moments" we hear so much about and almost never witness, and, more important, it would make *fabulous* television.

Bonus points if Laura Bush or the twins Jenna and Barbara could be conscripted to tag along and lend appropriate facial expressions. They have been woefully under-utilized in the second term of the Bush presidency, and "family" is a necessary component of the reality-TV gestalt—it's where the first hugs that matter originate. As any viewer of the Bush presidency can testify, Laura Bush and her rainbow palette of pantsuits have been both ubiquitous and invisible in Term Two. Lillian Ross's memoir of *The New Yorker* editor William Shawn was titled *Here but Not Here;* Laura Bush's presence alongside her husband could be called There but Not There. Through some strange optical illusion or Jedi mind trick she manages to recede into the foreground or project into the background—it's hard to decide which. Either way, she hasn't been supplying the warmthiness that every presidency and reality-TV series requires and desires as a sweetener. As for the daughters—they've been completely AWOL, utterly useless. Sure, they have their own lives to lead and it's better for humanity that they're not running red lights with Lindsay or Paris. But their conspicuous absence could be interpreted as estrangement or outright desertion by busybodies with wicked imaginations, which offers an exploitable opportunity for those who think bold. With a wee helping of cooperation from the First Family, the bold thinkers at Prez could tastefully exploit Jenna's forthcoming nuptials and rig up a reconciliation scene that would leave the entire country mopping up tears. You have to tailor the story line to the perceived dysfunction—that's the philosophy at Prez. Such a scenario wouldn't suit a Mitt Romney reality show, because he and his strapping sons get along so handsomely it's sickening.

Candidate Romney would no doubt consider even the bare hint of such a proposal beneath his dignity, having expressed similar disdain regarding the YouTube-formatted debate on CNN, where the Democratic contestants were quizzed by, among others, a citizen pretending to be the voice of a snowman. "I think the presidency ought to be held at a higher level than having to answer questions from a snowman," huffed Romney. Oh you do, do you? He and his fellow Republicans need to get over their fine selves, let go of their death grip on standard operating procedure. Genuflecting before the Reverend Pat Robertson; doing a Stepin Fetchit before Focus on the Family chairman James Dobson (yessboss!); backpedaling on every moderate, sensible position you've ever held on abortion, capital punishment, illegal immigration, gun control, and the Confederate flag; going maudlin about embryonic stem cells as if you knew each one personally—these aren't beneath your dignity but you draw the line at a talking snowman? Such false pride helps explain why the Republicans are falling behind the Democrats digitally and in danger of fossilizing themselves with their prissy refusal to embrace new media and hybrid narrative modalities, such as YouTube mashups and reality soap opera. What we at Prez could do with the Giuliani clan! He has a son who can't stand him, a daughter who's backing Barack Obama, an aggrieved ex-wife named Donna Hanover who co-hosts a New York radio show and occasionally plays a judge on *Law & Order,* a cannonball from the past named Bernard Kerik rolling around on the deck, and a wife so wide-eyed it's scary. But Rudy, as everyone knows, is a control freak, and there's no room for a control freak on reality TV, except for Donald Trump, whose ratings slippage indicates that he too needs to let go. □

*President Bush, during a speech honoring the Special Olympics, in the White House Rose Garden, July 26, 2007.

ON THE SET: BEHIND THE SCENES OF

LUST CAUTION

THIS FALL'S MOST ANTICIPATED ESPIONAGE THRILLER

PRESENTED BY Dior

A BEAUTIFUL TRANSFORMATION



THE DIRECTOR: Ang Lee

"In order to trap her powerful enemy, Mr. Yee (Tony Leung), Wong Chia Chi (Tang Wei)—the heroine of *Lust, Caution*—has to transform herself from a shy student into a sophisticated temptress."





"To succeed in depicting this transformation, we didn't simply change her makeup—she had to truly become the woman whose image she had mastered. So both her real and false selves had to be equally natural; indeed, by the end [of the film], we are left to wonder which is more real."

THE MAKEUP ARTISTS Renowned Dior makeup artists **Everett Suttle** and **Ricky Wilson** know what it takes to create artful and memorable looks on-screen and off. Here, they share their inspiration behind two equally gorgeous looks—Innocent and Seductress—as showcased in one of this year's most spectacular films: Ang Lee's, *Lust, Caution*.



EVERETT'S *INNOCENT LOOK*

GO INCOGNITO

"In the beginning of the film, the heroine Wong Chia Chi (Tang Wei) glows in soft neutrals. On her eyes is **Dior 5-Colour Eyeshadow** in **Incognito,** which creates a sweet, peachy beige look."

PRETTY IN PINK

"You can't help but look innocent in a sheer pink gloss. **Dior Ultra-Gloss Reflect** in **Jersey Pink** adds a pretty shine to Wong Chia Chi's pout."



LIP SERVICE

"Nothing says seduction like a classic red lipstick. **Rouge Dior** in **Red Premiere** proved irresistible in the movie—and it can turn every woman into a femme fatale."



RICKY'S *SEDUCTRESS LOOK*

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

"The key to a truly captivating look is in the eyes. To complete the transformation to seductress, use **Dior Style Liner** in **Black** for a dramatic winged line and **Diorshow Mascara** in **Black** for lush, beautiful lashes."

EXCLUSIVELY AT BLOOMINGDALE'S

GET THE LOOK Log on to **VFAccess.com** or see the "*Vanity Fair* Agenda" listing in this issue to find out how you can get either of these gorgeous looks *and* receive exclusive tickets to *Lust, Caution*.* And, mark your calendars: On September 28, Everett and Ricky will be at Bloomingdale's 59th Street in New York to demonstrate how you, too, can be an Innocent or a Seductress.

*Tickets available with any two-product purchase from the Dior Beauty *Lust, Caution* Collection. While supplies last.

MICHAEL WOLFF

Is This the End of News?

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In every newsperson, not just Rupert Murdoch, there's the dream of owning a newspaper—my paper. This retro dream is why, for the past six months, every Wednesday morning, I've been on a conference call about the subject of software design and digital engineering as it relates to the news. Although the discussion is specifically about how to make the news exciting (come on, guys, if it bleeds it ledes), it is often as tedious an hour as any I remember from high-school math. I've been able, however, using the mute button, to shower during these calls.

The call gathers its participants from Chicago, Boston, Silicon Valley, and New York. On the one side are the newspeople—including, along with me, former *New York*–magazine editor Caroline Miller, former managing editor of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* Ken Doctor, and various writers and reporters I've dragooned—and on the other side, the software engineers and their marketing counterparts from a technology company called Highbeam Research, which owns one of the largest news databases in the world (50 million articles). Highbeam has kindly agreed to put up the seed money to let us start our news . . . *what?* Not paper, not show, not screen, not portal (nobody says that anymore)—a news *something* in digital form.

The job of the newspeople is to explain what makes news news—what makes news jump off the page or the screen, why it is not just merely data. That news is, for better or worse, a card trick. Holding people's attention is the trick. Impassive response: the unstated point of the tech people seems to be that their job is strictly procedural, granular (pride in the trees rather than the forest), and, they imply, honest (as opposed to the flimflam of media), and, too, that this is why young people are off news, because they see that it's just a stupid card trick (poor Katie Couric could be defined as a stupid card trick). The techies go back to talking about data hierarchies while I despair and press the mute button and turn the water on my head.

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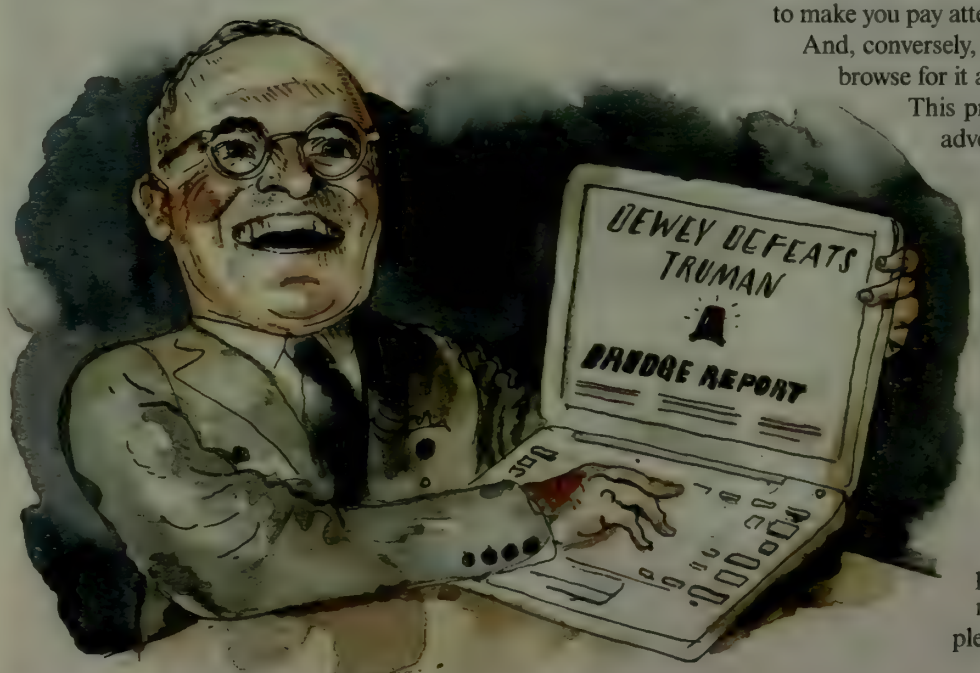


ILLUSTRATION BY BARRY BLITT

Do you see skin the way we do?

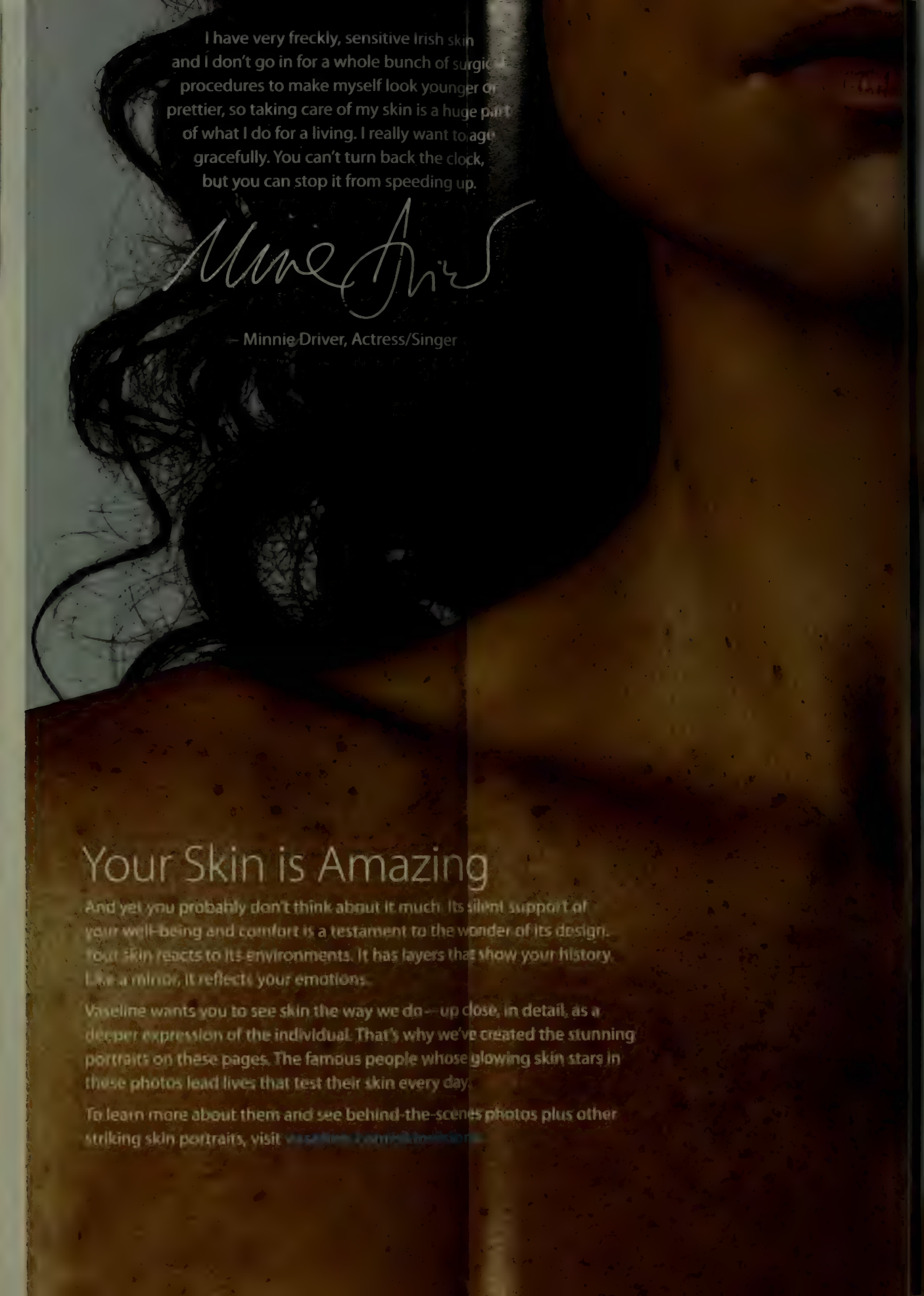
Do you see it as your coat of armor?
Your touch point with the world?
Or perhaps as the map of your experiences?

Skin is Amazing

Vaseline invites you to see skin the way we do...



Brought to you by Vaseline



I have very freckly, sensitive Irish skin and I don't go in for a whole bunch of surgical procedures to make myself look younger or prettier, so taking care of my skin is a huge part of what I do for a living. I really want to age gracefully. You can't turn back the clock, but you can stop it from speeding up.

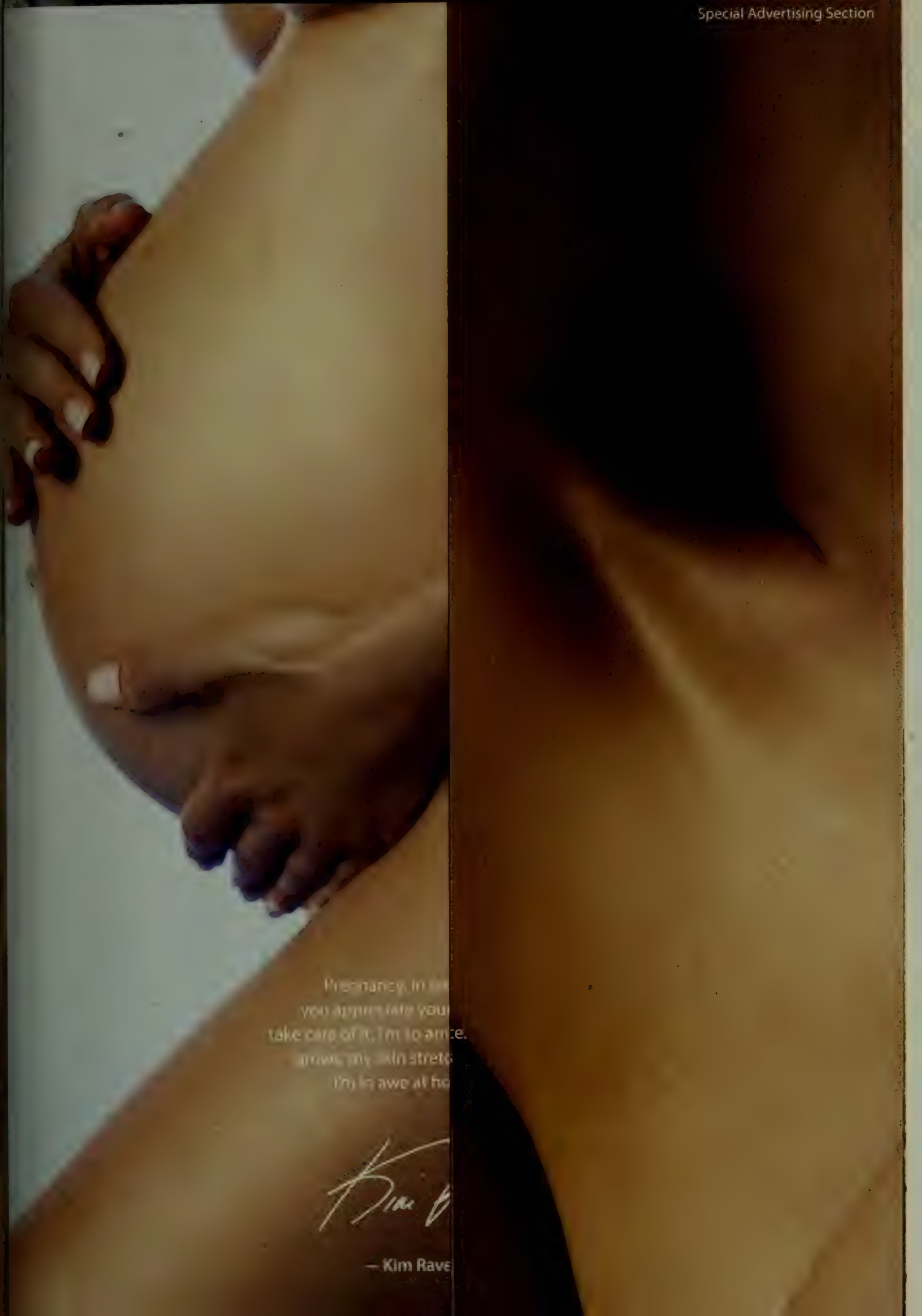
– Minnie Driver, Actress/Singer

Your Skin is Amazing

And yet you probably don't think about it much. Its silent support of your well-being and comfort is a testament to the wonder of its design. Your skin reacts to its environments. It has layers that show your history. Like a mirror, it reflects your emotions.

Vaseline wants you to see skin the way we do – up close, in detail, as a deeper expression of the individual. That's why we've created the stunning portraits on these pages. The famous people whose glowing skin stars in these photos lead lives that test their skin every day.

To learn more about them and see behind-the-scenes photos plus other striking skin portraits, visit [illegible]


Pregnancy, in
you appreciate your
take care of it. I'm so am
grows, my skin stret
I'm in awe at ho
— Kim Rave

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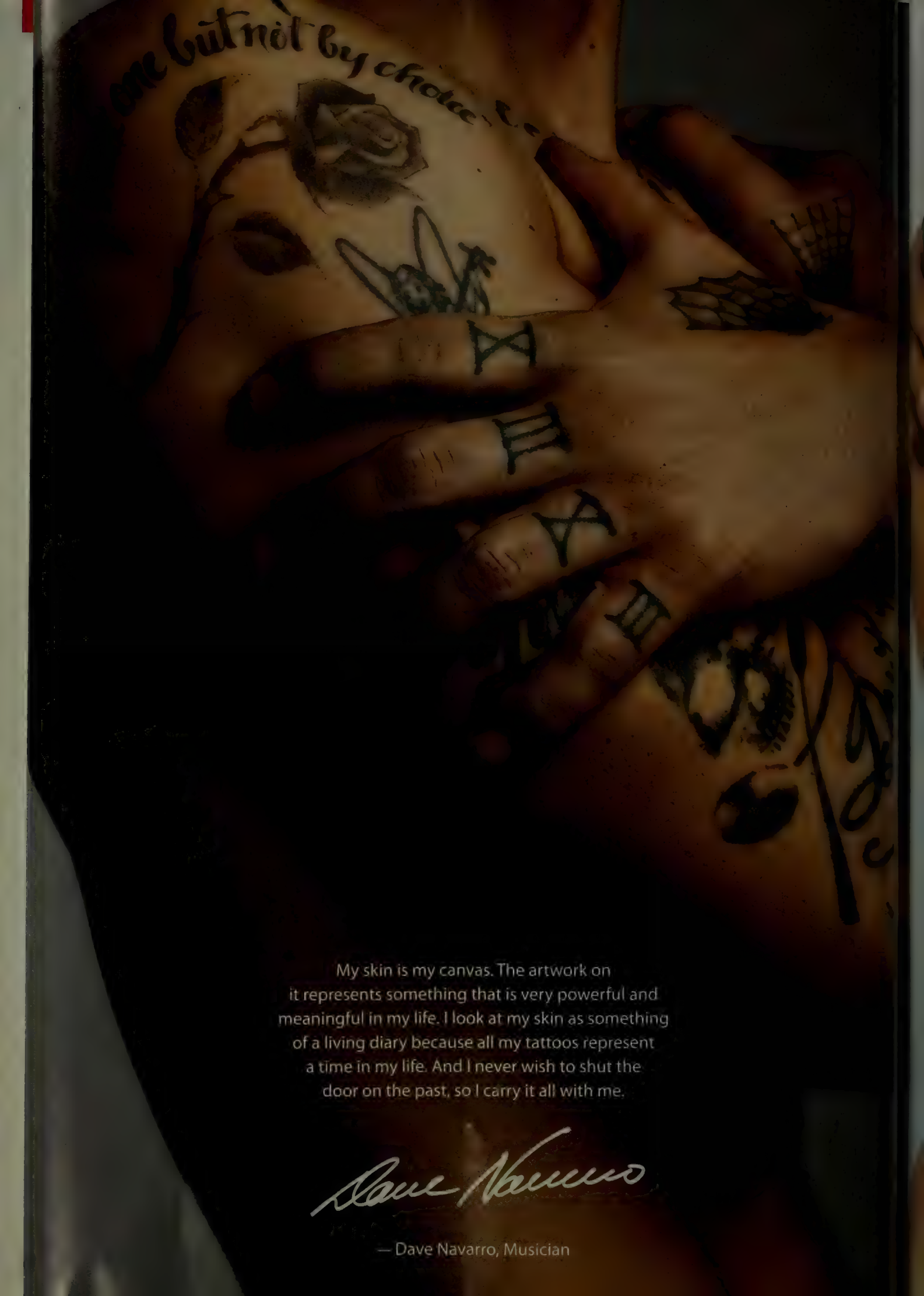
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ILLUSTRATION BY BARRY BLITT


I've been really lucky because my family
has great skin, so it's in my genes; but I still have
to take care of it. I think when people see my skin
they can tell that I live a healthy lifestyle, that
I respect my body enough to take care of it.
That shows up on your skin.
Laila Ali
— Laila Ali, Professional Athlete



My skin is my canvas. The artwork on it represents something that is very powerful and meaningful in my life. I look at my skin as something of a living diary because all my tattoos represent a time in my life. And I never wish to shut the door on the past, so I carry it all with me.

Dave Navarro

— Dave Navarro, Musician


Pregnancy, in particular, makes
you appreciate your skin and want to
take care of it. I'm so amazed that, as my body
grows, my skin stretches and stretches.
I'm in awe at how elastic it is.
— Kim Raver, Actress



I think your skin reveals a lot about you. Mine gets very flushed if I get embarrassed or shy, and I think people notice. Everyone's skin is different, and everyone's skin reacts to how they're feeling inside in a different way.

—Hilary Duff, Actress/Singer

Quadravlor U.S. PATENT NO. 5,730,501

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214 they happen—is going out of business.

Such an imminent lack of narration, of the search for common ground, may have disastrous consequences for the commonweal. But more pressing is its rude effect on newspeople—my friends and relatives.

I've persuaded my daughter to become a newspaper reporter. In her first year on the job, she's seen two of the nation's top three newspaper chains—Knight Ridder and the Tribune Company—sold, as well as massive declines in advertising and circulation, not to mention Katie Couric's confirming the foolishness and irrelevancy of network news. "I hope," my daughter says, "you have a plan."

It is Patrick Spain, the C.E.O. of Highbeam Research (he's a legendary Internet survivor: he founded the business-information site Hoover's, which he took public for a half-billion or so, and which, as the market collapsed, wiping out everybody's dot-com billions, was sold to Dun & Bradstreet for a respectable fortune), whom I will shortly persuade to put up some dough and some software engineers for the new news, who points out both that a subscription to *The New York Times* can cost more than $600 a year, which is nuts (not least of all because it's free online), and that the basic news metaphor is wrong.

That metaphor, for 150 years—from print to radio to network to cable—has been the front page: important stuff first. "It should have to do now with falling through something, or floating through the totality of information or of intersecting worlds and interests," offers Spain, not a man wild with his metaphors.

Given that we have access to all information at all times and not merely to today's news—indeed, all information, practically, that ever was—and too that we have information about the information, that context has been expanded geometrically (or some such), shouldn't the metaphor, if the software engineers can get the algorithm right, be rather more like the Matrix? This is Internet talk, which cleverly invites all manner of utopianism (what is social networking but the dream of communal life and easy sex?) and metaphors.

Having once before, in an opera of mania and incompetence, tried to seize opportunity on the Internet and lost millions—and having solemnly promised my family I would never, never do anything like that again—this is, I am aware, the point where I should lie down.

Yet here's the irresistible notion: Every advance in technology has seen the invention of a new form of news. Linotype got us mass circulation of newspapers 125 years ago; television, the network evening news 60 years ago; cable, 24-7 satellite news 25 years ago. So what's Internet news—what's the new news thing?

This, however, is predicated on the belief that there has to be news—as in *the news.* A reporter telling you something, rather than the millions of morons who form the critical mass of that central Internet genre, user-created content, sharing their drivel—a sentence seething, I'm aware, with generational resentment and angst.

Indeed, most of the people I know who are interested in news, rather than, say, social networking, or solitary blogging, who believe news media might thrive, online or in more classic forms, are old.

Barry Diller, the former Hollywood kingpin, who has remade himself as an Internet titan, has talked about his desire to start a new news thing online (indeed, I briefly try to convince him he should help start mine). But is his interest in news the result, I wonder, of his Internet acumen, or just an older mogul's hobby, similar to the interest of his friend the mogul David Geffen in buying the *Los Angeles Times*? Diller is 65. Geffen is 64. Rupert Murdoch may have paid billions for Dow Jones and *The Wall Street Journal,* but he is 76.

Arianna Huffington, the gadfly and publicity hound, has, at 57, actually succeeded in starting her own online newspaper, the Huffington Post, a kind of left-wing broadsheet competing with the right-wing tabloid Drudge Report (Drudge himself must be getting on in years). Then there is Jeff Jarvis, one of the original bloggers. He is an implacable believer in all things Internet, but, at 53, also no spring chicken. With backing from *The New York Times,* he's started a news site called Daylife. Highbeam's Patrick Spain, with his 50 million news articles, is 55. There are no 20-year-olds; no YouTube kids, Chad Hurley and Steve Chen; no Google guys, Larry Page and Sergey Brin; no Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg, talking about news, *the* news, on the Internet.

And yet, what if? What if you could become the Amazon of news? The Google of news? *This* is a holy grail. Murdoch's buying *The Wall Street Journal* is nothing compared to this.

So . . . I say to Spain, in this new metaphor for news, this floating, this multi-dimensionality, these new information relationships, would it be possible to know what other people think is news? So that—and imagine that I am now gesticulating awkwardly—the news experience is potentially about not just my knowing something but understanding who knows what I know, and of my understanding what they know. I mean, could you create a news which would tell you what people at, say, *The New York Times* think is news? At Goldman Sachs? In Congress?

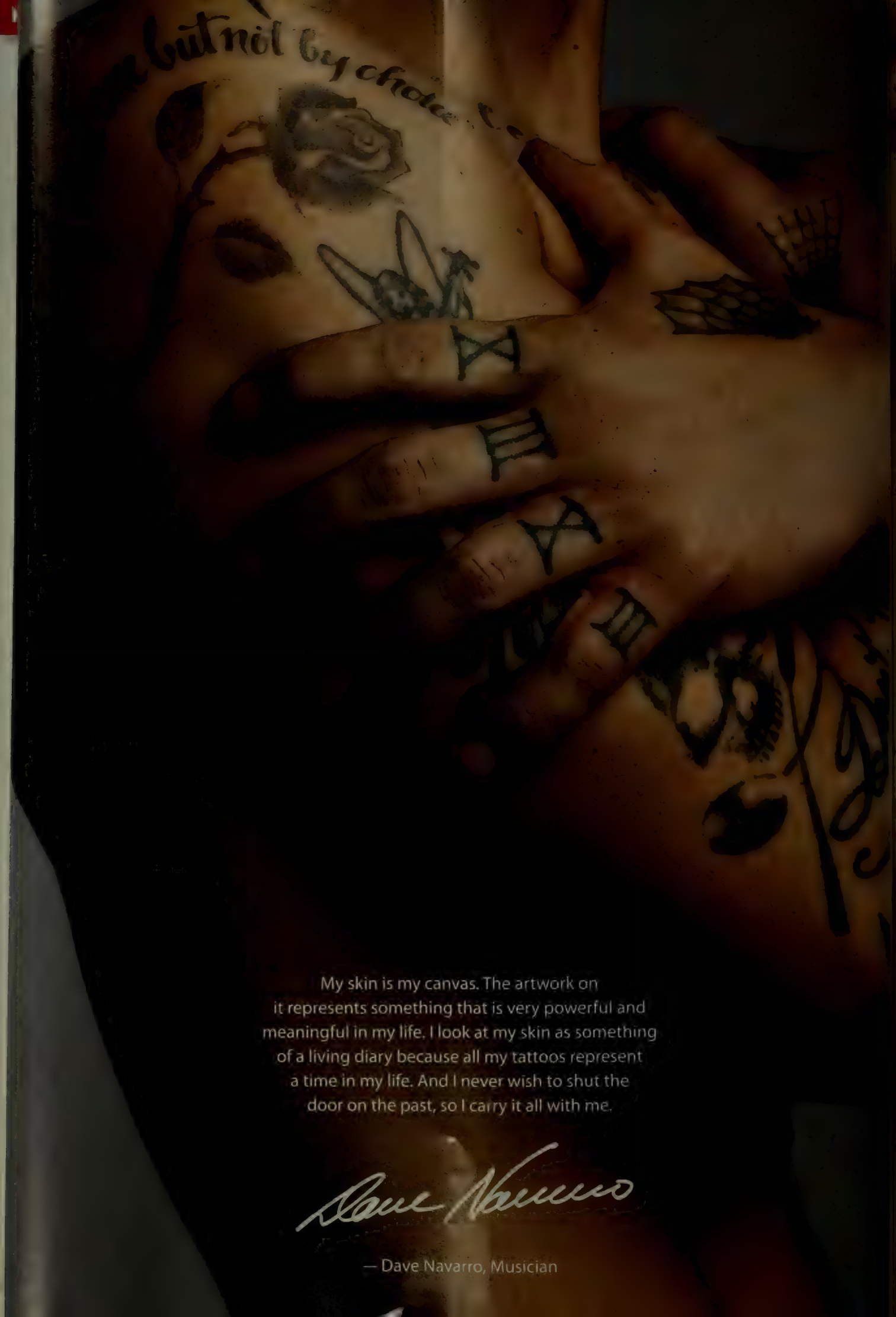
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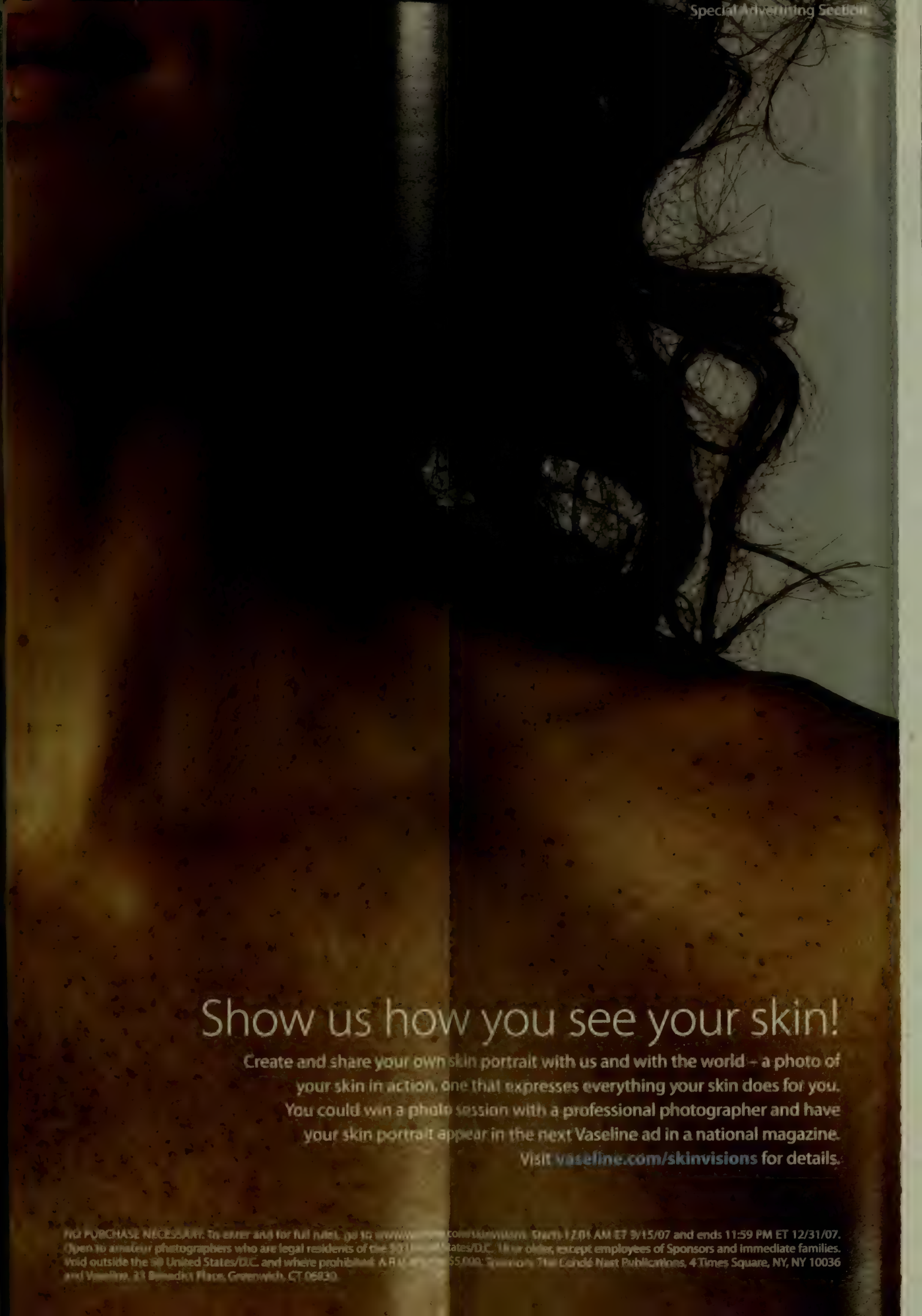
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My skin is my canvas. The artwork on it represents something that is very powerful and meaningful in my life. I look at my skin as something of a living diary because all my tattoos represent a time in my life. And I never wish to shut the door on the past, so I carry it all with me.

— Dave Navarro, Musician



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214 they happen—is going out of business.

Such an imminent lack of narration, of the search for common ground, may have disastrous consequences for the commonweal. But more pressing is its rude effect on newspeople—my friends and relatives.

I've persuaded my daughter to become a newspaper reporter. In her first year on the job, she's seen two of the nation's top three newspaper chains—Knight Ridder and the Tribune Company—sold, as well as massive declines in advertising and circulation, not to mention Katie Couric's confirming the foolishness and irrelevancy of network news. "I hope," my daughter says, "you have a plan."

It is Patrick Spain, the C.E.O. of Highbeam Research (he's a legendary Internet survivor: he founded the business-information site Hoover's, which he took public for a half-billion or so, and which, as the market collapsed, wiping out everybody's dot-com billions, was sold to Dun & Bradstreet for a respectable fortune), whom I will shortly persuade to put up some dough and some software engineers for the new news, who points out both that a subscription to *The New York Times* can cost more than $600 a year, which is nuts (not least of all because it's free online), and that the basic news metaphor is wrong.

That metaphor, for 150 years—from print to radio to network to cable—has been the front page: important stuff first. "It should have to do now with falling through something, or floating through the totality of information or of intersecting worlds and interests," offers Spain, not a man wild with his metaphors.

Given that we have access to all information at all times and not merely to today's news—indeed, all information, practically, that ever was—and too that we have information about the information, that context has been expanded geometrically (or some such), shouldn't the metaphor, if the software engineers can get the algorithm right, be rather more like the Matrix? This is Internet talk, which cleverly invites all manner of utopianism (what is social networking but the dream of communal life and easy sex?) and metaphors.

Having once before, in an opera of mania and incompetence, tried to seize opportunity on the Internet and lost millions—and having solemnly promised my family I would never, never do anything like that again—this is, I am aware, the point where I should lie down.

Yet here's the irresistible notion: Every advance in technology has seen the invention of a new form of news. Linotype got us mass circulation of newspapers 125 years ago; television, the network evening news 60 years ago; cable, 24-7 satellite news 25 years ago. So what's Internet news—what's the new news thing?

This, however, is predicated on the belief that there has to be news—as in *the news*. A reporter telling you something, rather than the millions of morons who form the critical mass of that central Internet genre, user-created content, sharing their drivel—a sentence seething, I'm aware, with generational resentment and angst.

Indeed, most of the people I know who are interested in news, rather than, say, social networking, or solitary blogging, who believe news media might thrive, online or in more classic forms, are old.

Barry Diller, the former Hollywood kingpin, who has remade himself as an Internet titan, has talked about his desire to start a new news thing online (indeed, I briefly try to convince him he should help start mine). But is his interest in news the result, I wonder, of his Internet acumen, or just an older mogul's hobby, similar to the interest of his friend the mogul David Geffen in buying the *Los Angeles Times*? Diller is 65. Geffen is 64. Rupert Murdoch may have paid billions for Dow Jones and *The Wall Street Journal*, but he is 76.

Arianna Huffington, the gadfly and publicity hound, has, at 57, actually succeeded in starting her own online newspaper, the Huffington Post, a kind of left-wing broadsheet competing with the right-wing tabloid Drudge Report (Drudge himself must be getting on in years). Then there is Jeff Jarvis, one of the original bloggers. He is an implacable believer in all things Internet, but, at 53, also no spring chicken. With backing from *The New York Times*, he's started a news site called Daylife. Highbeam's Patrick Spain, with his 50 million news articles, is 55. There are no 20-year-olds; no YouTube kids, Chad Hurley and Steve Chen; no Google guys, Larry Page and Sergey Brin; no Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg, talking about news, *the* news, on the Internet.

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lect, rank, and display news without any human intervention (or in the case of Digg, which ranks news on the basis of user votes, with the help of random passersby and passionate imbeciles). Their owners and managers are interested not in blood and scandal but in collection, in data hierarchies. These are technology guys, not news guys. This results in a kind of autistic tone for the news, undifferentiated, machine-collected headlines from the *Times* to the *Karachi Journal:* can't emotionally relate.

Still, in some possibly profound sense, the aggregators are onto something: the issue may not be how do you report news—but why would you want to?

In 1999, Jim Romenesko, a reporter from Milwaukee, began an early blog called Media Gossip, which shortly became the best-read source of . . . media gossip. Instead of reporting on the media, Romenesko just picked from what everybody else was reporting.

His value, as selector, manager, curator of information, quickly became greater than that of any single source of media news. Romenesko, proving that the news itself—how it appeared, and where, and with what frequency—had a pattern, a meaning, that, if properly deciphered, was, in itself, newsworthy, identified an overriding narrative, which, as it happens, was about the end of the business we were all working in. We'd be much less aware of our imminent demise if it weren't for Jim Romenesko.

An actual reporter, Romenesko differed from the general blog disposition, which had ever more atomized the collective experience of news, by maintaining news discipline. There is no "I" in Romenesko. He could gather and shape and edit and at the same time remain an honest broker.

Plus, he was a staff of one. He'd solved the business-model problem—he could support himself.

Here's another quirky advantage of the Internet (or, depending, serious disadvantage) and Internet news: people are willing to work for less and, even, for free. That's one result of the Internet's utopianism, that you're doing something of higher purpose, and of the myth of sweat equity, that you're working for future, fabulous riches (which sometimes you are).

Oddly, talking about the plasticity of the Internet, about the possibilities for utopia and riches, actually makes things happen. Somehow something comes into existence. While Google and its creepy form of corporatism dominate this Web era, there are now, given off-the-shelf "solutions" (meaning cheap equipment and cheap, pre-written software), more garage and dorm-room operations than there have ever been (one of which, perhaps sooner rather than later, will challenge Google). Indeed, Mark Zuckerberg's dorm-room companions continue to sue him over the ownership of Facebook because they claim it grew out of more than just idle dorm-room chat. (For the purposes of full disclosure, my financial interest in my hypothetical newspaper is about the same as that of Zuckerberg's roommates in Facebook—I will settle, if big money is made, for a small retirement home on the beach in East Hampton.)

Much of the Internet business strikes me less like a garage model, with that suggestion of tinkering, and more like the famous conversations about the permutations of socialism in the New York City College cafeterias of the 1930s—ours, however, are about the permutations of technology and information. And they take place on conference calls.

My recent conversations have gone like this:

—News seems ever more valueless.

—And yet somehow we feel we need more of it.

—How strange is it that you could have ever felt well informed by just reading *The New York Times*?

—The news makes the news. The velocity, the trajectory, the mass of a story change the story.

—So the greater news value might not be the reporting of the event, but taking the information about the event and describing and charting its history, the way it changed, mutated—like the old game of telephone—as it takes on new meaning from where it appeared and by who added what to it.

—For instance, is it possible to see a story influence or infect various audiences? To literally see a demographic movement, to see it move through time and space?

—Depending on how you define your algorithm. If you created, say, a basket of media that defined an audience, so you watched it move from media sector to media sector.

—Cool.

—What the Internet does best, where it achieves its greatest value, is when it sorts, searches, organizes, actually when it reads for you.

—Which is not that different from what *Time* magazine did when it launched in 1923, or what the network news accomplished in its succinct half-hour.

—Oh, and, somehow, even on the Internet, the news should be not just informational but exciting.

—Entertaining.

—Relaxing.

And yet, I can, almost as easily, imagine a world without any of this. One without *the news.*

Because my primary assumption in wanting to start a new news thing is that the news is meaningful. My civics-class generation continues to put high value on public life: the president, the Congress, the courts. But increasingly these dysfunctional bureaucracies are of interest only to strangely fixated people. Politics itself is, more and more, a kind of obsession. (Indeed, people who do want news are people who seem dysfunctional themselves—obsessed, narrow-focused, militant, A.D.D.) Whereas a new generation, through the magic of the Internet, dispenses with this old idea of the commonweal and converts its private life into its public one.

What's more, those public institutions have maintained their primacy and value because they were the ones controlling and delivering information—that was *the news.* Now we've given everybody undreamed-of information and publishing tools. And millions of those people have become more adept at using them than have the people who run the heretofore public world.

MOST OF THE PEOPLE I KNOW WHO BELIEVE NEWS MEDIA MIGHT THRIVE ARE OLD.

I've done this for 30 years, blended my life with the news. My parents did it before me, and I've trapped at least one of my children now (the others, though, resist). For everybody in the news business, everybody with a daily news habit, the news forms part of our identity. But the generational change, the transformation, the schism, may be that this identification with the news, this dependence on a narrator, has become . . . out of it, square, dumb, hopeless. Indeed, when I watch the traditional news, read it with waning interest, try to understand what Katie Couric is about, I think, Out of it, square, dumb, hopeless.

Still. I have been starting newspapers, or talking about starting newspapers, since I was eight years old. So here goes, for the last time: Newser.com. □


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Phil Spector's Cheap Shots

The Phil Spector murder trial gets Hollywood-style ugly as the defense summons Lana Clarkson's "friends" to paint her as a failure, "Super Madam" Babydol Gibson claims Clarkson was a call girl, and *Transformers* director Michael Bay leaps online to protect her memory

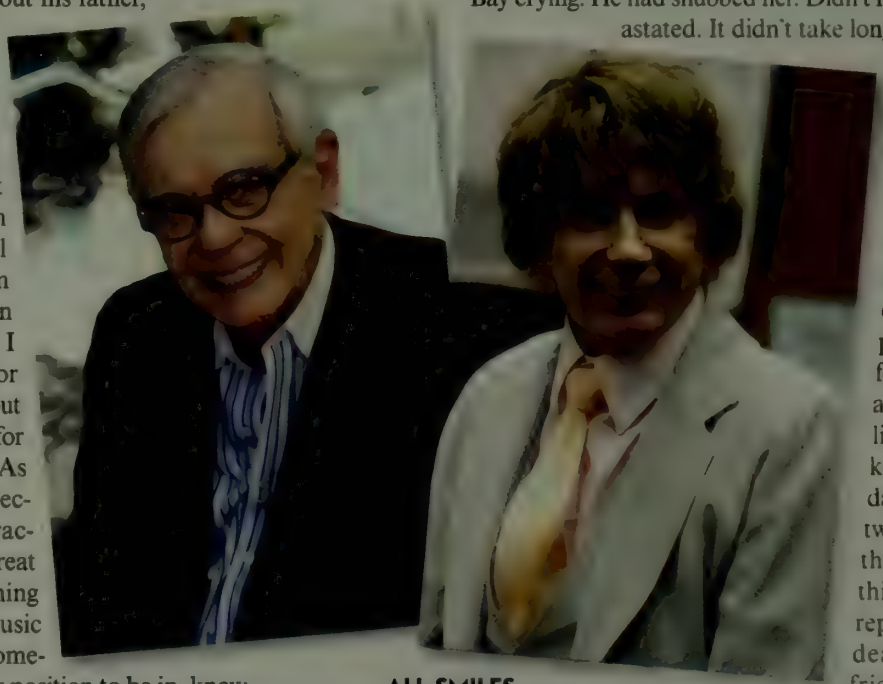
Phil Spector has stopped speaking to me when we pass in the corridors of the Clara Shortridge Foltz Criminal Justice Center, in downtown Los Angeles, where he is standing trial for the murder of Lana Clarkson. No more nods of greeting or occasional handshakes. Rachelle, his pretty young wife, has adopted a snippy attitude when I run into her outside the courtroom. His chief bodyguard, Horace Davis, and the two deputies are no longer jolly when we meet. I suppose my having lunch with Spector's son Louis and Louis's girlfriend, Frieda, in the courthouse commissary on quite a few occasions may have annoyed Phil. One of Phil's guards has told Louis that his father would speak to him more if he didn't talk to the media. Louis does not ever speak badly about his father, although his stories of growing up as Spector's son, locked in a separate room from his twin, Gary, in the afternoons after school, have a sort of Hollywood-Dickensian ring to them. Maybe Phil has discovered that I am not rooting for him to win an acquittal, although I maintain an affection for him. We're not friends, but we've known each other for 20 years, more or less. As I've said before, Phil Spector is a fascinating character, and he possessed a great talent. I have been listening to his Wall of Sound music of late, and it's really something. It's a very peculiar position to be in, knowing personally the defendant in a murder trial about which I am writing, especially when I am publicly a victims' advocate. My sympathies in this case are with Lana Clarkson, who was found shot dead in the foyer of Phil's castle in Alhambra, California, on February 3, 2003. She is being trashed by the defense, despite their public avowals that they would not do so. Expert witnesses, who are sometimes called "whores of the court" (one of whom makes $5,000 a day), look the jurors in the face and give them scientific forensic "proof" that Lana committed suicide.

The defense has paraded several women who call themselves friends of Lana Clarkson's before the jury. "Lana and I sustained 10 years being best friends." "We told each other everything." "She could light up a room with her smile." These statements were made on the stand by two of her "very, very good friends." One, Jennifer Hayes-Riedl, a deeply tanned blonde, described her very good friend in this manner: "She just is like this melty little person. She was pathetic.... She liked to drink and take pills.... She was belligerent when she was drunk." The other was a woman of 50 named Punkin Pie Laughlin, who called Lana her "soul mate." Punkin Pie, a well-known figure in the nightclub world, books bands at clubs. After their declarations of friendship and love, they took their poor dead friend apart, with anecdote after anecdote making it appear that Lana was in such a state of abject despair over the failure of her life that shooting herself in the mouth in a stranger's house was a totally logical step for her to take. I mean, talk about false friends. There's nothing Hollywood hates worse than a failure, and poor Lana Clarkson has been portrayed as a failure in her life and a failure in her career, and a heavy drinker who was dependent on the painkiller Vicodin. Both ladies said that Lana was humiliated by her nine-dollar-an-hour job at the House of Blues, having to seat people with whom she once vied for parts. I wondered how these ladies could look at Lana's mother, Donna Clarkson, who sits in the front row and whom they had to pass before and after their stints on the stand.

An unexpected voice emerged from Punkin Pie's account of the last days of Lana Clarkson. Shortly before Lana died, Punkin says, she took Lana to a party in the Hollywood Hills. According to Punkin, Lana was in a "festive" mood when she spotted the film director Michael Bay, who made the great summer blockbuster *Transformers* and is about as hot as you can get in Hollywood at the moment, and went over to speak to him. She had had a six-second bit in a Mercedes-Benz commercial Bay had directed. Minutes later, according to Punkin, Lana returned from her encounter with Michael Bay crying. He had snubbed her. Didn't remember her. She was devastated. It didn't take long for the story of the slight to reach Michael Bay, and, from all accounts, he was furious. On his Web site he had harsh words for Punkin Pie:

"I knew Lana. She worked with me on two commercials. I liked her energy—she had a great personality. I would never forget her face. It would be a big event in someone's life if you saw a woman you knew at a party on Saturday night and she was dead two [*sic*] days later, don't you think? I never saw Lana at this party.... According to reports, Punkin has a book deal about being Lana's friend. She wants to make money off her so-called 'friend.' What a disgusting piece of shit that Punkin lady is!!!" Michael Bay later appeared in court to tell his side of the story.

Just to cheapen things up a little bit more for poor Lana, in walked Jody "Babydol" Gibson, the reigning madam of Hollywood, who is very eager



ALL SMILES
The diarist, *left*, photographed by William Claxton at the Chateau Marmont, and Phil Spector, *right*, at the Clara Shortridge Foltz Criminal Justice Center, both in Los Angeles.

PHOTOGRAPHS LEFT, BY WILLIAM CLAXTON. RIGHT, BY GABRIEL BOUYS. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



HARRY WINSTON

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS LAS VEGAS BAL HARBOUR HONOLULU DALLAS CHICAGO
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to publicize her book, *Secrets of a Hollywood Super Madam,* in interviews with the claim that it reveals Lana as one of her top call girls. Babydol is very blonde, very big-busted, and she's had quite a past. She did nearly three years in prison for pandering. She was told by Judge Larry Fidler that she is not allowed to discuss the case in public. "As long as this trial is in existence, if you go out and promote your book, and you mention Lana Clarkson in any way, shape, or form while this case is ongoing, I am ordering you not to do that," the judge said. "It is inappropriate. You are a potential witness in this case. . . . If you do, you will be in violation of my order, and I will hold you in contempt. It's that simple. Do you understand?"

As Babydol stomped out of the courtroom, I passed her in the vestibule.

"Hi, Dominick," she said.

"Hi, Babydol," I answered, much to the surprise of my colleagues in the press.

"How in the world do you know that woman?" asked Linda Deutsch, the great Associated Press crime and trial writer. I didn't tell Linda that I'd only met Babydol in the makeup room at CNN, when we were both going on Larry King to talk about Paris Hilton. The next morning Babydol's publicist dropped off a copy of her book for me. My only problem with Babydol's story is this: if Lana was a high-end call girl, earning top dollar from very rich men, why was she so poor and in such debt that she took a nine-dollar-an-hour job at the House of Blues, where she was working the night she met Phil? Top dollar in the hooker business is a lot of money these days.

Having once been a failure in Hollywood myself, I totally understand the kind of despair that Lana Clarkson felt. I truly suffered during my bad years from the snubs and the slights that failure invites. I understand the desperate things that Lana was saying about the state of her life. I did the same. I was tempted to take the pills or jump in front of the train, but something always stopped me. I don't think Lana would have taken her own life, either. Lana would have had no way of knowing where the gun was in Phil's house, except in the highly unlikely event that she opened the drawer. To my mind, Phil had to have brought it out from the drawer where it was kept and put it into play. Playing with guns is a dangerous game, and Phil has a history of getting drunk and playing with guns around women. Something like this was bound to happen to him. I can never erase from my mind the very clear words of Adriano De Souza, the chauffeur who testified that he was waiting in the courtyard to take Lana home, when he saw Spector come out of the castle holding the revolver and say, "I think I killed somebody." Suicide was never mentioned until his arrest.

I have often wondered about Phil's whereabouts in the days following the shooting death of Lana Clarkson. It was hard to believe that he was upstairs in the castle the day and night after the shooting, when the police, detectives, and prosecutors finecombed the crime scene, and then on the next night, when the defense took over and great forensic scientists such as Dr. Henry Lee and Dr. Michael Baden had their turn. A Hollywood movie-producer friend of mine who does crime documentaries called me out of the blue. Someone had come to him with a story about Spector they hoped to sell as a movie. My friend said that after Phil had paid his $1 million bail, on the morning after Lana's death, he went to the swanky Hotel Bel-Air and took a two-bedroom bungalow, from which he did not emerge for eight days. (It's the same temporary residence that the Menendez brothers took after they murdered their parents, in 1989.) Phil's companion at the Bel-Air was his friend Michelle Blaine, who had been his assistant for six years before Lana Clarkson died and who continued to work for him for two years after Lana's death, until they had a falling-out.

Michelle is the daughter of the famous drummer Hal Blaine, whom Phil greatly admired. She has known Phil since she was six years old. When I met her recently she was pregnant with her seventh child. She has been married three times. She told me that after Lana Clarkson died Phil proposed marriage to her so that she could not testify against him. (Phil had met a young woman named Rachelle Short, and hired her to be Michelle's assistant. Michelle may not have wanted to marry Phil, but Rachelle certainly did.) I had heard that Michelle had recorded videos of Phil rehearsing his alibi during their eight-day stay in the Hotel Bel-Air, but that turned out to be untrue. There is a pitch for a book with the working title *I Spent Eight Days in a Hotel Room with a Killer* going around, but Michelle has removed herself from the project.

The defense is in disarray. Linda Kenney Baden, one of Phil's lawyers, has been ill, and out of the courtroom for two weeks. There is strong speculation that Spector himself may take the stand. According to a source close to the trial, Phil, who has been practically silent in the courtroom, has been calling all the shots for his legal team himself from the castle at night. He sends his attorneys as many as 20 e-mails as late as 2:30 in the morning, with instructions. He has been quietly involved in a documentary with the BBC, with whom he meets at the castle some nights after the trial and discusses the events of the day. It has come to my attention that he refers to two members of the prosecution as "Dickhead" and "Jerkoff." Some of his late-night e-mails to the defense team gave orders to include Bruce Cutler, the onetime lead attorney, who has been treated harshly by his defense colleagues, in conversations and meetings. (Cutler has temporarily left the courtroom for nearby Westlake Village, where he is playing a judge in a television show being made for syndication called *Jury Duty.* At the time of my visit to the set, in July, with several members of the Court TV crew, they had already completed 65 episodes since Cutler left the courtroom, shooting as many as 5 a day. Cutler maintains that he is going to do the closing argument, a curious call for Phil to make, as the jury is barely familiar with him.) Phil has withdrawn Bruce Cutler's car and driver. "Economic reasons," Bruce told me. He is now driven by one of Phil's guards in what looked to me like a very unimpressive car. I've subsequently noticed that Phil's guard detail has shrunk from three men to two. The trial must be getting expensive. The distinguished forensic scientist Dr. Michael Baden, whose wife is Linda Kenney Baden, is being paid $110,000, and he is just one of many expert witnesses on Phil's payroll.

The trial is coming to an end. The convivial courtroom atmosphere has changed. It is now obvious who thinks Spector should be convicted, and who believes that a tragic Lana Clarkson committed suicide in Phil's house. The matter came to a head on the day when the jurors were taken on a tour of the castle to observe the crime scene. Judge Fidler originally intended that Linda Deutsch of the Associated Press and Peter Y. Hong of the *Los Angeles Times* accompany the jury. But Hong was turned down because Phil did not like his coverage of the trial. I was quoted in the L.A. *Times* saying, "The idea that the defense and the defendant are deciding which of the media can go to the house is absolutely outrageous to me." In the end, Linda Deutsch accompanied them, and we all waited outside down the hill from the castle for several hours to hear her report. I found it interesting that four men on the jury sat in the chair that had been placed in the foyer to replicate the one where Lana was found.

New witnesses are being called by the defense. There has been ugly shouting in the courtroom between the prosecution and the defense. Everybody says to me wherever I go, "What's going to happen?" They ask, "Is he going to get it?" I've been staring at the jurors for four months. There are a few I'm dying to talk to after the verdict. But the wise lawyer Steven Barshop once said to me, "Don't try to anticipate a jury. They'll fool you every time." □

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American Beagle

The huge success of "Peanuts" threatened to turn Charles Schulz's cutting-edge comic strip into a cuddly brand. But then Schulz remade Snoopy into a rebellious beagle who was the spirit of 60s America

By David Michaelis

In November 1999, Charles Schulz suffered a stroke that forced him, in his 50th year of drawing "Peanuts," to put down his pen. Hospitalized, the 77-year-old master was discovered to have been stricken also with the later stages of colon cancer; and on February 12, 2000, hours before the final "Peanuts" strip appeared in Sunday newspapers around the world, Schulz died at home in Santa Rosa, California. To the very end, his life had been inseparable from his art.

To die as his last strip was going to press seemed to many a poignantly miraculous end, and all through the early hours of February 13, newspapers bearing both his farewell to "Peanuts" and the world's first good-byes to him thumped onto porches and doormats, dismaying and saddening millions. He had finished the 50-year run of "Peanuts" with the bereft valedictory "Charlie Brown, Snoopy, Linus, Lucy . . . how can I ever forget them . . . " But it was he who died, not they; yet now they shared, as columnist Ellen Goodman pointed out, the "same national curtain call."

Wistful appreciations crowded the front

Excerpted from *Schulz and Peanuts: A Biography*, by David Michaelis, to be published this month by HarperCollins Inc.; © 2007 by the author.



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pages of next day's—Valentine's Day's—morning editions: YOU WERE A GOOD MAN, CHARLES SCHULZ!, cried the *San Francisco Chronicle.* SIGH, went the *Los Angeles Times.* "At strip's end, he's gone to meet the Great Pumpkin," reported *The Dallas Morning News.* AAUGH!, wailed the Baltimore *Sun,* NO MORE "PEANUTS." "Good grief, indeed," began the Minneapolis *Star Tribune*'s obituary.

Tributes began to spill in from around the world, for like the beloved characters of Charles Dickens, the "Peanuts" gang had transcended local papers to become universal figures whose adventures were followed by some 355 million readers in 75 countries and 21 languages.

THE PENCIL THAT MADE A GOOD PART OF HUMANITY SMILE DAILY HAS BROKEN, lamented the Vatican's *L'Osservatore Romano,* illustrating its farewell paean with the first cartoons ever to appear in that newspaper.

From Rome to Paris to London, from New York to San Francisco, from Tokyo to Jerusalem, the world hailed Charles Schulz as a presence like no other—a "gentle genius" and, despite his own protestations to the contrary, a "very great artist indeed." *The New York Times,* which had never given space to comics, treated his death as headline news and, as if catching up for lost time, devoted the better part of two full pages to "Peanuts" highlights and detailed profiles of the characters.

"Peanuts" had been so many things to so many people (an "ongoing parable of contemporary American existence"; a "distillation of modern childhood"; a "comic opera"; a "personal work" and at the same time a "universal language"), and there were so many commercial markets in which to quantify its success—as a daily and Sunday comic featured in a world-record number of newspapers; as the longest-running cartoon special on television, which of itself had fathered a year-round series of sequels marking the holidays on the national calendar; as the most-produced musical in the history of the American theater, with more than 40,000 productions of *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*—some 240,000 performers had played Schulz's characters and the show had spawned a generation of actors; as a jazz album of show-business standards; as best-selling books, both original and reprinting the strip; as advertising for cameras, cars, cupcakes, and life insurance in an ever-expanding universe of media, including hot-air blimps; and, not least, as an internationally renowned brand of character merchandise, with more than 20,000 officially licensed products and countless pirated knockoffs—there seemed no end to ways of commemorating its creator.



The reader took Snoopy's rooftop meditations for his own.

Millions of fans felt as if they had lost a personal friend. Sometimes their affection and awe had been inspired by a short handwritten response to a fan letter, a brief encounter at a golf tournament, a single meeting in a restaurant; sometimes it was simply a gesture, or the time Schulz had taken to listen, or the check he'd written to meet someone's need—all to people unknown, whom he had touched deeply, so often at some critical moment. His decency, his generosity, changed their lives forever; and they swamped his studio mailroom with formal condolences, which crested over into his household, vibrating to the single refrain: I loved Charles Schulz.

Perhaps the main reason we loved Schulz, though, was that he charted his life and feelings in the strip. He gave his determination to Charlie Brown, the "worst side of himself" to Violet, to Linus his dignity and "weird little thoughts," his perfectionism and devotion to his art to Schroeder. He even diagrammed some of his most important relationships, endowing the dynamics between Charlie Brown and Lucy and between Lucy and Schroeder with the emotional realities of his first marriage, to Joyce Halverson Schulz, which ended in divorce in 1972.

The writer Laurie Colwin once asked Schulz: "If you followed [the strip] from the beginning, could you actually write a biographical portrait of [you]?" He answered, "I think so.... You'd have to be pretty bright, I suppose." He seemed, almost, to be testing us to find him in his characters. "They are all essentially me," he said, as a gloss, but when pressed, he would admit: "The sarcastic part of me is Lucy.... The wishy-washy part of me is Charlie Brown. Snoopy would be the dream to be, I suppose, the superhero."

Despite Schulz's efforts to keep it for adults, "Peanuts" had become by 1966 and would ever after remain—in the public's mind—family entertainment passed on from parent to child. The Charlie Brown TV specials—more than 75 in the end, 16 of them with music by Vincent Guaraldi—had recast "Peanuts" as a holiday tradition for children while refashioning the national calendar for adults, drawing attention to the highly marketable role of the "Peanuts" gang as stand-ins for Americans at all their year-round rituals: consuming too much on New Year's Eve, exchanging valentines, planting trees on Arbor Day, hunting Easter eggs, celebrating the Fourth of July.

Older newspaper readers still engaged the seasons and their passage accompanied by the slow, regular beat of the daily and Sunday "Peanuts" and its intramural traditions—Woodstock's New Year's Eve party; Snoopy's bales of valentines; the Easter Beagle; Peppermint Patty and Marcie at summer camp; Lucy setting up the football; Linus in reverent vigil for the Great Pumpkin; Charlie Brown finding himself as he finds purpose and meaning for the sad little Christmas tree. But, more and more, "Peanuts" was evolving into a world of video and plush.

Critics noted the change from a "Peanuts" that was primarily a commentary for adults to one that was a brand for children.

"After all those years of 'Have you seen "Peanuts" this morning?' and clipping out those capsule expressions of guilt and inadequacy to pin to office bulletin boards or magnetize to family refrigerators, it was hard to trail off. We kept trying to be amused," wrote Judith Martin, also known as Miss Manners, in *The Washington Post* in 1972. "But the little bursts of identification became less and less frequent. Partly it was the repetition of ideas. Once you knew the "Peanuts" calendar—Beethoven's birthday, baseball season, summer camp, opening of school, Great Pumpkin night, football season—it began to get tedious."

"Should one blame him for milking all the commercial advantage he can out of the system which, it should be remembered, he had to embrace before he could claim our attention? Really, it is too stupid," concluded the critic Richard Schickel. "That we of the middlebrow audience are no longer compelled to clip his cartoons and pin them up on the office bulletin board, quote them at parties, and discuss their hidden depths with fellow cultists is not, finally, his fault. He did not go into the cartooning business just to please 'we happy few.' He


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would, indeed, have failed if we were his only audience. No, he went into it needing, for economic success, all the friends he could get."

"I hate to think about it," Charlie Brown says when faced in 1966 with Snoopy's real needs as a dog. "The responsibility scares me to death."

The unprecedented success of "Peanuts" as a brand (with gross earnings of $20 million by 1967, $50 million by 1969, and $150 million by 1971) initiated an inner schism that would endure to the end of Schulz's life. "I'm torn," he would say, "between being the best artistically and being the Number One strip commercially."

Strip and brand pulled Schulz in different directions, dividing him between the roles of cartoonist and entrepreneur, making him feel strong, indeed omnipotent, at one creative moment, dependent and vulnerable at the next executive juncture. But in 1967, as "Peanuts"' broad-based audience began gradually to come to terms with the nation's unease about civil rights, the war in Vietnam, sexual freedom, and so much else, Schulz regained control by turning to the one character in his strip who could single-handedly re-establish the personal quality of his making.

Snoopy had come a long way from the puppy who, despite being "very smart"—indeed, "almost human," as he was seen in "Peanuts" in 1951—had entered the strip as an ordinary domestic pooch, not even yet a beagle. By the early 60s, as the "Peanuts" marketing pioneer Connie Boucher was rendering Snoopy the cuddliest dog on the planet, his tougher image served, with Schulz's permission, as war eagle for the United States military: in Vietnam as a talisman on American fighter planes and on the short-range Sidewinder air-to-air "dogfight" missile, in California as an insignia emblazoned on aircraft spearheading the flight-test program of the GAM-77 Hound Dog strategic missile, and in Germany as a flight shield for the "Able Aces" of the air force's 6911th Radio Group Mobile, patrolling the skies over Darmstadt.

Typical of Snoopy's many-sided appeal, he also served in deliberate violation of army regulations governing the helmets of assault-helicopter pilots alongside such emblems of anti-war sentiment as rainbows and slogans such as "Bum Trip." More than Rin Tin Tin, Lassie, Trigger, and even Old Yeller, Snoopy had taken his place as the American fighting man's most trusted friend when going into combat.

Of all Schulz's characters, he was the slowest to develop. Not until January 26, 1955, had he finally come out with his essential dilemma, announcing to himself that he was tired of depending on people for everything and wished he were a wolf. Then, like a frustrated child breaking a long, moody silence, he declared, "If I were a wolf, and I saw something I wanted, I could just take it." To make his point, he growled a human-sounding AARGH!! through a set of distinctly lupine fangs, whereupon the earnest, smiling, everyday presence of Charlie Brown immediately dislodged him from this wild new height of power, and he ended the episode hanging his head, his face crosshatched with embarrassment.



"I'm not a philosopher," Schulz insisted, sometimes adding, "I'm not that well educated."

"There's nothing more stupid than someone trying to be something they aren't," Charlie Brown repeatedly reminded his all-too-human dog, only to be foiled repeatedly by Snoopy's bravura talent—a gift for silent comedy so great as to turn instruction for a simple party trick into a Chaplin-esque commentary on the human condition.

Ever the subversive comedian, Snoopy could not resist uncanny impersonations of Violet, Lucy, Beethoven, a baby, even a certain mouse.

Schulz's satiric take on the supreme cartooning figure of his youth (drawn two months after a chuckling, affable "Uncle Walt" had welcomed some 90 million viewers—more than half the nation's citizens—to the televised debut of Disneyland) shows one of many strengths that one day would enable Snoopy to challenge his Disney rival for universal stardom: Mickey's ears were as rigid as sharks' fins, whereas Snoopy's yielded to a wide range of expression, reshaping themselves in response to cold and

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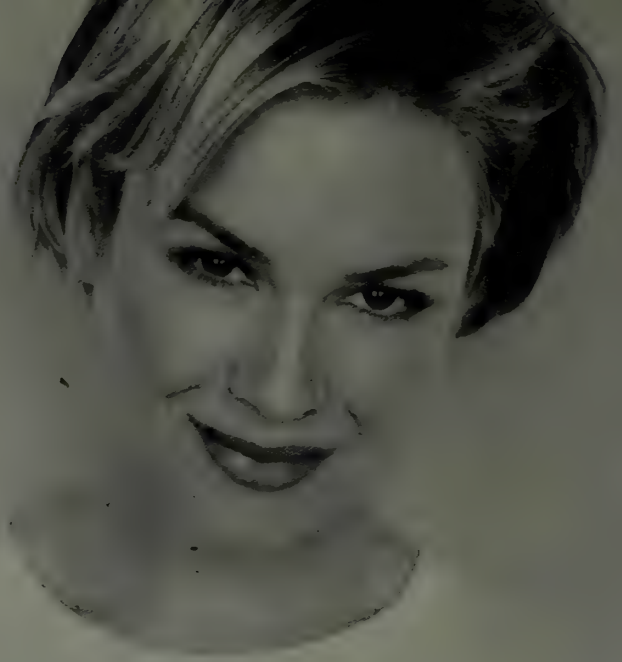
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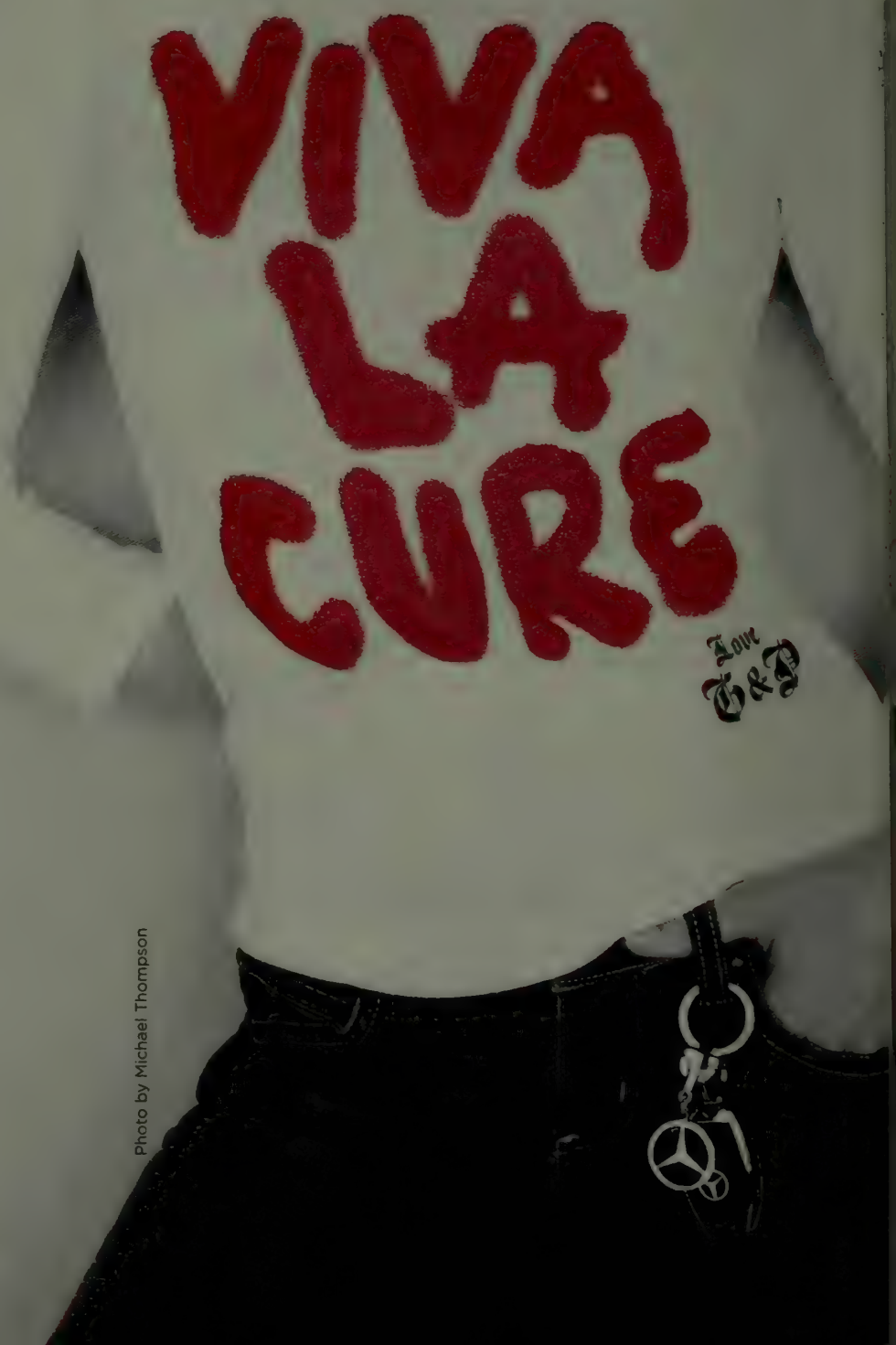


Photo by Michael Thompson

heat, insults and rewards, food and music, joy and sadness, fear and shock, surprise and shame, pride and disgust.

Mickey Mouse had no capacity for states of mind. As a supremely representative figure of the American world of action—pluck personified, modest but mischievous, a dancing World War I doughboy maturing into the age of Lindbergh—Mickey had become a Douglas Fairbanks–size movie star from the moment he uttered his first words, in 1929: "Hot dogs!" As bust followed boom, Disney extended his action star into situations that proved time and again throughout the Depression that Mickey was indestructible.

But the more Disney became an entrepreneur of technique and spectacle, the more his cartoonists and animators called on Mickey to do little beyond playing straight man to newer comedic pacemakers such as Donald Duck and Goofy. Then, in 1955, with the simultaneous rise of *The Mickey Mouse Club* on television and the opening of Disneyland, Mickey once again became the franchise star, his very ears the icon of worldwide commerce, while he himself revealed so little individual personality—his mind such an affable blank—that the viewer could not know what was going on *between* those ears. To be sure, from the beginning he had had energy and an unconquerable heart, but never did he have an inner life. Schulz repeatedly pointed out that nothing that Mickey Mouse had ever said, much less *thought*—no word or phrase—had passed lastingly into national consciousness.

In "Peanuts," energy made Snoopy lovable but thought made him human. Schulz perceived that, although we cannot possibly know what a dog is thinking, the impulse of all dog owners is to imagine that we alone know what *our* dog is thinking, and the proudest of dog owners will often explicate with great subtlety what their sidekicks are now "saying."

Snoopy's stardom grew out of Schulz's ability to create an intimate bond by letting the reader in on the dog's continual awakening to his most human thoughts. The basis for this bond was trust: the reader could count on Snoopy to be himself, even when he was being someone else. The cartoonist, meanwhile, could be depended on to turn to comedy Snoopy's dominant traits—an almost arrogant commitment to independence (and its flip side: a deep-seated fear of dependence), a grand, dreaming self continually deflated—not by mediocre vaudeville gags pulled out of the filing cabinet by a studio bureaucracy, but by the more exacting and individualistic physical comedy of the silent-movie clowns of Schulz's boyhood Saturdays at the Park Theater in St. Paul.

Snoopy extended body and mind into identities that conveyed the restless spirit behind them: rhinoceros, pelican, moose, alligator, kangaroo, gorilla, lion, polar bear, sea monster, vulture, all of which would eventually give way to the serial "World-Famous" archetypes who would illuminate his sardonic spirit behind a showcase of false fronts as sportsman, lover, spy, pilot, art aficionado, magician, attorney, surgeon, and on and on. In each of Snoopy's masterfully seized, casually discarded roles, Schulz's drawing became looser and rounder.

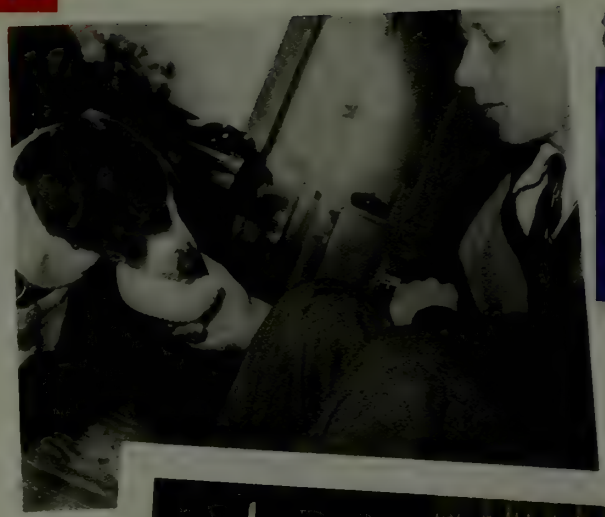
Snoopy was distinctly—defiantly, as far as Schulz was concerned—different from Mickey Mouse in one regard above all: where Mickey embodied the gutsy "little guy" of American myth in the 1930s, followed by the "brave regular Joe with a rifle" of the war years, and was therefore an adult, no matter how childish the worlds Disney pitched him into, Snoopy was distinctly a postwar, even a 1960s phenomenon. He was purely adolescent—grandiose, revolutionary, with a mind of his own and feelings to match. Often he acted like a very badly hurt person, except that, precisely because his innermost thoughts were open to view, his wound and shame were exposed for all to see. The more he tried to live by his own rules, and the louder Charlie Brown remonstrated ("Be happy with what you are!! . . . YOU DUMB DOG"), the more human he became, as each experiment in living a life fully his own landed him right back on the floor of the doghouse, or in the parental lap, once more dependent.

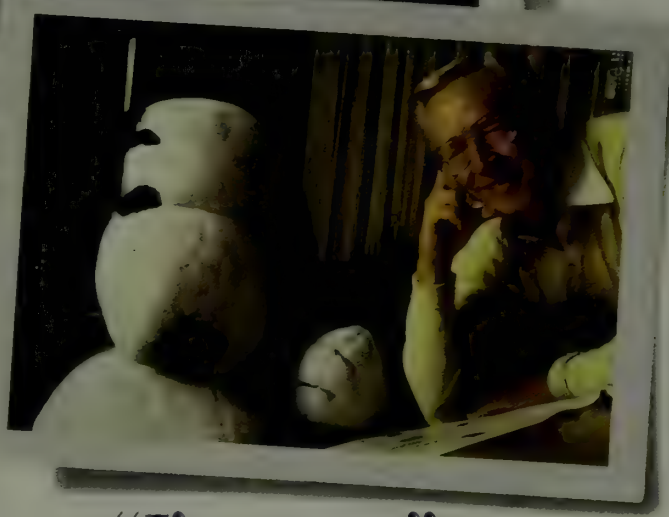
As Snoopy's rebellions developed, his personality as a player in the "Peanuts" repertory company evolved. In this world without adults, he now behaved for all intents and purposes like the one and only child—the *real* child—joyous one minute, cast down the next; now magnanimous, now petty; by turns critical, tactless, cunning—"a little selfish, too," Schulz noted, identifying a whole range of controlling, testing qualities, starting with a "mixture of innocence and egotism."

Snoopy often treated Charlie Brown and his friends as if he were their intellectual superior; none of them could appreciate his talents, while he, in his turn, tolerated the foolish things they did. Lucy might play along with his fantasies (as mothers, or keepers, will), but she nonetheless let Snoopy know exactly who was in charge: "Any piranha tries to chomp me, I'll pound him!!"

Snoopy is the one character in the strip allowed to kiss, and he kisses the way a child does: sincerely, and to disarm. As the rest of the "Peanuts" gang struggles to love and be loved, they find themselves stuck







PUPPY LOVE *Left, Charles Schulz with his dog Spike, the inspiration for Snoopy, circa 1940; below, Schulz and a Snoopy stuffed animal.*

in the incompatible romantic pairings of classical comedy. Lucy's definitive acceptance of Schroeder's rejection, for example, would be a relief to both; instead, she subjects herself to ongoing cold, even brutal indifference. Snoopy, meanwhile, becomes the one between them, dancing on the piano, smitten by the beauty of the music, licensed to enact real feeling, inserting himself between the couple like a child whose family's emotions are kept forever under restraint.

Throughout the late 50s, Snoopy's doghouse was depicted in three-quarter view. Located on the side of Charlie Brown's house, it had a peaked roof and a simple, unseen, one-room interior, and its owner's name was written over the arched opening. It was nothing more than a real doghouse for a real dog. This rarely varied until early 1960, when, as the grand side of Snoopy's personality began to stretch the dimensions of reality itself—one day he demanded to eat "on the terrace"; on another he installed an air conditioner—there came, Schulz later recognized, a turning point. Snoopy was now, he realized, "a character so unlike a dog that he could no longer inhabit a real doghouse."

And so, on February 20, he turned the doghouse and presented it broadside, with Snoopy sleeping on the roof. Seen from this angle, powerfully alone in a horizonless world, dog and house merged to form a continuous line.

There would be occasional reversions to the old form, but never again would Snoopy be a dog in any conventional sense, and the rendering of his house would now be simplified to the point where sometimes, such as when Snoopy is composing at the typewriter, it almost loses its identity altogether. Seeking to keep the doghouse even marginally real, Schulz found that if he tilted the tip of his pen in a certain way, so that "a little bit of the ink drops below the line," he could suggest the feel of wood in the roof and siding.

But it was more than elements of craft and design that demonstrated Schulz's new conquests in the medium. The reader listening to Snoopy's rooftop meditations was in fact overhearing Schulz's thoughts, but instead of ascribing them to the cartoonist (as he might with Charlie Brown's speeches), took the interior monologue for his own, somehow coming to believe that he was hearing his own jokes and quirks, worries and hopes.

"I'm torn," Schulz would say, "between being the best artistically and being the Number One strip commercially."

In Al Capp ("Li'l Abner") or Walt Kelly ("Pogo"), an intense editorialist was always at work. Jules Feiffer ("Feiffer") could say crazy things because the reader understood him to be the ambassador from Greenwich Village. Mort Walker ("Beetle Bailey") and Hank Ketcham ("Dennis the Menace") were still gag cartoonists once more pulling the reader's leg. But when Schulz began to let his strip's dog think aloud on top of a doghouse, "all hell broke loose," as Ketcham recalled it, for only a genius could speak for himself and have the world believe it was overhearing the voices on the edge of its heart.

For Snoopy to become a universal partner of the race with which he shared the planet—to leap over his current assignment as a radical individualist in the Minnesotan tradition—he had to *become* the hero, a tragicomic figure of such absurdly grand and revolutionary capacities that only he (and we) could see him transfiguring his doghouse into a flying machine sent aloft against the ultimate unseen enemy, the German ace Manfred von Richthofen, the infamous Red Baron. Snoopy threw himself so fully into an action fantasy that he by now had earned a title as powerfully mock-heroic as that of Cervantes's Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

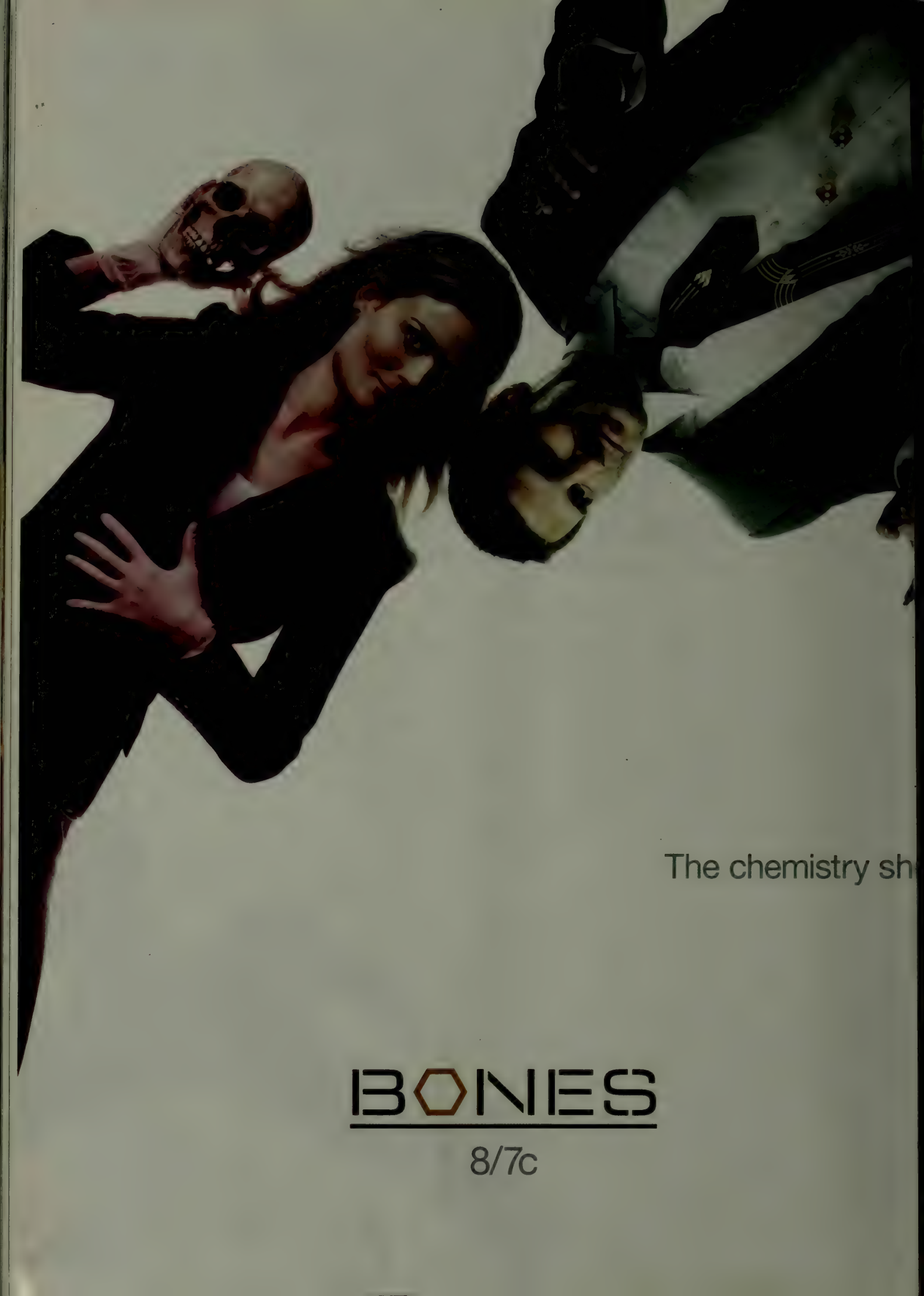
The World War I Flying Ace took off one day late in the summer of 1965 while Schulz was at the drawing board and his 13-year-old son, Monte, came in with a model plane. Schulz's recollection was that as they talked about Monte's Fokker triplane it dawned on him to try out a parody of the World War I movies *Hell's Angels* and *The Dawn Patrol*, which had gripped him as a boy at the Park Theater. He thought he might take off on the classic line "Captain, you can't send young men up in crates like these to die!" And then it came to him: "Why not put Snoopy on the doghouse and let *him* pretend he's a World War I flying ace?" But Monte always claimed that it had been he who first suggested the idea of Snoopy as the pilot. Schulz denied it just as frequently, conceding only in the last year of his life that Monte had "inspired it." Either way, Schulz admitted, "I knew I had one of the best things I had thought of in a long time."

Until now, "Peanuts" had been commentary on the world as seen and heard by Charles Schulz—recognizable, everyday problems transposed into the key of little-old-adult children. Unintentionally, Schulz's themes raised the larger social questions that the civil-rights movement and Lyndon Johnson's Great Society initiatives had put on the table: Who was entitled to happiness? Was the security of "owning your own home" and of "having a few bones stacked away," as Snoopy put it, the birthright of prosperous white America only? Were black and poor people going to go on being excluded from the expectations spelled out by Schulz's universal mantras for Happiness and Security and Home? When the Southern CONTINUED ON PAGE 241

Look what's
dead ahead.



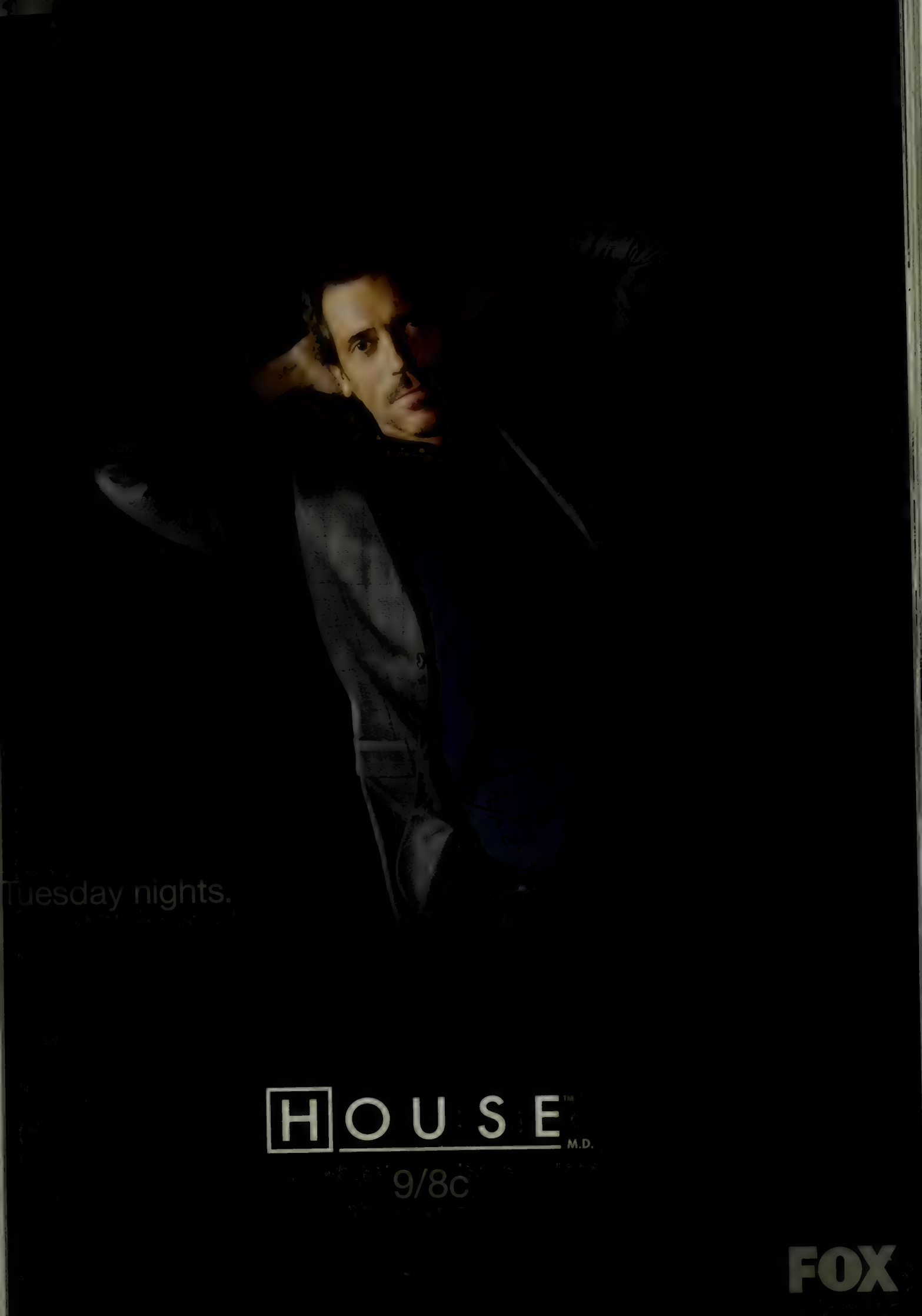
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Tuesdays
on
FOX

BONES
HOUSE M.D.
9/25

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 236 Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C.) brought what was popularly known as the Poor People's Campaign to Washington, D.C., to lobby Congress for a $30 billion anti-poverty bill, in May 1968, the placards that rose over Resurrection City on the Mall came all but directly from Schulz's drawing board: "HAPPINESS IS . . . A WARM DRY HOUSE . . . NO RATS OR ROACHES . . . LOTS OF GOOD FOOD."

As doubt and distrust crept into people's lives, Schulz's plain commentaries on the comics pages and in Determined Productions' small, square hardcovers set him up for a role he had never intended or wanted. "I'm not a philosopher," he insisted, sometimes adding, "I'm not that well educated." But the country had just reached the end of an era in which it considered itself to be the land that could boast the most distinguished philosophers. For 30 years, every high-school principal read Professor John Dewey, philosopher and educational reformer, or thought he or she ought to, and every college president salted his speeches with the aphorisms of George Santayana ("Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it") and Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. ("Taxes are what we pay for civilized society"). But the era of Professor Santayana, Justice Holmes, and Dr. Dewey was closing, and middlebrow culture reassigned the role of philosopher. Henceforth, the general public would take "philosophy" in capsule form through novelists (Ernest Hemingway, Kurt Vonnegut), journalists (Murray Kempton, Russell Baker), social scientists (Marshall McLuhan, John Kenneth Galbraith), and cartoonists (Capp, Kelly, Schulz), although Al Capp and Walt Kelly were drawing allegory that tartly commented on politics and society, and Schulz was creating the kind of myth in which everyone could find his or her own story: "Myths and fables of deep American ordinariness," as the writer Samuel Hynes described "Peanuts."

In a very midwestern way, Schulz reversed the American pattern of winners and losers, making a virtue of the fortitude required to endure blowing a hundred ball games in a row. The very notion embedded in *You Can't Win, Charlie Brown* turned the eastern orthodoxies of American children's literature inside out; in the creed of Louisa May Alcott, everything came out right in the end, but in "Peanuts" the game was always lost, the football always snatched away. In Charlie Brown's world, the kite was not just stuck in a tree but eaten by it; the pitcher did not just give up a line drive but was stripped bare by it, exposed.

Now, in 1967, as Snoopy pantomimed people to themselves from the doghouse roof—no longer through the merely subversive impersonations of the 50s but acting out the Flying Ace's full-fledged crusade—"Peanuts" acquired an explanatory as well as a descriptive character for thousands who burned draft cards and protested an incomprehensible war. While mission upon mission of B-52 bombers hammered North Vietnam's capital and primary port cities, Snoopy's mania, his single-minded pursuit of the enemy, and his hatred of losing epitomized the America haunted by an always victorious John Wayne, the postwar U.S.A. that was racing to beat the Soviets to the moon. As Snoopy soared—and danced—"Peanuts" once again led the culture. If the World War I Flying Ace mocked the martial spirit of a mere half-generation past, Snoopy's spontaneous, soul-satisfying dances made him a genuine free spirit whose only commitment was to ecstasy itself. His flutter-footed step kept time to bliss itself, lifting him so high above the "over 30" concerns of his stripmates, he hardly seemed to notice that he was leaving reality—and petty old Lucy—in the dust.



Snoopy's soul-satisfying dances made him a genuine free spirit.

"Peanuts" in the new age of Snoopy was bolder but still quietly dissident, laying claim to joy, pleasure, naturalness, and a self-glorifying spontaneity without the ferocious exhibitionism that most radicals and rebels of the period deemed necessary to bring attention to their causes. Snoopy's basic desire—to transcend his existence as a dog by altering his state of mind—typified a central urge of the era and caused alarm among the strip's authority figures no less than its analogues did in the "real world."

"The strip's square panels were the only square thing about it," reflected the novelist Jonathan Franzen, who, "like most of the nation's ten-year-olds," was growing up through those "unsettled season[s]" of the 60s by taking refuge in "an intense, private relationship with Snoopy"—a stronger attachment than that which the reader could have with any of the other "Peanuts" characters because Schulz was now making us Snoopy's accomplices in transcendence. We alone can see what the Flying Ace is seeing; everyone else in the strip, even Charlie Brown, remains blind to the identity and miraculous feats of the Masked Marvel, the Easter Beagle, the World-Famous Astronaut, the World-Famous Wrist Wrestler, Joe Cool, Flashbeagle, "Shoeless" Joe Beagle, and the Scott Fitzgerald Hero.

Snoopy had his origins in Spike, the mutt of Schulz's youth, whom Schulz called "the wildest and the smartest dog I've ever encountered," and as long as Snoopy was treated as a pet—an eccentric, even a lunatic household dog—by the "Peanuts" gang, he evinced Spike-like behavior. But now he left the kids behind.

Lucy had fantasized about the White House, but in the presidential elections of 1968 and 1972, Snoopy was embraced by actual voters as a write-in candidate, prompting the California legislature to make it illegal to enter the name of a fictional character on the ballot. Brought down behind the German lines in the Red Baron sequences, he operated in a larger, more threatening world than did anyone in the secure suburbs of the "Peanuts" neighborhood. Unique among the gang, he was allowed, in romantic encounters with a "country lass," to enter just ever so slightly into adult sexuality—Schulz once again having it both ways, for Snoopy also kisses like a child.

Back home—again, uniquely—he had adult possessions, and not just books, records, and pinking shears. The multi-level rooms under the peaked roof of the doghouse now included a front-hall rug, a cedar closet, a lighted pool table, a stereo, and a van Gogh which, after a fire, was replaced by an Andrew Wyeth. Snoopy's tastes were like those of every college kid in 1966, who, with a folk guitar and a tattered paperback copy of Herman Hesse's *Siddhartha,* had hung the dorm room with a Wyeth print—a magical-realistic picture unsettling because it transcended the ordinary rural life it seemed to be faithfully depicting—as an emblem of the searching, melancholy, considered life toward which he or she believed him/herself, perhaps the whole troubled world, to be tumbling.

This was the first time in the comics that an animal had trumped the humans. Never before had an animal taken over a human cartoon, and "it did more than change *Pea-*

nuts," said Walter Cronkite, "it changed all comics." Schulz's fellow cartoonists read and reread the Red Baron episodes to figure out how Schulz was getting away with it. His rival Mort Walker looked on, dismayed. The gag-minded creator of "Beetle Bailey" had been able to follow along with Schulz when Snoopy was perched in a tree, pretending to be a vulture. But, a dog . . . flying a Sopwith Camel which was actually a doghouse, which he couldn't sit on anyway? "That's when I realized I didn't know anything about the comic business," said Walker. "What does a dog know about World War One and the Red Baron? Where did he get the helmet?" Most astonishing of all: what was Schulz doing showing actual bullet holes in a doghouse? "Good golly," Walker said to himself, "this has gone beyond the tale."



Schulz called Snoopy "the dream to be the superhero."

Hidden from no one except Charlie Brown and his friends, the visual and verbal vocabulary of Snoopy's fantasy universe became common to both the younger and older generations throughout the 60s. One of the very few "enemies" that Americans could agree on in those years was the Red Baron. In college fraternities and motorcycle gangs, rock groups and combat units, communes and airmen's hangouts, people nicknamed one another Snoopy and Red Baron and Flying Ace and Pig-Pen. (This last category included the Grateful Dead's keyboardist Ron McKernan.) There was even a San Francisco band calling itself Sopwith Camel.

Free spirits in the counterculture asked loudly and roguishly the very question that Schulz had been whispering in mainstream comics pages for more than 10 years: *What would it be like to feel happy?* A 1967 *Time* cover story had cited Schulz's characters as "hippie favorites" and placed Schulz in his 18-acre country estate on Coffee Lane in Sebastopol, California, as the admired neighbor of the infamous Morningstar commune. In 1968, six years after Schulz's microbook *Happiness Is a Warm Puppy* had become a mega-best-seller, John Lennon retorted with a song on the Beatles' *White Album:* "Happiness Is a Warm Gun." And two years after Schulz wrote the scene in *A Charlie Brown Christmas* in which Linus decides that Charlie Brown's wretched little tree is "not a bad little tree—all it needs is a little love," the Beatles hammered the same message around the world: "All You Need Is Love."

The lexicon of "Peanuts" filtered through the culture, middle to top, top to bottom. As "security blanket" found its way into Webster's dictionary and "Happiness Is . . . " into *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations,* "Good grief!" became the all-purpose refrain of Candy Christian, the innocent, infinitely corruptible heroine of 1964's most notorious book, *Candy,* an erotic satire written by the expatriate hipsters Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg. The next summer, members of the Jefferson Airplane heard that children in the neighboring studio were recording the voices of the parentless "Peanuts" characters for a Christmas television special and, treating the Charlie Brown cast as if they were an enlightened prophetic microcosm of the whole youth culture, went over to get *their* autographs.

Unbeknownst to Schulz, another rock group, the Royal Guardsmen, a sextet from Ocala, Florida, was on its way to selling three million copies of a hit single called "Snoopy vs. the Red Baron" ("Finally, a hero arose / A funny-looking dog with a big black nose . . . "). Schulz heard it only when a friend remarked, "Great song you wrote." As soon as cartoonist and syndicate had been cut into the royalties, the group added a string of sequels and produced four LPs. On one they loosely fitted an anti-Vietnam message to the "fascinating allegory" of Snoopy and the Red Baron's calling the World War I Christmas truce in No Man's Land, with which the Guardsmen intended "basically [to] expose the futility of never-ending conflict."

As early as 1959, two Convair B-58 supersonic bombers, designated *Snoopy-1* and *Snoopy-2,* took to the skies with their namesake painted on their noses "in his most supersonic pose," as a Convair executive wrote to Schulz. By the mid-60s, whole squadrons of F-100 pilots were taking their craft into action in flight suits decorated with diamond-shaped patches featuring the Flying Ace; officials at NASA named Snoopy the symbol of a new safety and morale-building program.

From 1966 to 1969, Snoopy could be found pursuing—or being pursued by—the Red Baron wherever America explained itself to itself, whether in a rock formation on the rim of the Grand Canyon, nicknamed "Snoopy Rock," for its resemblance to Snoopy sleeping on his doghouse, or as a Goodyear blimp or gigantic balloon in Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. In form and function, the doghouse could now take Schulz and his beagle anywhere the nation was going, including the moon. And on March 10, 1969—four months before man's first lunar landing—the World-Famous Astronaut was dispatched into space.

Two months later, in a command module named *Charlie Brown* and its lunar module, *Snoopy,* Commanders Eugene A. Cernan and John W. Young, U.S. Navy, and Colonel Thomas P. Stafford, U.S. Air Force, piloting the *Apollo 10* spacecraft on a scouting mission to the moon, descended to within almost eight and a half nautical miles of the Sea of Tranquility in a final rehearsal for the history-dividing *Apollo 11* landing, in July. To the astronauts, Snoopy was more than a mascot: as "the only dog with flight experience," he served as guardian and guide. About halfway to the moon, 128,000 miles from Earth, Cernan held up a drawing of Snoopy, goggled, helmeted, and scarved, to the color TV camera on board for transmission back home. "I've always pictured Snoopy with the old World War One aviation helmet and goggles and silver scarf, and I think we sort of fashioned ourselves that way in those days," Cernan later recalled. NASA estimated that more than a billion viewers all over the world saw Snoopy at that moment.

On May 22, after the two spacecraft recoupled in a tense docking procedure on the far side of the moon, Mission Control, in Houston, broke out a large cartoon showing Snoopy kissing Charlie Brown, and newspapers around the world ran banner headlines: DOPO LA MISSIONE VICINO ALLA LUNA: "SNOOPY" RITROVA "CHARLIE BROWN"—and when they splashed down in the Pacific: "SNOOPY" SAFE AFTER PERILOUS MOON TRIP.

"Peanuts" had sprawled out of the old comics page to hit a new nerve. "Something was touched," the writer Renata Adler wrote years later. Never again would a cartoonist and his characters so consistently capture so much of the culture and the times. In the previous decade, "Pogo" had identified the true enemy power in McCarthyism: *He is us.* But "Pogo," for all its satiric cunning, remained fixed in the McCarthy-Stalin era. Now, in the 60s, "Peanuts" was the one imparting messages and meanings to the hurtling moment, with one significant difference: instead of ending after two decades, "Peanuts" had just begun. □



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Jess S Jackson

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RAY OF SUNSHINE

Rachael Ray multi-tasks in an Oscar de la Renta dress; photographed in East Hampton, New York.

SPICE GIRL

Rachael Ray has been compared to Gidget, Oprah, and Rosie, but she insists she's "a burger flipper and a Chatty Cathy." She is constantly described as "the girl next door," though she says she's more "your cousin." If you call her a chef, she puts her foot down: "I'm just a cook." And the word "celebrity"? Nope. "If you grow up in a service industry," she explains, "you always feel in many ways subservient to people. That's the way I think of myself: I'm a waitress. And I think that's a great thing. I'm good at trying to understand what my customers want and need, and giving it to them."

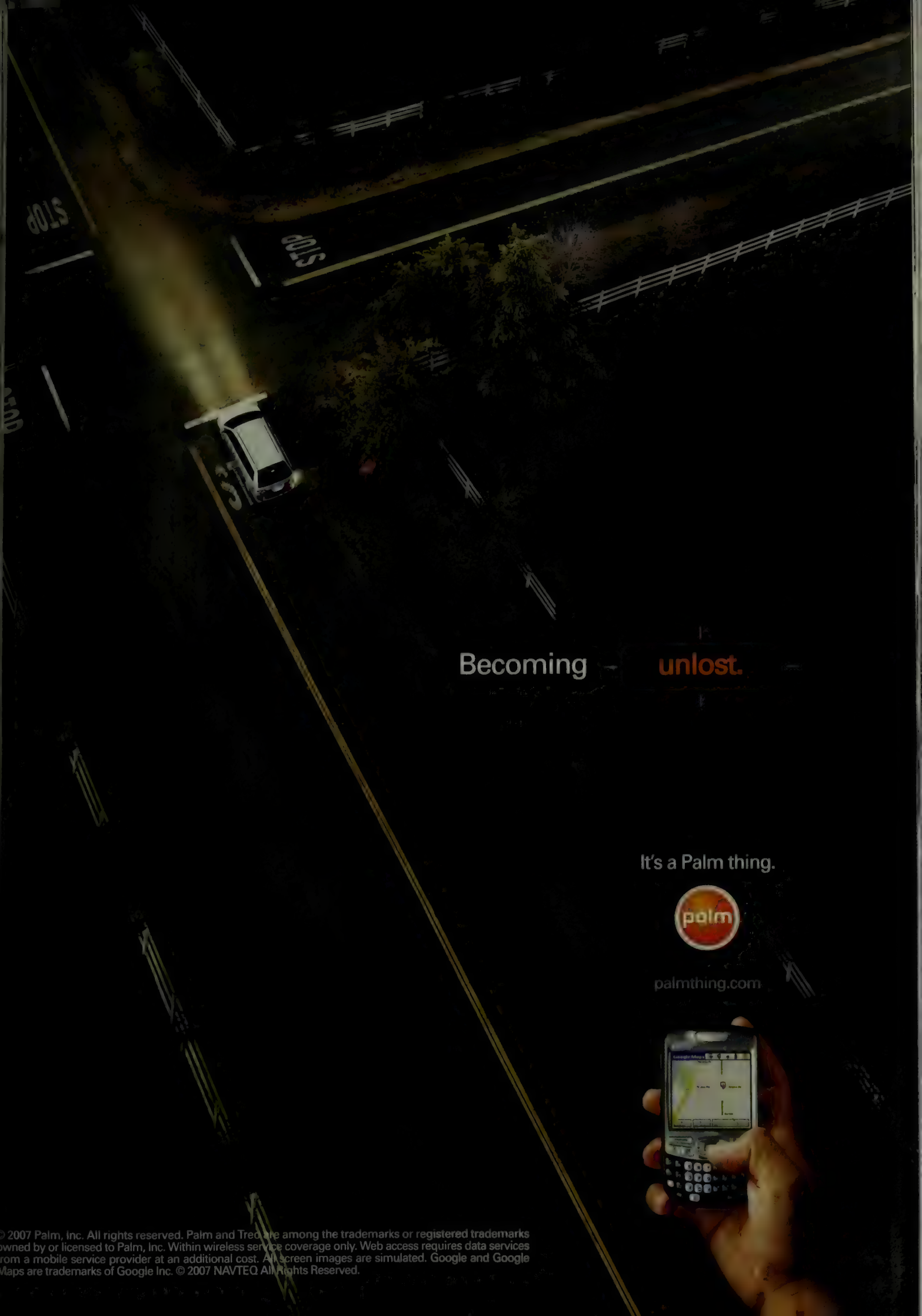
Good at trying to understand? This five-foot-three phenomenon—America's bouncy, booming champion of the 30-minute meal—has cornered the market on all things cooking. She has two hit shows on the Food Network: *30 Minute Meals* and *Tasty Travels*. She has a monthly magazine, *Every Day with Rachael Ray*, an overnight success that's outperformed much tonier titles since its launch, in 2005. And she's transformed the market for cookbooks, selling in the millions (her last four were No. 1 best-sellers within a week of publication), and outselling the bad-boy chefs who disdain her "easy-peasy" approach. A new cookbook, *Just in Time*, is due out November 6.

As if all this weren't enough, Ray's one-hour eponymous daytime show begins its second season on September 10. Having debuted last fall, the program was the No. 1 syndicated launch in 2006, with the highest premiere and May-sweeps numbers since *Dr. Phil*, in 2002. So is it safe to say Ray has the beginnings of her own media empire? "I hate that," she says. "'Empire' is such an evil word." O.K., we'll use two of her words: Rachael Ray is "screamin' hot."

—LAURA JACOBS

FOR AN EXCLUSIVE, IN-DEPTH RACHAEL RAY PROFILE BY LAURA JACOBS, GO TO **VF.COM**.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANÇOIS HALARD
STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE



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NO TONGUE
Actor–guinea pig Jon H
(*Napoleon Dynamite*
Blades of Glory) test-dr
the Motorized Ice Cream
at 15 revolutions per min

Lazy-Ass Nation

America's Can-Do-But-Why-Bother spirit has produced a wave of gadgets that take the effort out of almost everything: vacuuming rugs, parking cars, walking dogs. In fact, why wear out those tongue muscles when a virtual assistant can order you a Motorized Ice Cream Cone?

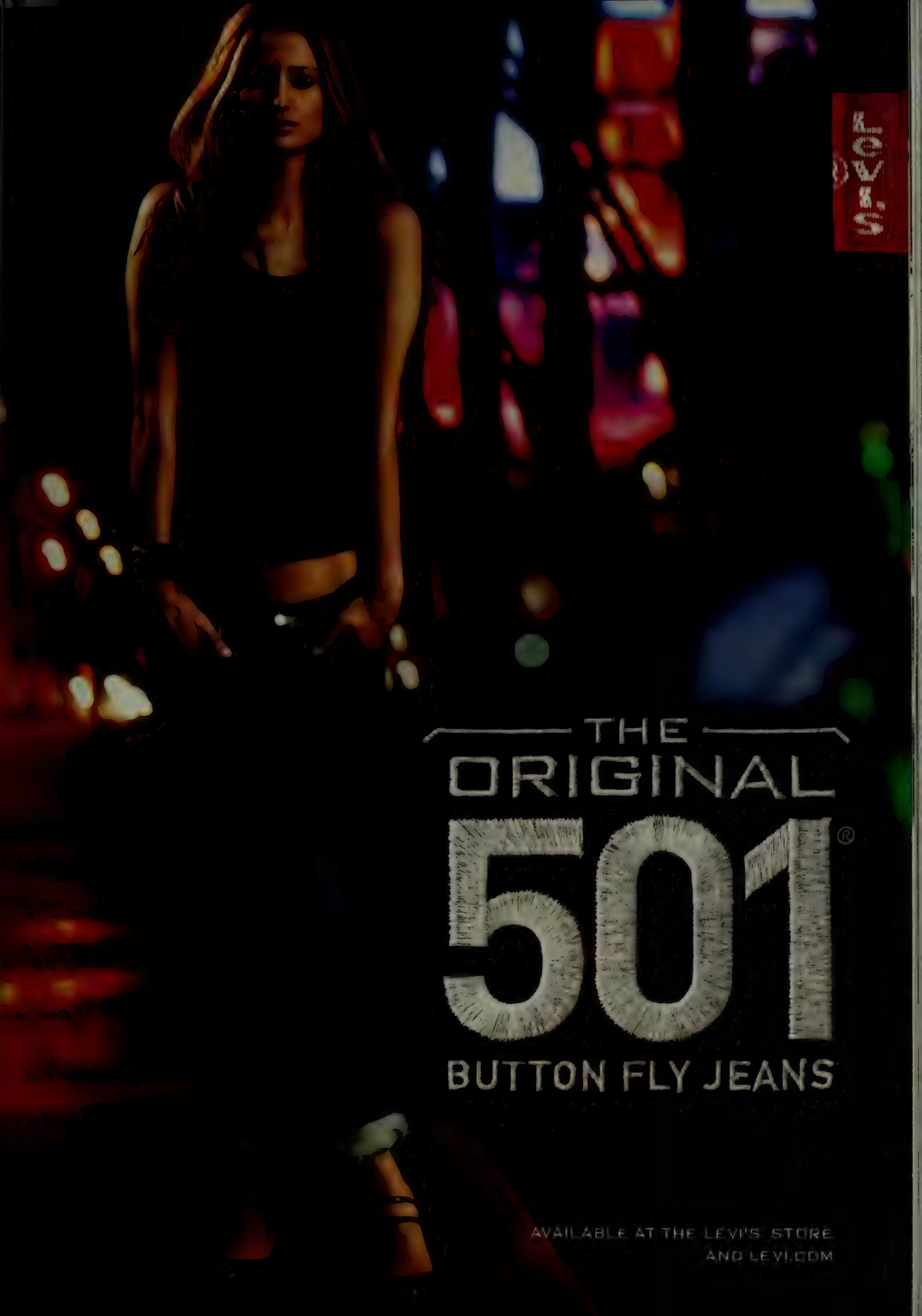
By Jim Windolf

The greater part of human history has gone something like this: see animal, chase animal, kill animal, skin animal, cook animal, eat animal. But all that chasing and killing and cooking means a lot of brutish work, and somewhere along the way we fell in love with the dream of the effort-free existence. Now iRobots vacuum our carpets and wash the kitchen floor; battery-operated, self-heating jackets from North Face and Maplin keep us warm; and our cars park themselves, if we're fortunate enough to own a Lexus LS 460.

While traditionally given to hard work, Americans have also, somewhat paradoxically, kept a close watch for any innovation that might take some of the drudgery out of everyday life. This contradiction in our national character was present in the DNA of two of our Founding Fathers, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. As part-time inventors, both men made mighty contributions to humankind: Jefferson radically improved the plow when he created what is known as "the moldboard plow of least resistance," which dug into the soil with less effort; and Franklin was a bona fide scientific pioneer who proved, by capturing lightning in a bottle, that lightning and static electricity were indeed one and the same substance—a discovery that made him internationally famous. But both men also had a talent for dabbling in the kind of thing that might put a dopey smile on the face of the fat and sedentary American of 2007. In 1804, Jefferson invented the automatic double doors: open one and, voilà, both doors swing open at the same time thanks to the workings of a mechanism concealed beneath the floorboards. In another, perhaps more intense burst of inspiration, he added a leg rest to the already extant "revolving Windsor chair," thereby coming up with the prototypical La-Z-Boy (a piece of American ingenuity perfected, in 1928, by La-Z-Boy's two founders, Michigan cousins Edward Knabusch and Edwin Shoemaker). The "air bath," Ben Franklin's main innovation along these lines, sounds like something that could be offered at a Se-

STYLED BY ARIANNE TUNNEY. SHIRT BY URBAN OUTFITTERS.

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TOMORROW'S UTENSIL TODAY Several hundred thousand Motor-Powered Self-Twirling Spaghetti Forks have been sold since 2005.

dona spa in our time. It involved "lying uncovered and naked on a bed for an hour, a practice he claimed was good for one's health," writes cultural historian Tom Lutz in *Doing Nothing: A History of Loafers, Loungers, Slackers, and Bums in America.* The air bath didn't catch on, but you have to give Franklin points for investing so much thought and effort into something that required so little of each.

Of the two strains present in the above-mentioned inventions—that is, the world-changing and the dumb—we have lately tended more toward the latter. This decade in particular has been rife with idiotic goods and services meant to keep us in a contented, almost zombie-like state. In this dawning age of ultra-convenience, people who only recently were amazed to be able to track down any nugget of information online now let out a stream of curses when a Web page doesn't load fast enough. With the rise of Internet shopping, even the act of going to the store has become a quaint pastime. And shopping online may soon be just as quaint, given the fast-rising "virtual assistant" industry; for between $20 and $45 an hour, you can hire someone to do your online shopping and bill paying for you. That's two conveniences for the price of two.

Meanwhile, in addition to the floor-cleaning iRobots, such as Scooba, Roomba, and Dirt Dog, robotic lawn mowers from Robomow can cut your grass. Slogan: "It mows. You don't." There are also man-size robots on the Japanese market—Fujitsu's HOAP-2 and Sony's QRIO—able to perform a range of household tasks. The Sony 'bot even has the ability to run, in case you need things done chop-chop.

Children get the message early on that expending effort is a fool's game. Remember when you were a kid and you poked a stick—a simple stick from an actual tree—into a marshmallow? And you held it over the campfire and watched as the mesmerizing flames browned the shell while further gooifying the insides? Even this rustic summertime ritual is fading away, thanks to the Spinmallow, a product of the Marky Sparky company. Its telescopic stainless-steel skewer, which rotates at 92 revolutions per minute, will roast the marshmallow for you.

Does threading spaghetti through the tines of your fork leave you with that pesky affliction of the age, carpal-tunnel syndrome? Say hello to the Motor-Powered Self-Twirling Spaghetti Fork, created by Vanessa McGarry and Paige Snear Apar of the Southern California–based Four-Leaf Clever, Inc. It has sold between 75,000 and 100,000 pieces a year since hitting the market in 2005, according to its distributor. Asked if children who grow accustomed to using the newfangled apparatus would become helpless at the sight of noodles when dining at the homes of their less well-equipped friends, McGarry says, "You can always go back to the old fork idea."

"You can always go back to the old fork idea," says the inventor of the Self-Twirling Spaghetti Fork.

But can you, truly? From the McDonald brothers' establishing their Speedee Service System in the first true fast-food restaurants in 1948, to C. A. Swanson & Sons' packaging the first frozen TV Dinner in 1953, and on to the Zone Diet meals delivered to your doorstep today, we've become obsessed with finding new ways to fill our bellies with the least hassle. An enduring example of the American penchant for avoiding elaborate meal preparation is the peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich. Invented by a St. Louis physician in 1890 as a protein supplement, peanut butter achieved wide usage during World War II, when it was included in the rations of American G.I.'s. They're the ones who also popularized the



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7 Delta Air Lines, Inc.

P.B.&J. In the immediate postwar era, the same qualities that rendered the sandwich perfect for the Ardennes Forest—it took 18 seconds to prepare and became bolus-like after a few chews—made it a nationwide lunchtime staple.

In 1968, the J. M. Smucker Company, of Orrville, Ohio, made the labor-unintensive P.B.&J. even more labor-unintensive by combining peanut butter and grape jelly in a single container. Thus was born Goober Grape. The Greatest Generation had to open two jars, while baby-boomers could achieve the same result by opening just one. Now that's progress. In 2003, Skippy subtracted the knife from the peanut-butter-spreading equation with Skippy Squeeze Stix—peanut butter in a tube. Welch's and Smucker's have piled on, creating pliant squeeze containers of their overly sweetened jellies, so that the whole sandwich-making process is now utensil-free and squeeze-intensive.

Once a source of nourishment for astronauts, tube foods are on the rise, not only here but also in Europe. General Mills' GoGurt, a sweet paste that might pass for yogurt if you removed the high-fructose corn syrup, went on the market in the late 1990s to meet the needs of parents who fear even a fractional dip in their children's blood-sugar levels. Various sweet puddings are also available in tube form. Coinciding with the growing popularity of tube foods over the last decade has been a 4 percent increase in cavities found in children between the ages of two and five, according to a 2007 study conducted by the Centers for Disease Control.

Our teeth may have been better off a millennium ago: skeletal remains found in England, dated to A.D. 1000, "are remarkable for the relative absence of dental and jaw decay," according to *The Year 1000: What Life Was Like at the Turn of the First Millennium,* by Robert Lacey and Danny Danziger. The same skeletons show that people back then were also "very much the size of anyone alive today," the authors report. For all our glittering advancements, our bones say we are standing still, if not going backward.

Could it be that our increasing willingness to get through life in a nearly comatose state has kept us physiologically stagnant? Catering to this tendency, the Motorized Ice Cream Cone, a device invented in 1999 by Rick Hartman of Seattle, rotates a scoop at the pleasant speed of 15 revolutions per minute. Press the button, stick out your tongue, and the automatic cone does the rest. Who knew licking was such a chore? Asked if his invention would make children lazier than they already are, Hartman says, "I don't think so. I think that eating ice cream is genetically encoded in the human tongue, and so I think that we, as a species, have that fairly well under control."

I wouldn't be so sure. Meeting our desires through the products they turn out, various corporations seem to sense an American craving for an almost total passivity. Since 2002, Pfizer has peddled Listerine Cool Mint Breath Strips, which melt into nonexistence upon meeting the flat of your tongue, as an improvement on lozenges. Chloraseptic, too, has introduced its own dissolving strips. As Ellen DeGeneres asked in a recent routine, "Can we not suck anymore?"

The gold standard of dubious labor-saving devices is the Clapper, from Joseph Enterprises, in San Francisco. Since 1982, Clapper owners have been able to control their lights and appliances with a syncopated double clap of the hands. This fall, the company is launching the Clapper Plus. With its wireless remote, the new Clapper is a Clapper for people who can't even be bothered to clap. In its review of the product, even the technophilic Web site Gizmodo.com was moved to remark, "WTF?"

I had the exact same question, so I called up Clapper Plus inventor Mark Grossmeyer of Cedarburg, Wisconsin, and asked him what was on his mind. "I was in bed one night," he tells me, "and I was thinking, Why aren't I using the Clapper in my house? And I was thinking, Well, my wife's sleeping next to me. If I start clapping right now to turn off my light, she'd probably hit me. So I basically said maybe it would be nice to have a remote switch. You push the button and it'll work from inside or outside your house. You can also clap if you're not by your remote at the time."

The remote comes with double-stick tape, so that you can attach it to a wall. Sort of like . . . well, a light switch, which would make the Clapper Plus redundant, wouldn't you say? Not at all, claims Michael Hirsch, a Joseph Enterprises marketing executive. "Frankly," Hirsch says, "in my house, I have two lights in the living room, and now I can turn them off without clapping from the kitchen. So when I walk in, sometimes I clap, and sometimes I use the remote."

So he has options.

"Right."

Does he ever go back to the old-fashioned light switch? Just for laughs?

"Rarely. It's inconvenient to lean over the couch."

Made up largely of pioneers, the young U.S.A. was a necessarily industrious nation. The Protestant work ethic described by German sociologist Max Weber as the engine of capitalism helped propel many of our early citizens through hardship toward prosperity. "God helps them that help themselves," Benjamin Franklin wrote in *Poor Richard's Almanack.* Franklin went on to prefigure the catchphrase of personal trainers everywhere when he stated, "There are no gains without pains." (Such aphorisms spilled easily from his quill in the days before his invention of the air bath.) In the next century, Abraham Lincoln expressed the American can-do credo with a pithy, if hard-assed, turn of phrase: "Things may come to those who wait, but only things left by those who hustle." Perhaps in furtherance of that sentiment, cocaine was a common ingredient in numerous legal "patent medicines" from the late 1800s through the early years of the 20th century, which put a little zip into the step of put-upon cowhands and bored Boston ladies.

But the same rough-and-ready spirit that helped the pioneering settlers to carve new hometowns out of an untamed and gnat-infested land began applying itself to less pressing matters starting around 1850, as the necessary invention gave way to the comic innovation. In 1863, James Plimpton of Medford, Massachusetts, won a patent for roller skates. Why walk when you can glide? Even as the Civil War raged, Plimpton's invention ushered in one of the first consumer-culture crazes. In 1896, James Boyle of Spokane, Washington, patented the "saluting device." Tucked inside a man's hat, this gizmo performed the annoying job of hat tipping so you didn't have to. In 1883, Charles Stillwell of Philadelphia invented a machine to produce the brown paper bag—or, as he called it, "the Self-Opening Sack, the first bag to stand upright by itself." Without Stillwell's invention, the self-service supermarket, created in 1916 by Clarence Saunders, of Piggly Wiggly fame, might not have amounted to much. The sometimes startling transition from a class of invention that solved serious problems to the type that made life a little more convenient was already apparent with the 1891 creation of the escalator by Kansas-born patent holder Jesse W. Reno: those reaching the top of this "inclined conveyor belt" were offered

"God helps them that help themselves," wrote Benjamin Franklin, inventor of the air bath.

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Into the Night



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brandy to help them get over the shock of rising 45 feet above ground level.

Alarmed by such tendencies, Teddy Roosevelt, in a 1917 letter, weighed in thusly: "The things that will destroy America are . . . the love of soft living and the get rich quick theory of life." T.R.'s fears of what the typical American might become are perhaps best embodied by our current national mascot, Homer Simpson, a man not too proud to drink his beer from a helmet equipped with two cup holders and several feet of tubing.

Cup holders, by the way, are everywhere. Can we step back from the pseudo-serious tone of this article a minute to ask: Cup holders? What, you can't hold your fuckin' cup? There is an extremely rich man in China who laughs long and hard every time he tells his friends how he made his fortune.

In recent years people have learned to accept the presence of technology, mechanical or pharmaceutical, in the bedroom. But even Cialis seems old-school in comparison with a new gadget recently created by Dr. Stuart Meloy of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Meloy's still-unnamed wonder one-ups the Orgasmatron proposed in *Sleeper,* Woody Allen's 1973 comedy of the future. With the adoption of Meloy's invention, there will be no need for foreplay, not to mention dinner and a movie. Discovered serendipitously as the doctor was treating a woman with back pain, the device is a remote-controlled electrode surgically implanted into the base of the spinal cord. With a click of the wireless remote, it welcomes you to the future in a big way, sort of all over. Ninety-one percent of women tested by Meloy reached orgasm in recent F.D.A.-approved trials. (The other 9 percent told the electrode, "Don't worry, honey, it happens.") No, the product is not yet on the market.

Now that sex requires less effort than ever, can we say the same for child rearing? As if *Sesame Street* wasn't bad enough in creating a generation of screen-dependent zombies, there is BabyFirstTV, a cable network established in 2003 for little ones between the ages of three months and three years who might otherwise develop an interest in the nonvirtual world around them.

For $185 an hour, poop experts from the Soho Parenting Center will potty-train your toddler.

When the kids are older and want the adults in their lives to do things such as play catch, modern parents do the modern thing: they outsource the job. In the suburbs of New York City, a company called High 5 will teach your kids to ride a bike at $60 an hour. In New York City itself, for $185 an hour, poop experts from the Soho Parenting Center will potty-train your toddler—and for a total of $350 they'll follow up the session with a week's worth of e-mails. You haven't seen Dylan ride a Bemis in style until you've hired this outfit. And why fumble your way through the classic parent-child bonding rituals when trained professionals will do it for you?

In Los Angeles, well-off parents have taken to hiring young men—camp-counselor types—to come to their house and play with their children. Jeff Garlin, the comedian who portrays Larry David's manager on HBO's *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and directed the new comedy *I Want Someone to Eat Cheese With,* is no stranger to the family-room couch, but even he has drawn the line where this new service is concerned.

"I have plantar fasciitis, which makes it very hard even to walk," he says, "and my wife was frustrated with me sitting down all the time—and the fact that I wasn't playing with the kids made her crazy." Sporty young men showed up in the backyard soon after she tracked them down through friends who had used the service. "All these guys look the same," Garlin says. "They're really fit, six foot two, and a lot of them seem to have a ponytail to go with their dark, Italian good looks. And I can tell you, there's nothing more emasculating than watching a stranger being paid to play with your kids." After enduring the indignity, Garlin turned to his wife and said, "So you won't mind if I invite a hooker over and pay her to do the things you're not doing?"

There is also plenty of help for lazy-ass animal-lovers and their big fat pets. According to the American Veterinary Medical Association, 40 percent of dogs in the U.S. are overweight. It seems that Americans—66 percent of whom are tubby, according to a 2005 study published by the Centers for Disease Control—no longer have the heart to deny Fido the treats they can't deny themselves. But instead of implementing a sensible diet once our pooch's form resembles our own, we solve the problem with Slentrol, the canine obesity pill from Pfizer, approved earlier this year by the Food and Drug Administration. It's a truism that dogs



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end up looking like their owners. With the doggy diet pill, they can mimic our growing reliance on the easy medical fix to problems that could be solved with unpleasant effort.

Dog owners who can't be bothered to go outside at walkie time can simply place their pets on the Dog Walker, a treadmill designed especially for canines, or its competitor, Pawwws Pet Treadmills. For people willing to get up off the couch and brave the elements, there is the Dog-Powered Scooter, invented and produced by Mark Schuette of Bend, Oregon. You roll along as your dog, attached to the scooter with an outrigger and harness, does the work of pulling you for the duration of your "walk."

It would seem counter-intuitive, even illogical, that people engaged in recreational sports would want to expend as little effort as possible. By now we've all gotten accustomed to the giant-headed titanium tennis racket, but what, exactly, is the point of something like the Ballistic Driver, an automatic golf club with an explosive head from GPower Inc., of Sunnyvale, California, that can smack a Titleist 250 yards with almost no input from the golfer?

Maybe non-strenuous golf makes for a bad example. What about a more rugged pursuit, such as hunting? At the Rolling Rock Club, in Ligonier Township, Pennsylvania, as well as at an estimated 1,000 other "canned hunting" operations across the country, the proprietors raise pheasants and other game in pens. Hunters who go to Rolling Rock, as did Dick Cheney in December 2003, pay a fee that depends on how many birds they plan to shoot that day. It's easy pickings: pen-raised creatures are more docile than those in the wild. You wouldn't have an easier time bagging prey if you took an AK-47 to a petting zoo. When not peppering his friend with bird shot, Cheney is known to have slaughtered 70 birds on a given day of canned hunting. Too bad Osama won't sit still.

Old-school duck-hunters now complain of recent advances in duck-decoy technology. What was once carved painstakingly from wood, by hand, is now turned out by the factories of companies such as Cabela's, in Nebraska, and Roboduk, in California. Critics say the new decoys, which are motorized and remote-controlled, take the sport out of duck-hunting. Mounted on a stick, the spinning-wing model is particularly adept at making suckers out of passing flocks, which swoop in under the impression they've found a safe place to roost. No longer do hunters have to wait out the cold pre-dawn hours, and ducks are losing the battle. "I remember seeing 25,000–30,000 ducks out there," Maine hunter Buster Prout told *The New York Times* in 2006. "Now you see 2,000 and you think you've seen a lot of them."

Hunting and the Internet nearly made the best combination since peanut butter and chocolate: Texas entrepreneur John Lockwood came up with a way for people sitting in front of home computers to shoot animals on his canned-hunting ranch. Lockwood had it rigged so that a customer, with a mere click of the mouse, could activate a .22-caliber rifle on his property. He managed to realize at least one instance of online hunting, when a friend of his logged on and shot a wild hog in the neck from his desktop, before state and federal lawmakers outlawed the practice. For now it looks as if Lockwood will have to be content to go down as some sort of lazy-ass pioneer.

With all the advances human beings have made in the last 10,000 years, it would seem a safe assumption that we mild office workers of 2007, with our self-parking Lexus LS 460s and Clappers Plus, have it easier than our savage-seeming hunter-gatherer forebears. But that may not be the case. "Compared to my physician and lawyer friends today, and to my shopkeeper grandparents in the early twentieth century," writes anthropologist Jared Diamond in *The Third Chimpanzee: The Evolution and Future of the Human Animal,* "hunter-gatherers really do have more free time." He points to studies showing that Kalahari Desert Bushmen, a hunter-gatherer tribe that has survived to this day, "have leisure time, sleep a lot, and work no harder than their farming neighbors. For instance, the average time devoted each week to obtaining food has been reported to be only twelve to nineteen hours for Bushmen: how many [of us] can boast of such a short work week?"

It may be the case that, right now, we find ourselves in a gangly, technological adolescence, with our machines not quite able to pull off all the jobs we want them to do. But soon—as conservative writer Francis Fukuyama warns in *Our Posthuman Future: Consequences of the Biotechnology Revolution,* and as enthusiastic futurist Ray Kurzweil describes with optimistic zeal in *The Singularity Is Near: When Humans Transcend Biology*—we may merge with technology. We will have chips implanted into our brains that will increase our knowledge capacity, and we will genetically modify our brains and bodies so that getting through life will require less work than ever before.

In May of this year, two Tel Aviv University scientists, Itay Baruchi and E Ben-Jacob, were apparently the first to plant information into live neurons. T is the crucial first step toward inser information into our brains in chip fo Why read, why go to school, when you receive a lifetime of education throug quick surgical procedure? At the R bilitation Institute of Chicago, a man p lyzed from the neck down has learne control a computer, a TV set, and a rob arm with the aid of a chip implanted the motor cortex of his brain. The impl tions of such advances go beyond hel people manage disabilities. "Imagin memory chip containing the Encyclop Britannica that would interact with y brain and you could access it," Chic neuroscientist Nicholas Hatsopoulos the *Chicago Tribune.* In Germany, in 2 an unusually strong four-year-old boy, had no trouble lifting a seven-pound du bell with each hand, was studied by ge cists. They determined that the boy ha chance genetic mutation that promo unusual muscle growth—a mutation tha replicated by science, would render ster laughably obsolete.

Kurzweil sees a major transition per in our near future—what he calls the Sin larity, which will be marked by an explos in biotechnology. Disease will be a thing the past; we'll live as long as we want "By the end of this century," he argue *The Singularity Is Near,* "the nonbiolog portion of our intelligence will be trilli of trillions of times more powerful t unaided human intelligence.... There be no distinction, post-Singularity, betw human and machine or between phys and virtual reality." Seen in this light, gizmos and services cited above, no ma how absurd-seeming, represent our clun attempts at escaping the limitations of animal bodies. On the one hand, yes, w lazy. On the other hand, the appearance effort-saving devices as ridiculous as Motorized Ice Cream Cone and the n Orgasmatron tells us we'll try almost a thing to transcend the sweat and toil t once seemed such a central part of be human. And once the goods and servi we come up with are advanced enough eradicate every last annoyance from lives, we'll finally achieve that state of b known both to yogis of the East and Hor Simpson on the couch. □

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THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT

The VANITY FAIR 100

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It's been a subprime year for everyone, not least the Vanity Fair 100. When last we checked in, Sumner

Redstone, 84 years young, was hogging the spotlight like a cranky, Go-Gurt-deprived toddler, jettisoning Tom Cruise from his Paramount playpen and readying his Fisher-Price chopping block for Viacom C.E.O. Tom Freston's head. This year, private-equity titans and hedge-fund wizards got caught in the headlights when it became public that they were paying just 15 percent in federal tax on their gargantuan pay-outs. The sinking stock market hasn't slowed down Rupert Murdoch, who showed the world some old-media love, picking up *The Wall Street Journal.* Redstone, meanwhile, carried on with assorted squabbles, settling a lawsuit brought by his son, Brent, and filing suit against Google. As breathlessly awaited as *Harry Potter,* the deliciously beautiful iPhone dropped calls but still drove up Steve Jobs's net worth by $200 million. Oh, and here's Sumner again, now picking a fight with daughter Shari, modestly reminding her in a public letter that it was he, "with little or no contribution on [his children's] part, who built these great media companies."

And so it goes on the Gilded Stage.

1 RUPERT MURDOCH



LAST YEAR: 1.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Murdoch fulfilled a long-held ambition to own *The Wall Street Journal* after making a stunning, cunning, $5 billion offer for Dow Jones & Co. In typical fashion, he offered more money than anyone in his right mind would have done, ensuring that the Bancroft-family members who controlled the company had little choice but to turn it over. (The wily deal-maker even wrapped up negotiations in time to make his scheduled departure on his new yacht, *Rosehearty,* which investor Vivi Nevo had returned the day before.) The famously hands-on media mogul inspires fear and loathing among *Journal* employees and readers, but Murdoch, who grew up in the newspaper business, insists his intentions are benign: he says he wants to pour money into the paper to fuel expansion outside of the U.S. and on the Web. And he'll likely do just that.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Tom Freston.

COOL NEW FRIEND: Mark Zuckerberg, the 23-year-old head of the social-networking site (and MySpace competitor) Facebook. Murdoch seated Zuckerberg next to him at News Corp.'s annual Monterey, California, retreat. (Murdoch's daughter Elisabeth has a Facebook page.)

NEWS THAT DOESN'T INVOLVE THE *JOURNAL*: Murdoch, 76, brokered a deal to rid himself of cable baron John Malone by giving him News Corp.'s big stake in DirecTV. The $580 million News Corp. paid for MySpace, in 2005, is already considered a bargain. Murdoch earned himself a black eye courtesy of Judith Regan and her O. J. Simpson book project.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Murdoch is asking $14.8 million—nearly double its 2003 purchase price—for his 4.6-acre estate on Long Island's Centre Island. Construction on his new home in Beijing, a block from the Forbidden City, is almost complete.

FAMILY RELATIONS: Third wife Wendi (née Deng) has been tasked with helping News Corp. make headway in China. Son James, once considered a dark horse to succeed his father, now looks like a front-runner. Still, Murdoch-family politics are fluid: son Lachlan, who left News Corp. in 2005 and went back to Australia, joined Dad at Herb Allen's Sun Valley love-in in July.

GREEN PROPS: In May, Murdoch announced a bold initiative to make all of News Corp.—from its film studios in Hollywood to its data centers in Bulgaria—carbon-neutral by 2010, a feat equivalent to shutting down London's power grid for an entire workweek.

ON THE RECORD: "We've got to find new ways and new business models to get revenues. Or else the world is going to be owned by Google."

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

2 STEVE JOBS



LAST YEAR: 3.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: It's been some year for Jobs: the iPhone at Apple and *Ratatouille* at Pixar. And if you look closely, you can make out the emerging outlines of technology's Master Plan: Google will handle the processing; Apple will make the devices. This year Jobs orchestrated the most-hyped launch ever for a consumer electronics device as rabid iFans waited in line for days to buy 270,000 iPhones in the first 30 hours after they went on sale. Meanwhile, Apple's assorted iPods continue to fly off the shelves, with more than 100 million units sold around the world. Since Jobs unveiled the iPhone, in January, Apple stock has jumped 40 percent.

MOGUL RELATIONS: At the end of a rare on-stage appearance with Bill Gates during a *Wall Street Journal* conference, a wistful Jobs addressed the 30-year love-hate relationship between the two titans: "There's that one line in that one Beatles song, 'You and I have memories longer than the road that stretches out ahead.' And that's clearly true here."

DODGED A BULLET WHEN: An internal investigation over options-pricing shenanigans cleared him of any wrongdoing.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: *Ratatouille,* which was a mega-hit with viewers and critics, is Pixar's eighth consecutive blockbuster.

HOW HE ROLLS: According to cell-phone paparazzi who stalk him from their cars during commutes, his favorite chariot is a silver Mercedes *sans* license plates.

WORLD-DOMINATION WATCH: Jobs, 52, is the largest individual shareholder of Disney stock, thanks to last year's acquisition of Pixar. According to one Hollywood insider, no major decision inside Disney is made without Jobs's blessing.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

3 SERGEY BRIN LARRY PAGE



LAST YEAR: 2.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: There's just no stopping "the twins," as they're known. Google's profit topped $3 billion last year. This summer, its stock price hit $550 a share, while rival Yahoo's tanked. Things are so good that Google keeps nearly doubling the size of its workforce every year (occasionally to the detriment of its earnings). And the hires are so well paid that rents have shot up in San Francisco neighborhoods near the morning-pickup locations of Google's fleet of black buses.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Diane von Furstenberg (who has said Google is like "Candy Land").

BIG PURCHASE: $1.65 billion for YouTube. Viacom responded by suing Google for $1 billion because pirated copies of its shows, such as *The Daily Show,* end up on YouTube. News Corp. and NBC Universal have teamed up to create a competing video-sharing site.

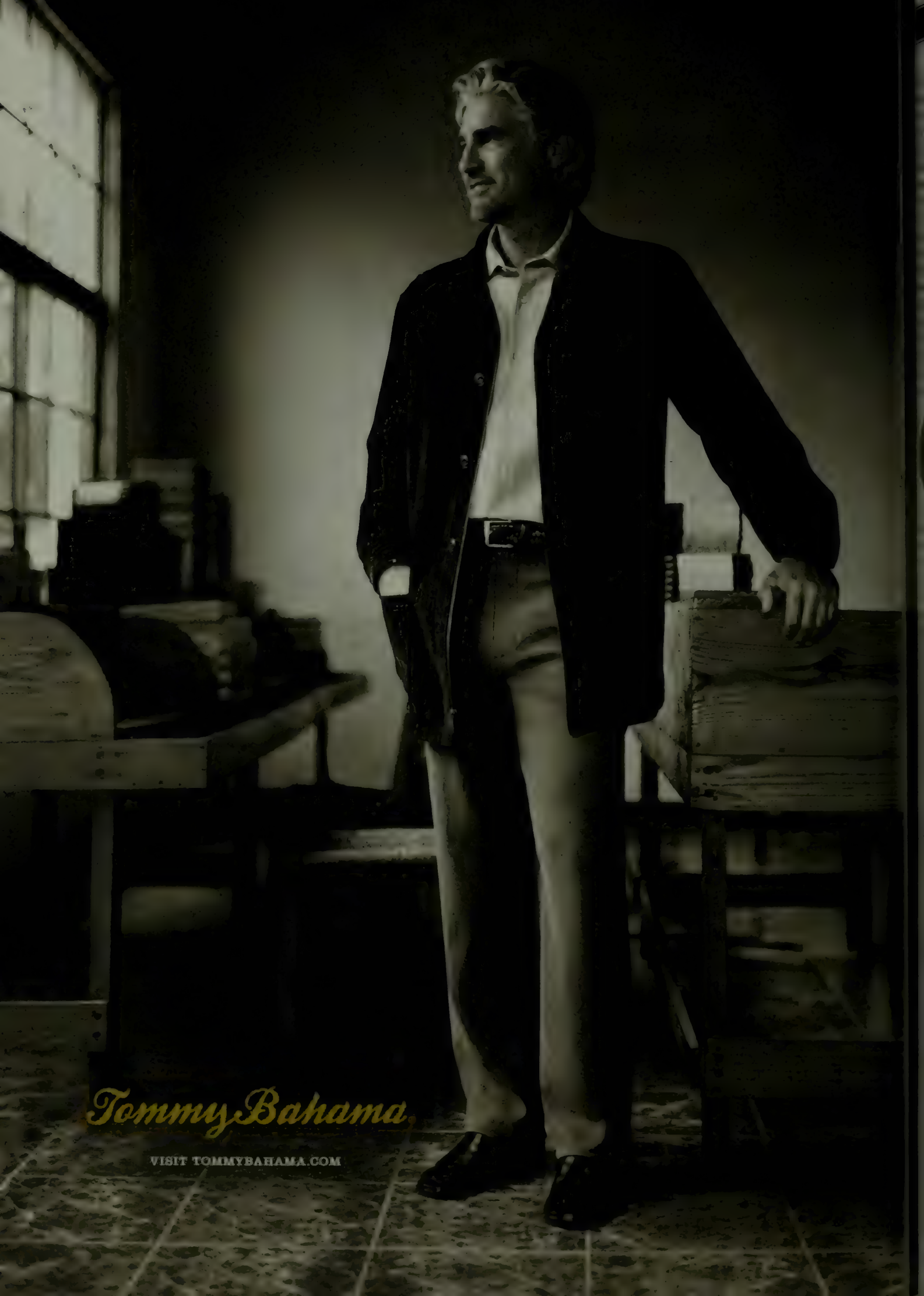
LIQUIDITY MONITOR: The twins, worth about $18 billion apiece, have each sold more than $2 billion worth of Google stock.

POWER COUPLINGS: Brin, 34, married Anne Wojcicki (the sister of a Google executive) at


Tommy Bahama






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David Copperfield's private island in the Bahamas. (They wore swimsuits as they stood under the *chuppah*.) Page, 34, and girlfriend Lucy Southworth, a Stanford Ph.D. student, kitesurfed together as guests of Richard Branson on Necker Island.

WORLD-DOMINATION WATCH: In July, Google positioned itself to control a new wireless network, when C.E.O. Eric Schmidt announced its intent to spend at least $4.6 billion for wireless spectrum when the F.C.C. brings it up for auction.

GREEN PROPS: Googleplex has installed enough solar panels at its corporate campus to produce as much as 30 percent of its electricity. The Google.org philanthropy platform, led by Dr. Larry Brilliant (real name), is trying to develop an ultra-fuel-efficient hybrid car.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

4 STEPHEN SCHWARZMAN



LAST YEAR: 34.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The private-equity behemoth made its name by taking companies private, but made its partners billions by going public in a high-profile offering. The company now has nearly $98 billion in assets under management, and owns or jointly controls companies in just about every sector of the economy: real estate (Equity Office Properties), media (*The Hollywood Reporter*), theme parks (Six Flags, Universal Orlando), technology (SunGard), retail (Michaels hobby stores), food and beverage (United Biscuits, Orangina), health care (Southern Cross), the Internet (Orbitz). Latest deal: a pending $26 billion offer for Hilton Hotels.

LITTLE BUDDIES: Schwarzman was a member of Yale's Skull and Bones society with George W. Bush. In April the president attended a $20,000-a-head Republican fund-raiser at Schwarzman's Park Avenue apartment. Peterson plays golf with Alan Greenspan and K.K.R.'s Henry Kravis.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: In May, Peterson paid $37.5 million for the former Nelson Rockefeller apartment on Fifth Avenue owned by David Geffen.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: At an industry conference in February, Schwarzman said that "the public markets are overrated." Four months later, in the June public offering, he personally reaped $677 million and shares currently worth about $6 billion.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Blackstone's offering shined new light on the low tax rates that private-equity shops pay. Now circulating in Congress, the so-called Blackstone Bill will likely increase those rates.

CHINK IN THE ARMOR: After going public at $31 a share and quickly rising to $35, Blackstone stock has been languishing at $25.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY NARCISSISTIC BEHAVIOR: For his 60th-birthday bash, in February, Schwarzman removed a portrait of himself from his living-room wall and put it on display at the party.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Peterson, 81, said he would give away a substantial portion of the $1.9 billion he earned from the Blackstone offering.

YEAR AHEAD: ↘

5 WARREN BUFFETT



LAST YEAR: 6.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: After years of hand-wringing by his faithful shareholders, Buffett, 76, finally unveiled his plans to name a successor. The investment guru says he'll narrow down thousands of candidates in an *American Idol*–like runoff. Meanwhile, his financial juggernaut, Berkshire Hathaway, now generates nearly $100 billion in annual revenue and sits atop a $40 billion war chest. Since betting against the U.S. dollar in 2002, Buffett has earned more than $2 billion in foreign-currency trades.

LITTLE BUDDY: Basketball star LeBron James. "He tells me what socks to buy and I tell him what stocks to buy."

RECENT ACQUISITION: Astrid Menks, 61, a former restaurant hostess, whom he married last year on his birthday. After the 15-minute ceremony, the newlyweds celebrated their nuptials over dinner at the Bonefish Grill in Omaha.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Buffett pledged $37 billion of his personal fortune to the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation to aid people in impoverished nations, but he rejected pleas to unload a large stake in PetroChina, a company that does big business in Sudan, which is accused of propagating a genocidal war in Darfur.

MOST UNLIKELY SUCCESS: Buying $82 million in Enron bonds shortly after the company filed for bankruptcy. The investment is now worth $352 million.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

6 BILL CLINTON



LAST YEAR: 7.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: His annual Clinton Global Initiative summit, which last year drew Bill Gates and Warren Buffett, is like "Davos with a conscience," in the words of Sierra Club head Carl Pope. Highlight: Sir Richard Branson pledging about $3 billion to fight global warming. Clinton, 61, is getting cut-rate AIDS drugs to hundreds of thousands of patients, and he's organizing banks to lend billions to major world cities to retrofit old buildings for energy efficiency. While he tried to stay low-key in wife Hillary's campaign, fears of Obama-mania finally sent him back into the spotlight.

DIET SECRET: Drinking two glasses of water before dinner.

LUNCH SPOT: Miss Mamie's Spoonbread Too, in New York City.

HOBBY: Crossword puzzles. Clinton appeared in the documentary *Wordplay*, along with fellow puzzle freak Jon Stewart, and even designed one for the *New York Times* Web site. Three-letter answer to the clue "A party I don't attend"? GOP.

BIG PARTY: The Rolling Stones concert at Manhattan's Beacon Theatre to celebrate his 60th birthday. Ticket price: a $60,000 donation to his foundation.

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Dramatized documentary. *The Path to 9/11* aired on ABC and the BBC last fall, suggesting that the Lewinsky affair distracted him from preventing the attacks.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

7 STEVEN SPIELBERG



LAST YEAR: 10.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Already a billionaire three times over, Spielberg, 60, is on track to gross a billion more in the coming years: this summer he began directing Harrison Ford and Cate Blanchett in the so-called *Indiana Jones 4*, nearly two decades after the last installment. Now he's teaming with Peter Jackson for a series of three 3-D animated films based on the beloved *Tintin* comic books. Spielberg's personal bond with Jackson helped DreamWorks clinch the deal for a film version of the best-selling novel *The Lovely Bones*, which Jackson will direct. Up next: *The Pacific*, the 10-hour companion piece to the World War II mini-series *Band of Brothers*. He's also casting Liam Neeson as Lincoln for the big screen.

ROLE MODEL: Clint Eastwood, who's still directing terrific films in his 70s.

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Paramount "friends and partners," whom Spielberg accused of referring "to every DreamWorks picture as a Paramount picture."

DODGED A BULLET WHEN: His role as "artistic adviser" to the 2008 Summer Olympics opened him to criticism for associating with China, which supports the Sudanese government. Mia Farrow and her son published an op-ed warning Spielberg that he could "go down in history as the Leni Riefenstahl of the Beijing Games." Spielberg sent a letter to China's president, Hu Jintao, urging him to

pressure Sudan to accept U.N. peacekeepers—and Hu did.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Donating $1 million to Not on Our Watch, which is currently raising money and awareness for the Darfur crisis.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

8 BERNARD ARNAULT



LAST YEAR: 19.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Arnault's empire (more than 64,000 employees, 1,925 retail stores) controls more luxury brands—Louis Vuitton, Fendi, Moët Hennessy, Dom Pérignon, and TAG Heuer, among others—than any rival. LVMH's earnings rose 30 percent last year, to $2.6 billion. Meanwhile, his Christian Dior brand, which Arnault, 58, calls "probably the best-known French name in the world," is expanding into Saudi Arabia, with stores in Riyadh and Jidda.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Harvey Weinstein.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OBSESSIVE BEHAVIOR: Watching France play in the World Cup rather than playing host at a Dior reception.

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS: Before quitting 10 Downing Street, Tony Blair was criticized for conflict of interest regarding the ministerial code of conduct because his daughter and two elder sons have all stayed for free at various Arnault properties. (Blair's son Euan interned for Arnault's radio station, in Paris, for two months in 2006.)

SYNERGY WATCH: Grapes from his famed Bordeaux vineyard, Château d'Yquem, are also used to make Dior's anti-aging cream, L'Or de Vie, a half-ounce of which costs $350.

UNCENSORED REMARK: Denounced France's anti-business "Social-Marxist culture."

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Unveiled plans for the $127 million Louis Vuitton Foundation for Creation, a Paris museum, to be designed by Frank Gehry, with free admission to view his expansive contemporary-art collection, along with commissioned works and special exhibitions.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

9 MICHAEL BLOOMBERG



LAST YEAR: 36.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: With a little more than two years left in his final term, Bloomberg, 65, has harnessed his 70 percent approval numbers to stump for an ambitious plan that would make the city cleaner, greener, and less congested by 2030. His vocal stands on global warming, gun control, and partisan politics have fueled speculation that he is presidential material. He says he has no plans to run, but his June announcement that he was withdrawing from the Republican Party and registering as an independent didn't exactly quell the presidential chatter.

BIG BUDDIES: Arnold Schwarzenegger and Warren Buffett. Buffett, who is friends with both men, told *Time* that after hearing the Bloomberg presidential buzz he consulted the Constitution because "I wanted to see if Schwarzenegger could be his vice president." He contends it's possible, adding, "That would be one hell of a team."

CHINK IN THE ARMOR: For someone touted as presidential, Bloomberg has said relatively little about the war in Iraq.

UNEXPECTED FOE: In July, Governor Eliot Spitzer twitted Bloomberg for flying to Herb Allen's Sun Valley retreat instead of staying in town to fight for his controversial congestion-pricing plan for New York commuters, which faced an imminent deadline. Said Spitzer, "I hear the congestion in Sun Valley is tougher than the congestion in Manhattan right now."

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Ranked ninth on *Slate*'s 2006 list of the 60 Most Generous Americans after giving $165 million to 1,000 charities that he declined to name.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

10 BILL AND MELINDA GATES



LAST YEAR: 5; New Entry.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Although it's unclear whether Bill Gates remains the planet's richest person—*Fortune* reports that he's been eclipsed by Mexican telecom baron Carlos Slim Helú—there's no doubt that Bill, 51, and wife Melinda, 43, are the biggest philanthropists ever. The Gateses now operate on the level of world leaders. The dinner they held at their Lake Washington home for China's president, Hu Jintao, was grander than the lunch that President Bush threw for him in Washington. And they teamed with Canadian prime minister Stephen Harper to announce a $139 million Canadian research effort for H.I.V. vaccines.

SPOUSAL RELATIONS: While Bill tries hard to shed his reputation for arrogance, Melinda's natural charm, humility, and empathy have helped their foundation win allies and connect with constituencies. Until recently, though, her involvement had been more behind the scenes than his. Now she's decided to play a much more public role: in January, she spoke at the World Economic Forum, in Davos, for the first time.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: Melinda has climbed the 14,410-foot Mount Rainier; women in China would rather have Bill sire their children than Brad Pitt.

BIG PURCHASE: Bill, Saudi prince Alwaleed bin Talal, and Four Seasons C.E.O. Isadore Sharp teamed in a deal to pay $3.8 billion including debt for Four Seasons Hotels, which manages such properties as Paris's George V and Beverly Hills' Beverly Wilshire.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: A *Los Angeles Times* exposé showing that at least $8.7 billion of the foundation's $30-billion-plus endowment was invested in companies whose operations ran counter to its socially conscious values. Just days after the articles came out, the foundation announced a review of its investments.

YEAR AHEAD: →

11 CARLOS SLIM HELU



NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: One academic refers to Mexico as "Slimlandia," because Slim's empire of more than 200 companies represents a stunning 7 percent of the nation's G.D.P. and around one-third of the value of its stock exchange. In the past two years his wealth has surged from about $40 billion to $59 billion. Slim (who's portly, actually) dominates Mexico's telephone industry—his companies control 92 percent of the landlines and 73 percent of the cell phones. His many other businesses include cigarettes, department stores, restaurants, and a bank. Critics say that he's too powerful and that his near monopoly increases telephone fees in an impoverished country; others hope that he'll redeem his enormous profits through philanthropy as the Rockefeller of Latin America.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: In August, *Fortune* pronounced Slim the world's richest man. If this claim holds true, in 2008 he will unseed the No. 1 Bill Gates on *Forbes*'s list of the world's billionaires, where Gates has reigned supreme since 1995.

BIG COOL FRIENDS: Bill Clinton, Rudy Giuliani, Gabriel García Márquez, Pelé.

NATURAL FOE: Mexico's anti-trust regulators.

MANAGEMENT TOOL: Buzzer on desk to call for assistants.

ART WATCH: Slim, 67, has one of the world's biggest collections of Rodin sculptures, plus works by Renoir, Degas, Monet, and van Gogh.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Slim recently pledged to increase the size of his foundations from $4 billion to $10 billion over the next four years. Bill Clinton helped persuade him to donate at least $100 million to Clinton's foundation to fight poverty in Latin America.

YEAR AHEAD: →


INDI
TUMI

12 H. LEE SCOTT



LAST YEAR: 4.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: With Wal-Mart's sales growth sputtering, Scott, 58, acquiesced to Wall Street pressure and scaled back: only 200 new Supercenters will open in the U.S. this year, instead of a planned 270. He also backed away from his plans to lure upscale consumers and, instead, slashed prices on 13,000 items. Overseas forays have been equally disappointing, since Wal-Mart loses a lot in translation to foreign cultures. In an effort to boost its sagging shares, Wal-Mart plans to buy back $15 billion of its own stock.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Even though Wal-Mart's market valuation fell 22 percent during the first six years of his tenure, wiping out $90 billion of investor wealth, Scott himself still enjoyed a payday of $23.3 million last year.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Scott's environmentalism was honored at a New York reception hosted by Harvey and Bob Weinstein and co-hosted by Charlie Rose. Ronald Perelman also attended.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: A *Wall Street Journal* exposé revealing that Wal-Mart had spied obsessively on employees, critics, shareholders, consultants, and possibly even the board of directors.

CAN BE PROUD OF: Wal-Mart's $4 per prescription generic-drug program.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Launched a political campaign to get Washington to fund universal health coverage, while failing to provide affordable health benefits to Wal-Mart's 1.3 million U.S. workers.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Working as a bell ringer for the Salvation Army outside a Bentonville, Arkansas, store, as part of Wal-Mart's nationwide campaign for the charity.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

13 RALPH LAUREN



LAST YEAR: 21.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Since founding Polo Ralph Lauren four decades ago, preppydom's reigning taste-maker has skillfully maneuvered its many brands over varying price points and retail venues without shaking the company's luxury image. The strategy is paying off: Polo stock has jumped 35 percent in the last year, and sales increased 15 percent, to $4.3 billion. In July the company extended his contract to 2013.

LITTLE BUDDY: Boris Becker.

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Bedbugs. His Madison Avenue graphic-design studio fell victim to the creepy-crawlies last year.

IMPERIAL EXPANSION: New company division, Global Brand Concepts, formed earlier this year to create private labels for retail stores. Its first venture, American Living, a moderately priced lifestyle line for J. C. Penney, is set to launch in 600 of the stores across the country next year.

HUMBLE ROOTS: Lauren's childhood home, in the Bronx, was just two blocks from Calvin Klein's, and they went to the same school.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Polo Ralph Lauren gave $10 million to the Save America's Treasures program at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History for the preservation of the "Star-Spangled Banner" flag that flew over Fort McHenry during the War of 1812.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

14 OPRAH WINFREY



LAST YEAR: 9.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Philanthropy has been an especially resonant theme in Oprah's life and work this year. She was the sole living entertainer to make the *Slate* 60, compiled by *The Chronicle of Philanthropy*, *Slate* magazine's annual list of the largest charitable donations in the United States. Most of the $58.3 million Oprah gave went to her Oprah Winfrey Leadership Academy Foundation. She also opened her second new school for poor South African youth, the $1.6 million Seven Fountains Primary School, in KwaZulu-Natal Province. And Harpo's first prime-time TV series, *Oprah's Big Give*, in which contestants compete by devising creative ways to do good for others, will debut early next year.

LITTLE BUDDY: Nelson Mandela, who extolled Oprah's virtues in an essay for "The *Time* 100."

BIG LOSS: Her golden retriever Gracie died after choking on a plastic ball.

THORN IN HER SIDE: Kitty Kelley, author of controversial unauthorized biographies of Frank Sinatra, the Bush family, and Nancy Reagan, announced at the end of 2006 that Oprah, 53, will be the subject of her next book.

WORLD-DOMINATION WATCH: Illinois's General Assembly passed a resolution that, starting next year, the first week of February is "Oprah Winfrey Week."

CANDIDATE: Barack Obama. According to *Time*, during the week in October 2006 that the Illinois senator appeared on Winfrey's show, Web searches for "Barack Obama" increased 417 percent. (She's also hosting a big fund-raising event at her Santa Barbara estate in September.)

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

15 BARRY DILLER DIANE VON FURSTENBERG



LAST YEAR: 12.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Diller, 65, tried to tighten his grip on his Web properties by buying back a huge chunk of stock in Expedia, but had to shelve the plan when he couldn't secure adequate financing. The result: Expedia's shares sank 10 percent. Meanwhile, he's been selling off small parts of his lagging TV-shopping holdings and may unload HSN (formerly Home Shopping Network) altogether. No worries. His sprawling Internet conglomerate was just named America's most admired company in Web services by *Fortune*, ranking ahead of stalwarts Google, eBay, and Amazon. Von Furstenberg, his designer wife, is expanding her fashion company overseas, where it generates nearly half its sales. This fall she will open shops in Moscow, Paris, Madrid, Hong Kong, and Brussels, her hometown.

EDIFICE COMPLEX: IAC's new, $100 million, Frank Gehry–designed headquarters, along Manhattan's West Side Highway—its billowing sail-like lines are sheathed in fritted glass—is the city's most original building in years. It's also within walking distance of the couple's studio apartment, which sits atop DVF's impressive new headquarters, in the Meatpacking District.

NEW AQUATIC TOY: Their 304-foot sailboat, *EOS*.

THORN IN HER SIDE: Fashion counterfeiters. Von Furstenberg, 61, slapped a copyright-infringement lawsuit on Forever 21, claiming the bargain fashion store has been selling near replicas of DVF's "Cerisier" smock dresses at one-tenth the price. She's also leading fashion designers in a push on Capitol Hill to give fashion-copyright laws more teeth.

CAN TAKE CREDIT FOR: As C.E.O. of Fox in 1987, Diller pulled Rupert Murdoch aside to show him a promo of *The Simpsons*. Murdoch's reaction, when he finished laughing: "You've gotta buy this tonight."

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

16 DAVID GEFFEN



LAST YEAR: 22.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The Cardinal Richelieu of Hollywood insists "there is no drama in my life," but he provided plenty of it in February when he trashed the Clintons, telling *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd that "everybody in politics lies, but [the Clintons] do it with such ease, it's


Calvin Klein
MAN
a new fragrance
Calvin Klein
MAN


Calvin Klein
MAN
Calvin Klein
MAN
a new fragrance

troubling." The remark, one of a handful of zingers the mogul handed to Dowd, triggered a flurry of finger-pointing between the Hillary and Obama camps and became one of the most widely cited *Times* stories of the year.

HOW HE ROLLS: By air, in a new Gulfstream G-550. By sea, on *Rising Sun,* the 453-foot yacht he bought a half-interest in last year from Larry Ellison.

LITTLE BUDDY: Arianna Huffington.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Rupert Murdoch. (The News Corp. chief was a recent guest on *Rising Sun.*)

BIG SALE: In the past year, Hollywood's richest man (estimated net worth: $4.7 billion) sold four paintings (two de Koonings, one Jasper Johns, and a Jackson Pollock) for $450 million. His collection is still valued at more than $1 billion.

SIDE PROJECT: This fall, Geffen, 64, is set to open his newly renovated Malibu Beach Inn, which he bought for $29 million in 2005 and which sits down the road from Ellison's Casa Malibu Inn.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Recently funded the construction of a new stage for the Geffen Playhouse, in L.A.'s Westwood neighborhood.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

17 HOWARD STRINGER



LAST YEAR: 14.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Last year the gregarious Sony chief had to put out a few fires—literally. The company had more than seven million of its laptop batteries recalled after some had burst into flames. But other Sony products are faring better. The company maintains a dominant position in camcorders, and its Sony-Ericsson music-enabled phones, though not popular in the U.S., have outsold the ubiquitous iPod overseas.

COOL FRIEND: Spider-Man. The webbed crusader's three movies have generated some $2.5 billion for Sony. A fourth *Spider-Man* film is in development.

FAVORITE PHARMACEUTICAL: Ambien. Stringer, 65, uses the sleeping pill to mitigate the effects of jet lag from his near-constant travels between Tokyo, his office in New York, and his home in England.

MOGUL RELATIONS: At Herb Allen's Sun Valley retreat this summer Stringer accused Steve Jobs of being "greedy," saying Jobs wants to be the only one in the music business who makes any money.

GAME WARS: The company's much-anticipated PlayStation 3 video-game console has been outsold by Nintendo's cheaper machine, Wii, but Microsoft's competing Xbox 360 player just suffered a disastrous $1-billion-plus recall.

RAY OF HOPE: Sony leads a consortium that has the upper hand in establishing the next generation of high-definition DVD.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

18 RICHARD PARSONS



LAST YEAR: 11.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: After several years of rough sailing—the AOL merger, its subsequent fallout, Carl Icahn—Parsons, 59, may finally have his ship righted. Wall Street keeps pestering him to make a bold move—perhaps sell off AOL, or, more daringly, the company's flagship Time Inc. publishing unit—but Parsons seems content to stay the course. If he can keep it up, he'll be able to leave after his contract expires, in 2008, with a well-burnished reputation for calm, understated leadership.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Under Time Warner's executive-pay plan, Parsons theoretically qualified for as much as a $41.4 million bonus in 2006. Instead, his board handed him just $8.5 million.

LITTLE BUDDY: Shari Redstone, Sumner's daughter.

FUTURE MOVES: Gossips have buzzed for years about Parsons's interest in succeeding Mike Bloomberg as New York City's mayor, but he's always dismissed the talk publicly. No more: "Why would I rule anything out?" he barked at a questioner at a media conference last fall.

FIGHTIN' WORDS: "The Googles of the world, they are the Custer of the modern world. We are the Sioux nation. They will lose this war if they go to war. The notion that the new kids on the block have taken over is a false notion."

YEAR AHEAD: →

19 AL GORE



LAST YEAR: 33.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Gore's passionate crusading is surely a big reason why 78 percent of Americans now say that global warming requires action "right away." His book *An Inconvenient Truth* has sold 850,000 copies worldwide, and he's trained a large corps of volunteers (including Cameron Diaz) in the U.S., India, and China to give his consciousness-raising slide show to their friends. This year Gore, 59, scored a best-documentary Oscar, a Nobel Peace Prize nomination, another best-seller with *The Assault on Reason*—a sharply worded attack on the Bush administration—and attracted even more global publicity for the cause through his Live Earth concerts, held on 07/07/07 on seven continents.

HOME AWAY FROM HOME: A residence in the St. Regis Hotel in San Francisco.

MEDIA RELATIONS: He scolded Diane Sawyer on *Good Morning America* for focusing on the White House "horse race" rather than the serious issues facing the world.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: His 10,000-square-foot home in Nashville uses 12 times more electricity annually than the average Nashville household. Gore counters that he buys enough "green power" (solar, wind, methane gas) to offset all of his electricity costs.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

20 LARRY ELLISON



LAST YEAR: 8.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Ellison, 63, has been on a shopping spree. Over the last three years, Oracle has snapped up rivals PeopleSoft and Siebel Systems, and a host of smaller outfits. Oracle stock is up 35 percent since last summer, adding $6 billion to Ellison's net worth.

SIDE PROJECT: Ellison owns 74 percent of online business-services provider—and potential Oracle competitor—NetSuite, which filed for a public offering in July.

LITTLE BUDDY: Oakland A's general manager Billy "Moneyball" Beane, a NetSuite director.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Ellison benched BMW Oracle skipper Chris Dickson on the morning of a pivotal America's Cup race off Valencia, Spain. The desperate gambit to energize his crew failed. Ellison's team lost, 5–1, to Prada-backed Luna Rossa, in the best-of-nine preliminary series. True to form, Ellison wasted no time officially challenging the eventual winner, Alinghi, for the next Cup.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: On a recent trip to Israel, Ellison donated $500,000 on the spot to a community center in Sderot to help reinforce the building against rocket attacks.

YEAR AHEAD: →

21 HERB ALLEN



LAST YEAR: 48.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: If the media business has a *consigliere,* it would be the quietly omnipotent Allen. His boutique investment shop, Allen & Co., run by his son Herb Allen III, has delivered annual returns of 40 percent for more than 20 years running, and has provided advice on nearly every major media deal, from Disney's purchase of ABC to Google's I.P.O. The firm recently handled the $245 million purchase of Dennis Publishing (*Maxim, Stuff*) by Steven Rattner's Quadrangle Group.

BIG COOL FRIENDS: Just about every media mogul on the planet.

BEVERAGE: Coca-Cola. Not only did Allen, 67, increase his investment in the cola manu-

facturer, he prodded the company into paying $4.1 billion for Glacéau/Vitaminwater, the largest acquisition in Coke's history.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Allen's Sun Valley confab is nominally off-limits to the press. This year it was crawling with reporters of every stripe, prompting former Viacom chief Tom Freston to remark, "*Men's Vogue* is here? Who else is covering this, *Soldier of Fortune*?"

YEAR AHEAD: ➔

22 JEFF BEWKES



LAST YEAR: 16.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Bewkes, 55, presides over the number-two spot at media giant Time Warner and is expected to run the company once his boss, Richard Parsons, steps down in the next year or two. But his reputation took a hit this spring in the fallout surrounding the departure of former HBO head Chris Albrecht, who left after being arrested for assaulting his girlfriend in Las Vegas; a *Los Angeles Times* report disclosed that Bewkes had O.K.'d a 1991 payout to an HBO employee who had accused Albrecht of assaulting her.

COOL FRIEND: Tom Freston.

MOST EMBARRASSING SUCCESS: Moving AOL to a free, ad-supported service last year has paid off for Time Warner. But its hottest Internet property is a double-edged sword: gossip video site TMZ.com draws millions of eyeballs for its clips of celebrities behaving badly; it also raises eyebrows because it sometimes pays for footage.

YEAR AHEAD: ➚

23 JEFF BEZOS



LAST YEAR: 42.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: These days everyone and his mother orders books (or TVs, blenders, wheelbarrows, and the like) from Bezos's Web site. In the past year Amazon's stock has almost tripled. Amazon is competing with Apple in the digital-movie business (where neither company is having much success). Now it's finally going to try to start competing with Apple in the digital-music marketplace. The twist: unlike most of iTunes, all of Amazon's downloads will come without restrictions on copying and sharing.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Fans of his low-key Seattle style were shocked when the 43-year-old Bezos bought a 12,000-square-foot vacation home on Alpine Drive in Beverly Hills, listed at $31 million, which shares a fence with Tom Cruise's rental.

HIGHER CALLINGS: Blue Origin, Bezos's hush-hush rocketry project with a facility on his 300,000 acres of West Texas ranchland, finally gave astro-buffs a peek when a video of a successful test launch appeared on its Web site earlier this year. Built by top-notch engineers, the half-egg-shaped craft looked and moved like something out of a 1950s science-fiction film.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY PARANOID BEHAVIOR: Though he pulled down only $82,000 in salary, Amazon spent $1.1 million on Bezos's security last year, more than 20 times what Microsoft spent protecting Bill Gates.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔

24 PETER CHERNIN
News Corp.



LAST YEAR: 15.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The most important person at News Corp. whose last name isn't Murdoch, Chernin runs the company day to day and has been focusing in particular on its digital strategy. Not just what to do with MySpace, the social network News Corp. bought for what now seems like a bargain price in 2005, but how to transform the rest of News Corp.'s assets for online consumption. One big step: forming a joint venture with Jeff Zucker's NBC Universal to create a video site.

LITTLE BUDDIES: Tom Anderson and Chris DeWolfe. The MySpace co-founders are now firmly in control of the social network after winning a corporate tug-of-war with former News Corp. exec Ross Levinsohn,

{A Mogul's Rolodex}

Even the New Establishment's mightiest movers and shakers need a little help when they decide to move and shake. Here are the people they turn to for a good table, sound representation, a little T.L.C. for their spaniel, or Brad Pitt—even if it's their assistants making the calls.

AGENCIES

KEVIN HUVANE, BRYAN LOURD, RICHARD LOVETT, and RICK NICITA, CAA. The biggest game in town, handling such clients as George Clooney, Nicole Kidman, Brad Pitt, and Julia Roberts.

ARI EMANUEL, ADAM VENIT, and PATRICK WHITESELL, Endeavor. The trio has turned Endeavor into a television powerhouse (*Heroes, The Office, Ugly Betty*).

PETER BENEDEK, JIM BERKUS, NICK STEVENS, JAY SURES, and JEREMY ZIMMER, UTA. The comedy kingdom is home to Judd Apatow, Jack Black, Seth Rogen, and Ben Stiller. Also, Johnny Depp.

JIM WIATT, William Morris Agency. It scored this year with Michael Bay's *Transformers* and by stealing corporate client Hasbro from CAA.

JEFF BERG, ICM. Berg demoted industry vet Ed Limato, who then moved to William Morris and took Denzel Washington with him.

MANAGERS

IRVING AZOFF, Front Line Management. The manager of the Eagles, Christina Aguilera, and Jimmy Buffett sold a big stake of his company to Barry Diller's IAC.

ERIC GOLD, Gold Co. Gold struck out on his own last year and manages such clients as Vince Vaughn and Ellen DeGeneres.

HOWARD KLEIN, MICHAEL ROTENBERG, and ERWIN STOFF, 3 Arts Entertainment. The management shop has quietly built a roster of A-list talent, including Sandra Bullock, Matthew Broderick, and Keanu Reeves.

JEFF KWATINETZ and RICK YORN, The Firm. Hollywood gossips say their partnership is on the verge of imploding. For now, clients include Benicio Del Toro, Cameron Diaz, Leo DiCaprio.

JON LIEBMAN and CYNTHIA PETTDANTE, Brillstein Entertainment Partners. The new guard at the former Brillstein-Grey manages top talent such as Jennifer Aniston and Natalie Portman, as well as the production companies owned by Brad Pitt and Adam Sandler.

JIMMY MILLER, Miller Co. Miller's management firm is a force in comedy. Among his list of funnymen: Judd Apatow, Sacha Baron Cohen, and Will Ferrell.

LAWYERS

LITIGATION

BERT FIELDS, Greenberg Glusker. Jeffrey Katzenberg hired Fields to handle his lawsuit against Disney. The lawyer is now embroiled in the Anthony Pellicano case.

MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS

ROGER AARON and PETER ATKINS, Skadden Arps. The legal duo are universally acknowledged to be the country's top M&A attorneys, and they have worked for just about every major Wall Street firm.

SECURITIES LAW

RICHARD MARMARO, Skadden Arps. Marmaro is the man people turn to when the S.E.C. is investigating possible options improprieties. Lately he's been in big demand.

TALENT LAW

JAKE BLOOM, Bloom Hergott. The brusque lawyer represents top talent such as Jerry Bruckheimer, Brian Grazer and Ron Howard, and Martin Scorsese.

JOHN BRANCA and HARRY "SKIP" BRITTENHAM, Ziffren, Brittenham, Branca. Branca split from longtime client Michael Jackson but still handles a number of big music acts; Brittenham negotiates big salaries for such stars as Tom Hanks and Bruce Willis and provides counsel for corporate clients such as DreamWorks.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 272



ll Gates and Warren Buffett on a Boeing Business Jet
ll Gates became a NetJets Owner in 1999
arren Buffett became a NetJets Owner in 1995
nd bought the entire company in 1998)

OST EXPERIENCE | MARKET LEADER | WORLD'S LARGEST FLEET | MOST AIRCRAFT TYPES | HIGHEST SAFETY
ANDARDS | SUPERIOR OWNERSHIP EXPERIENCE | GLOBAL OPERATIONS | A BERKSHIRE HATHAWAY COMPANY

STJETS FRACTIONAL JET OWNERSHIP PROGRAMS THE MARQUIS JET CARD EXECUTIVE JET MANAGEMENT

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who left the company in November 2006.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: News Corp.'s Fox film studio, run by the fiscally disciplined team of Jim Gianopulos and Tom Rothman, scored big with its three summer blockbusters (*Live Free or Die Hard, The Simpsons Movie,* and the *Fantastic Four* sequel). The movies, each produced for less than $130 million, grossed a combined $1 billion.

CANDIDATE: Chernin, 56, co-hosted a Hillary Clinton fund-raiser at his Santa Monica home with Steven Spielberg and billionaire Haim Saban in May.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

25 LESLIE MOONVES



LAST YEAR: 18.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The smooth-operating Moonves hit a rough patch as his CBS radio unit struggled following the departure of Howard Stern, and his high-profile decision to install Katie Couric as the lone anchor of the *CBS Evening News* has thus far failed. Then there was the Don Imus fiasco.

LITTLE BUDDY: Former Allen & Co. investment banker Quincy Smith, who was brought on to beef up CBS's digital portfolio.

FAMILY RELATIONS: Son Adam is a reality-TV producer; daughter Sara is a contributor at *Vogue;* younger son Michael plays in the rock band Chief.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Moonves's boss, Sumner Redstone, pushed out Viacom chief Tom Freston, in part (Redstone says) for failing to acquire MySpace in 2005. But Moonves, 57, is bending over backward to signal his affinity for all things Internet, both talking up his interest in, and aligning with, buzzy start-ups such as Joost, Sling Media, and Linden Lab's virtual world, Second Life. He was close to inking a revenue-sharing deal with Google's YouTube, but had to put it on ice after Redstone sued Google for $1 billion.

YEAR AHEAD: →

26 JERRY BRUCKHEIMER



LAST YEAR: 28.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Bruckheimer's films have earned $5.8 billion at the box office globally, and his six TV shows continue to rule prime time. *Pirates of the Caribbean: At World's End,* the third *Pirates* installment, grossed a record $404 million worldwide in its first six days, in May. With the second *National Treasure* opening in December, the popular video game *Prince of Persia* green-lighted for the big screen, and a script for *Pirates* IV in the works, his grip on television and the movies should remain firm.

LITTLE BUDDY: Wayne Gretzky.

MODE OF TRANSPORT: Gulfstream IV.

LOCKER-ROOM GOSSIP: He's been talking to the N.H.L. about buying a team.

CHINK IN THE ARMOR: Bruckheimer, 62, locked Keira Knightley in at scale for two movies when he snagged her for *Pirates* I. But after he cast her in *King Arthur,* which was a box-office disappointment, he had to renegotiate with the screen siren for *Pirates* II at a much higher rate.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Filmed *Déjà Vu,* with Denzel Washington, in New Orleans soon after Hurricane Katrina hit, which boosted the community's morale and coffers as well as helped rejuvenate the local film industry.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

27 GEORGE CLOONEY



LAST YEAR: 23.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Following a year in which he won an Oscar (for his role in *Syriana*) and was nominated for two others (for directing and co-writing *Good Night, and Good Luck*), Clooney, 46, could be forgiven for a little coasting. But no. Last year he starred in Steven Soderbergh's *The Good German,* and this year he had *Ocean's Thirteen.* Up next: two flashy performances, in Tony Gilroy's thriller *Michael Clayton* and opposite Renée Zellweger in the 1920s-era

{A Mogul's Rolodex}

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 270

ALLEN GRUBMAN, Grubman, Indursky & Shire. Grubman runs one of the most powerful firms in entertainment. Among his many music acts: Elton John, Madonna, Bruce Springsteen, and U2.

TOM HANSEN and CRAIG JACOBSON, Hansen Jacobson Teller. Hansen handles the affairs of such stars as Mel Gibson and Jon Stewart; Jacobson negotiated new deals for Katie Couric and Ben Silverman.

ART DEALERS

WILLIAM ACQUAVELLA, Acquavella Galleries. The family-run gallery sells works of art to top collectors, including Paul Allen, Steve Cohen, and Steve Wynn.

LARRY GAGOSIAN, Gagosian Gallery. See New Establishment No. 84.

TOBIAS MEYER, Sotheby's. The star auctioneer dropped the gavel on Mark Rothko's painting *White Center, Yellow, Pink and Lavender on Rose,* which sold for a record $72.8 million in May.

DAVID ZWIRNER, David Zwirner Gallery. In the last two years the gallery's stable of highly sought-after artists has multiplied. New additions include Lisa Yuskavage and Chris Ofili.

ARCHITECTS

TADAO ANDO. The Pritzker Prize winner has designed homes for Joel Silver and Tom Ford and is currently creating a maritime museum in Abu Dhabi.

NORMAN FOSTER. The sustainability-minded architect's recently finished Hearst headquarters has been lauded for its green features. Current projects: a luxury hotel and apartment complex in Denmark.

FRANK GEHRY. See New Establishment No. 49.

CHARLES GWATHMEY. The wizard of whiteness is renovating and expanding L.A.'s Beverly Hilton and putting up two 50-plus-story buildings in New York.

ZAHA HADID. Iraqi-born Hadid is working on a 6,300-seat performing-arts center in Abu Dhabi, among other projects.

RICHARD MEIER. The classic modernist is building luxury condominium complexes in Brooklyn and Beverly Hills.

MAÎTRE D'S

ANDRÉ BALAZS. His Chateau Marmont, Mercer, and Standard hotels still serve as crash pads for the cool.

GIUSEPPE CIPRIANI, Cipriani. His family's historic dining enterprise includes Harry's Bar in Venice and four Cipriani restaurants in New York.

DIMITRI DIMITROV, Tower Bar. *The* place in West Hollywood. Regulars include Jennifer Aniston, Mitch Glazer, Rupert Murdoch, Prince, Nancy Reagan.

PAMELA GONYEA, the Grill. Hollywood heavyweights (and their agents) head here to see and be seen. Regulars include Ari Emanuel, Jim Berkus, Joel Silver.

ELAINE KAUFMAN, Elaine's. The Upper East Side restaurant teems with writers, politicians, and neighborhood regulars.

SILVANO MARCHETTO, Da Silvano. Any night of the week this West Village Italian bistro serves the fantastically fashionable.

MICHAEL McCARTY, Michael's. The ultimate power-lunch spot for New York's media elite. Regulars include Barry Diller, Tom Freston, Barbara Walters, Jeff Zucker.

JULIAN NICCOLINI, the Four Seasons. If not at Michael's, you'll find other media titans in this famed restaurant's Grill Room in New York.

RITCHIE NOTAR, Nobu. This sushi empire has remained a hot spot for more than a decade.

JEAN-GEORGES VONGERICHTEN and PHIL SUAREZ, Jean Georges. The two operate eight restaurants in New York, including Jean Georges and Spice Market, and have stakes in 10 others around the world.

GOODS AND SERVICES

EDÉSE DORET, Edése Doret Industrial Design. The design firm has retrofitted more than 30 interiors for private jets, including a few "VVIP interiors"—super luxury cabins for the "very, very" important.

GLENN HINDERSTEIN, NetJets. When you're looking to upgrade your share of a jet, Hinderstein's your man at Netjets.

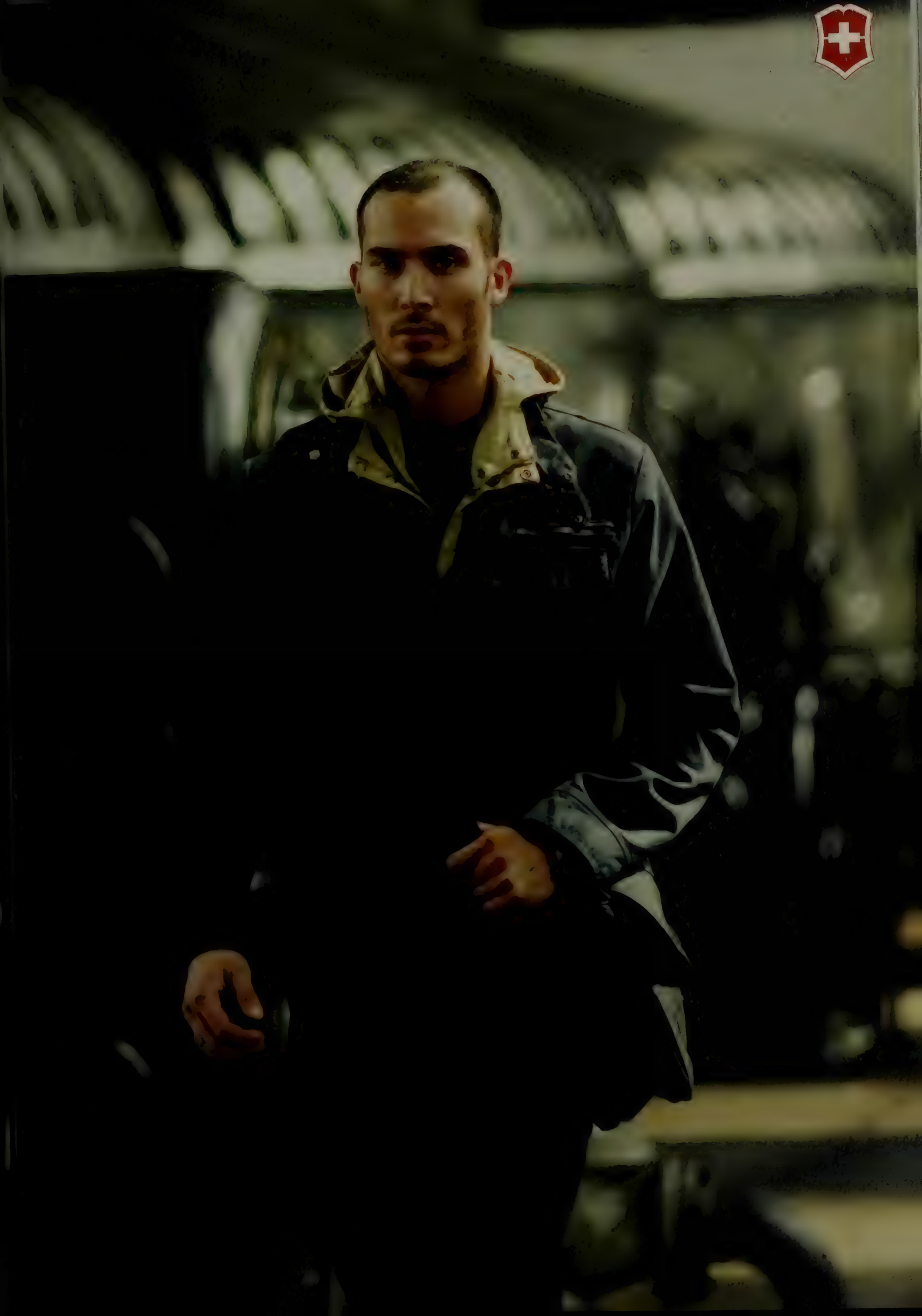
FRIEDRICH and PETER LÜRSSEN, Lürssen Yachts. The mega-yacht builder has constructed some of the world's biggest vessels, for the likes of Roman Abramovich, Barry Diller, and Larry Ellison, to name a few.

DOCTOR

DR. GENE SOLOMON, Center for Veterinary Care. The vet to the elite tends to the pets of Henry Kissinger, Mary Tyler Moore, and Ronald Perelman.


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football romantic comedy *Leatherheads,* which Clooney also directed and co-wrote.

LITTLE BUDDIES: See *Ocean's Thirteen.*

NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED: After spending much of his free time shining a spotlight on war-torn Darfur, Clooney isn't exactly feeling the love. "We live in an age when you can actually say, 'I was there, and I saw it and felt it,'" Clooney says. "But today it's just as bad there, and nothing has changed."

CANDIDATE: Barack Obama. "I'll vote for whoever comes out at the end of [the primaries]," Clooney says. "I like Clinton, and I like Edwards. But Obama just has that charisma."

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: To raise awareness and money for global humanitarian crises—starting with Darfur—Clooney, Matt Damon, Brad Pitt, Don Cheadle, and Jerry Weintraub recently founded Not on Our Watch. It's working: they raised more than $9.3 million around the release of *Ocean's Thirteen.*

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

28 BONO



LAST YEAR: 24.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Having secured near sainthood in the spheres of entertainment and philanthro-politics, Bono, 47, is well under way on another front: corporate finance. Elevation Partners, the $1.9 billion private-equity firm he started with tech-investing savant Roger McNamee and others, has quietly rolled up major stakes in Forbes (reportedly between $250 and $300 million) and Treo-maker Palm, Inc. ($325 million), and, in May, narrowly missed out on the billion-dollar purchase of Primedia Enthusiast Media. Elevation is now snooping around Rodale, publisher of *Men's Health.*

COOL FRIEND: According to ValleyWag, Larry Page landed the Google jet in Fez, Morocco, to pick up Bono, who guest-edited *Vanity Fair*'s July Africa issue, en route to the TEDGlobal conference in Arusha, Tanzania.

HIGHER CALLINGS: More than 134 churches across the world have held "U2charist" services, where traditional hymns are replaced by U2 soul-searchers such as "Pride," "Mysterious Ways," and "Yahweh."

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Urges First World nations to steer tax dollars to relieve Third World debt, while U2's most lucrative asset, a song-publishing catalogue, is routed through a Dutch company to avoid paying taxes in Ireland.

ON THE RECORD: "It's any kind of sainthood tag that makes me nervous. I much prefer a 'tough in business' tag."

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

29 FRANÇOIS PINAULT



LAST YEAR: 26.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Flush with a $14.5 billion fortune, Pinault owns some 2,500 modern and contemporary artworks worth $2 billion, few of which had ever been shown publicly. But that began to change with the opening of his Palazzo Grassi, on Venice's Grand Canal. The museum's debut exhibition attracted 150,000 visitors. Meanwhile, Pinault's son François-Henri minds the family business, which owns Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent, among others—and posted a 28 percent increase in profit last year, thanks to the boom in luxury brands. Pinault *fils* recently masterminded a takeover of Puma, the red-hot German sportswear brand.

BIG COOL FRIEND: French president Nicolas Sarkozy.

FITNESS ROUTINE: The 71-year-old often rises at five A.M. for a two-hour bicycle ride from his estate outside of Paris.

GRAND AMBITION: Building a monumental museum in either France or New York.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

30 ROMAN ABRAMOVICH



LAST YEAR: 50.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: While Russian president Vladimir Putin has turned against many of the other oligarchs, he views the billionaire oil mogul, sports-team owner, and financier almost like a son. But Putin's favor comes at a price: he refused Abramovich's request last spring to resign as governor of Chukotka, a bleak, Texas-size Arctic region, where Abramovich, 40 (who prefers the expat life in London, where he's become a tabloid celebrity, to the perils of Moscow), has performed a public service by reviving the economy through stunning infusions of his own cash. Most recently, he purchased a gold mine in the region.

LITTLE BUDDIES: Harrods owner Mohamed Al Fayed, Sir Elton John.

VACATION SPOT: Hôtel Fouquet's Barrière on Paris's Champs-Élysées, where all rooms come with a butler.

SPOUSAL RELATIONS: Reportedly gave his second wife (of 16 years), 39-year-old Irina, a $2.5 billion kiss-off when the two quietly divorced earlier this year after his relationship with 25-year-old Daria Zhukova, the daughter of another Russian billionaire, surfaced in the tabloids. (If the figure is accurate, it would tie Sumner Redstone's 2002 payout for the largest divorce settlement ever.)

BRAGGING RIGHTS: He's building the world's largest yacht, *Eclipse*—more than 525 feet and equipped with a submarine and a missile-detection system for security.

LEGEND HAS IT: Abramovich's security detail—with its bodyguards, armored Mercedeses, and supposedly a look-alike to throw off assassins—is so tight that it took two years for a bank to serve him with legal papers.

YEAR AHEAD: →

31 RONALD PERELMAN



LAST YEAR: 31.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Perelman, 63, hired the fourth C.E.O. in six years in his ongoing struggle to turn around his biggest holding, Revlon, a stock that has lost 80 percent of its value in the last two years. But the billionaire stays committed to the troubled cosmetics giant. He can afford to: his holding company, MacAndrews & Forbes, saw its stock shoot up from $17 to $65 in early 2007 from investments in less visible businesses such as check printers and licorice extract.

CAN TAKE CREDIT FOR: Perelman has revived a famous Hollywood name, Panavision, which has made a comeback with its cutting-edge Genesis digital movie camera.

HOBBY: Playing the drums.

COOL FRIEND: Jon Bon Jovi.

POWER DECOUPLING: Divorced his fourth wife, actress Ellen Barkin.

REVERSAL OF FORTUNE: An appeals court overturned a jury verdict saying that Morgan Stanley should pay him $1.6 billion in damages for duping him in a deal with Sunbeam.

WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS: Six years after giving up cigars, which he called "a pacifier for a grown-up," he said, "I'm still trying to figure out what to do with my hands."

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Lobbied on Capitol Hill with Sheryl Crow for the Breast Cancer Environmental Research Act. Perelman financed breast- and ovarian-cancer research at U.C.L.A. that produced an F.D.A.-approved drug.

YEAR AHEAD: →

32 TOM HANKS



LAST YEAR: 25.

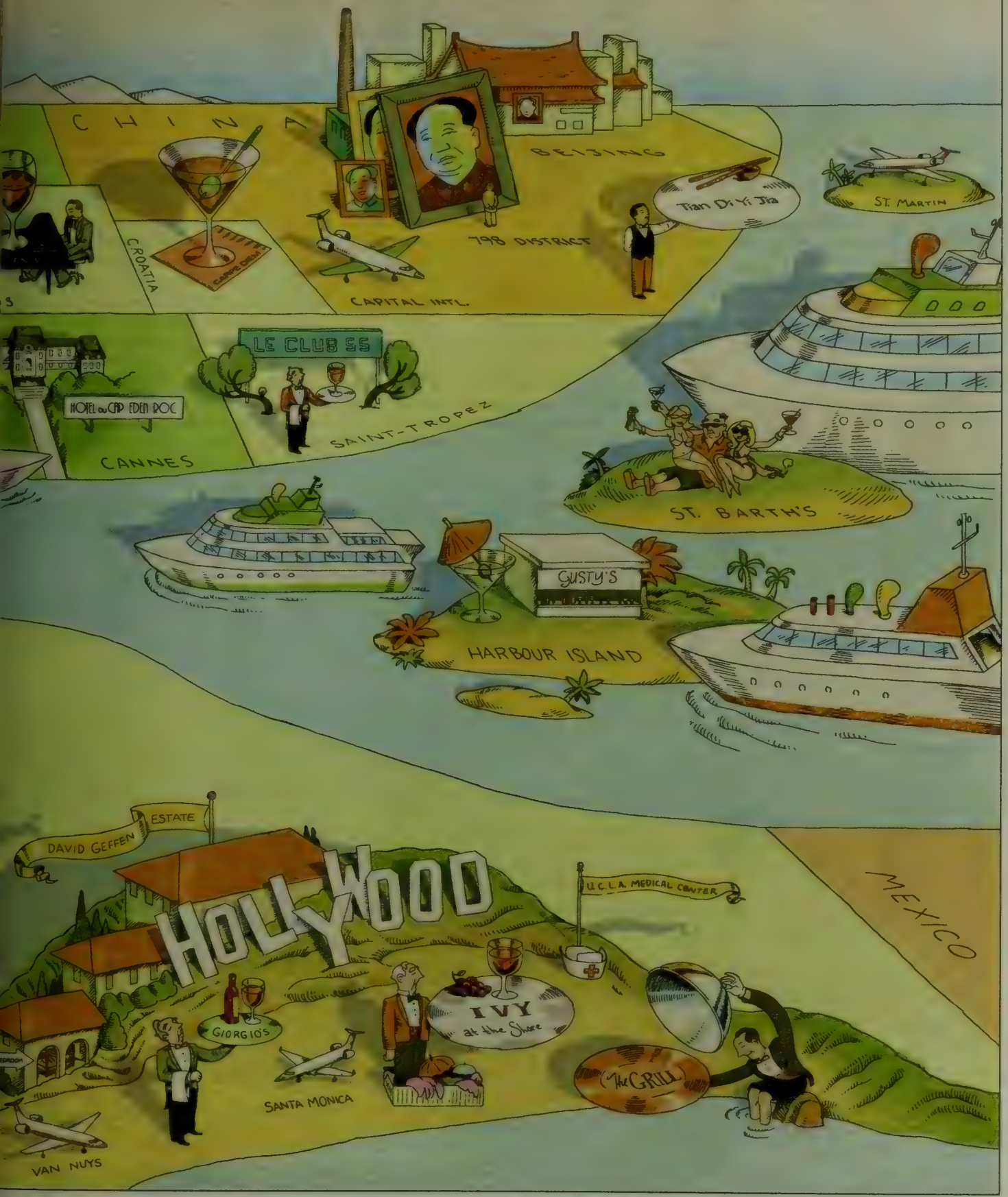
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The 32 movies with America's second-favorite film star (according to a Harris poll) have grossed $3.3 billion domestically, and nearly half of them have been $100-million-plus blockbusters. And while most stars' production companies are CONTINUED ON PAGE 280



ILLUSTRATION BY WESLEY BEDROSIAN

{A Mogul's View of the World}

On a clear day a mogul can see forever—or at least to St. Barth's. As they crisscross the globe in their boats and planes, members of the New Establishment frolic on the same beaches, dine in the same restaurants, and hobnob at the same art fairs. They even call on the same doctors if their hearts skip a beat



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 277 usually little more than vanity efforts, Hanks's Playtone has become one of the most prolific and admired forces in Hollywood. The company is everywhere these days: creating history mini-series for HBO (*The Pacific,* a 10-hour World War II epic), 3-D films for Imax (*The Ant Bully*), musicals (*Mamma Mia!*), kids' stuff (*Where the Wild Things Are*), and sophisticated adult fare with top talent (*Charlie Wilson's War*).

VACATION SPOT: Idaho, where he goes camping.

MEDIA RELATIONS: Griped to *The New York Times* that he can't go to Gray's Papaya, a string of Manhattan hot-dog stands, without the episode being blogged about on Defamer.

COOL FRIENDS: Larry David, Bobby Kennedy Jr.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: The $200 million mini-series, *The Pacific,* which Playtone is producing with Steven Spielberg, far surpasses the previous, $120 million record budget for *Band of Brothers.*

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Hanks, 51, pledged to restore the natural vegetation on the Australian beachfront where a tank invasion will be staged for *The Pacific.*

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

33 JACOB ROTHSCHILD



LAST YEAR: 80.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Lord Rothschild (the fourth Baron Rothschild) met with the president of Kazakhstan in September and immediately began investing there and in other Central Asian economies. Meanwhile, his son, Nat, the co-chair of Atticus Capital, a $14 billion hedge fund, advises a Russian oligarch and has been making big bets in Eastern Europe and Ukraine.

COOL FRIEND: Nicole Kidman.

VACATION SPOT: His 30-acre Corfu villa, where frequent guest Camilla Parker Bowles enjoys swimming in the pool.

UNUSUAL POSSESSION: A 38,000-square-foot aviary housing 40 species of birds.

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD: Rothschild opposed a plan to build 16,000 new homes near Waddesdon Manor, his family's country estate in Buckinghamshire, England, which now serves as a museum that attracts 300,000 visitors a year.

BIG LOSS: Artworks and miniature gold boxes stolen from Waddesdon Manor by thieves equipped with four-by-fours and metal stakes for ramming the bolted gates and doors.

BIG PURCHASE: $9.3 million for the Thoroughbred Magical Romance, a record price for a filly or mare.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Rothschild, 71, raised millions of dollars to restore the remains of an early Christian basilica and an ancient theater in Butrint, Albania, near Corfu.

YEAR AHEAD: →

34 ROBERT DE NIRO



LAST YEAR: 27.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: De Niro's Tribeca Film Festival showcased 157 feature films and 88 shorts this year, and overflowed its Tribeca base to cinemas all over Manhattan. De Niro and partners Jane Rosenthal and Craig Hatkoff are teaming with Related Companies in a proposal to build a $626 million permanent home for the festival on an undeveloped pier in New York's Hudson River Park. Plans call for 12 movie screens, a theater for Cirque du Soleil, and a farmers' market.

VEHICLE: Vespa.

COLLECTIBLE: Boxing gloves from an Ali-Frazier fight.

SIDE JOB: De Niro's spy film, *The Good Shepherd* (his second directorial outing), received fine reviews.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: While De Niro, 64, still reigns as the proud king of Tribeca, which he helped make cool, he now lives in a 15-room Central Park West duplex he bought with his wife, Grace, for $20.9 million from Harvey Weinstein's ex-wife, Eve.

OVERSEAS ADVENTURES: A former C.I.A. agent, who served as a consultant for *The Good Shepherd,* said that he took De Niro to Russia, where he shared a sauna with former K.G.B. officers, and to Pakistan, where Taliban warriors invited him to fire their machine guns into the air.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

35 HOWARD SCHULTZ



NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The good news: *Forbes* magazine put Schultz's net worth at $1.1 billion last year, his first nod as a member of the 10-figure club. The bad news: the 54-year-old's goal of opening 10,000 more Starbucks stores by 2012 has hit some turbulence. Though second-quarter profits were up 18 percent, by August the Seattle-based coffee-and-culture giant's stock had steadily fallen from last November's all-time high of $40 to $26. Perhaps recent deals to sell a *Saturday Night Live* DVD and a new Joni Mitchell album will give the company a jolt.

COOL NEW FRIENDS: Norman Lear and Paul McCartney. McCartney's *Memory Almost Full*—the first CD released by Hear Music, the record label formed by Starbucks and Concord Music Group, co-owned by Lear—brought the former Beatle his highest chart debut as a solo artist in 10 years.

CHINK IN THE ARMOR: In July, after seven years of controversy and an online protest that drew 500,000 signatures, Starbucks closed its store in Beijing's Forbidden City.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

36 ROBERT IGER



LAST YEAR: 13.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The Disney boss had an uneventful year. Which suits Iger just fine. The company is enjoying success at the movies—through July, the third *Pirates of the Caribbean* was the highest-grossing film of 2007—and on TV, where ABC news anchor Charles Gibson has unexpectedly found himself leading the evening-news race.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: One analyst estimated that Disney's *High School Musical* juggernaut has generated $1 billion in sales.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Disney board members doubled his pay package to $25 million in his first year as chief executive.

MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: In July, Iger announced that Disney would extinguish smoking from all of its future movies.

RECENT MOVES: After embracing the Internet by making ABC shows available at Apple's iTunes store, Iger, 56, relaunched Disney.com as a sort of MySpace for kids—and for parents worried about cyber-predators.

YEAR AHEAD: →

37 GIORGIO ARMANI



LAST YEAR: 32.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: His $6.6 billion empire encompasses nine different Armani labels and has 400 shops in 46 countries. Armani, 73, is plowing ahead with his international expansion: he recently opened boutiques in Croatia, Taiwan, and Azerbaijan, and plans to open 10 Armani Casa home-furnishing stores in China by 2011. Armani has also expanded into food and hospitality—he has 13 cafés around the globe and an Armani Nobu in Milan, and his resorts in Dubai and Milan are slated to open in 2009.

SIGNATURE LOOK: Skintight, dark-blue T-shirt.

COOL FRIEND: George Clooney (Armani helped create the movie star's *Ocean's Thirteen* look).

LITTLE BUDDY: Sushi chef Nobuyuki Matsuhisa.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Owns apartments in Paris and New York City, and houses in Italy, St. Tropez, and Antigua.

MORTAL BEHAVIOR: He once told his lawyer, who had worked for him for years, that his services were too expensive.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

38 JEFFREY KATZENBERG



LAST YEAR: 45.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The cartoon king flies 700 hours a year attending conferences, wooing talent, and marketing DreamWorks' animated movies. His hard work is paying off. *Shrek the Third* had the largest box-office opening ever for an animated film and has pushed the *Shrek* franchise past the $2 billion mark in total ticket sales. An upcoming Christmas special, *Shrek the Halls,* on ABC, and a Broadway musical will keep the green-ogre dollars flowing. Next up: Jerry Seinfeld's *Bee Movie,* and *Kung Fu Panda,* featuring the voice of Jack Black.

BEVERAGE: Diet Coke.

LITTLE BUDDY: Eddie Murphy.

HOW HE ROLLS: In a black Prius, which he conspicuously parks by the front door of DreamWorks' headquarters building, in Glendale.

FAMILY RELATIONS: His son, David, has dated Mary-Kate Olsen and Nicky Hilton. (His daughter, Laura, works at *V.F.*)

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Last year's *Flushed Away,* which did only about $175 million at the worldwide box office and forced the company to take a $109 million write-down.

MOST EMBARRASSING SUCCESS: In February, Katzenberg, 56, won a lawsuit against Goodyear Tire and Rubber, after claiming that faulty rubber heating hoses had damaged his $28 million home in Deer Valley, Utah. A jury awarded him $2.2 million in damages.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

39 RONALD LAUDER LEONARD LAUDER



LAST YEAR: 40.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Leonard, 74, and brother Ronald, 63, have passed the running of their family business, which sells about half the premium cosmetics in the U.S., to Leonard's son William and Ronald's daughters, Aerin and Jane. The brothers now focus on philanthropy and art. While Leonard is lower-profile, Ronald—who reportedly owns some 4,000 artworks—commands the spotlight through his own museum, the celebrated Neue Galerie, and by breaking records buying art.

POWER STRUGGLE: Ronald recently wrested control of the World Jewish Congress away from its longtime head, 78-year-old Seagram billionaire Edgar Bronfman Sr., who had been trying to pass it on to steel magnate Mendel Kaplan.

HOBBY: Leonard has a world-class vintage-postcard collection.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY PARANOID BEHAVIOR: Ronald has a permit to carry a concealed weapon in New York.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Leonard paid for most of a $200 million acquisition of Pop art and Abstract Expressionist paintings by the Whitney Museum, where he's chairman.

YEAR AHEAD: →

40 GEORGE LUCAS



LAST YEAR: 41.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Lucas, 63, is back in action, producing the fourth installment in the Indiana Jones franchise. The gang's all there: Steven Spielberg is directing, and Harrison Ford, 65, is playing the rugged Indy, complete with age-appropriate chase scenes.

HOW HE ROLLS: Lucas's newest ride, a black-on-black Mosler MT900S, was the first of only 10 produced. Reported price: $203,000.

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Three-time Oscar nominee Frank Darabont, who wrote an early



script for the fourth Indiana Jones movie. Spielberg reportedly wanted to use the screenplay, but Lucas rejected it, and Darabont went to the press with the story.
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: Lucas visited Spielberg on the set of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.* Terrified that *Star Wars* was going to bomb, Lucas persuaded Spielberg to trade him 2.5 points of the gross of *Close Encounters* for 2.5 points of *Star Wars.* Spielberg is still reaping otherworldly returns on the deal.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑

41 HARVEY WEINSTEIN BOB WEINSTEIN



LAST YEAR: 39.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Two years ago the brothers who made Miramax were being fêted for rolling out their new film company, along with $1.2 billion in funding. Now they're fending off snipers who complain that the company is underperforming artistically and commercially. Exhibit A: *Grindhouse,* a double feature from Weinstein favorites Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez that got favorable reviews but failed to impress audiences. But *Sicko,* Michael Moore's cinematic jeremiad against the U.S. health-care system, shows that the brothers still have the knack—especially when it comes to attracting attention.
CENTER OF GRAVITY: Socialista, an exclusive lounge in Manhattan's West Village in which Harvey has invested alongside restaurateur Giuseppe Cipriani, Sting and his wife, Trudi Styler, and NBC's Ben Silverman.
BIG BET: Despite whispers that the brothers may be facing a cash crunch (which they deny), the two have gotten original backer Goldman Sachs to manage a $275 million fund for Asian movies.
SIBLING RELATIONS: Earlier this year, Bob, 53, admonished Harvey, 55, for focusing too much on making deals and not enough on making movies. Harvey responded, "I'm having a good time.... Let me see someone break my [Oscar] record."
YEAR AHEAD: →

42 DIANE SAWYER MIKE NICHOLS



LAST YEAR: 47.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: A 2006 Gallup poll showed Sawyer as America's most popular TV personality, rated favorably by 88 percent of viewers. Her *Good Morning America* makes well over $100 million a year for ABC, even after accounting for her hefty $12 million salary. Among her recent gets: interviews with the presidents of Iran and Syria. Meanwhile, her husband, Nichols, continued work on this year's big Christmas film, *Charlie Wilson's War,* about Texas congressman Charlie Wilson's covert operations in Afghanistan in the 1980s, starring Tom Hanks and Julia Roberts.
SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE: The couple met while waiting to board the Concorde from Paris. Nichols, 75, had three wives before Sawyer, as well as romances with Jackie Onassis and Gloria Steinem. Sawyer, 61, calls Nichols "His Royal Cuteness."
NIGHT-CRAWLING CREDENTIALS: Sawyer goes out two or three nights a week even though she rises at four A.M.
LEGEND HAS IT: Nichols (born Michael Igor Peschkowsky) knew only two lines of English when he emigrated from Berlin at age seven: "I do not speak English" and "Please do not kiss me."
YEAR AHEAD: ↗

43 BRUCE WASSERSTEIN



LAST YEAR: 38.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Wasserstein has advised on more than 1,000 deals worth a total of $250 billion, and, according to William D. Cohan, author of *The Last Tycoons,* has made more money from investment banking than any single man in the last 10 years. The windfall began when he sold his New York firm to a German bank, in 2000, personally reaping a half-billion dollars. He then revived Lazard, turning his $30 million investment into a stake now worth $600 million. Among his latest coups: helping the United Auto Workers negotiate a $15 billion health-care settlement from General Motors.
FAMILY RELATIONS: At 59, Wasserstein is raising the eight-year-old daughter of his sister Wendy, the late famed playwright.
SIDE JOB: As owner of *New York* magazine, which won five National Magazine Awards this year, he plies editor Adam Moss with story ideas.
YEAR AHEAD: →

44 MIUCCIA PRADA

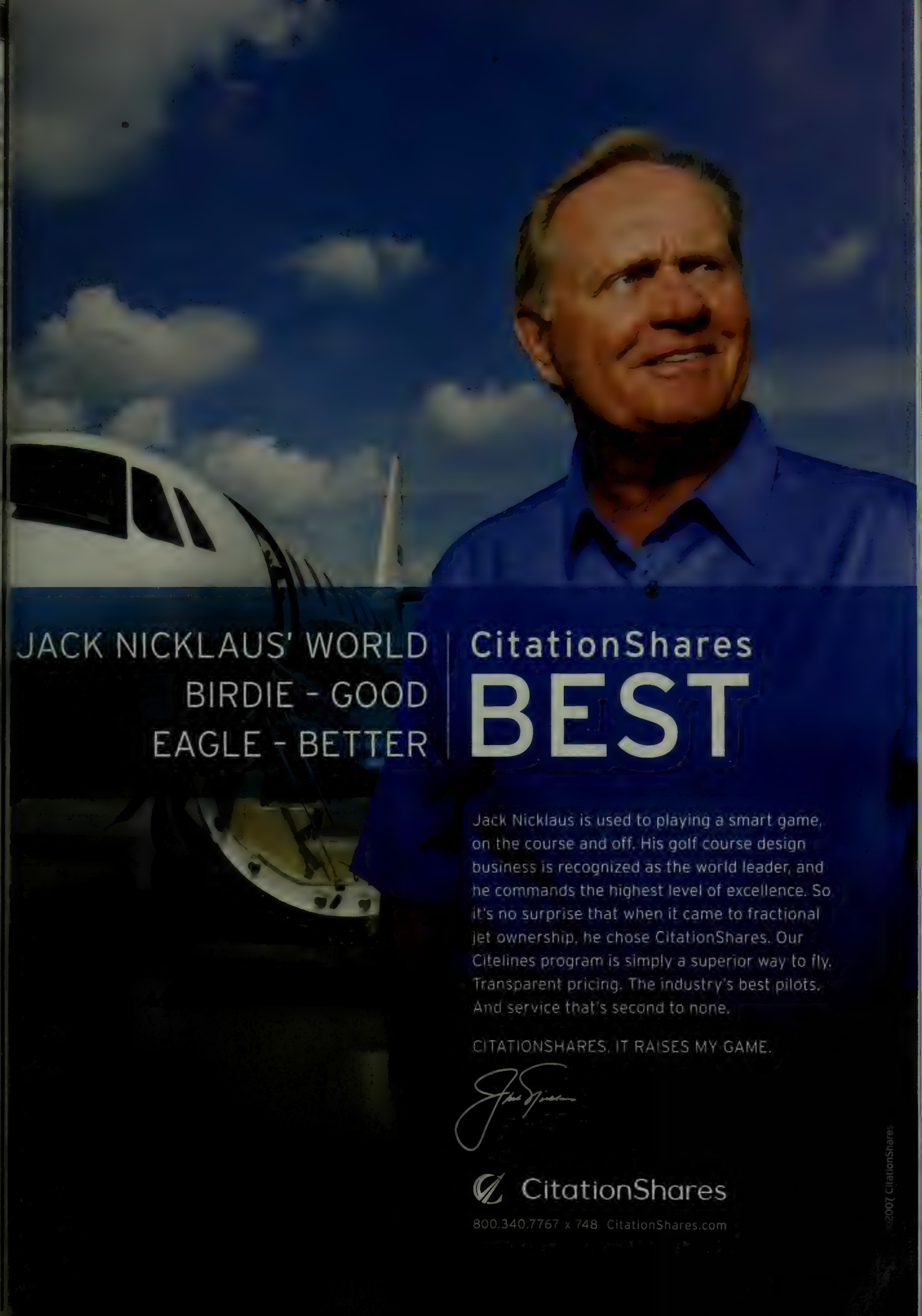


LAST YEAR: 58.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Prada, 58, has built her eponymous brand into a $3.6 billion luxury superpower, selling everything from clothes to shoes to skin-care products—even an $800 Prada LG phone, available in Europe. While everything conforms to her minimalist aesthetic, the brand's commercial success is countered by Prada's refreshingly strong commitment to contemporary art, made evident by the work of her influential Fondazione Prada, an exhibition space in Milan, which showcases pieces from world-renowned artists and has collaborated on projects with organizations such as the Tribeca Film Festival and Venice Film Biennale.
COOL FRIEND: Architect Rem Koolhaas.
REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Prada's Tokyo "epicenter" store, a major contemporary work of architecture designed by Herzog & de Meuron, cost $80 million and is the largest Italian investment in Japan since W.W. II.
THORN IN HER SIDE: The stock market. The company has tried to go public three times within the last seven years, but the I.P.O. has been shelved every time. Another attempt may be set in motion in 2008.
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: The signature triangle that adorns Prada products is based on a label her grandfather used for his luggage and leather-goods business.
LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: In July, Prada prototypes were auctioned off on the company's Web site, with proceeds benefiting Milan's Fondazione San Raffaele hospital.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗

45 STEVEN COHEN



LAST YEAR: 29.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The low-key hedge-fund manager made his first billions executing hundreds of rapid-fire trades a day. But with everyone and his grandpa starting a hedge fund, Cohen, 51, is quietly re-deploying his $14 billion under management into longer-term investments, including Phelps Dodge and Laureate Education (with leveraged-buyout giant K.K.R.). The company is considering selling a small stake to a private investor.
FASHION SENSE: Performance fleece. The air in his 20,000-square-foot trading room is set at a cool 70 degrees.
COMPENSATION WATCH: According to *Alpha* magazine, Cohen made $900 million last year.
CENTER OF GRAVITY: Top Dog, a hot-dog shack near his offices in Stamford, Connecticut.
SUMMERTIME SPOT: His 9,000-square-foot estate, in East Hampton, which he purchased for $18 million earlier this year.
ART WATCH: Recently bought two de Koonings from David Geffen for $201 million, but a deal to buy Picasso's *Le Rêve* from Steve Wynn collapsed after the casino mogul accidentally put his elbow through it.
LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Gave $5 million to Stamford Hospital for a new children's health center.
YEAR AHEAD: ↘


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BIRDIE - GOOD
EAGLE - BETTER
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Jack Nicklaus is used to playing a smart game, on the course and off. His golf course design business is recognized as the world leader, and he commands the highest level of excellence. So it's no surprise that when it came to fractional jet ownership, he chose CitationShares. Our Citelines program is simply a superior way to fly. Transparent pricing. The industry's best pilots. And service that's second to none.
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46 TOM CRUISE



LAST YEAR: 35.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: After a messy divorce from Paramount Pictures, Cruise, 45, seems to have stanched the flow of bad publicity and righted his ship. The tide began turning late last year, after he and his longtime producing partner, Paula Wagner, took control of the foundering United Artists studio, which will produce some of Cruise's future films, including the forthcoming Middle East political drama *Lions for Lambs,* directed by and co-starring Robert Redford.

BEST NEW BUDDIES: Cruise and his wife, Katie Holmes, were among the first to welcome David and Victoria Beckham to Los Angeles. They are neighbors of one another, in Beverly Hills.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: Rather than avoiding his longtime conflict with Germany, where Scientology is officially monitored by the government, Cruise went straight at it by starring in Bryan Singer's *Valkyrie,* in which he plays Claus von Stauffenberg, the Nazi officer who spearheaded a plot to assassinate Adolf Hitler.

YEAR AHEAD: →

47 JAY-Z



LAST YEAR: 46.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Jay-Z is the best-known and most successful rapper, with an unusually long-lived career. Last year he came out of "retirement" by releasing *Kingdom Come,* to respectable reviews and sales. He is also a multi-tasking executive. He was recruited by Universal Music's Doug Morris to run the company's storied Def Jam hip-hop label (although rumors persist that he may soon vacate his post); now he's set to invest with Harvey and Bob Weinstein and Sean "Diddy" Combs in a new cable and Internet venture, Channel Zero.

LITTLE BUDDY: Real-estate mogul Bruce Ratner, who brought him on as a co-investor in the Brooklyn-bound New Jersey Nets.

NEMESES: Many, which is de rigueur for hip-hop. A falling-out with Damon Dash, his onetime partner in the Rocawear fashion line, is the most significant.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Moved out of an apartment in Manhattan's Time Warner Center and into a penthouse in Tribeca.

SIDE PROJECT: Product endorsements. Jay-Z, 37, fronts for Budweiser, Hewlett-Packard, Reebok, and Cherry Coke, among others.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

48 [redacted]



RETURNING.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Conventional wisdom predicted that Meyer, who took the top job at Universal in 1995, wouldn't be able to hack the corporate culture once General Electric bought Universal, in 2004. But the 63-year-old has proven staying power, and signed a new five-year deal in June.

FAITHFUL FRIEND: Has remained steadfastly loyal to Anthony Pellicano, the private detective once used by much of Hollywood but now considered toxic after pleading guilty to illegal possession of explosives and being charged with wiretapping and conspiracy.

HITS AND MISSES: This summer, Universal delivered two mega-hits with *Knocked Up* and *The Bourne Ultimatum* and one mega-dud with *Evan Almighty.*

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Along with other former colleagues at CAA, he owns the now empty I. M. Pei building in Beverly Hills that formerly housed the agency, which has moved its headquarters to Century City. The iconic structure features a giant Lichtenstein that was commissioned specifically for the building.

FAMILY RELATIONS: In November, daughter Jennifer gave birth to a baby girl with fiancé Tobey Maguire.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

49 FRANK GEHRY



LAST YEAR: 77.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Gehry has finally taken the one city that has always eluded him: New York. In March, after nearly three years of construction, Gehry, 78, unveiled his eye-popping building for Barry Diller's IAC, which looms directly over the Hudson River, in Manhattan. Next up: the Atlantic Yards development, in Brooklyn, his $4-billion-plus, 22-acre project, which will include a basketball arena (for the relocating New Jersey Nets), 6,400 apartments, and hundreds of thousands of square feet of commercial space.

COOL NEW FRIEND: Diller, who Gehry initially feared would be as, um, headstrong as he himself. "Turns out he wasn't all that difficult," Gehry says.

FAVORITE NEW TOY: Gehry recently purchased one of the best and fastest yachts on the market, a Beneteau 44.7.

THORN IN HIS SIDE: New Yorkers, who complained that the Brooklyn project would amount to a kind of walled-off compound. Gehry and his partners ended up reducing its scale by 8 percent.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: In June, Gehry said he would donate designs for a $4 million public playground in Lower Manhattan.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

50 [redacted]



NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Since winning a second term with 56 percent of the vote, Schwarzenegger, 60, has morphed from a once struggling governor into a forceful leader on the national and world stages. His biggest coup: signing into law a bill that requires California to cut greenhouse-gas emissions 25 percent by 2020 and 80 percent by 2050. The historic move, pending E.P.A. approval, has inspired similar movements in other states—and catapulted Schwarzenegger up with Al Gore as one of the most visible and passionate crusaders against global warming.

LITTLE BUDDY: Mike Bloomberg, whom he called "my soulmate."

SWORN ENEMY: Congressman Joe Knollenberg, the Michigan Republican who believes that Schwarzenegger's emission standards will cripple Detroit automakers—and sponsored a billboard saying, "Arnold to Michigan: DROP DEAD!"

RARE EVIDENCE OF VINCIBILITY: Broke his right thighbone skiing Sun Valley's Bald Mountain.

"WALK THE TALK" MOVES: Installed solar panels to heat his Brentwood hilltop home, buys carbon offsets for his weekly commute by private jet between L.A. and Sacramento, and retrofitted two of his gas-guzzling Hummers for fuel efficiency.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

51 HENRY KRAVIS

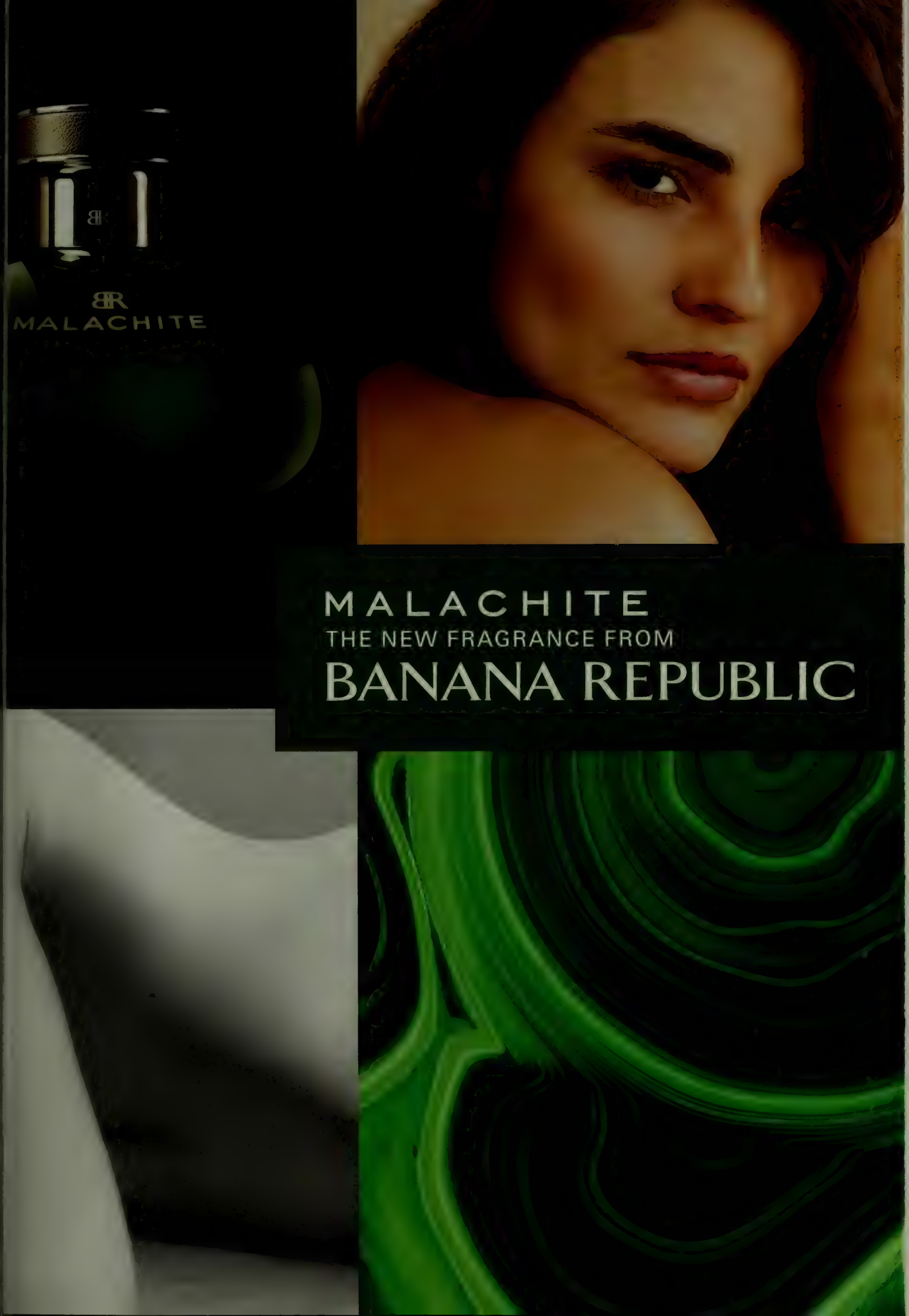


NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Only a few years ago, it was assumed that Kravis was getting ready to retire—or if he wasn't, that he should. But Kravis, 63, has undergone a renaissance. K.K.R. is once again among the most respected private-equity firms on Wall Street. As for retiring, well, Kravis is putting that on hold. In July the company announced its intent to go public in a deal that would have likely valued the 31-year-old buyout shop at a whopping $25 billion, but the current credit crunch could derail those plans.

BIG PURCHASE: Paid $50 million for a Palm Beach mansion on five acres of land facing Lake Worth, a record price for a non-oceanfront property in Florida.

GREEN PROPS: K.K.R. teamed up with Texas


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Pacific Group to buy Texas utility outfit TXU for $45 billion, the biggest buyout ever. To smooth the way with regulators, Kravis got the backing of the Environmental Defense advocacy group after promising to scale back the number of coal-burning plants TXU planned to build.

YEAR AHEAD: →

52 KARL LAGERFELD



LAST YEAR: 60.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: With Chanel's revenues reportedly estimated at more than $4 billion per year, Lagerfeld, 69, has turned the house that Coco built (which he took over in 1983) into one of the most profitable luxury labels on the planet. An avid publisher (he owns 7L with master printer Gerhard Steidl) and photographer on the side, the Bismarck of Fashion shoots the Chanel press kits and catalogues, and periodically displays his fine-art prints in glossies and galleries around the world.

COOL FRIENDS: Prince Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles.

ARCH-ENEMIES: The telephone (he communicates mostly by handwritten fax), the subway (it was forbidden by his now deceased psychic, Madame Serakian), and the television (he can't tolerate hearing voices in his house).

FOR THE RECORD BOOKS: He has at least 22 assistants and 100 iPods.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: When a terror scare in London forced airline passengers to stash carry-on items in clear plastic bags, he immediately devised the "Naked Bag," a transparent tote that commuters could cart with them through airport security.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Lagerfeld himself doesn't fly commercially.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

53 OSCAR AND ANNETTE DE LA RENTA



LAST YEAR: 65.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Not only is his 41-year-old, $650 million (sales) fashion empire growing by leaps and bounds—six freestanding retail stores are now open in the United States, and international expansion is in the works—but Oscar himself is also at the height of his game: he was the co-recipient of the Council of Fashion Designers of America's Womenswear Designer of the Year award this year. Meanwhile, his press-shy wife, Annette, 67, a doyenne of Manhattan's high society, was center stage last fall when she became Brooke Astor's court-appointed guardian. (Astor died at age 105 in August, and bequeathed Annette four dog paintings.)

BIG COOL FRIENDS: Bill and Hillary Clinton.

NEPOTISM ALERT: Eliza Bolen, Annette's youngest daughter from her first marriage, has worked in the company's licensing department for a decade. Eliza's husband, Alex Bolen, succeeded Jeffrey Aronsson as the C.E.O. in 2003.

LEGEND HAS IT: Oscar, 75, has a privately released CD of himself singing Annette's favorite Latin songs, which he recorded in Julio Iglesias's sound studio.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

54 MARTHA STEWART

Martha Stewart Living



RETURNING.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Stewart is finally clear from her legal tangles, but she still faces a challenge restoring her company to profitability: even though sales increased 36 percent last year, it still lost $17 million—and it hasn't made money since 2002. Her strategy is to put Brand Martha nearly everywhere: housewares (a new line of 1,500 products at Macy's), house paints (350 colors at Lowe's), food (beginning next year at Costco), and even suburban housing subdivisions around the country (through a deal with KB Home).

COOL FRIEND: Gwyneth Paltrow.

ROMANTIC RELATIONS: Stewart, 66, traveled to Kazakhstan to watch former Microsoft software developer Charles Simonyi, her "man friend," take off as the world's fifth space tourist (price: nearly $25 million). She assured him that if she could make it through five months in prison the billionaire could last two weeks in the confinement of a spacecraft.

NEPOTISM ALERT: Last year her company paid $226,000 to daughter Alexis, who has a show on Stewart's Sirius satellite-radio channel.

WALK ON THE WILD SIDE: Touted a $1,200 vibrator in an interview with Howard Stern.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

55 MICKEY DREXLER



LAST YEAR: 84.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The once floundering J. Crew has dramatically rebounded on Drexler's watch, with revenues hitting $1.2 billion last year thanks in part to his strategy of expanding shrewdly, not quickly. Drexler, 62, has been quietly rolling out a handful of small tailor-made nameplate shops in resort towns (think J. Crew at the Beach, in Naples, Florida, and J. Crew by the Sea, in Carmel, California) that carry merchandise specifically tailored for the locale. With J. Crew's stock flying high, Drexler's net worth is fast approaching 10 figures.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Steve Jobs.

TROPHY PROPERTY: Eothen, Andy Warhol's former 5.6-acre compound in Montauk, New York, which Drexler bought for $27 million last winter.

CAN BE PROUD OF: A bustling Christmas season helped boost J. Crew's sales to an eight-year high.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: J. Crew sponsors preppy philanthropic parties throughout the year, such as the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center's Beach Ball soirée.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

56 MICHAEL MORITZ



NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The "It boy" of Bubble 2.0 turned an $11.5 million investment in YouTube into nearly half a billion when another germination of his, Google, swallowed the litigation-prone Web site for $1.65 billion. In March, Moritz resigned from Google's board—some say because he's incubating a competitor. Sound familiar? It should. Moritz, 53, resigned from Yahoo's board in the spring of 2003, just before Google knocked Yahoo off its perch as the top Internet search company.

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Shut out of Facebook's early investment round by a former Sequoia entrepreneur.

CREATIVE SECRET: Blows off steam by arranging flowers and painting still lifes.

PAST LIFE: Served as the San Francisco–bureau chief for *Time*. Left in 1984 for venture capital; grubstakes in Yahoo, Google, and PayPal soon followed.

SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET: Backed spectacular Bubble 1.0 flameouts eToys.com and Webvan.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

57 BRIAN ROBERTS



LAST YEAR: 52.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Thanks to Roberts's rock-steady leadership, Comcast, the country's biggest cable company and second-largest Internet provider, just keeps growing faster and faster. This year the company's first-quarter profits leapt 80 percent. Comcast's Triple Play package—a discounted bundle of digital cable, high-speed Internet, and phone service—has been selling

like gangbusters, and remains the primary reason the company's stock increased more than 60 percent last year. Comcast's official divorce from Time Warner Cable, which for years had been a drag on the ticket, didn't hurt, either.

ACCESSORY: Although Roberts, 48, was among the precious few who got his hands on a pre-release iPhone, he remains a BlackBerry guy; in fact, he's had four different models in the last six months. "At this rate," Roberts says, speaking fast, "imagine what will be created with this in years to come."

BUMPS IN THE ROAD: Soon after Comcast announced that it would broadcast movies simultaneously with their theatrical release, two of the country's dominant theater chains, National Amusements and Regal Entertainment Group, cried foul, claiming that such a deal would take the sizzle out of movie premieres (and money out of their theaters).

CANDIDATE: "No comment."

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Roberts, with his father, recently pledged $15 million to his alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania, to help establish the Roberts Proton Therapy Center, which will provide state-of-the-art treatment for cancer patients, such as Roberts's wife, Aileen.

YEAR AHEAD: →

58 ROGER AILES



LAST YEAR: 44.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The famously pugnacious Fox chief made headlines in March, when he conflated Barack Obama and Osama bin Laden in a public speech. Months of notable silence followed as boss Rupert Murdoch pursued Dow Jones and *The Wall Street Journal.* Then again, Ailes, 67, has plenty to keep him occupied: MyNetworkTV, Fox's hastily prepared mini-network meant to substitute for the loss of UPN, has fizzled; he's also preparing to launch the Fox Business Network in October, in a niche market dominated by CNBC.

LITTLE BUDDY: Joel Surnow. After being introduced to the *24* executive producer by Rush Limbaugh, Ailes hired him for his would-be answer to Jon Stewart's *The Daily Show, The 1/2 Hour News Hour.*

UNLIKELY ALLY: Bill Clinton, who gave Fox News a publicity spike by appearing in a contentious interview with Fox News Sunday host Chris Wallace last fall.

CLOUD OF UNCERTAINTY: Now that Murdoch owns Dow Jones, his son James, the C.E.O. of BSkyB in London, could see his role grow to include running News Corp.'s media properties, with Ailes assuming a senior role.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

59



LAST YEAR: 61.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The press-shy investor is rumored to have big stakes in lots of sexy companies, including Time Warner, Goldman Sachs, and Microsoft. Just how big is anybody's guess, since the Israeli-born Nevo keeps all of his phantom holdings well below S.E.C.-mandated disclosure levels. The mysterious gadabout is said to have made recent investments in Internet-TV distributor Joost and Spot Runner, an online advertising company.

COOL FRIEND: Harvey Weinstein. Nevo was an early investor in the Weinstein brothers' new company.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Israeli investor Arnon Milchan is a primary backer in Nevo's company.

POWER COUPLING: Nevo, 42, is currently dating Chinese actress Ziyi Zhang.

PET PROJECT: The Natural Resources Defense Council.

YEAR AHEAD: →

60 MICK JAGGER



LAST YEAR: 56.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Sir Mick took the Stones' road show abroad this year, playing to ecstatic, if slightly gray, audiences in Europe and Russia. The tour racked up more than $437 million in ticket sales, the highest-grossing tour ever. Away from the band Jagger is producing the movie *The Women,* a remake of the 1939 classic comedy, to star Meg Ryan and Annette Bening.

COOL FRIEND: Martin Scorsese, whose upcoming (recently delayed) documentary, *Shine a Light,* captures the band on tour last year. (Jagger is also working with the director on a new feature film, tentatively called *The Long Play.*)

LITTLE BUDDY: Steve Bing.

STAB AT IMMORTALITY: In June, the city Nijmegen, Netherlands, renamed a city street Rolling Stonesstraat.

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Remarks made in May by ex-wife Jerry Hall, who accused the singer of being a tightwad. Jagger, 64, called her comments "absurd."

NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT: In July, the Stones were paid $5.4 million to play a private concert in Barcelona organized by Deutsche Bank. Jagger told the audience, "The best part is [the band's fee is] coming out of your bonuses."

YEAR AHEAD: →

61



LAST YEAR: 87.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The former eBay president served as executive producer for the documentary *An Inconvenient Truth,* which won two Oscars this year. Now he's putting his considerable wealth (estimated at $4.2 billion) behind *The Kite Runner,* the screen adaptation of a best-selling coming-of-age novel, and *Charlie Wilson's War,* the Mike Nichols film based on the George Crile bestseller.

LITTLE BUDDY: Elon Musk.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Skoll, 42, passed on *Crash,* the first script he saw as a producer. The movie went on to win an Oscar for best picture.

LATEST ACTS OF DO-GOODERY: His Skoll Foundation gave away $21 million in the past year.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

62 VINOD KHOSLA



NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Nobody in the Valley is investing more money in clean technology than this green giant. In the past year, Khosla has plowed some $300 million into 30-plus start-ups, including Stion and Ausra (solar), GreatPoint (clean coal), Bloom Energy (fuel cells), and Mascoma (cellulosic ethanol).

LITTLE BUDDY: Claudia Schiffer.

VACATION SPOT: His sprawling ranch in the Sierras, where he spends his summer.

STREET CRED: The former rainmaker for venture outfit Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers, Khosla generated $4 billion in returns on three networking investments alone: Cerent, Siara Systems, and Juniper Networks, which returned 1,000 times his initial investment.

TOUGH-GUY TALK: At Davos, following a climate-change-denial speech by Nestlé C.E.O. Peter Brabeck-Letmathe, Khosla growled, "He should see his proctologist to find his head. And you can quote me."

TOLD-YOU-SO HALL OF FAME: In 1996, *Chicago Tribune* C.E.O. Charles Brumback asked Khosla to warn the publishers of *The New York Times, The Washington Post,* L.A. *Times,* and others, about the threat the Internet posed to their advertising sales. A decade and $17 billion a year in lost revenue later, the *Post*'s Donald Graham asked Khosla, 52, to lead another powwow for his newsgatherers: "Is clean tech going to do to energy what the Internet did to us?"

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Ethanol skeptics, who say

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corn-based ethanol is too expensive to produce and that cellulosic ethanol and butanol are years from mass-production viability.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗

63 [redacted]



NEW ENTRY.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Beginning with his famous hand-stitched driving shoe (with 133 rubber "pebbles" for traction), Della Valle, 53, turned his family's century-old shoe business into a worldwide luxury brand, Tod's, which has expanded into handbags, clothing, hats, and jewelry, and opened stores from Shanghai and Beijing to Chicago and Beverly Hills. Della Valle also sits on the boards of Ferrari and Bernard Arnault's luxury conglomerate, LVMH.
UNLIKELY FOE: Former Italian prime minister Silvio Berlusconi, whom Della Valle supported and financed when he first ran, in 1993, but whom he denounced as a liar during last year's campaign. Berlusconi declared Della Valle "out of his mind" and his supporters launched an unsuccessful boycott of Tod's.
HOW HE ROLLS: By water, in three boats, including J.F.K.'s mahogany yacht, the *Marlin* (which he restored); by air, in a Falcon 2000 jet and a silver Dolphin helicopter; and by land, in a red Ferrari.
CRIBS: A palatial former monastery in Casette d'Ete, an Italian village near the Adriatic coast.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: His Italian soccer team, Fiorentina, being charged with match-fixing last year. (The Della Valle family has denied the accusation.)
YEAR AHEAD: ↗

64 STACEY SNIDER



RETURNING.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: In 2006, Snider, 46, left one of the top jobs in Hollywood—chairman of Universal Pictures—to run DreamWorks with partners Steven Spielberg and David Geffen. The move was widely interpreted as a step down: Snider went from working on more than 30 movies a year to fewer than 10, and saw her pay cut as well. But the move seems to have paid off: DreamWorks is on a hot run, courtesy of hits such as *Transformers, Blades of Glory,* and *Disturbia.*
FITNESS REGIMEN: Yoga.
BIG FEUD: Snider's move to DreamWorks almost immediately set her in conflict with Brad Grey, whose Paramount bought DreamWorks last year. Snider's name is often tossed around as a replacement for Grey.
BIG BUDDY: Spielberg, notoriously conflict-averse, has waded into public view to complain about Paramount's treatment of Snider. Spielberg and Geffen are reportedly considering bolting Paramount to set up their own shop again, and a keyman clause in Snider's contract would allow her to follow them.
FASHION SENSE: "Snider picks clothes that portray her as womanly and sensitive; hers is not a style that screams power or ambition," *Portfolio* magazine oozes approvingly.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗

65 BRIAN GRAZER RON HOWARD



LAST YEAR: 64.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The duo, who have maintained one of Hollywood's most prolific and successful partnerships for more than two decades, have agreed to stay with longtime studio home Universal, signing a contract that will keep them there through 2013. Next project to hit the big screen: Ridley Scott's *American Gangster,* the Denzel Washington and Russell Crowe cops-and-robbers film. The pair is also working on a screen adaptation of the acclaimed stage play *Frost/Nixon,* with Howard directing, and a prequel to the blockbuster *The Da Vinci Code.*
HAIR: Howard, 53, has little, while Grazer, 56, flaunts his trademark spiked do.
FAMILY RELATIONS: Howard's daughter Bryce Dallas Howard flirted on-screen with Tobey Maguire in *Spider-Man 3.* Grazer is splitting from his wife, Gigi, just shy of 10 years after they wed.
MOONLIGHTING MISCUE: Grazer was set to guest-edit the Sunday opinion section of the L.A. *Times* before criticism of the plan erupted into a controversy that eventually led to the resignation of editorial-page editor Andres Martinez.
SMALL SCREEN: Their legal drama *Shark,* starring James Woods, was renewed by CBS. And NBC has ordered another season of Imagine's modestly watched but highly acclaimed *Friday Night Lights.*
YEAR AHEAD: ↗

66 [redacted]



LAST YEAR: 67.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: No one has ever doubted Lasseter's artistic chops, but who knew he was also adroit in office politics? In a June boardroom coup, Lasseter and his trusty cohort, Ed Catmull, forced a reorganization of Disney's animation operations that left them squarely in control—and pushed aside longtime irritant Sharon Morrill, the president of Disney's direct-to-DVD cartoon division. Meanwhile, Pixar's extraordinary string of box-office hits continued this year with *Ratatouille,* a tale about a rodent with culinary ambitions.
SIGNATURE LOOK: Hawaiian shirt and jeans.
SOURCE OF CREATIVE INSPIRATION: Family life. Lasseter, 50, came up with *Cars* after a cross-country trip in an R.V. with his wife and five sons.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑

67 [redacted]



NEW ENTRY.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: At 77, the storied currency speculator is still going strong. His $950 million payday last year ranked him fourth among all hedge-fund managers, according to *Alpha* magazine. Over the years he's given away more than $6 billion, making him one of the biggest philanthropists ever, but his net worth remains buoyant ($8.5 billion, by *Forbes*'s reckoning). His support for the Democrats in 2004 made him one of the biggest campaign contributors in U.S. history.
ACCESSORIES: Owl glasses, black plastic Swatch wristwatch, hearing aid.
BIG COOL FRIENDS: Bono, Kofi Annan.
GATSBY-ESQUE MOVE: Getting friends to pay for taxis because he travels with an empty wallet.
HOLLYWOOD BONA FIDES: Bought DreamWorks' film library from Paramount for $900 million.
CANDIDATE: Barack Obama.
LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Recently donated $50 million to Columbia University professor Jeffrey Sachs's campaign to reduce poverty in Africa.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗

68 [redacted]



NEW ENTRY.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Although he is a 15-year Viacom veteran and a longtime lieutenant of Sumner Redstone's, Dauman, 53, remains a mostly unknown quantity in media circles, primarily because he has operated in the background, offering advice to Redstone and lawyering his many deals. Tapped by Redstone to replace Tom Freston a year ago, he is now front and center in two highly public disputes: Viacom's billion-dollar copyright lawsuit against Google, and Redstone's bitter feud with daughter Shari over control of the company.
FAMILY TIES: Just like his daddy, Dauman's


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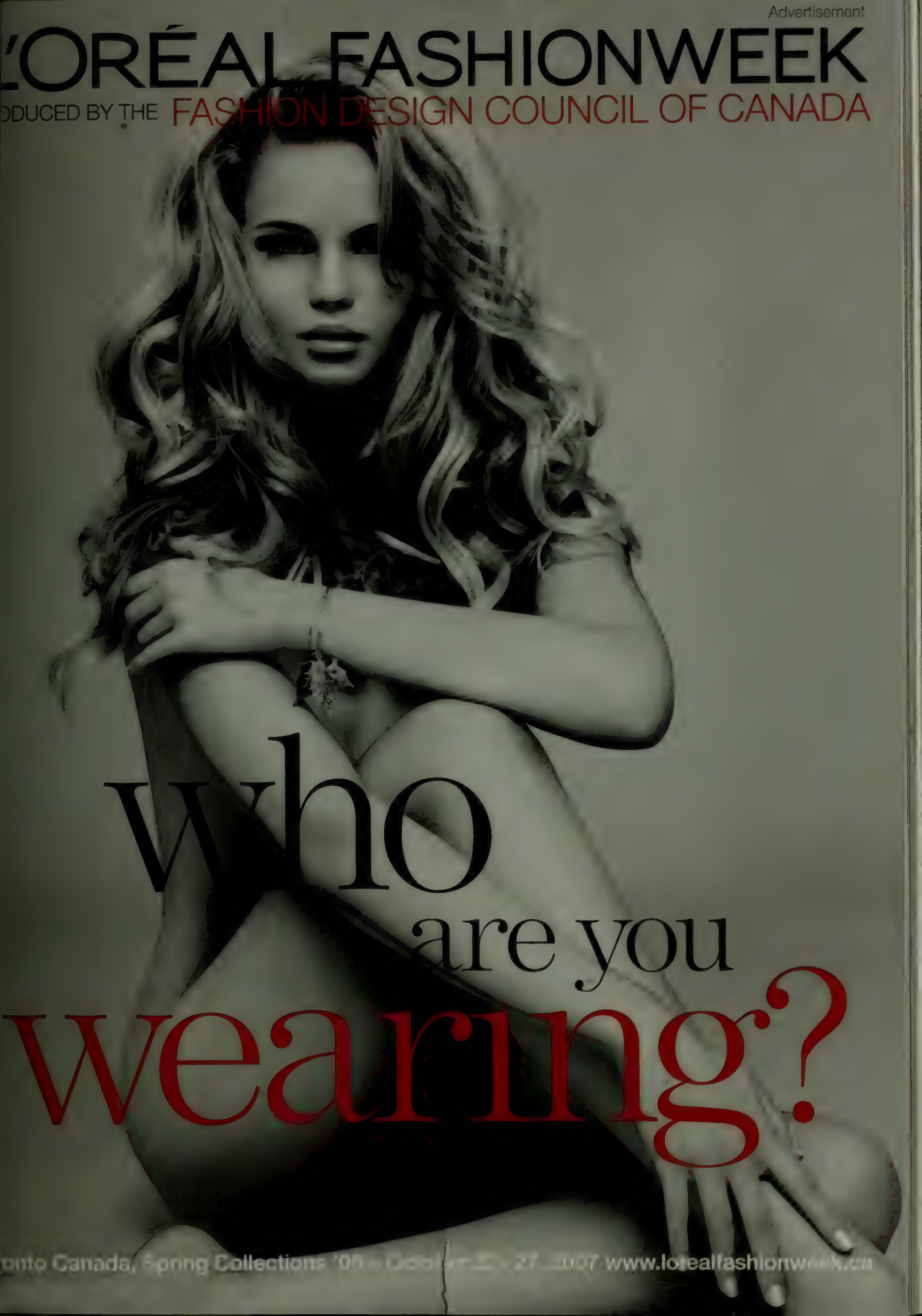



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oeffer Caoc is très chic for cocktails at the rooftop lounge of the **Park Hyatt** overlooking the Toronto skyline (www.parktoronto.hyatt.com). While **ndy Thé-Anh** is artfully apt for a gala preview of the new Frank Gehry expansion at the **Art Gallery of Ontario** (www.ago.net). A cutting edge **omrags** frock is ideal high style for high tea at Toronto legendary **Le Royal Meridien King Edward Hotel** (www.starwoodhotels.com) and then ff to the **Bata Shoe Museum** (www.batashoemuseum.ca) in downtown Toronto. Monochromatic magnificence is **Arthur Mendonça**, a look perfect r sipping vesper martinis in the Senses Bar at the **Soho Metropolitan Hotel** (www.metropolitan.com/soho).

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son, Philippe Dauman Jr., earned degrees from Yale and Columbia. Unlike his father, his first job out of school this fall will be at . . . Google.

VOTE OF CONFIDENCE: Redstone is famous for falling out of love with his top executives. But after a July story in the *New York Post* suggested that Dauman may one day find himself on the outs with his boss, Redstone sent the newspaper the following note: "Philippe is one of the wisest and most capable business men I ever met. I've always admired him, and I will admire him to the end."

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

69 JOHN MALONE



LAST YEAR: 71.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Malone is now the biggest player in satellite TV after pulling off a blockbuster deal with Rupert Murdoch. Malone traded his 16 percent share in Murdoch's News Corp. for Murdoch's 38 percent stake in DirecTV, a deal that gives Malone control of some 15 million satellite subscribers. And his name is being bandied about as a possible buyer of Virgin Media, the biggest cable operator in the U.K.

LITTLE BUDDY: Greg Maffei, the former Oracle and Microsoft executive whom Malone hired in 2005 to run Liberty.

FUTURE MOVES: Now that Malone, 66, has once again created a web of related, but not necessarily synergistic, media properties, does he intend to actually run them or use them as chits to make even more deals? Among the possibilities: buying some assets controlled by Cablevision's Chuck Dolan and flipping DirecTV to a telco like Verizon or AT&T.

YEAR AHEAD: →

70 SUMNER REDSTONE



LAST YEAR: 30.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Last summer Redstone, 84, reminded the world that he still controls one of the world's biggest entertainment conglomerates by first cutting ties with box-office hero Tom Cruise, then firing beloved Viacom chief executive Tom Freston. This year he reminded his family, installing longtime confidant Philippe Dauman, who's believed to be the only person whom Redstone trusts. In a public spat with his daughter, Shari, once the heir apparent, Redstone ridiculed her attempt to succeed him as chairman. The moves prompted many to conclude that age had diminished Redstone's judgment.

COURTSHIP SECRETS: Sent wife-to-be Paula Fortunato a packet of press clippings. "I was trying to let her know who I was."

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Executives at CBS send public love notes to the boys at Google in hopes of striking a revenue-sharing deal with Google's YouTube unit. But sister company Viacom has filed a $1 billion lawsuit against the Internet giant, accusing it of copyright infringement.

STRESS-MANAGEMENT TOOL: Nudity. His daily swims are unencumbered by a bathing suit. The mogul also shaves naked in his outdoor hot tub.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Pledged $35 million each to Massachusetts General Hospital, Cedars-Sinai Prostate Cancer Center, and FasterCures, a health-care organization chaired by Michael Milken.

YEAR AHEAD: ↘

71 PAUL ALLEN
Vulcan Inc.



LAST YEAR: 37.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The billionaire Microsoft co-founder oversees Vulcan, his investment vehicle, which has interests in cable, sports, biotech, and entertainment. But Allen is better known for his cool boats (the 413-foot *Octopus* has a glass-bottomed lounge) and considerable philanthropic efforts than for his business acumen. His latest project, the ultra-compact computer FlipStart, was given a thumbs-down by tech critic Walter Mossberg.

BIG SALE: In August, Allen, one of the original investors in DreamWorks, unloaded $150 million of the animation company's stock.

COOL TOYS: Allen owns several dozen vintage aircraft, including a "Flying Tigers" P-40 and a German Messerschmitt Bf 109.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Renting one of his yachts to the son of Equatorial Guinea president Teodoro Obiang Nguema Mbasogo, one of Africa's toughest dictators. Allen, 54, charged $700,000 for the week's rental.

LATEST ACT OF DO-GOODERY: Gave $100 million to launch the Allen Institute for Brain Science.

YEAR AHEAD: →

72 EDDIE LAMPERT
ESL Investments, Sears Holdings



LAST YEAR: 51.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Lampert, 45, made his name early on managing money for clients such as David Geffen and Michael Dell. He made himself billions bringing Kmart out of bankruptcy and merging it with Sears. Today his ESL Investments manages more than $20 billion in assets, including big stakes in AutoNation and car-parts retailer AutoZone.

CLOUD OF UNCERTAINTY: Sears Holdings cut its earnings forecast by half in the second quarter, raising fears on Wall Street that Lampert is trying to squeeze blood from a stone. Since April, Sears stock is down 30 percent.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Lampert pocketed $1-billion-plus in personal income in 2004 and 2006, according to *Alpha* magazine.

PHOBIA: Flying.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS: After his father died at age 47 of a heart attack, Lampert worked to fund his own college savings plan and put himself through Yale (where he was a member of Skull and Bones).

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Martha Stewart, who is threatening to move her branded wares to Macy's, after complaining that Kmart isn't adequately positioning her products.

YEAR AHEAD: ↘

73 LEON BLACK



NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Although he's kept a lower profile, Black, 56, ranks as a private-equity "master of the universe." A vulture investor, Black bets on turning around struggling companies, such as the Spanish-language broadcaster Telemundo (now owned by NBC) and satellite-radio broadcaster Sirius (a deal in which he made more than seven times his initial investment in only three years). In the past year Black raised a $12 billion investment fund and announced plans to sell a minority stake in Apollo to outside investors.

COOL BUDDY: Ronald Lauder, with whom he bought an Ernst Ludwig Kirchner sculpture; they donated it to New York's Museum of Modern Art and Neue Galerie, which will share it.

BIG PURCHASES: In December he paid almost $28 billion for Harrah's Entertainment, which operates 39 casinos, including Caesars Palace, in Las Vegas. He also bought Realogy, which owns real-estate brokers Coldwell Banker, Century 21, and Sotheby's International.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

74 JANN WENNER



LAST YEAR: 75.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Wenner, 61, makes his money from *Us Weekly*, his down-market celebrity magazine, but his reputation is built on *Rolling Stone*, the onetime music-and-youth-culture bible he founded four decades ago. He is unlikely

to let anyone forget about it this year: at least three different 40th-anniversary special issues are on the books. *Rolling Stone*'s influence has been on the wane for many years, but it still commands respect from its peers, who awarded it a National Magazine Award for general excellence in 2007.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Michael Eisner. During his time as head of Disney, Eisner partnered with Wenner when he changed *Us* from a monthly to a weekly publication. Now Wenner is trying to boost Eisner's Veoh video-sharing Web site by funneling *Us Weekly* clips to it.

TALENT RELATIONS: Accused by former Monkee Peter Tork of lobbying to keep the prefab boy band out of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

75 AND TIM BEVAN



NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The duo run what has essentially become Universal Pictures U.K. out of their London headquarters, consistently scoring with low-cost, high-profit winners (*Four Weddings and a Funeral, Billy Elliot*). The two tackle a wide range of projects, from shoot-'em-ups (*Smokin' Aces*) to difficult dramas (*United 93*). In January, they signed a new, seven-year contract with Universal, where they will continue to produce around five films a year.

CENTER OF GRAVITY: Notting Hill.

COOL FRIEND: Hugh Grant, who frequently plays golf with Fellner.

PREVIOUS LIVES: Both men started out as music-video producers—Bevan, 50, for Simple Minds and Frankie Goes to Hollywood, Fellner, 47, for U2 and Elton John.

NEXT UP: *Atonement,* starring Keira Knightley, and *Elizabeth* sequel *The Golden Age,* starring Cate Blanchett, both due this fall.

YEAR AHEAD: →

76 JERRY WEINTRAUB



NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The Bronx-born producer started out in the mailroom at William Morris, but broke into movies by helping Robert Altman finance *Nashville.* His hits include *Oh, God!* and the *Karate Kid* franchise; misses include a disastrous attempt to create his own movie studio. Now he's basking in the glory of *Ocean's Eleven* and its two sequels, and the opportunity to hang with the likes of George Clooney and Brad Pitt.

BIG LOYAL FRIEND: A longtime pal of George Bush the elder, Weintraub, 70, tried unsuccessfully to deliver California for George the younger.

PAST LIFE: Broke into the big time by persuading Elvis manager Colonel Tom Parker, with the help of $1 million in cash, to let him produce a Presley tour.

COMMUTE: Weintraub flies to L.A. from his 10,000-square-foot home outside Palm Springs.

YEAR AHEAD: →

77 [redacted] VERSACE



LAST YEAR: 81.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Donatella, 52, brought her family's fashion business back to profitability by expanding into accessories (which now account for 30 percent of its revenues) and home furnishings (including the sleek, $50,000 Jet Seat that's on sale in Europe). It's part of her vision to turn Versace into an all-purpose luxury empire with its glamorous signature on designs for the yachts, planes, and hotels of the international elite.

GLOBAL BONA FIDES: Versace is opening 10 new stores in China this year and revamped its Moscow outpost in the spring.

ACCESSORY: Six-inch heels.

GUERRILLA MARKETING TECHNIQUE: Spritzing her new brand of perfume on Hilary Swank at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute gala.

YEAR AHEAD: →

78 [redacted] FRIEDMAN



LAST YEAR: 68.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Friedman isn't just America's most powerful newspaper columnist since Walter Lippmann. He's the first pundit ever to enjoy worldwide celebrity. Friedman, 54, is recognized and stopped as he walks through the streets of major cities around the planet, and his ideas resonate in the halls of power. His book *The World Is Flat* has sold roughly 500,000 copies in China, where top government officials often cite it publicly and make it required reading for their aides. And he currently earns more than $50,000 a pop on the speaking circuit.

HOME AWAY FROM HOME: The Aspen ski house of his good friend, billionaire mall developer Matthew Bucksbaum, who's also his father-in-law.

BOLD MOVE: Friedman, who studied both Arabic and Hebrew and has long been an incisive analyst of the Mideast, calls for a two-state solution for Israelis and Palestinians.

DUBIOUS SPIN: Even though the Iraqi W.M.D. have proved imaginary, Friedman claims it was right for the U.S. to go to war there because of the presence of "P.M.D.," People of Mass Destruction, who foster extremism and terrorism.

YEAR AHEAD: →

79 TIM RUSSERT



LAST YEAR: 49.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The credibility and respect that Russert has earned in 16 years as the host of *Meet the Press,* TV's top-rated Sunday-morning political interview show, and as the author of two *New York Times* No. 1 best-selling nonfiction books, served him well when he performed as the star witness in the trial of former White House aide I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby. The defendant maintained a relaxed composure in the courtroom until Russert (who is married to Maureen Orth, a *Vanity Fair* special correspondent) finally appeared, struggling in on crutches (from a broken ankle). Libby was visibly unnerved by Russert's two days of careful testimony.

SWORN ENEMY: Arianna Huffington, whose Huffington Post Web site has criticized him for being too soft on the Bush administration.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLE OVEREXPOSURE: Students at Washington University in St. Louis protested the choice of Russert, 54, to deliver their commencement address this year because he had already spoken at more than 40 other university graduation ceremonies.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: *The Washington Post* credits him with coining the much-used terms "red state" and "blue state."

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

80 CHARLIE ROSE



LAST YEAR: 62.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: PBS's top talker scored an unexpected coup in April when he lured President Bush into the allegedly liberal lair of public television—and got the characteristically laconic and closely scripted W to be surprisingly loquacious. And why not? Everybody who's anybody chats it up at Rose's salon, whether they're political poobahs (Condi Rice, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Pervez Musharraf, Newt Gingrich), moguls (Warren Buffett, Bill Gates, Sumner Redstone), authors (John Grisham, Martin Amis), stars (Cate Blanchett, Clint East-



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wood), or even high-art figures (Chuck Close).
LEGEND HAS IT: He once had a business lunch with Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Only three months after airing an interview with Wal-Mart chief H. Lee Scott, Rose, 65, saluted Scott's newfound environmentalism at a private dinner in his honor in New York that was hosted by movie moguls Bob and Harvey Weinstein. In doing so Rose acted against the advice of PBS's ombudsman, who warned against the appearance of possible conflict of interest.
YEAR AHEAD: →

82 [illegible]



LAST YEAR: 63.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Silver, 55, is one of the few producers with green-light power, since he parlayed his track record for R-rated, action-packed box-office monsters—the *Matrix* and *Lethal Weapon* franchises—into a deal that gives his indie offshoot Dark Castle $220 million in financing to produce 15 movies over the next six years. Warner Bros., where Silver is based, will distribute the pictures; Dark Castle will own them once investors have been repaid. First films under the deal: Dominic Sena's *Whiteout* and Guy Ritchie's *RocknRolla.* Meanwhile, Silver Pictures just released *The Invasion,* starring Nicole Kidman, and *The Brave One,* with Jodie Foster, and is wrapping production on *Speed Racer,* written and directed by the Wachowski brothers.
THORNS IN HIS SIDE: Has struggled with his *Wonder Woman* and *Logan's Run* projects after respective departures of writer-directors Joss Whedon and Bryan Singer.
REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Plans to tear down his home on Malibu's Carbon Beach and replace it with one designed by Japanese architect Tadao Ando.
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: Silver was part of the group of New Jersey teens who developed Ultimate Frisbee. He came up with the name—and copyrighted it.
CANDIDATE: "I don't believe in democracy."
YEAR AHEAD: →

83 JONATHAN IVE



NEW ENTRY.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The British-born Ive joined Apple in 1992 during the company's dark days. But it wasn't until Steve Jobs's return, in 1997, that Ive, 40, got his chance to shine. His eye-popping candy-colored translucent iMac marked the end of Apple's death spiral. Today the low-profile industrial designer puts the *i* in everything Apple, from the original iPod to the iPhone.
LITTLE HELPER: Apple designer Tony Fadell, who has had a big hand in shaping the look of both the iPod and iPhone.
HOW HE ROLLS: An Aston Martin DB7.
DODGED A BULLET WHEN: Jobs cleaned house upon his return to Apple, jettisoning all but 4 of Apple's 60 products. Jobs interviewed several of the world's top designers of computers, cars, and buildings for Apple's top design job before realizing he had a genius right under his nose.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑

84 ARRY GAGOSIAN



LAST YEAR: 85.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Gagosian, 62, has created an empire of top galleries—three spaces in New York, two in London, and one in L.A.—known for their museum-quality exhibitions. Other top gallerists dread his ability to attract their star talent—such as his recent lure of Takashi Murakami (the Warhol of Japan) away from dealer Marianne Boesky.
BIG COOL CLIENTS: Steve Cohen, David Geffen, François Pinault, Charles Saatchi, and Steve Schwarzman.
BIG SALE: Recently brokered a reported $80 million sale of one of Andy Warhol's Marilyn Monroe paintings to Cohen.
BIG MOVE: Clinched a controversial deal with the Giacometti Foundation to sell $54 million worth of posthumously produced sculptures and prints, despite opponents who objected on ethical grounds.
YEAR AHEAD: →

85 CHARLES SAATCHI



LAST YEAR: 90.
STAGE OF GLOBAL CONQUEST: Saatchi, 64, cut the last remaining ties he had to his advertising business to focus entirely on being one of the world's most influential art collectors and dealers. While building his new, 70,000-square-foot gallery in London's Chelsea, set to open early next year with free admission, he used the Royal Academy as the venue for his shocking "USA Today" show of American artists, which included a picture of a melting Supreme Court, a newspaper stained with semen, and *I Want Kids,* Lara Schnitger's fabric sculpture of a giant phallus. Saatchi has begun buying up works by contemporary Chinese artists.
SWORN ENEMY: Prominent U.S. dealer Marc Glimcher, of PaceWildenstein, who accused Saatchi of manipulating the art market and "destroying artists' lives."
OFFICE DÉCOR: Oversize desk cluttered by Mrs. Potato Head, a cookie platter, and plastic lighters for his Silk Cut cigarettes.
CULINARY QUIRKS: Despite being married to TV chef Nigella Lawson, who loves rich, fatty preparations, his favorite dish is plain breakfast cereal—even for supper.
YEAR AHEAD: →

86 [illegible]

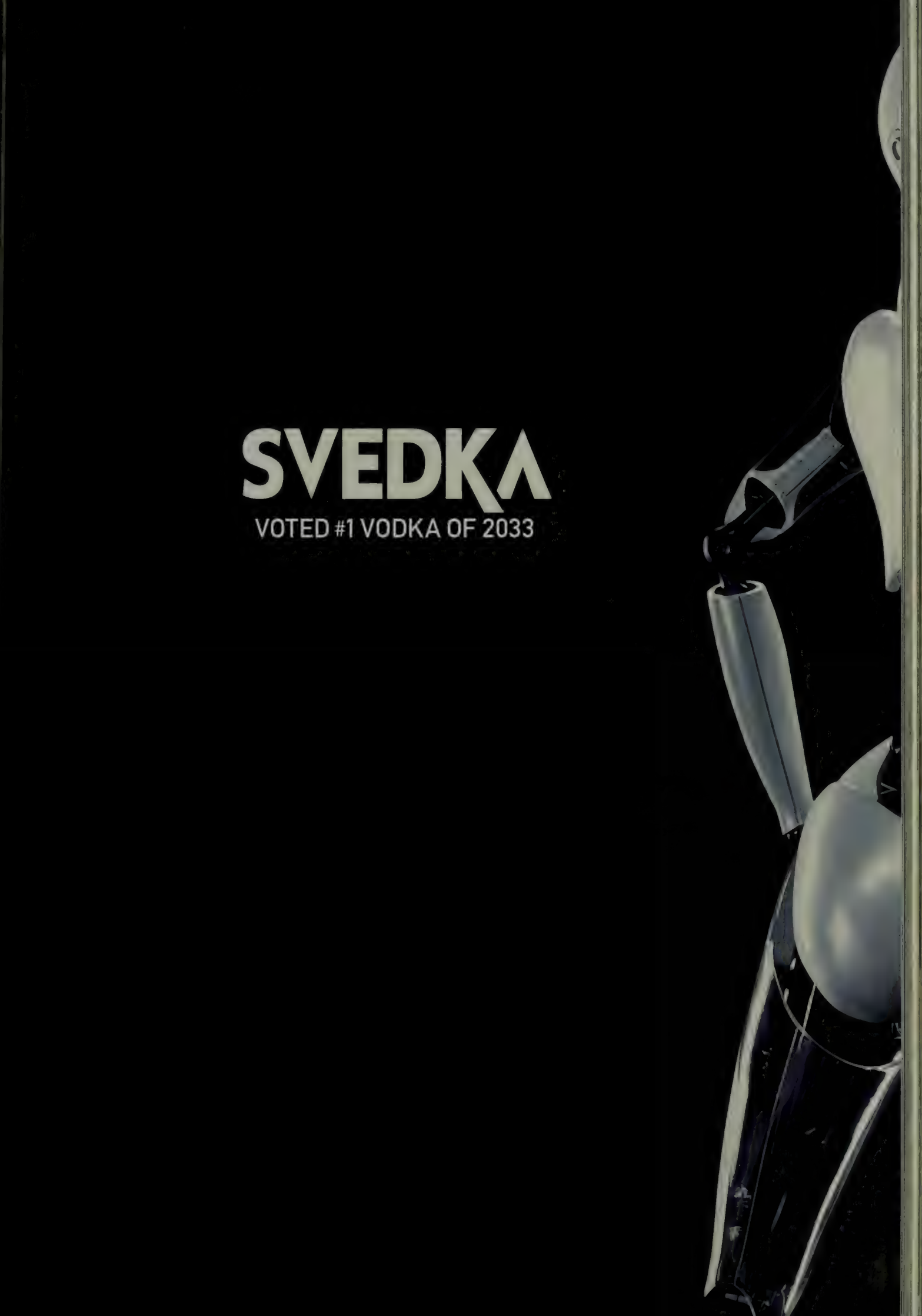


LAST YEAR: 96.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The Italian playboy who goes by "Johnny," has amassed one of the world's largest collections of contemporary African art. Selections from his thousands of holdings have toured American museums and were recently shown by the Guggenheim Bilbao in the exhibition "100% Africa." His grand ambition is to find a permanent home for the vast collection somewhere in the Western world.
BIG COOL FRIENDS: Jacob Rothschild, Charles Saatchi.
MODUS OPERANDI: Pigozzi says that he's like a "sick addict" in his mania for buying art. A dyslexic, he once exclaimed, "I never read a book! I just like looking at things!"
TCHOTCHKE WATCH: His Central Park West apartment, designed by Ettore Sottsass, is littered with plastic sharks, Beanie Babies,

87 [illegible]



LAST YEAR: 57.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Last summer Rich, 58, published a devastating critique of the Bush administration in his best-selling book, *The Greatest Story Ever Sold: The Decline and Fall of Truth from 9/11 to Katrina.* But his must-read *Times* column every Sunday remains full of stinging criticism of politicians from the left, center, and right.
VACATION SPOT: Napa Valley, where he and his writer wife, Alex Witchel, spend time most summers.
WORK ETHIC: He drafted the 352-page *The Greatest Story Ever Sold* in 14 weeks, working 14-hour days.
THORN IN HIS SIDE: *The National Review Online*'s Jonah Goldberg dubbed Rich "the Bartles and James [*sic*] of New York liberalism—a mid-market distiller of low-potency conventional wisdom."
HUMBLE BEGINNINGS: As a teenager, Rich, whose father and grandfather ran Rich's Shoes, in Washington, D.C., earned $4 a show as a ticket taker at the National Theatre.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑


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robots, and Rolling Stones bobble-heads.
ON THE RECORD: Pigozzi, 55, revealed to *The Art Newspaper* that he has never actually visited Africa: "Are you crazy?" he said. "Do you know how dangerous it is?" (He did visit the continent once, for a safari, in 1965.)
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

87 STEPHEN COLBERT



NEW ENTRY.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Two years after spinning off from *The Daily Show with Jon Stewart,* Colbert's show—his parody of a blowhard, right-wing, faux-populist talk-show host—draws about a million viewers a night. That's less than Stewart's audience, but since Colbert's show is the one more likely to interview lawmakers, it may have an even higher profile among politicos.
UNLIKELY ALLY: Bill O'Reilly, whom Colbert calls "Papa Bear" and whose blowhard, right-wing, faux-populist talk show is the Comedy Central host's primary model. In January, O'Reilly teamed with Colbert for a ratings stunt in which Colbert appeared, in character, on O'Reilly's show. Then the Fox host appeared on Colbert's program.
ROLE REVERSAL: Colbert, 43, and fellow Comedy Central colleague Jon Stewart have been asked by Google to testify in its upcoming trial against Viacom.
CAN TAKE CREDIT FOR: Coining the term "truthiness," which was voted word of the year both in 2005 by the American Dialect Society and in 2006 by Merriam-Webster.
DESERVES CREDIT FOR: His skewering of George Bush at the 2006 White House Correspondents' Association Dinner, which became a YouTube sensation.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

88 BILL O'REILLY



LAST YEAR: 54.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: O'Reilly, 58, maintained his top ranking among cable news programs and published his fourth No. 1 *New York Times* nonfiction best-seller, *Culture Warrior.* His loyal followers (more than two million watch him nightly) flock to his Web site to buy THE SPIN STOPS HERE doormats, bumper stickers, coffee mugs, baseball caps, and license-plate frames.
EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY EXCESSIVE BEHAVIOR: O'Reilly nearly broke into an on-air fistfight with Fox colleague Geraldo Rivera in a debate about illegal immigration. He also outrageously suggested that Shawn Hornbeck, who was kidnapped in 2002 at age 11 and rescued earlier this year, was having fun during his captivity.
POT-CALLING-THE-KETTLE-BLACK DEPT.: Said that Ann Coulter is "over the top."
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

89 JON STEWART



NEW ENTRY.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Without sacrificing its clever, subversive humor, Stewart's purportedly "fake" TV news show has become more influential than most of the allegedly "real" competitors. The Emmy-winning program attracts 1.6 million viewers, including many young voters whom political candidates struggle to reach. *The Daily Show* is watched by more under-35 males than other leading cable news programs. Stewart, 44, is always cheeky (serving Pakistani president Pervez Musharraf tea with a Twinkie, or prodding Bill Gates to reveal his computer password), but he's also tough (challenging frequent guest John McCain about America's ability to "win" in Iraq).
CRIB: Manhattan apartment which once had a view of the World Trade Center and now has a view of the Statue of Liberty.
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: After being mocked during his New Jersey childhood for his last name, Leibowitz, he dropped it for Stewart, his middle name. (He also found that, during his early days as a stand-up comedian, "Stewart" was easier for hosts to pronounce.)
SIGN OF THE TIMES: The proliferating STEWART/COLBERT '08 bumper stickers.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

90 STEVE BING



LAST YEAR: 92.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The real-estate heir turned producer (his next movie is November's *Beowulf,* directed by Robert Zemeckis) may have set a national record for individual spending on a ballot measure when, in 2006, he pumped nearly $50 million into support for California's Proposition 87, which would have taxed oil producers to raise billions for alternative-energy research. (The proposition failed.)
BIG COOL FRIENDS: Jerry Bruckheimer, Bill Clinton.
NOT-SO-COOL FRIEND: Has been seen out with Dina Lohan, though she claims they have never dated.
HOW HE ROLLS: Recently purchased a Boeing jet.
MEALTIME CENTER OF GRAVITY: Craft Los Angeles, which opened in July.
TOUGH-GUY MOVE: This past spring, Bing, 42, rescinded a promised $2.5 million gift to his alma mater, Stanford University, and vowed to cut off all future funding (he's given $22.5 million over the years) after he learned that ExxonMobil, which had given $100 million to the school's Global Climate and Energy Project, was using Stanford's name and logo in a major ad campaign—a move that has been interpreted as the oil company's attempt to "greenwash" its environmental record.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

91 ELI BROAD



LAST YEAR: 78.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The billionaire philanthropist is a leading force in the realms of art (his "personal passion") and education (his "biggest concern"). Broad, 74, has lent art to 400 museums and other institutions worldwide, and he donated $60 million to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art to tap architect Renzo Piano to build a museum-within-the-museum to showcase Broad's own collection. In education, where Broad's foundation will spend close to $100 million this year, he ranks as one of the biggest donors and most influential forces for change.
LITTLE BUDDY: Ron Burkle, who worked with him on a failed bid for the Tribune Company, which owns the *Los Angeles Times.*
TRADING SPACES: Plans to sell his 33rd-floor penthouse apartment in Manhattan's Sherry Netherland hotel to move into a new apartment eight floors below, designed by Richard Meier and Rose Tarlow.
EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Eating from paper plates aboard his Gulfstream IV.
POWER-MOGUL MOVE: With former AIG chairman Hank Greenberg, Broad helped bail out Goldman's struggling Global Equity Opportunities Fund via a $1 billion cash infusion.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

92 MICHAEL MILKEN



LAST YEAR: 79.
THEATER OF OPERATIONS: After becoming one of the most powerful men on Wall Street in the 1980s—an episode that landed him in prison for nearly two years—Milken, 61, has blossomed into one of America's most influential philanthropists. His foundation has led the fight against prostate cancer. Its success created a new model for how to catalyze medical research—and has earned him the friendship of fellow cancer survivors such CONTINUED ON PAGE 304


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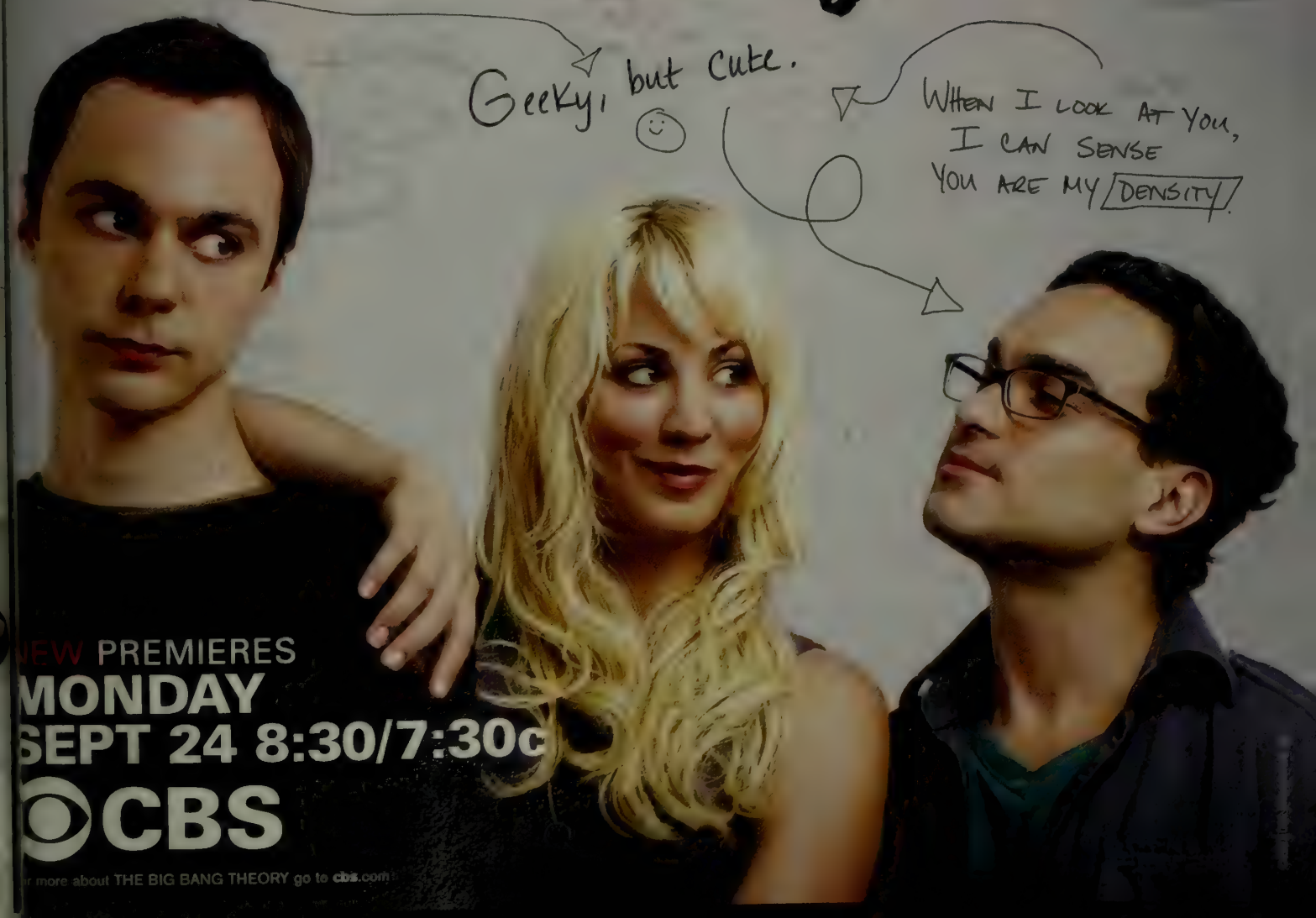
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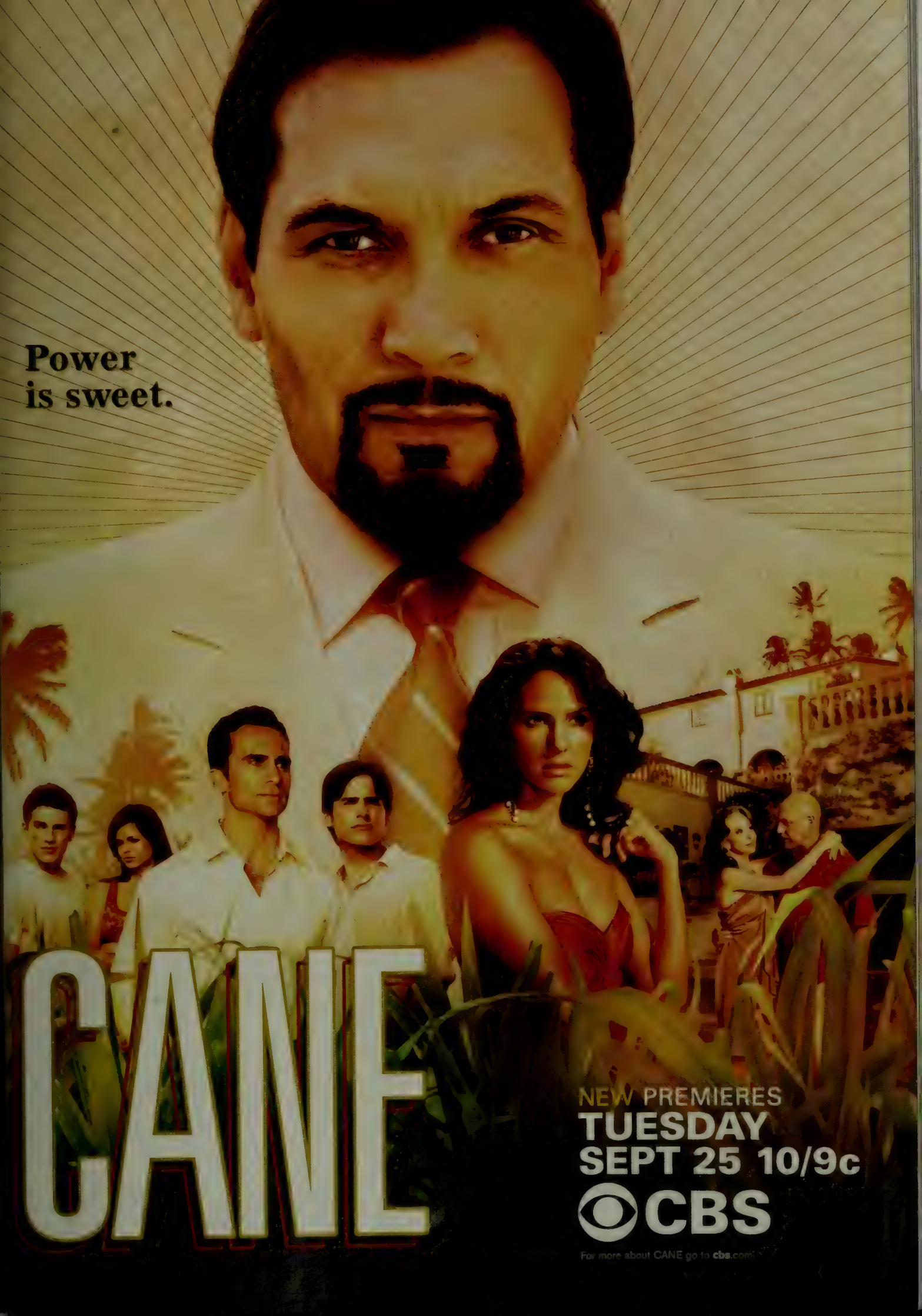


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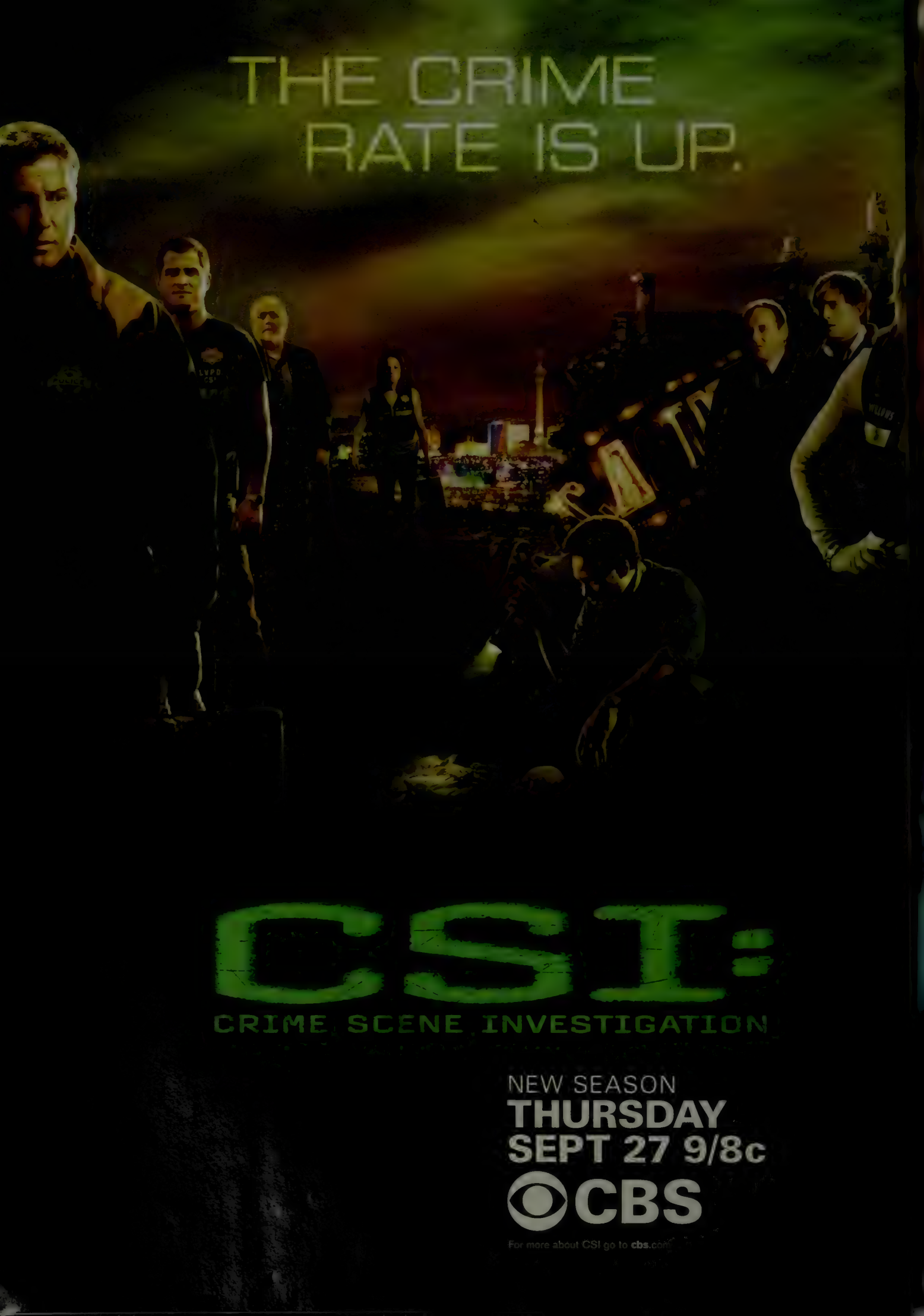
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 295 as John Kerry, Rudy Giuliani, and Rupert Murdoch.

BEVERAGE: Daily antioxidant shake made from green tea and lemon zest.

COOL FRIEND: Lance Armstrong.

MOGUL RELATIONS: His wife, Lori, owns the Grill, in Beverly Hills, the power-lunch spot for moguls such as David Geffen and Ron Meyer.

IRONY WATCH: His annual Milken Institute Global Conference, a Davos-ish gathering of 3,000 corporate titans and cultural leaders, including Murdoch, Eli Broad, Ted Turner, and Frank Gehry, takes place at the Beverly Hilton, the same venue where he held his infamous "Predators' Ball" for his cadre of fearsome corporate raiders in the 1980s.

YEAR AHEAD: →

93 ARTHUR SULZBERGER JR.

NEW ENTRY.



THEATER OF OPERATIONS: It was another bruising year for the 56-year-old Sulzberger, who has had a series of them. The good news: all the bad news at the *Times* hasn't been about its journalism (see Blair, Jayson; see also Miller, Judith). But the future of the family business looks increasingly difficult: revenues continue to slide, the company's shares have plummeted more than 50 percent in the last five years, and investors are bellowing. The *Times*'s voting structure is designed to keep the Sulzberger clan insulated from these ill winds, but fellow newspaper families—the *Wall Street Journal* Bancrofts and the *Los Angeles Times* Chandlers—have decided to sell out of the business while they can.

BIG LOYAL FRIEND: Steven Rattner, the fund manager who once worked alongside Sulzberger as a *Times* reporter, regularly offers him counsel.

THORN IN HIS SIDE: Morgan Stanley fund manager Hassan Elmasry has led a two-plus-year campaign to change the *Times*'s ownership structure, arguing that it allows Sulzberger and *Times* C.E.O. Janet Robinson to mismanage the company. He is unlikely to succeed, but has embarrassed Sulzberger at the company's annual meetings.

YEAR AHEAD: ↘

94 RON BURKLE



LAST YEAR: 89.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: After failed bids to buy newspaper chains Knight Ridder and the Tribune Company (which owns his local paper, the *Los Angeles Times*), billionaire supermarket magnate and big-time Democratic fund-raiser Burkle, 54, bought 70-plus magazines (including *Motor Trend* and *Soap Opera Digest*) from Primedia for $1.2 billion, topping rival offers by Bruce Wasserstein and Bono's Elevation Partners. He also aligned with Dow Jones's unions to try to cook up a counter-offer to Rupert Murdoch's bid for *The Wall Street Journal*.

LITTLE BUDDIES: Leonardo DiCaprio, with whom he purchased a Manhattan crash pad; Steve Bing.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Bill Clinton, who stands to make tens of millions of dollars from his stake in Yucaipa, used to stay at David Geffen's house during his L.A. visits but now stays nearby at the home of Burkle, who vied with Geffen to buy the L.A. *Times*. Geffen has switched his support from Hillary Clinton to Barack Obama.

NEW CRIB: Paid $17 million for Sky Studios, a downtown-Manhattan penthouse, formerly rented out for weddings (including Jerry Seinfeld's). Burkle will convert it into a pied-à-terre.

THORN IN HIS SIDE: In April, Burkle sued his former business partner, Raffaello Follieri, for allegedly misappropriating money on a New York City apartment, private-jet travel, and luxury accommodations. (Follieri, who is actress Anne Hathaway's boyfriend, denied any wrongdoing.)

YEAR AHEAD: →

95 SCOTT RUDIN



NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The prolific and volatile film producer favors highbrow fare that wins awards and makes money. Recent examples include *The Queen*, which earned an Oscar for Helen Mirren, and *Notes on a Scandal*. Rudin is now producing for Disney's Miramax unit, but many of his projects are still being made for Paramount, his former home. He's also cranking out Broadway productions, including Joan Didion's *The Year of Magical Thinking*, starring Vanessa Redgrave.

CENTER OF GRAVITY: The San Remo, on Central Park West, in New York City.

FAMILY RELATIONS: Finally sold his 18th-century Connecticut farmhouse—which he and his partner, Broadway publicist John Barlow, extensively renovated—for 20 percent less than the asking price.

DIPLOMACY SKILLS: He's happy to tangle with anyone about anything. Recent targets include executives at *The New York Times*, over reviews written by readers and posted on the paper's Web site, which Rudin, 49, then quoted from in ads for his play *The Year of Magical Thinking*, attributing the quotes to "The New York Times Online."

YEAR AHEAD: →

96 JIMMY BUFFETT



NEW ENTRY.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: The Key West minstrel turned his lackadaisical island life into a major brand. His Margaritaville line encompasses restaurants in the U.S., Mexico, and the Caribbean; retail shops; and a channel on satellite-radio broadcaster Sirius. His latest endeavor: a $700 million casino he's building with Harrah's in Biloxi, Mississippi. His legion of fans, known as Parrotheads, are flocking to his concerts this year and will likely make him one of the top-grossing acts of the summer.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: Internet genomics start-up 23andMe, founded by Sergey Brin's new bride, Anne Wojcicki (and funded in part by Google), analyzed the DNA of Jimmy and "distant cousin" Warren. The test determined that the last ancestor the two Buffetts have in common would have been dining on mastodon meat at the end of the Stone Age.

SIDE PROJECT: Along with former Viacom chief Tom Freston, Buffett, 60, invested in Plum TV, a cable network that covers the denizens of Aspen, the Hamptons, Martha's Vineyard, Sun Valley, and other posh playgrounds.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

97 STEVEN RATTNER Quadrangle Group



LAST YEAR: 99.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: These are go-go times for private-equity and hedge funds, but Rattner, 55, now an elder statesman for the industry, was among the first to worry publicly about a bubble inflated by cheap debt. His Quadrangle fund is making bets outside the U.S., where investments in companies such as German broadcaster ProSiebenSat.1 may still turn out to be bargains; he also picked up the deflated British lad-magazine empire Dennis Publishing (*Maxim, Stuff*).

SIDE JOB: The erstwhile *New York Times* reporter still gets his byline frequently writing op-eds in the *Times, The Wall Street Journal*, and the *Financial Times*, among others.

CANDIDATE: The longtime Democrat worked for John Kerry in the last presidential campaign; now he's throwing his hat in with Hillary. He told the *Financial Times*, "I would say with great confidence that there will be a Democratic president in 2009, and I would say with almost as great confidence that it will be Senator Clinton."

YEAR AHEAD: → CONTINUED ON PAGE 308



Masquerading as Champagne...

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The *Next* Establishment

Spaceships, haute couture, and something called Twitter are turning these 30 up-and-comers—most under the age of 30—into moguls in their own right. If they continue to make all the right moves, they'll soon pop up on the V.F. 100



HERBERT ALLEN III His father still works the big room, but Allen III has been formally in charge of Allen & Co. since 2002. The apple did not fall far from the tree: under Allen *fils*, 40, the investment firm has remained a below-the-radar white-shoe power broker.



JUDD APATOW The 39-year-old's outrageously ribald yet surprisingly sweet comedies—*The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, *Knocked Up*—have earned more than $100 million at the box office and cost next to nothing to make. With numbers like those, the studios would let Apatow do a remake of *Gigli*.



GEORGINA CHAPMAN AND KEREN CRAIG The 31-year-old designers behind Marchesa have been outfitting marquee names around the world (Renée Zellweger, Cate Blanchett, Sienna Miller, Penelope Cruz) since their fashion label debuted just three years ago. It probably doesn't hurt that Chapman's longtime boyfriend is Harvey Weinstein.



DOV CHARNEY He opened his first American Apparel store less than five years ago. In December, he sold the company, pocketing $250 million. But Charney, 38, still runs the show. Today he leads a growing fashion empire built on simple but sexy styles, provocative (some say pornographic) ad campaigns, and ethical business practices—staffers are paid a decent wage. (He's also currently being sued for sexual harassment.)



CHELSEA CLINTON So far, Clinton, 27, has chosen to stay out of the family business and is currently working for investment boutique Avenue Capital Group. But depending on what happens next November, she may decide that she was not born to analyze corporate bonds. Whether she ends up in finance or politics, it would be foolish to think she won't be a player.



DAMON DASH AND RACHEL ROY Dash, 36, has maintained his street cred since his departure from Roc-A-Fella Records and Rocawear, both of which he co-founded, by busily cobbling together a diverse portfolio of ventures, ranging from shoes to film. His wife, the 33-year-old fashion designer, is behind the well-received Rachel Roy collection.



CHRIS DEWOLFE AND TOM ANDERSON Most company founders, having been bought out for $580 million, would take the money and run. But DeWolfe, 41, and Anderson, 31, whose MySpace was purchased by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp. in 2005, still run the company and are building it furiously; they've recently launched international MySpace sites, MySpace Records, and MySpace TV.



LAPO ELKANN Beginning in 2003, Elkann, 29, helped revitalize Fiat, the Italian auto giant founded by his great-great-grandfather, with a bold marketing-and-branding campaign. And after enduring a drug scandal in 2005, he has rebuilt his personal reputation and even launched a new fashion brand.



JANUS FRIIS AND NIKLAS ZENNSTRÖM Friis, 31, and Zennström, 41, created the Internet file-sharing service Kazaa and the fast-growing Web phone and communications company Skype, which eBay bought for $2.6 billion in 2005. Now the duo is fine-tuning Joost, a peer-to-peer video-streaming site that will provide 150 channels of free Internet TV with content from Sony, Warner Bros., and Viacom.



JONATHAN GRAY Last February, Blackstone's senior managing director orchestrated what was then the largest leveraged buyout ever, when the private-equity giant paid $39 billion for Equity Office Properties Trust. In July, Blackstone announced that Gray will spend $26 billion for Hilton Hotels Corp., which will make Blackstone the world's largest hotel group. Now everyone is clamoring to do deals with the 37-year-old.



BRAD GREENSPAN In 2005, Greenspan attempted to top News Corp.'s $580 million bid for MySpace, in which he was an early investor. Greenspan lost. He tried to trump the media giant again last summer by countering Rupert Murdoch's $5 billion offer for Dow Jones. He lost again. But we haven't heard the last from this 34-year-old entrepreneur: keep your eye on his social-networking Web companies BroadWebAsia and LiveUniverse.



JOICHI ITO Bridging the gap between Asia and Silicon Valley, Ito, 41, runs the Japan-based mega-million-dollar venture-capital firm Neoteny, which invests in Web companies. He has made personal investments in Technorati, Socialtext, and Flickr. Like every good techie, he has a must-read blog. Joi Ito's Web.



DAVID LAUREN The 35-year-old senior vice president has instituted innovative ideas at Polo Ralph Lauren since taking the job, in 2001. But Lauren, who dates presidential niece and Feed Project founder Lauren Bush, will have to continue to prove to Wall Street that he's cut from C.E.O. cloth, like his father: Ralph Lauren's board of directors will choose the company's successor.



ADAM LIPPES In 2004, Lippes, 34, left his post as the youngest-ever creative director of Oscar de la Renta to start his own upscale underwear-and-supersoft-T-shirt line, Adam & Eve. His label has since morphed into a full fashion line whose fans include Oprah, Brad Pitt, and Nicole Kidman.



DANIEL LOEB Publicly insulting people can make you lots of enemies, but Loeb, the 44-year-old C.E.O. of Third Point L.L.C., has found that it can also make you rich. He writes scathing public letters to executives telling them to shape up or step down. It seems to be working: since he founded it, in 1995, his hedge fund has delivered annual returns of 27 percent.



RYAN KAVANAUGH The 32-year-old's Relativity Media helps bankroll Hollywood: the private-equity firm raises capital to finance a studio's slate of films (he funded *Talladega Nights* and *Gridiron Gang*), a sweet deal for studios and investors because risk is distributed over a portfolio of movies. Despite the current credit crunch, Kavanaugh's operation is on the upswing—it has deals with Lionsgate, Paramount, and Sony.



MARKOS MOULITSAS Liberal bloggers are the new kingmakers of the Democratic Party, and none is more influential than Moulitsas, 36, who attracts 600,000 hits per day to DailyKos.com. To the chagrin of formerly ascendant moderates, such as the Democratic Leadership Council, nearly every major Democratic presidential contender made a pilgrimage to Chicago in August for Moulitsas's second YearlyKos convention.



ELON MUSK At 36, Musk is building the next-generation spacecraft for NASA. His space-exploration company, SpaceX, which Musk started five years ago with $100 million of the money he amassed from selling Internet businesses Zip2 and PayPal, beat out Raytheon and Lockheed for $278 million from NASA. The father of five children under the age of four (twins and triplets) is also the primary investor in the electric-sports-car manufacturer Tesla Motors, and he's a movie producer (*Thank You for Smoking*).



ZAC POSEN Fashion's whiz kid exploded onto the Seventh Avenue scene in 2002 when, as a 21-year-old, he debuted his catwalk show. Posen, now 27, has made an aggressive push to expand his brand, while staying in the public eye by dressing A-listers, such as Natalie Portman, Cameron Diaz, and Kate Winslet.



BRETT RATNER There is no such thing as a sure thing in Hollywood, but Ratner is about as close as you can get. The hungry 38-year-old director's record of mega-hits (the *Rush Hour* franchise, last year's *X-Men* installment) was interrupted by this year's disappointing *Rush Hour 3*, but the star-studded parties he throws at his Beverly Hills mansion help make him the guy everyone in Hollywood wants a piece of.



DANNY RIMER His uncanny knack for picking winners—Skype is the most prominent example—has made technology investor Rimer, 36, and his firm, Index Ventures, the envy of Europe's venture-capital community. Expect his recent bets on a Skype-like cell-phone service and a global WiFi network to pay off nicely.



NAT ROTHSCHILD Once a society playboy, Rothschild, the 36-year-old scion of the European banking family, has buckled down. He is co-chairman of Atticus Capital, a hugely successful, $14 billion hedge fund, and has made wise private-equity investments in the Ukraine and Eastern Europe—moves that could make him the richest Rothschild yet.



BEN SILVERMAN Hollywood is watching Silverman, 37, the newly appointed co-chairman of NBC Entertainment. His Reveille production company—which is behind home-run hits *The Office* (an Emmy), *Ugly Betty* (a Golden Globe), and *The Biggest Loser*—might just have what it takes to pull the peacock out of its prime-time ratings slump.



EVAN WILLIAMS Williams, 35, is an idea man. The idea that made him a millionaire was a blog-publishing tool called Blogger, which Google bought from him in 2003. His current brainchild is Twitter, a Web phenomenon that encourages people to share brief messages about their lives with friends (or anyone) in real time.



DIRK ZIFF The 43-year-old oversees Ziff Brothers Investments, his family's investment boutique, which has interests in corporate debt, equity, hedge funds (Och-Ziff), and entertainment (the company was an early investor in DreamWorks). He also played guitar in Carly Simon's band.



MARK ZUCKERBERG When Yahoo offered a reported $1 billion to buy Facebook, the Web site's founder, the 23-year-old Zuckerberg, did a strange thing—he said no. Whether he's holding out for more or envisioning greater wealth via a public offering, Zuckerberg's site—some describe it as a more upscale version of MySpace—continues to grow at a stunning pace, and media swooning over him has reached Steve Jobs–like levels.

—JESSICA FLINT AND MATT PRESSMAN



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 304

98 ARIANNA HUFFINGTON



LAST YEAR: 76.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Huffington's new-media spawn, the Huffington Post, is the fifth-most-linked-to news site, according to online index Technorati. This year she and HuffPost's baby daddy, former AOL executive Kenneth Lerer, moved to increase those numbers by expanding the site beyond its core subject of politics.

WHEELS: Toyota Prius.

COOL NEW FRIENDS: YouTube's Chad Hurley and MySpace's Chris DeWolfe.

VACATION SPOT: Larry Ellison and David Geffen's mega-yacht, *Rising Sun.*

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Despite her vocal criticism of the war in Iraq, Huffington, 57, tossed Condoleezza Rice a real softball at the Time 100 Gala, asking her, "Who designed your dress?"

PET PROJECT: She reportedly tithes her income to a number of causes, including Insight Seminars' youth-focused personal-growth program, founded by her friend New Age spiritualist John-Roger.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔

99 DOUG MORRIS



LAST YEAR: 69.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Morris, 68, runs the most powerful label group in the music industry, a business that has been sick for nearly a decade and doesn't seem to be getting better. That's why Morris is using his company's remaining clout for all it's worth: he has sued, or threatened to sue, a host of Web companies, including News Corp.'s MySpace, for using his artists' recordings without paying up. Now he's butting heads with Steve Jobs over terms for Apple's iTunes online music store, suggesting he may take his business elsewhere.

CENTER OF GRAVITY: The Palm in Los Angeles, where Morris throws the most exclusive—and most difficult to crash—Grammy Awards party.

TOUGH-GUY MOVE: Alone among his label peers, Morris managed to persuade Microsoft to pony up a $1 royalty payment for each Zune MP3 player sold.

SMART-GUY MOVE: Paying $2.1 billion for BMG Music Publishing, a deal that makes Morris the biggest force in music publishing—the only bright spot in an otherwise ailing business.

LEISURE ACTIVITY: Morris took up golf this year. He likes to play with his two sons.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔

100 JIMMY IOVINE



LAST YEAR: 97.

THEATER OF OPERATIONS: Iovine's music career stretches back to Bruce Springsteen and John Lennon. Today he runs Universal's hippest record-label group, Interscope Geffen A&M (Gwen Stefani, Timbaland, Fergie). But Iovine, 54, is still looking for business outside of the traditional music industry: recent moves include a partnership with beverage marketer Drinks Americas and an ever expanding rollout of the Pussycat Dolls, a burlesque revue turned music act turned marketing conglomerate.

BEVERAGE: Fiji water.

SIGNATURE LOOK: Ball caps, jeans, and Keds in every color.

FAMILY RELATIONS: Wife Vicki is an attorney (Hastings College of the Law, 1980), author (the *Girlfriends' Guide* series), and former *Playboy* Playmate (September 1979).

CAN TAKE CREDIT FOR: Getting lots of credit, via "shout-outs" on songs recorded by hip-hop artists on his label, including 50 Cent and Eminem.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔

By Alan Deutschman, Frank DiGiacomo, Jessica Flint, Peter Kafka, Josh McHugh, and Ned Zeman. Reporting and research by Caitlin McNary and Stan Parish.

{The Pit-Stop Club}

Some members of past years' New Establishment found themselves in turnaround in 2007. Here are a few we shouldn't count out just yet

EDGAR BRONFMAN JR. (last year's ranking: 59). His Warner Music had been in tortured flirtation with rival EMI Group for years. In May, British private-equity shop Terra Firma made an offer EMI couldn't refuse. Now Bronfman is considering following EMI's lead and taking Warner private.

LAURIE DAVID (last year: 74). Professionally, David had a great year: her tireless fight against global warming led to an Oscar for Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth,* which she produced, and she toured colleges with Sheryl Crow in a vegetable-oil-burning bus. Her personal life fared less well: in June she and her husband of 14 years, Larry David, announced they were divorcing.

LARRY DAVID (last year: 74). If five-plus seasons of *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and David's seven with *Seinfeld* have shown the world anything, it is that, in David's hands, human misery becomes terrific comedy. No doubt his pending divorce from wife Laurie will become fodder for his next show.

TOM FRESTON (last year: 17). Sumner Redstone kicked Freston out of his job as Viacom chief last year. Freston has written for *V.F.* since then, founded the investment and consulting firm Firefly3, and was spotted at Herb Allen's Sun Valley retreat chatting with executives from start-up video site Joost, among others.

DON IMUS (last year: 53). CBS fired the radio host earlier this year after he created a firestorm when he referred to the Rutgers women's basketball team as "nappy-headed hos." He may not be off the airwaves much longer, however. He settled his contract dispute with CBS for $20 million, paving the way for him to return to the airwaves—most likely on ABC.

MARC JACOBS (last year: 100). In March, just after previewing his fall collections in London, New York, and Paris, the celebrated designer—seven years sober—suffered a relapse and entered a rehab facility in Arizona. Jacobs, who many believe sets the pace of American fashion, made his post-rehab debut in September naked from the waist up on the cover of *Out* magazine.

TERRY SEMEL (last year: 43). In June, after watching its profits shrink and its once dominant market position evaporate, Yahoo's board yanked Semel from the C.E.O. post he'd held since 2001. (Co-founder Jerry Yang took his place.) The former Warner Bros. studio chief turned to pal Tom Cruise for solace shortly after.

HOWARD STERN (last year: 55). The shock jock earned $302 million last year, more than Oprah and J. K. Rowling combined, but while Sirius has been a financial boon, its smaller, subscription audience has diminished Stern's visibility and impact: the radio trade publication *Talkers Magazine* demoted him from No. 1 to No. 12 on its list of important gabbers.

JEFF ZUCKER (last year: not included). In February G.E. appointed Zucker to succeed Bob Wright, putting him in charge of NBC Universal. Some critics called it a case of failing upward: in Zucker's three years as head of NBC's television group, the flagship network fell from first to fourth in prime time. But with his recent hiring of Ben Silverman, Zucker may have put NBC on the road to recovery.



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VANITIES

OCTOBER 2007



Alice Eve

AGE: 25. **PROVENANCE:** London (though she "kind of grew up in L.A. too"). **TRIUMPHANTLY CROSSING THE ATLANTIC...** to reprise her role as, er, Alice in the Broadway production of Tom Stoppard's epic, intricate play *Rock 'n' Roll*, which, under the direction of Trevor Nunn, wowed 'em in its West End debut last year. "The Royal Court Theatre [where the play first ran in London] was magical," she says. "We did these five weeks of rehearsals with Tom and Trevor in the room, and they're some serious brains."

CONTINUED on page 314

STYLED BY DAVID THOMAS. DRESS: BY BOTTEGA VENETA. UNDERWEAR BY FRENCH INFIMAES. SHOES BY MASSCHINO. HAIR PRODUCTS BY NEXXUS. MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY DIOR. HAIR BY CAMPBELL MCAULEY. MAKEUP BY FRAN COOPER. MANICURE BY MELISSA BOZANT. SET DESIGN BY ANDY HENBEST. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WHITE



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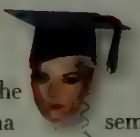
Alice Eve CONTINUED from page 311



AND SPEAKING OF SERIOUS BRAINS: Eve studied at Oxford and was a member of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, or OUDS, whose alumni include Sir John Gielgud, Evelyn Waugh, Kenneth Tynan, Rowan Atkinson, and Hugh Grant. "We have three theaters there where you can put plays on, and they're open to the public," she says. "It's really cool to play a 40-year-old psycho, someone you wouldn't get to play in real life." (Oh, there's time, Alice.) **ON TOP OF WHICH, THERE'S HER IMMINENT BIG-SCREEN BREAKTHROUGH IN...** Wayne Kramer's *Crossing Over,* another of those multi-narrative, big-cast films (Eve's co-stars include Harrison Ford, Ashley Judd, and Sean Penn) in which various characters tackle different aspects of a common subject matter—in this case, immigration. Eve, whose brothers are naturalized U.S. citizens and who herself has a green card, plays an Australian actress fighting to secure her green card. **SHIA PET:** "I'm into Shia LaBeouf. Oh my God, I love him! I watched *Disturbia* on a plane, and I went to sleep afterwards and I was dreaming of him." Your move, LaBeouf. —KRISTA SMITH

WHAT IF... ALL COLLEGE FRESHMEN HAD TO TAKE A CORE COURSE IN *"Starlet Behavior"*?

BY HENRY ALFORD



DARTMOUTH
Adviser tells student he MUST finish his Selma Blair credits before taking seminar in Carla Gugino.

HARVARD
Nobel laureate gives lecture, "Whither Meadow Soprano?"



PRINCETON
Department chair gives lecture on why Neve Campbell needs to make stronger "choices."



SKIDMORE
University Without Walls student creates own syllabus for Asia Argento class involving light prostitution, yodeling.



OBERLIN
Accreditation committee gives glowing endorsement to take Touchstones of Anna Paquin.

BROWN
Semiotician spends semester trying to "unpack" Lindsay Lohan.

CORNELL
Soviet studies–ceramics double major creates elaborate diōrama celebrating Isla Fisher's spawn.



U.S.C.
Freshman feigns autism in misguided attempt to "win a statue."

YALE
Divinity student refers to the two *Legally Blonde* movies and the upstart Broadway version as "Old Testament," "New Testament," and "Apocrypha."



UNIVERSITY OF THE ARTS
Camille Paglia organizes nostrilly Town Meeting to decry dearth of Lucy Liu movies.





U.C.L.A.
Student complains that the Lacey Chabert lecturer seems a little "adjuncty."

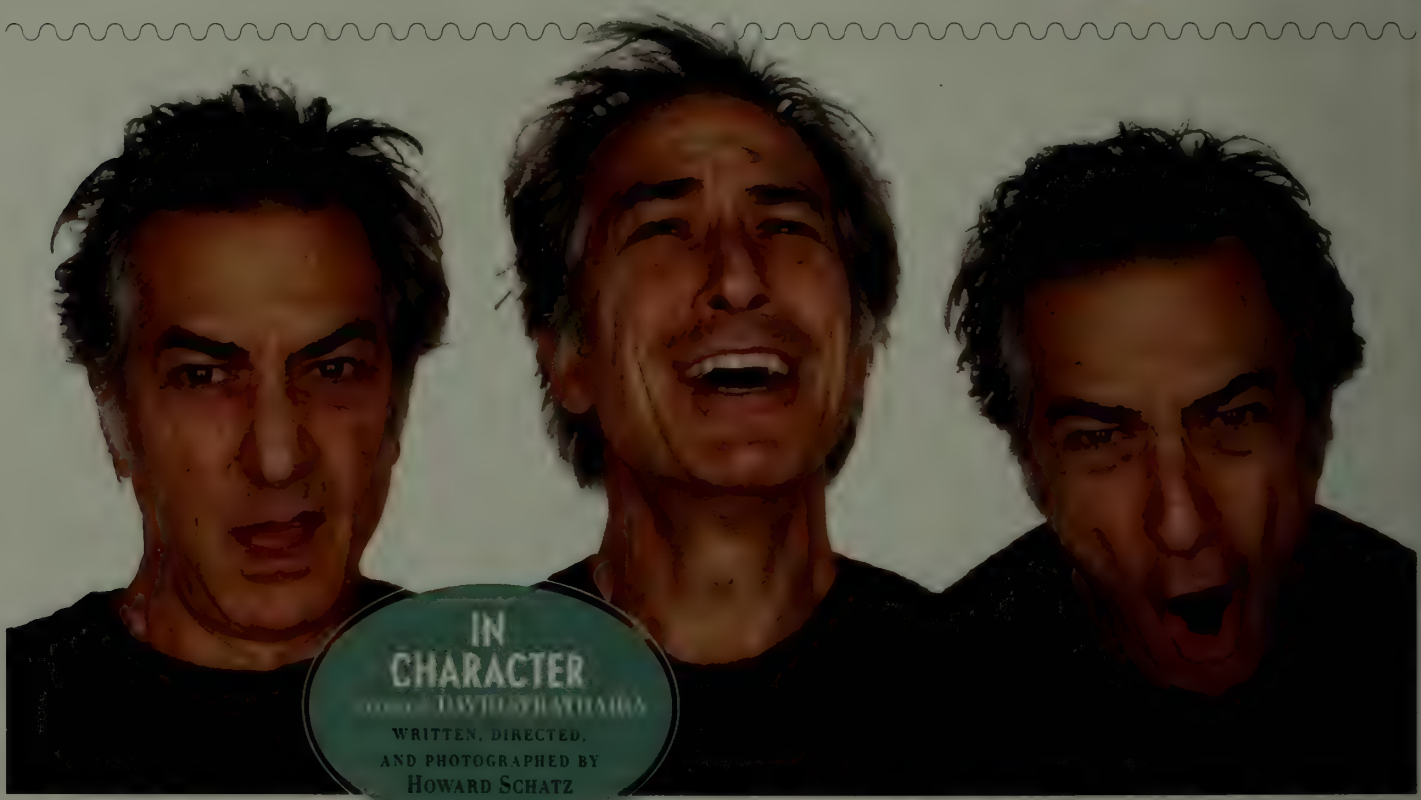
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND
Family-studies major writes troubling exegesis on Dina Lohan. "The Sambuca-Throated Rasp."



STANFORD
Scholar leaves academy to become bipolar kimono-wearing acting coach.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
Scholar abandons Ottoman Empire and Byzantine Art for Jamba Juice and lattes.

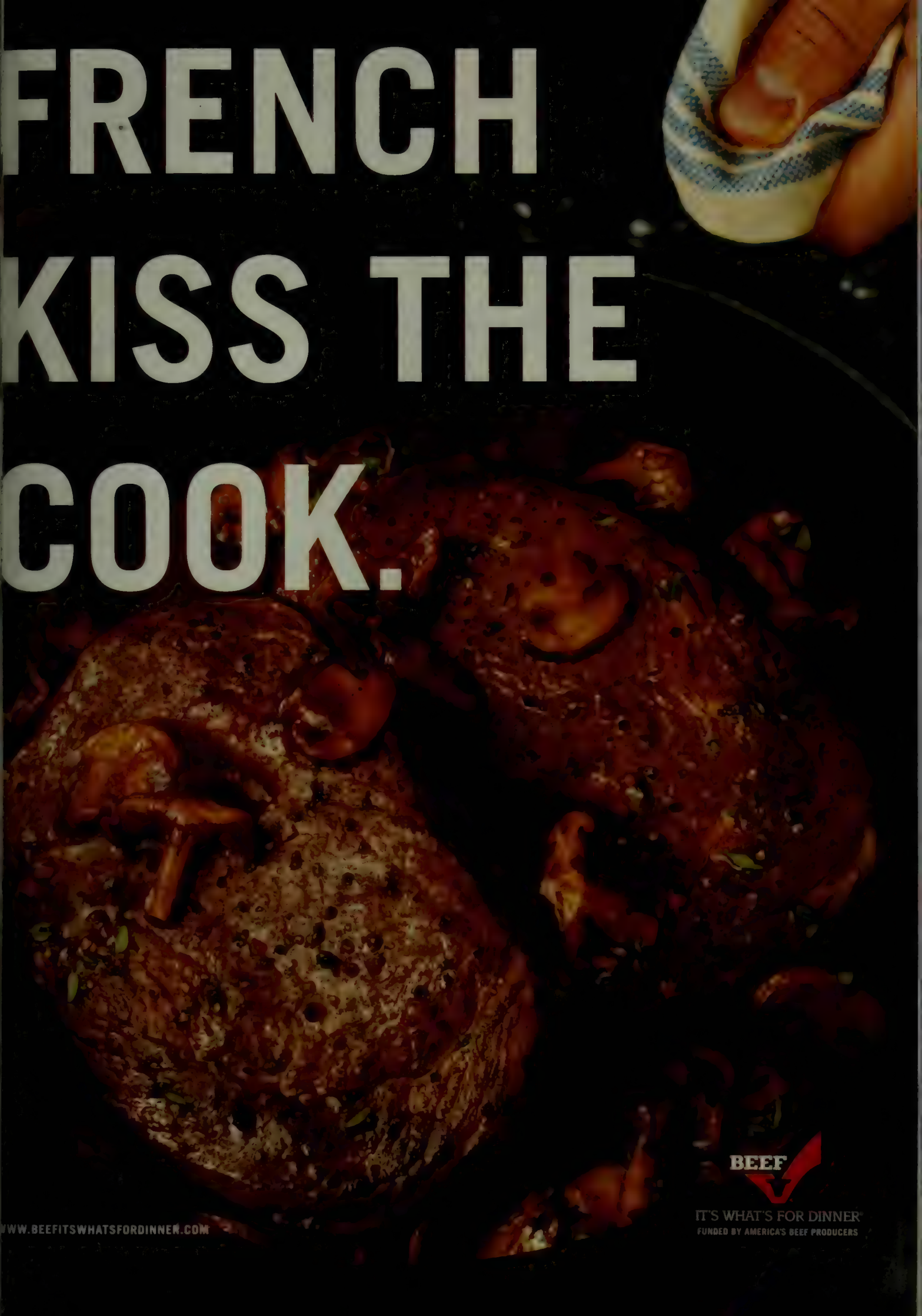
COLUMBIA
Scholar leaves academy to become editor at *Vanity Fair.*



1. You're a 9-year-old boy hearing about the details of sex for the first time from your 16-year-old brother.

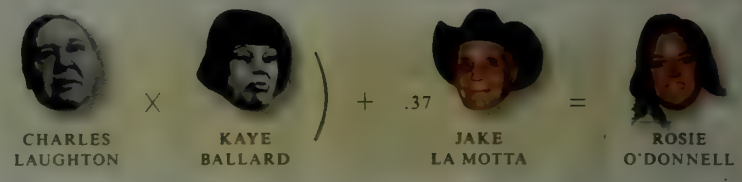
2. You're an evangelical preacher, screaming to your flock, "Thank you, Jesus. Thank you, *JESUS!*"

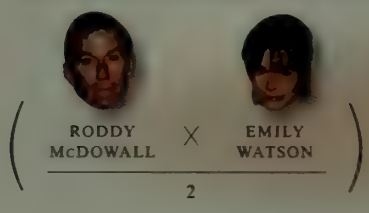
3. You're an ex-jock dad, apoplectic over the penalty the soccer ref has called against your seven-year-old son for a tackling foul.


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THE REAGAN DIARIES

THE MISSING PAGES: TERM TWO

WED. OCT. 17: I wake up from a pleasant snooze to find a guy talking into my ear about nuclear missiles. End of a perfect afternoon. An interpreter leans over to remind me the guy on the phone is Pres. Gorb of the Soviet Union of Russia. Pleasant little fellow, bald, we met last year. I tell him, Muriel, we have to face facts—we're opposed to nuclear missiles, specially the kind that go off when you're least expecting them, so what does he intend to do about it?

He says it's a complicated issue, but he'll stop his if we stop ours. I'm m-d as h--l. Surely he can see that it's only his that are pointing at the White House? He says, could someone please tell him where else should he point them?

Later, Patti drops in, upsets Mommie and kicks up one h–l of a storm. How are we going to teach her some manners?

I phone Pres. Gorb. "Muriel," I say, "I've had a brain wave."

THURS. OCT. 18: Mommie and I watch a great movie, *The Keystone Kops.* It brought a lump to my throat. What a great bunch of patriotic guys they are, an inspiration to all who hope to make law enforcement in this country our No. 1 priority. At one moment, a felon places a bucket of water on top of the doorway—the Keystone Kops all emerge soaking wet. This is the sort of villainy our brave policemen face on a daily basis. As a society we must vow to remain resolute against such cowardly behavior. And so to beddy-bye.

FRI. OCT. 19: Mommie and I wtch a mvie, *Last Tango in Paris.* Set in Paris, England. Mommie complained about the lack of costumes, and we agrd the dance scenes were poorly choreographed.

SAT. OCT. 20: Brkfst wth th Vc Prsdnt. Smn's bn stlng my vwls.

SUN. OCT. 21: Sunday lunch with all the family. We are truly blessed. I greeted our three or four children with good cheer: "Hi! My name is Ronald Reagan. Make yourselves at home!"

Mommie and I go through to the dining room and close the door behind us. With a swift turn of the key, we regain our privacy. The two of us have a quiet lunch tgthr—but not bfre I have given our lovely family a cheery wave bye-bye!

MON. OCT. 22: We watch a short Tom and Jerry movie. A great evening. How they train the animals to perform those antics is beyond me. Or are they actors?

TUES. OCT. 23: Mother Teresa drops by in the morning. A very pleasant small lady. William "Refrigerator" Perry drops by in the afternoon. A very pleasant man, large. In the evening, we entertain Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos. A very pleasant couple. All in all, a very pleasant day.

WED. OCT. 24: I give the go-ahead to bomb a cntry in the Middle East, or thereabouts. That shld teach them the lesson they surely have to learn. Who else would be prepared to teach them this lesson, and how are they going to learn it if we don't teach it? Let's hope it makes them come to their senses.

THURS. OCT. 25: Lunch with George Bush, a very pleasant man. He tells me the Soviets are threatening us with nuclear anyolation aniholasion anniolation. I say, "Remind me, George." He says the Soviets are the Russians. I say, "George, let's not get bogged down in specifics."

FRI. OCT. 26: Bishop Tutu of South Africa came in. He is a very pleasant man, but naïve. Nancy pointed out that he is black, but he still seems unaware what a very good deal the blacks are enjoying in that part of the world.

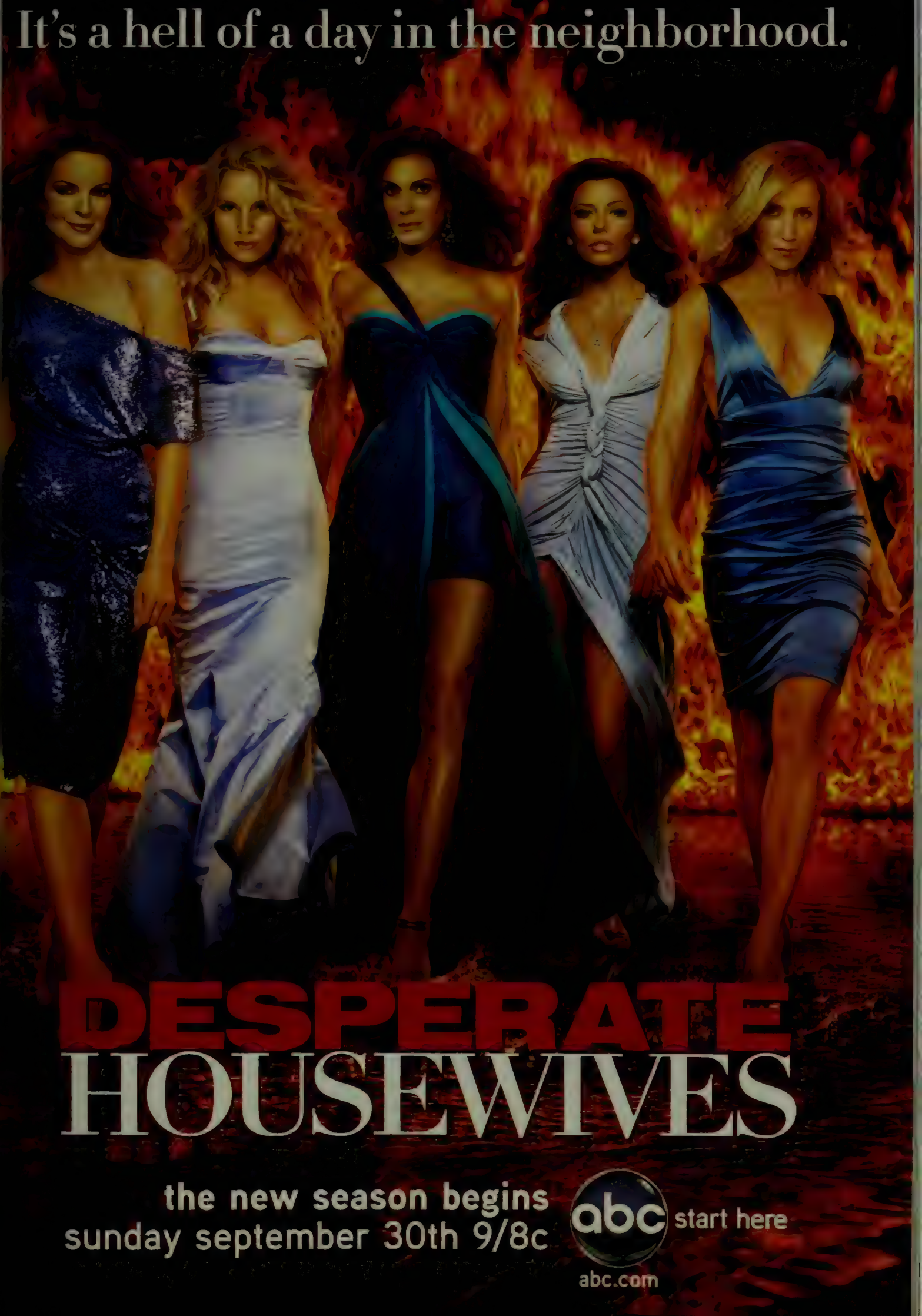
SUN. OCT. 28: Mommie and I watched the movie *Apocalypse Now.* It was fun.

MON. OCT. 29: Quite a day. Flew abroad to meet Chairman Deng, a very pleasant man. He told me he lives all the time with his family in China. It's where he grew up. All in all a very pleasant and informative visit.

TUES. OCT. 30: Those liberal Communists are up to their old tricks, saying we've done something wrong. But what? We donated a few guns to our friends in Iran so they'd let our fellow countrymen come home, and we sent the money they sent as a gift to our freedom-loving friends in Nicaragua. Now if that isn't straightforward and pleasant, could someone please tell me what is?

Wtchd an epsde of *Hart to Hart,* then time for beddy-bye.

—AS TOLD TO CRAIG BROWN


It's a hell of a day in the neighborhood.
DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES
the new season begins
sunday september 30th 9/8c
abc start here
abc.com



Know Your Asshole Footprint



A SPECIAL V.F. SOCIAL-SERVICE FEATURE

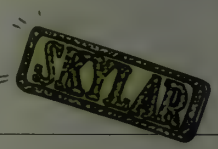
Regrettably, some Americans are simply not aware of how large an asshole footprint they leave on the planet. Here, *Vanity Fair* offers a questionnaire that will help such individuals determine the size and breadth of their footprint. If you answer "yes" to four or more of the questions for your age group, it is incumbent upon you to take urgent measures to reduce your asshole footprint.

For ages 14–25

1. Do you refer to attractive members of the opposite sex as "smokin' hot"?
2. Do you leave vitriolic comments in the "Comments" sections of blogs and Web sites, even if you're commenting on something innocuous, such as an old Linkin Park video?

2a. When leaving such comments, do you use such rote Internet pejoratives as "asshat," "douchebag," and "'tard"?

3. Are you convinced that it's only a matter of time before the world recognizes you as the next Andy Samberg?
4. Do you write a dating column for your school paper or local weekly?
5. When you are being photographed, do you flash gang signs?
6. Are your birthday parties televised?
7. Is your name Skylar, Tyler, Taylor, Cat, Bryce, Morgan, Brandon, Braden, Hayden, Jaden, Brianna, or Keegan?



For ages 26–39



1. Do you work in an office with a Foosball or Ping-Pong table?
2. Do you run a T-shirt company that specializes in flimsy apparel that runs small and whose designs are essentially appropriations of old advertising and TV logos from the 1960s and 70s?
3. Does it take more than two words to describe what you do for a living?
4. Have you or has anyone in your close circle of friends written a *roman à clef* about being a rich socialite, working in publishing, working in film, bonking the help, or any combination of the aforementioned circumstances?



5. Do you refer to ordinary male pastimes and accessories with such terms as "man-cation," "man-date," "man-purse," "man-orexic," and "man-olos"?
6. Before you go out bicycling, do you first change into iridescent spandex shorts and a skintight spandex shirt with a gaudy pattern recalling a 1990s screen saver?
7. Do you refer to having young children as "doing the parent thing"?

7a. If you do indeed have young children, have you launched a blog, or, worse, a video blog, about raising them?



For ages 40–55

1. Do you have money in a hedge fund?



2. Is your car worth more than $100,000?
3. Did you join a church or temple in order to get your children into its affiliated school?
4. Does your wife run a "therapeutic" gift shop/yoga studio/juice bar in the little town where you summer?

4a. If so, did you drive out a longtime mom-and-pop general store beloved by locals in order to obtain the lease or building for your wife's store?

5. Do you send off your kids to summer camp by helicopter?
6. Have you ever shelled out in the five figures to attend a rock 'n' roll "fantasy camp"?

6a. If so, do you keep a framed photo on your desk of you with your arm draped around a sweaty Roger Daltrey?

7. When your companion gets up to use the facilities at a restaurant, are you incapable of passing even the smallest blip of solitary time without theatrically scrolling or tapping on your BlackBerry, Trēo, or iPhone?



How to Reduce Your Asshole Footprint: Some Tips

1. Read a book to a small child, and not in a "Cool! I read this when *I* was a kid!" way.
2. Stop gelling, mussing, and spiking your hair. You should part it, and that's that.
3. Refrain from ever using the construction "Mmm, I want me some _____."
4. Do not ever order a Cosmopolitan again.
5. Do not leave any comments in any "Comments" section, on any occasion, ever.
6. Give in to the aging process, through every step of it.



7. Eat leftovers.
8. Go two entire, consecutive days without using a wireless electronic communication device.
9. Do not ever again refer to an elderly person, to his or her face, as "so cute."
10. All those things prescribed by Robert Greene in *The 48 Laws of Power*? Do the precise opposite.

Purchasing Asshole Offsets

There are a variety of agencies and organizations whose missions nobly uphold the tenets of anti-assholedom. Here are a few where your donation would be welcome:

Oxfam America: www.oxfamamerica.org

UCLA Film and Television Archive: www.cinema.ucla.edu

The Natural Resources Defense Council: www.nrdc.org

The Southern Poverty Law Center: www.splcenter.org

Habitat for Humanity: www.habitat.org

The Bridge School: www.bridgeschool.org

The Rural Assistance Center: www.raconline.org

The George Lucas Educational Foundation: www.edutopia.org

[yellow tail]



ellowtailwine.com

ads up: drink responsibly. [yellow tail] is a registered trademark of Casella Wines Pty Ltd. © [illegible] & Son. Tailed design: [illegible]

tails, you win.



7 vehicles

There's fun to be had out there, and, fortunately, a lot of ways to go about finding it. So, allow us to make a introductions. Going clockwise, meet the 2-door Wrangler, the Commander, the Patriot, the Grand Cherokee Compass, the all-new Liberty, and the 4-door Wrangler Unlimited. We won't test you on their names, but Mo Nature might. Because when she slaps down a 30-percent grade in your path, know that the Commander Grand Cherokee can boast an available 5.7L HEMI® V8 to tackle it. And if it's the wide-open road calling? No prob

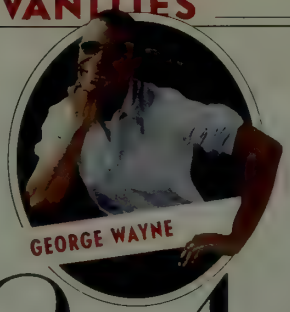


purpose.

up to 28 highway mpg* in the Patriot and Compass. Is that a riverbed in your way? Take advantage of both nglers' drain plugs and splash on through. Or navigate slick roads with the Liberty's 4-wheel disc ABS. Sure, n vehicle is different, but they're all driving toward the same thing. And when the wind's in your hair and the se bumps are bumping, you'll w you've found it. Jeep.com

Have fun out there. Jeep

"The following conversation is a vulgar, crass, and scatalogical exercise in free speech. So if your name is John the Baptist or Prudence Pollyanna, move right now to the next page."



"G.W. has never been clocked as a 'douche bag,' as far as he can recall. He was just thrilled that the subject at hand did not pull a Faye Dunaway and hang up the phone mid-interview."

"Give this gal some credit. She is a gallant survivor who made it through Hurricane Georgina."

Q&A

"To misquote Madge Ritchie: 'She made it through this wild abyss, somehow she made it through.'"

A Rude, Crude, American Princess

Sarah Silverman ON HOSTING THE MTV MOVIE AWARDS AND LIFE AT HOME WITH JIMMY KIMMEL

Sarah Silverman, 36, used to be best known for small, sophomoric movie roles, an edgy, dyspeptic stand-up act, and a jaw-droppingly raunchy cameo in the documentary *The Aristocrats,* but after the success of the equally off-color antics on Comedy Central's *The Sarah Silverman Program,* she has grown into a one-woman—and an attractive woman to boot—TV phenomenon. With season two of her no-holds-barred show debuting this month, Silverman spars with our correspondent.

George Wayne: *Before we go any further, do me this one favor.*

Sarah Silverman: What?

G.W. *Don't host any more fucking awards shows.*

S.S. What? How dare you?!

G.W. *You were poorly miscast, simply awful, woefully out of your league early this summer as host of the MTV Movie Awards.*

S.S. Why do you say that?

G.W. *After reviewing the tape, you must have realized how moronic and puerile you looked in those fancy designer clothes you kept changing in and out of. It just didn't work.*

S.S. And fuck you!

G.W. *Let's see more of a "Jewess in heat" and not Sarah Silverman trying to be a "Fashion Bessie." What are the voices in your head saying to you right about now?*

S.S. I'm trying to decide if you are a douche bag or not. You are a douche bag!

G.W. *I was giving you an honest critique of your performance. You were out of your league as host of the MTV Movie Awards! But it's no big deal. You are still brilliant. Who would have thought that Sarah Silverman is actually from New Hampshire?*

S.S. I know. When I lived in New Hampshire people would ask me where I was from. I'd be like, "Here!"

G.W. *What would you consider your first show-biz break?*

S.S. Writing for *Saturday Night Live* in 1993 and '94.

G.W. *And then Lorne Michaels fired you via fax.*

S.S. Yeah, but I still consider it a break. I had a lot of little breaks. I didn't have any big breaks. You know, I started at 17 and now I'm 36. It's been a very slow, gradual road.

G.W. *Your greatest success of all is* The Sarah Silverman Program, *which G.W. considers demented brilliance. It is quite genius.*

S.S. Well, why didn't you start the conversation with that?

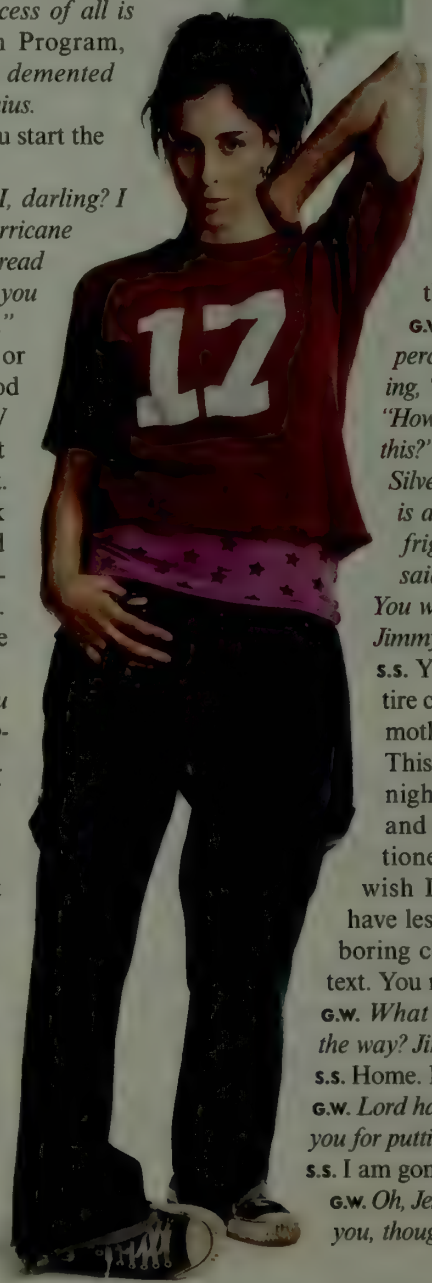
G.W. *Well, why should I, darling? I wanted to give you Hurricane Georgina! Everything I read about you seems to call you "the hostile comedienne."*

S.S. I am not hostile or mean. You made a good point about the MTV awards. I was great, but I was out of my element. You are forced to talk about pop culture and make jokes about specific people and things. My comedy is a lot more general.

G.W. *I was upset that you so took on the poor hapless victim Paris Hilton. Not that I am a fan of Paris Hilton's, but it wasn't in good karma.*

S.S. If I had gone out there and not done a joke about Paris Hilton right before she was to go to prison, then I would have been considered a cop-out. Whether you like it or not, she is an icon of pop culture. I had to do the strongest joke, and I had no idea she would go to the MTV Movie Awards two days before prison. When I did the setup, the crowd went insane. My heart just sank for her, and when I looked in the audience and saw some guy with a camera right up in her face, it was sad but I couldn't *not* move on. I went on with the joke. And she is a tough cookie, too.

"I am not hostile or mean."



G.W. *Your point is well taken.*

S.S. Wow, I can't believe that.

G.W. *I know, hon. Your depth perception must still be saying, "Who is this asshole?" and "How could he talk to me like this?" I really don't hate Sarah Silverman. I really think she is a wonderful talent, quasi-frigid as she is. You once said, "I love boring cock." You were obviously referring to Jimmy Kimmel.*

S.S. You just changed the entire context of that quote, you motherfucker! I will explain. This girl came up to me one night after a performance and she basically propositioned me, lesbianically. I wish I were cool enough to have lesbian sex, but I just like boring cock. That was the context. You motherfucker.

G.W. *What must that look like, by the way? Jimmy Kimmel's penis?*

S.S. Home. It looks like home.

G.W. *Lord have mercy! Darling, thank you for putting up with me.*

S.S. I am gonna start stalking you.

G.W. *Oh, Jesus, please don't. But thank you, though, for your time.* □



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THE LAD



HOME AND AWAY

Nicole Kidman in Sydney Harbor, not far from where she grew up. She's staying nearby while she shoots *Australia* with Baz Luhrmann.

SWEATER BY BALENCIAGA; SHORTS BY VERA WANG LINGERIE; CAP BY LOLA; SHOES BY JIMMY CHOO; SUNGLASSES BY OLIVER PEOPLES

Y IS YAR

This year, Nicole Kidman marked her 40th birthday, celebrated the first anniversary of her marriage to country-music star Keith Urban, and took her daughter, Bella, to get blue hair—while working on a wide range of movies, both big-studio (next year's *Australia*) and art-house (November's *Margot at the Wedding*). At her home in Sydney, she fills in KRISTA SMITH on a life of contrasts, including Urban's post-nuptial stint in rehab, her desire for a child with him, and finding happiness in the now



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER • STYLED BY MICHAEL ROBERTS

"It felt big. It felt lonely and big." Nicole Kidman is sitting at the dining-room table of her home in Darling Point, Sydney, describing her feelings upon winning the 2003 best-actress Oscar, for *The Hours*. "You're in a hotel and you're like, O.K., well, I'm sitting in this big suite with an Oscar, and I still don't have a life. What is *wrong* with me? It hit home that I needed to get a life," she says with her lilting laugh. "Who do I jump on the bed with, and celebrate with, and order pancakes with? That was painful, not having that person to share it with. That's why it was more for my mom and dad and my kids. But even the kids were young enough that they were like, 'Oh, cool. Over. Move on. Not interested.'"

Standing almost six feet tall, dressed in jeans and a thick gray sweater, the actress, a beauty on-screen, looks even better scrubbed clean and makeup-free. But she's remarkably warm and approachable. Her home, comfortable and devoid of any movie-star excess, offers gorgeous views of the boats on Double Bay, which she prefers to the windier Sydney Harbor. Russell Crowe, her friend of 20 years, lives just 10 minutes away, on the harbor in Woolloomooloo.

She has had this house since she was married to Tom Cruise, and she usually stays here for about 2 out of every 12 months. This year, however, she has been in her home country since May, filming *Australia*, an epic period piece, due out next fall, starring Hugh Jackman and directed by her longtime collaborator Baz Luhrmann.

As we roam about the house, I realize that Kidman is the most culturally solvent actress I've ever met. She can knowledgeably discuss any of the first-edition classics that fill her floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. And she personally acquired all the art on the walls: works by Fred Williams, Rosalie Gascoigne, Margaret Preston, Colin McCahon, Norman Lindsay, and Arthur Boyd, not to mention Robert Mapplethorpe and Man Ray.

Evidence of her husband, country musician Keith Urban, fills the house: guitar cases tucked into corners, a piano sharing space with a billiard table. There are wedding photos sprinkled here and there, and snapshots of Kidman and Cruise's children, Bella, 14, and Connor, 12, line the fridge. Although she lives the gypsy lifestyle of an actor, Kidman lays down roots where she can. "You're transient and you try to set up homes that reflect you," she says. "It's just something that happens as soon as you're a parent."

While the loneliness of 2003 seems to have dissipated, Kidman, by anyone's account, has had a tumultuous year. She and Urban were married on June 25, 2006, in a fairy-tale wedding in front of more than 200 friends and relatives. Four months later, her new husband checked into the Betty Ford clinic for 90 days of rehab for alcohol abuse. No bride expects her vows to be tested so soon after saying, "I do."

Still, behind that seemingly fragile, porcelain façade is a brave and determined woman. And Kidman is no stranger to public scrutiny of her personal life; it's something she has had to endure since she married Cruise, at age 23. She and Urban chose to go public and acknowledge the relapse, and he issued a public statement saying that he was sorry for the pain he had caused those close to him—especially his wife. "You can try and hide it, smoke and mirrors and all, but then how do I visit every weekend?" she says. "It's been a huge lesson for me too."

The couple met at an Australian promotional event in Los Angeles in January 2005. "It wasn't like the earth shook," Kidman says, but within months they were seriously dating. "We were very, very quiet about it, and we managed to get through a long period of time without people knowing about us—which is pretty much our style still." They were engaged before they made their first appearance together, at the Grammys in February 2006. She also waited until he had proposed to introduce him to her children.

When I ask what brought them together, Kidman says, "I think we were two lonely people. I would probably say that two very lonely people managed to meet at a time when they could open themselves to each other. We were a mixture of frightened and brave."

Both were born in 1967, and they have since become two of Australia's most famous exports. But their backgrounds couldn't be more different. Kidman and her sister, Antonia, were raised in a liberal, intellectual household in Sydney. Urban grew up with two brothers on a farm in Queensland.

He went on to become the first country singer from Australia to sell more than 10 million albums. In 2005 he was named Entertainer of the Year at the Country Music Awards, and Kidman is sorry she was there to cheer him on. "I still want Keith to win another award," she says. "I want to be there for him. I just go, 'Baby, I have so much desire to sit and watch that.'"

This summer, I went to see Urban deliver an engaging and charismatic performance in Los Angeles, before a sold-out crowd at the Staples Center. He was dressed simply, in jeans and a T-shirt. On close inspection, I could make out the name NICOLE tattooed on his upper arm. Midway through the show, a fan held up a sign that read, KEITH, YOU CAN KISS MY WIFE, IF I CAN KISS YOURS! Urban smiled as he took the sign, read it aloud, and then handed it to Bella and Connor, who were in the audience. Then he descended into the crowd, planted a kiss on the woman's cheek, and told her husband, "I'm not sure how you're going to get *your* part of the bargain, brother." The crowd erupted in laughter. Later, Urban introduced his song "Got It Right This Time" by saying, "My wife couldn't be here tonight, but this song is dedicated to her, because *I* wouldn't be here if it weren't for that woman."

Backstage after the concert, friends waited while Urban and his stepchildren spent nearly an hour on his tour bus talking on the phone with Kidman. He will be on the road through the end of the year, and he plans to fly to Australia every 10 days or so until she finishes filming with Luhrmann in late October. "Two weeks is still too long for us [to be apart]," she says. "We like one week. We start to hurt after seven days."

When it comes to talking about her husband, his rehab, and her role in it, Kidman is cautious. "I've learned an enormous amount having a relationship with someone who is in recovery," she says. "I'm more than willing to walk it with him. The two of us are very committed to our relationship." She grins and gives a resigned laugh. "It was just another twist in my life: Here it goes. Hold on, and off we go! But it was painful, deeply painful." Her voice lowers. "We were in a very, very, very bad, painful place, and have managed to step through it, and I hope that gives some people some hope who may be in the same place. And that's enough said. Anything else is overindulgent and unnecessary right now. And I think it jinxes it, in a way, and that's why I don't go on about my enormous feelings for this man."

Kidman is vigilant about protecting those she loves, and wary of the pitfalls of fame—the lack of privacy and surplus of attention. "Trying to keep [Bella and Connor] out of all that until a certain age was very important



WE WERE IN
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PAINFUL
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AND HAVE
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KIDMAN SAYS.

ENTLE GODDESS

idman is standing by
ith Urban after his rehab
ty. "I'm more than willing
walk it with him," she says.

"I WAS IN LOVE WITH
[CRUISE], WHICH IS
WHY I THINK WE LASTED
11½ YEARS. I HAVE
NO REGRETS





SERIAL MONOGAMIST?

Kidman reveals that she got engaged after her divorce from Tom Cruise, but she won't say to whom. "I get engaged and I get married—that's my thing," she says.

because how do you give balance otherwise? How do they find their moral compass when they're surrounded by sycophantic people? That's not a criticism of the industry. It's just, when a child is put in a position of power, it doesn't necessarily bode well. They don't know how to use it. It meant not going to some things, but you still do everything else, and it means just protecting their world. It was hard." Kidman herself had a traditional upbringing, and she acknowledges that it's tough knowing that her kids are having such a different experience. "You feel like you're failing a lot of the time," she says.

Still, she resists the temptation to be overprotective. "They're out and about," she says as she potters about the kitchen, making a pot of coffee. "I took them to the Nickelodeon awards, because once they hit this age they're so strong-willed. 'Come *on,* we want to *see* it!' And then it almost feels cruel not to go, 'Hey, you've paid a lot having famous parents.' As long as it's balanced."

For someone who has lived so much of her life away from her family, Kidman is part of a very tight clan. She is godmother to two of her sister's four children. "No one is ever going to come between us," she says of Antonia, a newscaster in Australia. "We used to have a secret language and all sorts of stuff. We need that love and support from each other, and we're both willing to give it. She's grown up all her life with a sister who's an actress, and she's been a part of it and held me in her arms when I've cried. She's seen the failures and the successes, and I've seen hers, and we've both mapped this extraordinary camaraderie and love. And we've had to fight for it."

I ask how she came to be such a young mother, and Kidman admits that she wanted to have children from the age of 17. She was 22 when she met Cruise, and "from the minute Tom and I were married, I wanted to have babies." She pauses. "And we lost a baby early on, so that was really very traumatic. And that's when it came that we would adopt Bella." Cryptically, she adds, "There's a complicated background to that, given that I never speak much about many things. One day maybe that story will be told. So that's the way it came up, and we adopted Bella when I was 25. My mother has an adopted sister, so it's been part of our family, and I knew it would probably play out somewhere in mine. I didn't think it would happen so early, but it did." Two years later, Kidman and Cruise adopted Connor.

Raised a Catholic, she remains one to this day. "It's given me guidance," she says. "I still abide by the Ten Commandments. I'm trying to have the richest life you can have and still hold yourself responsible. I don't want to go to my deathbed with too much weighing on me. I just don't have the nature for it, so I purge through my art, and luckily I've got a partner now that's on the same sort of quest. We're attuned."

A well-worn copy of Mother Teresa's *The Joy in Loving* sits on the kitchen table until Kidman pulls it away with an embarrassed laugh. "They're always teasing me," she says, referring to her kids. Bella once gave her a T-shirt for her birthday that said, EVERYBODY LOVES A CATHOLIC GIRL. "I mean, obviously my children are Scientologists, my ex-husband Scientologist," she says. When I press on the subject, she demurs: "I don't want be the one discussing Scientology."

She'd rather talk about her childr recent visit. "Bella and Connor love L and who wouldn't when you're a kid?" says. "But Connor had the most brilli time here. He had his hands dirty, he was with the horses [on the set of *Australia*]. He never *once* picked up his PSP"—the portable video-game system. "I'm not a supporter of him being on t thing all the time," she says.

FOR MORE OF PATRICK DEMARCHELIER'S PHOTOS OF NICOLE KIDMAN, GO TO VF.COM

Bella has her own ways of testing her m er. "I called Tom and said, 'Guess what. B wants blue hair,' " Kidman recalls. Cru didn't object, so, she continues, "I go with daughter to the hair salon to get it dyed bl and I look at her and I think, My God, *cool!* I always wanted to be a young pare But now I might be a much older parent. I very excited about that prospect, too."

Age has never been an asset Hollywood. Bette Davis w playing a spinster by age 3 and Anne Bancroft was only when she portrayed the arch typal older woman, Mrs. Robinson, in *Graduate.* It's gotten better, but not much.

Kidman, who turned 40 in June, ackno edges that "there CONTINUED ON PAGE



THINK
WOULD BE
VERY SAD
F I WEREN'T
ABLE TO
HAVE A BABY..
KEITH KNOWS
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FAMILY FAIR

"No one is ever going to come between us," Kidman says of her sister, Antonia, seen, *opposite*, with her daughters, eight-year-old Lucia and baby Sybella. *This page*, Kidman poses with Sybella.

INSIDE BUSH'S BUNKER

For any second-term president—as the pressure grows to cement his legacy, and with many of his best aides gone—the physical bunker of an electronically sealed, sniper-patrolled White House, which restricts his access to old friends and new ideas, can lead to psychological isolation. Talking to administration insiders, TODD S. PURDUM learns why George W. Bush's disconnect is even more extreme, from the "Churchillian riff" he goes into when Iraq is discussed to his eerie optimism, to his increasing reliance on a dwindling band of diehards

Sometime early on the morning of January 20, 2009, if recent history is a reliable guide, George W. Bush will sit down at the carved oak desk in the Oval Office and compose a note wishing his successor Godspeed. The desk is made from timbers of H.M.S. *Resolute,* a British bark that was abandoned to the ice but later salvaged by an American whaling vessel and presented to Queen Victoria in 1856 as a token of friendship. When the ship was finally decommissioned, the Queen sent a desk made from its best wood to President Rutherford B. Hayes. Since then almost every president has used the desk in one way or another. John F. Kennedy Jr. played behind the hinged door in its front, which Franklin D. Roosevelt installed to hide his leg braces and wheelchair.

In the last winter light of his tenure, what could this president, the captain of a ship that even many of his once loyal crew think of as the U.S.S. *Delusional,* possibly have to say to the man or woman who takes his place? Ronald Reagan left the first President Bush a note with the exhortation "Don't let the turkeys get you down!" The elder Bush left Bill Clinton a note promising that he would be "rooting" for him. Clinton has never revealed what he wrote to the second President Bush, but it seems safe to say that, in 2001, neither of them could have envisioned just what a failed presidency the 43rd president's would turn out to be, dragged down by war, incompetence, and corruption. The man buried in Grant's tomb may soon move up a rung.

In those moments when Bush's aides seek to show that their president is more conscientious, more reflective—in a word, deeper—than he tends to appear, they release samples of his thinking in his own hand. ("Let freedom reign!" was his jotted response to

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD SOREL


ENDGAME
Bankers, by their nature, reinforce the ties, the traits, the tendencies of their occupants.
INSERT
STAPLE HERE ATTAZ
SSSS
ELECTRONIC

word from Condoleezza Rice that the United States had returned sovereignty to the first of several ineffectual governments in Iraq.) But far from demonstrating Bush's depth, such exercises seem only to prove that the president, like the rest of us, has an opposable thumb. If he keeps a diary of his innermost thoughts, as even Ronald Reagan did, no one has seen it. If Bush harbors doubts about the wisdom of his course, he has not been known to confide them—he is in fact famous for being unable to admit, or even to remember, a mistake. Does he have regrets? Too few to mention: he's done it his way.

By its nature, the presidency is a lonely job. Through personality, predilection, and sheer force of will, Bush has made his presidency far lonelier than most. According to Bob Woodward, Bush told a group of Republican lawmakers in late 2005 that he would not withdraw from Iraq even if his wife, Laura, and his dog, Barney, were the only ones still supporting him. He seems determined, these days, to prove the point.

Now, with not quite a year and a half left before Bush leaves office, we have already arrived at the beleaguered endgame of his presidency. From deep inside the fortified precincts of the White House, the president projects a preternatural calm. He gives orders to nonexistent armies, which his remaining lieutenants gamely transmit: "Reform immigration!" "Overhaul the tax code!" "Privatize Social Security!" Outside the bunker, in the country that his administration now refers to as "the homeland," there is chaos and confusion. The Democrats bridged the Potomac after winning the elections last fall, and the Blue Army has now overrun most of political Washington. Its flag flies above the Capitol. More and more of the president's subordinates have been captured and interrogated, most notably the attorney general, Alberto Gonzales. Others, such as Matthew Dowd, the president's former chief campaign strategist, have managed to make good their escape—Dowd by parachuting onto the front page of the enemy *New York Times* with a detailed denunciation of Bush's policies. Independent powers that would sue for peace—the Baker-Hamilton Commission, for example—have been banished. Some loyalists, including presidential counselor Dan Bartlett, have simply fled to the safety of the private sector. For one reason or another, most of the commander in chief's senior advisers are now gone, replaced by callow upstarts and last-chance opportunists. The two most powerful advisers have been the president's second-in-command and his propaganda minister—his vice president and his political strategist—who had been at his side from the beginning and have remained close and trusted, despite the catastrophes they helped to engineer. Dick Cheney will haunt the bunker till the end, but the political strategist, Karl Rove, has quietly slipped away. The leader himself—with his lady and his loyal dog—soldiers on, in an atmosphere of disconnection and illusion. Lurid tabloid tales may hint at binge drinking and marital estrangement, although visitors report uniformly, and much to their surprise, that the president seems optimistic, unbowed, chipper, his gaze bright and steadfast. The tide is about to turn! We will prevail! But it is a hermetic and solitary existe In the first six months of this year, the president dined ou the White House for purely personal social reasons on prec three evenings, all in the same small swath of Northwest W ington, in the homes of old friends and aides.

So it's easy enough to imagine that Bush's frame of mind the morning of his successor's inauguration, will be one of i tion. As the clock winds down, with his fate inescapable, he wander one last time through the sprawling White House c plex, with its bulletproof-glass windows, its bombproof bunke tamperproof water supply. His whereabouts will be tracked small computer monitor, known as the Locator Box, in the o of his chief of staff. When he leaves the Oval Office to gree new president in the White House residence, walking along outdoor colonnade that leads from the West Wing, he will pa small, lacquered wooden sign on a stand. It serves as a war to anyone who seeks to enter his locked-down mind, or the cl world in which he lives. In gilt lettering the sign reads, NO TO BEYOND THIS POINT.

A Hell of a Place

It isn't just a metaphor, this image of the president bunker. It is the fate of every president to some degr and of this one more than any since Richard Nixo his last days. Many factors combine to create a bun psychology. The first, common to all modern presi cies, is the physical structure of the White House it appearances to the contrary, it literally is a bunker, like any building it shapes its occupants. Another factor, ag common to all presidencies, is the relentless working of tim particularly in a second term—as the buildup of problems the departure of trusted aides create an atmosphere of vul ability and suspicion. A third factor is the character of the n

The president gives orders to … have been captured and interrogated. The

in the Oval Office. Some, like Ronald Reagan, Gerald Ford, a Bill Clinton, were temperamentally incapable of long-term bi ker life. For others, like Nixon, the bunker was in some strar way the ecological niche they were born to fill. What about t current occupant? Over the past few months, I have spok with dozens of current and former White House officials abo George W. Bush and his presidency; for obvious reasons, m of them requested anonymity. They paint a picture of a preside whose physical circumstances reinforce his psychological on and whose "My Way or the Highway" personality ultimately mea that he travels alone.

Let's begin with the White House itself. A central truth abo the presidential complex, easy to overlook, is that it is above a military installation—a bristling fortress with a single first-cl compartment at its heart. The president occupies a bunker fr the moment he takes office. He must fight strenuously to escape and the tendency of the bunker is always to pull him back. Har Truman, to whom Bush has lately taken to comparing himself,

rred to the president's mansion on one occasion as a "great white pulcher." On another he called it "a hell of a place to be alone." it Truman usually wasn't alone there. He rose regularly from his pulcher and made a point of breaking out of his private hell.

Doing so has gotten harder. The street approach to the White ouse complex is cordoned off for a block in every direction, de-nded by rows of heavy iron bollards and retractable metal bar-ers implanted in the roadway. The core 18-acre White House ne is sealed by a high iron fence and a dense network of elec-nic sensors and alarms. Snipers patrol the White House roof. nti-aircraft systems crown the neighboring buildings. A military esence is everywhere. Whenever the president is at work in the val Office, a brace of Marine guards in full-dress uniform stand fixed posts under the West Wing portico; when he leaves, they treat to a holding area.

The largest single component of the White House operation, in rms of personnel and budget, is also the least known: the White ouse Military Office. Even before the 9/11 attacks, the Military ffice accounted for 2,200 of the 5,900 workers on the extended hite House staff. The Military Office oversees food service in e West Wing mess and on Air Force One, for which it sends out nonymous shoppers to local grocery stores. It provides the staff mostly Filipino stewards who function as the president's valets. he Military Office oversees the White House Communications gency, once a branch of the Army Signal Corps, and it coordi-tes all presidential transportation. Every motorcade contains wagonload of black-clad, heavily armed Secret Service agents, nown as the CAT (for "counter-assault team"), and two identical, mored black Cadillac limousines. One of them carries the presi-nt; the other is a decoy that carries the president's doctor and s personal aide and is known as "the toast car" (as in what it ould be if the worst ever happened).

This is the part of the military infrastructure that the public metimes sees. But down a stairwell in the East Wing, near the mily movie theater and the visitors' office, and past the elabo-te water-filtration system that purifies every drop flowing to-ard White House taps and tubs, is a parallel universe that no utsider so much as glimpsed until a few years ago, when sev-al photographs were released of Vice President Dick Cheney work there right after the World Trade Center fell. This is the residential Emergency Operations Center, or PEOC—the presi-nt's secure, bombproof underground redoubt. The atmosphere kept sanitized by air locks and an independent ventilation sys-m. Generators are on standby to provide backup electricity. mergency escape routes lead underground from the bunker points unknown. Besides meeting rooms, there are spartan, ormitory-style accommodations for the president, his top aides, nd his family. It is here that the president's on-duty military de—the officer who carries the "football," the briefcase contain-g authorization codes for launching nuclear weapons—sleeps uring his 24-hour shift.

The effect on the mind of all this security—built up a brick at a time from the Cold War through the Kennedy assassination to the attempt on Ronald Reagan's life and the rise of global terrorism—cannot be overstated. "It doesn't set out to be so isolating," one former presidential aide told me. "But when you're protected by a secure package, and all these instruments and institutions and functions grow up around you, it's kind of inevitable." On his way to work, Bill Clinton, according to one of his former personal assistants, would occasionally drop by the tourist line downstairs, just for a brief infusion of the outside world—something no longer allowed the president in a post-9/11 environment.

The physical isolation of the president, any president, in the White House is extreme—palpable and oppressive even on the happiest day, in the most successful administration, during the best of times. The psychological isolation weighs more heavily still, and never more so than when a president is on the ropes. Matthew Dowd told me that he now hardly recognizes the once gregarious politician he first came to know in Texas, when Bush was governor. He said he is not sure how much of the change in the current White House atmosphere can be ascribed to Bush's personality and how much to the restrictive nature of the place, but he says, "Ultimately it rests with the president."

"It's not only the White House, and how a White House operates," Dowd adds, "but I think when you get beleaguered and you feel like you're under fire, then everybody who's not agreeing with you, or not on the program, is part of the problem."

The entire White House machine is designed to preserve, protect, and defend a president's distance from friends and enemies alike. Just knowing that plainclothes guards lurk everywhere, even if unseen and sworn to secrecy, is guaranteed to disturb the coolest head in unpredictable ways. (One of the Kennedy family's favorite Broadway songs was the First Daughter's plaintive lament from Irving Berlin's *Mr. President,* "The Secret Service Makes Me Nervous.") Until Bill Clinton demanded a change, in 1993, the president's telephones did not even have direct-dial buttons to make outside calls. All calls to and from the president had to be routed to the switchboard, and through a communications-staff person with a designation out of a Cold War novel: Operator 1. Only a few of the president's closest friends and family members know the direct-dial numbers that will reach his office or the residence, and only a few know the private Zip Code that, in theory, makes it possible for mail to reach the president directly (though even then it must first be subjected to tests for anthrax and who knows what other threats). The current president himself pointed out, on taking office, that he would have to give up the pleasure of e-mailing with family and friends, because their idlest musings would become presidential documents, subject to scrutiny and review. (Some of Bush's closest aides, including Karl Rove, did CONTINUED ON PAGE 390

stent armies. More and more of his subordinates soldiers on, with his lady and his loyal dog.

Billions ov



BAGHDAD AIRLIFT

In the occupation's first 14 months, C-130 cargo planes flew 363 tons of U.S. currency to Iraq.

er Baghdad

Between April 2003 and June 2004, $12 billion in U.S. currency—much of it belonging to the Iraqi people—was shipped from the Federal Reserve to Baghdad, where it was dispensed by the Coalition Provisional Authority. Some of the cash went to pay for projects and keep ministries afloat, but, incredibly, at least $9 billion has gone missing, unaccounted for, in a frenzy of mismanagement and greed. Following a trail that leads from a safe in one of Saddam's palaces to a house near San Diego, to a P.O. box in the Bahamas, DONALD L. BARLETT and JAMES B. STEELE discover just how little anyone cared about how the money was handled

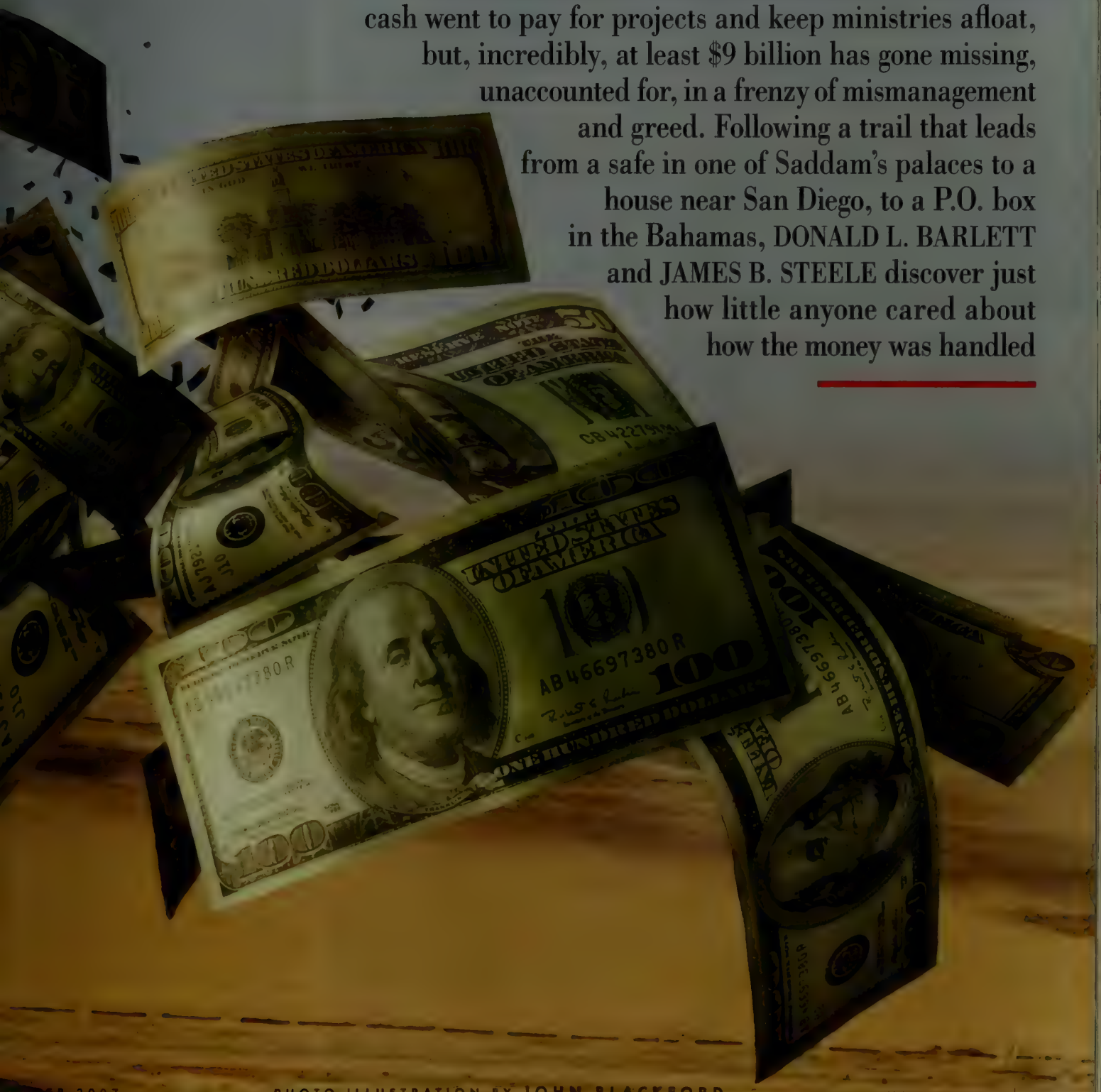


PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BLACKFORD

THE COMPANY HIRED TO KEEP TRA

Hidden in plain sight, 10 miles west of Manhattan, amid a suburban community of middle-class homes and small businesses, stands a fortress-like building shielded by big trees and lush plantings behind an iron fence. The steel-gray structure, in East Rutherford, New Jersey, is all but invisible to the thousands of commuters who whiz by every day on Route 17. Even if they noticed it, they would scarcely guess that it is the largest repository of American currency in the world.

Officially, 100 Orchard Street is referred to by the acronym EROC, for the East Rutherford Operations Center of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. The brains of the New York Fed may lie in Manhattan, but EROC is the beating heart of its operations—a secretive, heavily guarded compound where the bank processes checks, makes wire transfers, and receives and ships out its most precious commodity: new and used paper money.

On Tuesday, June 22, 2004, a tractor-trailer truck turned off Route 17 onto Orchard Street, stopped at a guard station for clearance, and then entered the EROC compound. What happened next would have been the stuff of routine—procedures followed countless times. Inside an immense three-story cavern known as the currency vault, the truck's next cargo was made ready for shipment. With storage space to rival a Wal-Mart's, the currency vault can reportedly hold upwards of $60 billion in cash. Human beings don't perform many functions inside the vault, and few are allowed in; a robotic system, immune to human temptation, handles everything. On that Tuesday in June the machines were especially busy. Though accustomed to receiving and shipping large quantities of cash, the vault had never before processed a single order of this magnitude: $2.4 billion in $100 bills.

Under the watchful eye of bank employees in a glass-enclosed control room, and under the even steadier gaze of a video surveillance system, pallets of shrink-wrapped bills were lifted out of currency bays by unmanned "storage and retrieval vehicles" and loaded onto conveyors that transported the 24 million bills, sorted into "bricks," to the waiting trailer. No human being would have touched this cargo, which is how the Fed wants it: the bank aims to "minimize the handling of currency by EROC employees and create an audit trail of all currency movement from initial receipt through final disposition."

Forty pallets of cash, weighing 30 tons, were loaded that day. The tractor-trailer turned back onto Route 17 and after three miles merged onto a southbound lane of the New Jersey Turnpike, looking like any other big rig on a busy highway. Hours later the truck arrived at Andrews Air Force Base, near Washington, D.C. There the seals on the truck were broken, and the cash was off-loaded and counted by Treasury Department personnel. The money was transferred to a C-130 transport plane. The next day, it arrived in Baghdad.

That transfer of cash to Iraq was the largest one-day shipment of currency in the history of the New York Fed. It was not, however, the first such shipment of cash to Iraq. Beginning soon after the invasion and continuing for more than a year, $12 billion in U.S. currency was airlifted to Baghdad, ostensibly as a stopgap measure to help run the Iraqi government and pay for basic services until a new Iraqi currency could be put into people's hands. In effect, the entire nation of Iraq needed walking-around money, and Washington mobilized to provide it.

What Washington did not do was mobilize to keep track of it. By all accounts, the New York Fed and the Treasury Department exercised strict surveillance and control over all of this money while it was on American soil. But after the money was delivered to Iraq, oversight and control evaporated. Of the $12 billion in U.S. banknotes delivered to Iraq in 2003 and 2004, at least $9 billion cannot be accounted for. A portion of that money may have been spent wisely and honestly; much of it probably wasn't. Some of it was stolen.

Once the money arrived in Iraq it entered a free-for-all environment where virtually anyone with fingers could take some of it. Moreover, the company that was hired to keep tabs on the outflow of money existed mainly on paper. Based in a private home in San Diego, it was a shell corporation with no certified public accounta
Its address of record is a post-office bo
the Bahamas, where it is legally inco
rated. That post-office box has been as
ated with shadowy offshore activities.

Coalition of the Billing

The first shipment of cash to
took place on April 11, 20
it consisted of $20 millio
$1, $5, and $10 bills. It
arranged in small bills on
theory that these could quickly be circul
into the Iraqi economy "to prevent a n
etary and financial collapse," as one for
Treasury official put it. Those were the
when American officials worried that
gravest threat facing Iraq might be low-g
civilian unrest in Baghdad. They didn't h
a clue as to the power of the insurgency
was to come. The initial $20 million ca
exclusively from Iraqi assets that had b
frozen in U.S. banks long ago as the G
War, in 1990. Subsequent airlifts of c
also included billions from Iraqi oil reven
controlled by the United Nations. After
creation of the Development Fund for I
(D.F.I.)—a kind of holding pit of money
be spent for "purposes benefitting the p
ple of Iraq"—the U.N. turned over con
of Iraq's oil billions to the United Sta

When the U.S. military delivered the c
to Baghdad, the money passed into the ha
of an entirely new set of players—the st
of the American-led Coalition Provisio
Authority. To many Americans, the initi
C.P.A. would soon be as familiar as those
long-established government agencies such
D.O.D. or HUD. But the C.P.A. was anythi
but a conventional agency. And, as eve
would show, its initials would have nothing
common with "certified public accountan
The C.P.A. had been hastily created to se
as the interim government of Iraq, but
legality and paternity were murky from t
start. The Authority was in effect establish
by edict outside the traditional framework
American government. Not subject to t
usual restrictions and oversight of most ag
cies, the C.P.A. during the 14 months of
existence would become a sump for Ame
can and Iraqi money as it disappeared in
the hands of Iraqi ministries and Americ
contractors. The Coalition of the Willing,
one commentator observed, had turned in
the Coalition of the Billing.

The first mention of the C.P.A. came
April 16, 2003, in a so-called freedom m

e to the Iraqi people by General Tommy Franks, commander of the coalition ces. A week after mobs ransacked Iraq's tional Museum of its treasures, unchal-ged by American troops, General Franks ived in Baghdad for a six-hour whirlwind ır. He met with his commanders in one Saddam Hussein's palaces, held a video nference with President Bush, and then ckly flew off. "Our stay in Iraq will be tem-rary," General Franks wrote, "no longer n it takes to eliminate the threat posed by ddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruc-n, and to establish stability and help Iraqis m a functioning government that respects rule of law." With that in mind, General anks wrote that he created the Coalition ovisional Authority "to exercise powers of vernment temporarily, and as necessary, ecially to provide security, to allow the livery of humanitarian aid and to elimi-te weapons of mass destruction." Three eks later, on May 8, 2003, the U.S. and itish ambassadors to the United Nations t a letter to the U.N. Security Council, ef-tively delivering the C.P.A. to the United tions as a *fait accompli*.

The day before, President Bush had ap-inted L. Paul Bremer III, a retired diplo-t, as presidential envoy to Iraq and the sident's "personal representative," with



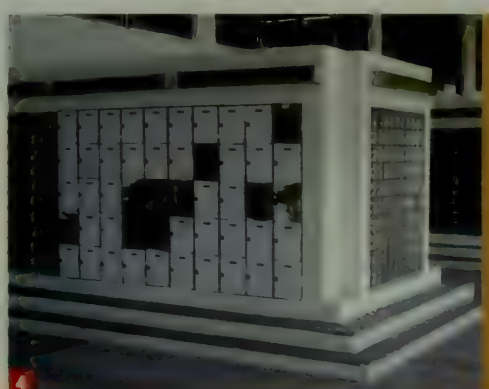




F THE BILLIONS EXISTED MAINLY ON PAPER.

understanding that he would become the P.A. administrator. Bremer had held State partment posts in Afghanistan, Norway, d the Netherlands; had served as an as-tant to Henry Kissinger and Alexander ig; and had closed out his diplomatic ca-r in 1989 as ambassador-at-large for coun-terrorism. More recently, he had been the airman and chief executive officer of a sis-management business called Marsh isis Consulting. Despite his State Depart-nt background, Bremer had been selected the Pentagon, which had elbowed aside contenders for authority in post-invasion q. The C.P.A. itself was a creature of the ntagon, and it uld be Pentagon rsonnel who did C.P.A.'s hiring. Over the next ar, a compliant ngress gave $1.6 lion to Bremer administer the C.P.A. This was over d above the $12 billion in cash that the P.A. had been given to disburse from qi oil revenues CONTINUED ON PAGE 374

FOR A Q&A WITH DONALD L. BARLETT AND JAMES B. STEELE ABOUT THIS ARTICLE, GO TO VF.COM.





FOLLOW THE MONEY

(1) The East Rutherford Operations Center, in New Jersey, source of the banknotes bound for Iraq. (2) Returning home, L. Paul Bremer III, the former administrator of the Coalition Provisional Authority, meets with President Bush. (3) Pallets of American currency arriving in Baghdad. (4) The block of post-office boxes in Nassau, the Bahamas, that contains Box N-3813, the offshore home of NorthStar Consultants. (5) 5468 Soledad Road, in La Jolla—the business address of NorthStar Consultants.

LIFE WITH ZSA ZSA

Her shrewd, unnaturally wide eyes ringed by a thick fringe of false eyelashes, Zsa Zsa Gabor has been carefully arranged on a chair in her living room. Prince Frederick von Anhalt, the aging German stud who is Zsa Zsa's ninth husband, has set up this photo shoot to counter a gossip-column report that he is keeping his disabled wife a virtual prisoner in their decaying Bel Air mansion. Not so, says Zsa Zsa, who was in a devastating car accident in 2002 and suffered a massive stroke in 2005. "That was a stupid article," she says. "We have a very good marriage." The prince maintains that *he* is actually the prisoner of Zsa Zsa's infirmity. "I gave up my life," he says. "It's very tough on me, but I have no choice." And yet he does get away at times, judging from his claim to have fathered Anna Nicole Smith's baby. Although DNA tests proved otherwise, the prince says his affair with Smith spanned a decade and "30 or 40" trysts. Smith begged him to make her a princess, says the prince, who acquired his title when he was adopted by a bereaved German widow, but he refused to divorce Zsa Zsa, whose age has been estimated at anywhere from 80 to 100.

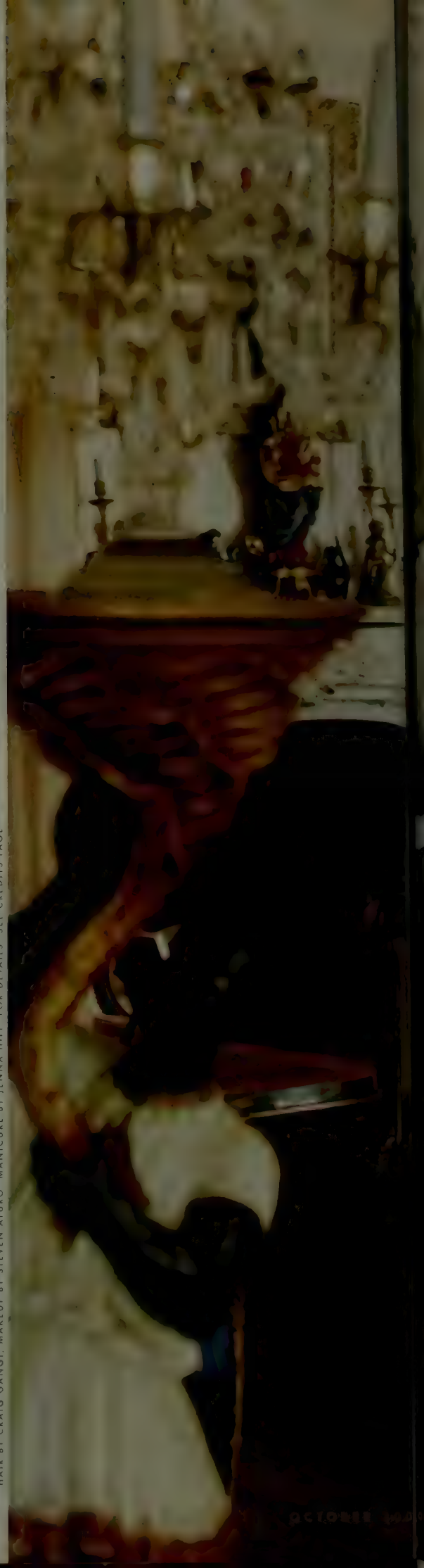
No matter how lurid, his escapades—including his recent claim of having been robbed, stripped naked, and handcuffed to the steering wheel of his Rolls-Royce by three women—will never rival those of Zsa Zsa, whose lovers made up an international Who's Who of Hollywood, politics, and jet-set society. Her second husband was hotel magnate Conrad Hilton, great-grandfather of Paris, whose publicity-seeking antics have reminded many of Zsa Zsa herself. In fact, it was publicity that brought Zsa Zsa and her prince together; upon arriving in Los Angeles, he paid a celebrity photographer $10,000 to introduce him to the Hungarian pinup and photograph them together. Zsa Zsa promptly took the bait, but they didn't marry until the prince was publicly accused of seducing, impregnating, and abandoning a teenage Miss Hungary, who then committed suicide. Zsa Zsa was famously possessive—when asked on television how to keep a man, she once replied, "Shoot him in the legs"—and the ensuing scandal prompted her to announce publicly that she and the prince were engaged.

FOR AN EXCLUSIVE, IN-DEPTH ZSA ZSA PROFILE BY LESLIE BENNETTS, GO TO **VF.COM.**

The prince attributes the success of their 21-year marriage to his skill at handling women. Zsa Zsa has her own definition of what makes a good husband. "A nice, faithful man," she says. —LESLIE BENNETTS

STYLED BY NEIL RODGERS. GABOR'S JACKET BY CHANEL. SKIRT BY ELIE TAHARI. VON ANHALT'S SUIT AND SHIRT BY PRADA. HAIR BY CRAIG GANGI. MAKEUP BY STEVEN ATURO. MANICURE BY JENNA HIPP. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER




Z. Z. Hoes III
Frederick van Anrooy-Hoes at home in Bel Air

THE MAN IN THE IRONY MASK

Like Sacha Baron Cohen as Borat, Stephen Colbert so completely inhabits his creation—the arch-conservative blowhard host of *The Colbert Report*, his *Daily Show* spin-off hit—that he rarely breaks character. As Colbert's new book, *I Am America (And So Can You!)*, is published, SETH MNOOKIN gets a revealing interview with the real thing: a master comedian, forever altered by family tragedy

I used to make up stuff in my bio all the time, that I used to be a professional ice-skater and stuff like that. I found it so inspirational. Why not make myself cooler than I am? I [told an interviewer that] I'd been arrested for assaulting someone with a flashlight. And I said that I drove a Shelby Cobra, like the Road Warrior, like Mel Gibson. I said, "I'd like you to know I drive a Shelby Cobra." They totally swallowed it, and I felt bad. Then I thought, It doesn't matter. It'll make a better story.

—Stephen Colbert in an interview in his office, June 19, 2007.

Stephen Colbert, holding a glass of champagne in one hand and a fluorescent-pink smiley-face cookie in the other, stood behind his desk, which functions as the nerve center of *The Colbert Report*, the faux newscast on which he plays a blindly egomaniacal, Bill O'Reilly–esque talk-show host also named Stephen Colbert. The majority of the show's 86 staffers—the writers and producers and stagehands and bookers and interns and assistants who ensure that the show makes it on the air every Monday through Thursday night at 11:30—sat in front of Colbert in the bleachers that would soon be filled with 110 foot-stomping, hand-clapping, screaming members of Colbert Nation.

Moments before, Colbert had finished showering and shaving in his second-floor, brick-walled office. He'd changed out of the chinos, rumpled short-sleeved button-down shirt, and black Merrell slip-ons he'd worn to the office and into his costume for the evening: a crisp, white Brooks

STYLED BY SAM BROEKEMA; SWEATER BY ADAM KIMMEL; HAIR PRODUCTS BY BUMBLE AND BUMBLE AND FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI; GROOMING PRODUCTS BY DERMALOGICA. GROOMING BY VAUGHN. SET DESIGN BY WADE & STRAUSS. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER



THE REAL DEAL

Stephen Colbert, photographed in New York City.

Brothers dress shirt, a bold (but not too bold) Brooks Brothers tie, and a conservative, pin-striped Brooks Brothers suit. Colbert has a square jaw and thick, black hair, and he wears fashionable, rimless glasses. His getup, combined with the swagger he affects onstage, made him seem like Clark Kent, if Clark Kent acted more like Superman in his everyday life.

The show's set is designed to emphasize the notion of Colbert as the supreme master of this self-created, enthusiastically narcissistic universe. Behind his desk, a faint, almost subliminal outline of a star frames Colbert's head. A series of lines that bisect a ring of concentric circles on the floor converge where Colbert is seated, as if he were a black hole toward which all matter and energy are drawn. His anchor desk is shaped like a giant *C*, and THE COLBERT REPORT is plastered on more than a dozen places on the set.



CAPTAIN AMERICA

Stephen Colbert, in character, on the roof of New York City's Shelburne Murray Hill hotel.

The *Report* (pronounced with a soft *t*, as is Colbert) debuted in the fall of 2005 as a spin-off of Comedy Central's *The Daily Show*, the critical and popular success that's often referred to by its host, Jon Stewart, as a "fake news" show. Stewart has turned *The Daily Show* into a cultural touchstone in the eight years he's been there, and has become such an icon that he hosted the Academy Awards in 2006. But *The Colbert Report* couldn't take a page from its forebearer's playbook. Stewart plays himself on TV—a smart, witty, liberal Jew who's alternately amused and enraged by the political realities of our time—and a large part of *The Daily Show*'s popularity stems from his personal appeal.

Colbert's character, which grew out of his role as the most noxious and ill-informed of Stewart's on-air correspondents, is most definitely not the type of guy you'd want to share a beer with after work. If Colbert's show were to succeed, it would need its fans to embrace the type of grating know-it-all they would normally disdain. One of the ways the show attempted to do this was by having its audience affect the mob mentality from which Colbert's character drew his power. That way, viewers weren't just in on the joke, they were part of it.

"This show is not about me," Colbert explained his first night on the air. "No, this program is dedicated to you, the heroes.... On this show your voice will be heard, in the form of my voice." Colbert went on to define the show's ruling ethos as "truthiness," an almost Nietzschean philosophy inspired by President Bush's faith in those that "know with their heart" as opposed to those who "think with their head." If one part of the subtext here was how terrifying "truthiness" was in a world leader, another was t having the will to bend reality to ref your every desire actually sounded pr cool—as Colbert's id-driven charac promised to demonstrate night after ni

This conceit has worked far better t anyone expected. Almost immediately, *Report* attracted an audience of more tha million viewers a night. (Today, the show erages about 1.3 million viewers and dr more young men than Letterman, Le or Conan.) And by about 10 mon into his run, something else h emerged, something that was b more powerful and more comp than anything as prosaic as a la night, basic-cable hit. Colbert wa just getting people to watch his sh he was convincing them to join h as he used the truthiness of his wo to influence the real one. After structing his fans to enter his name a Hungarian-government-sponso online poll to determine the na of a new bridge over the Danu River, Colbert beat the runner-u 16th-century Croatian-Hungari war hero Nikola Šubić Zrinski, more than 14 million votes. (T Hungarian ambassador came the *Report* to explain that the wi ner had to be, among other thin dead.) Colbert eventually coine neologism to reflect this truthine

WHEN HE WAS GROWING UP, STEPHEN COLBERT USED TO JOKE ABOUT HOW HE "WANTED TO MAJOR IN MASS PSYCHOLOGY AND START A CULT."

in action: "Wikiality," which he define as "a reality where, if enough people agre with a notion, it becomes the truth." T demonstrate, Colbert told viewers he wa going to silence the endangered-specie lobby by claiming that the population African elephants had increased threefol in the previous six months. Within hours so many changes had been made to Wik pedia, the popular, communally edited online reference site, that its administrator had to restrict access to its "elephant" an "Stephen Colbert" entries.

Before long, the political and cultural ignoscenti joined in the fun. During his tribute to the ladies," Jane Fonda and Gloria Steinem showed Colbert how to bake an apple pie. Last March, Richard Holbrooke drew on his experience brokering peace in Bosnia to mediate a truce between Colbert and Willie Nelson over who had the better flavor of Ben & Jerry's ice cream. (Colbert's called AmeriCone Dream.) In April, former United States poet laureate Robert Pinsky judged a "Meta-Free-Phor-All" between Colbert and Sean Penn. (Sean Penn won, 10 million to one.) In December, New York governor-elect Eliot Spitzer and Henry Kissinger appeared on the show to preside over a guitar contest between Colbert and members of the indie-rock group The Decemberists. (Peter Frampton ended up filling in for Colbert, but that's a whole other story.) And perhaps most surprising, more than three dozen congressmen and women have subjected themselves to Colbert's merciless and occasionally demeaning ridicule as part of the show's ongoing series "Better Know a District." (More on that later.)

"He's able to create a universe where something surreal happens on the program that seems ordinary, and all of a sudden the absurd appears not mundane but expected, organic," says Stewart. "So he can have a conversation with Richard Holbrooke and Willie Nelson and it all makes perfect sense and yet it couldn't appear anywhere else without appearing burlesque. Somehow he has managed to create a fake world that has impacted and found standing in the real world."

Colbert's unique appeal has been duly noted by the television industry: the champagne and smiley-face cookies were in honor of that morning's announcement that the show had been nominated for four prime-time Emmys. This was hardly a surprise—the *Report* had also been nominated for four Emmys a year earlier, even though it was on the air for only two and a half months in 2005. It came home empty-handed that year, losing out twice to Stewart and *The Daily Show*. (On his show, Colbert frequently references a supposed rivalry between himself and Stewart. Last May, he played a tape of what he said was a phone call he made to the disgraced Los Angeles private investigator Anthony Pellicano in which Colbert said, "Stewart thinks he's so high and mighty. He doesn't have to say 'hi' to me in the halls? You take him down a peg! Permanently! Do you catch my drift?") More demeaning—to Colbert's character, anyway—was that he lost out to Barry Manilow for best individual performance in a variety or music program.

This year he's up against Tony Bennett in that same category. Colbert took a sip of champagne before raising his glass. "And the winner is . . . Tony Bennett!" The show's staff, all of whom seem to truly both like and admire Colbert, let out a combination giggle-groan. "Who's going to give it to me over Tony Bennett? Nobody. Are you kidding? It's Tony Bennett." By this point, Colbert had taken a seat behind his desk in preparation for a quick rehearsal of that night's show. After he got comfortable, he brought his champagne up to his nose. "Yummmm . . . that smells like Tony Bennett's aged sack." More groans. "Come on! That wouldn't be so bad, if your aged sack smelled like champagne." (Don't be surprised if Bennett ends up as a guest on the show: after countless gibes, Manilow came on the *Report* and agreed to share his Emmy, which he admitted he "stole" from Colbert. Then the two men sang a duet of "I Write the Songs.")

As soon as the run-through ended, Colbert and his writers disappeared into a claustrophobic, windowless room with blood-red walls to make a series of final, frenzied changes to that night's script—a night, incidentally, that would conclude an unusually difficult week. A slip onstage a little while back had resulted in a broken wrist Colbert hadn't yet had set. His 12-year-old daughter, Madeline, had been in and out of the hospital with a crippling ear infection, and Colbert hadn't gotten a full night's sleep in days. (Colbert himself is deaf in his right ear due to a childhood tumor.) And he still hadn't fully recovered from the round-the-clock heave required to get *I Am America (And So Can You!)* to the printer on time for its October publication date; the book, Colbert's first, lays out his character's thoughts—er, feelings—about life. (Sample chapter titles: "Hollywood: Lights! Camera! Treason!" and "Sports: When It's Okay to Shower with Men.")

Despite all this, Colbert seemed happy, even excited. "I love being onstage," he said. "I love the relationship with the audience. I love the letting go, the sense of discovery, the improvising." Colbert also loves the freedom his television persona gives this down-to-earth, all-around decent guy to indulge his most narcissistic fantasies. "I get to piggyback my own ego on the character's unlimited ego," he says. This theme of porous but distinct personas is one Colbert returns to often. That night, when an audience member asked him about the differences between him and "Stephen Colbert" during a pre-taping Q&A, he replied, "I wouldn't want to be that asshole. He's got a tremendous ego. I get to pretend I don't."

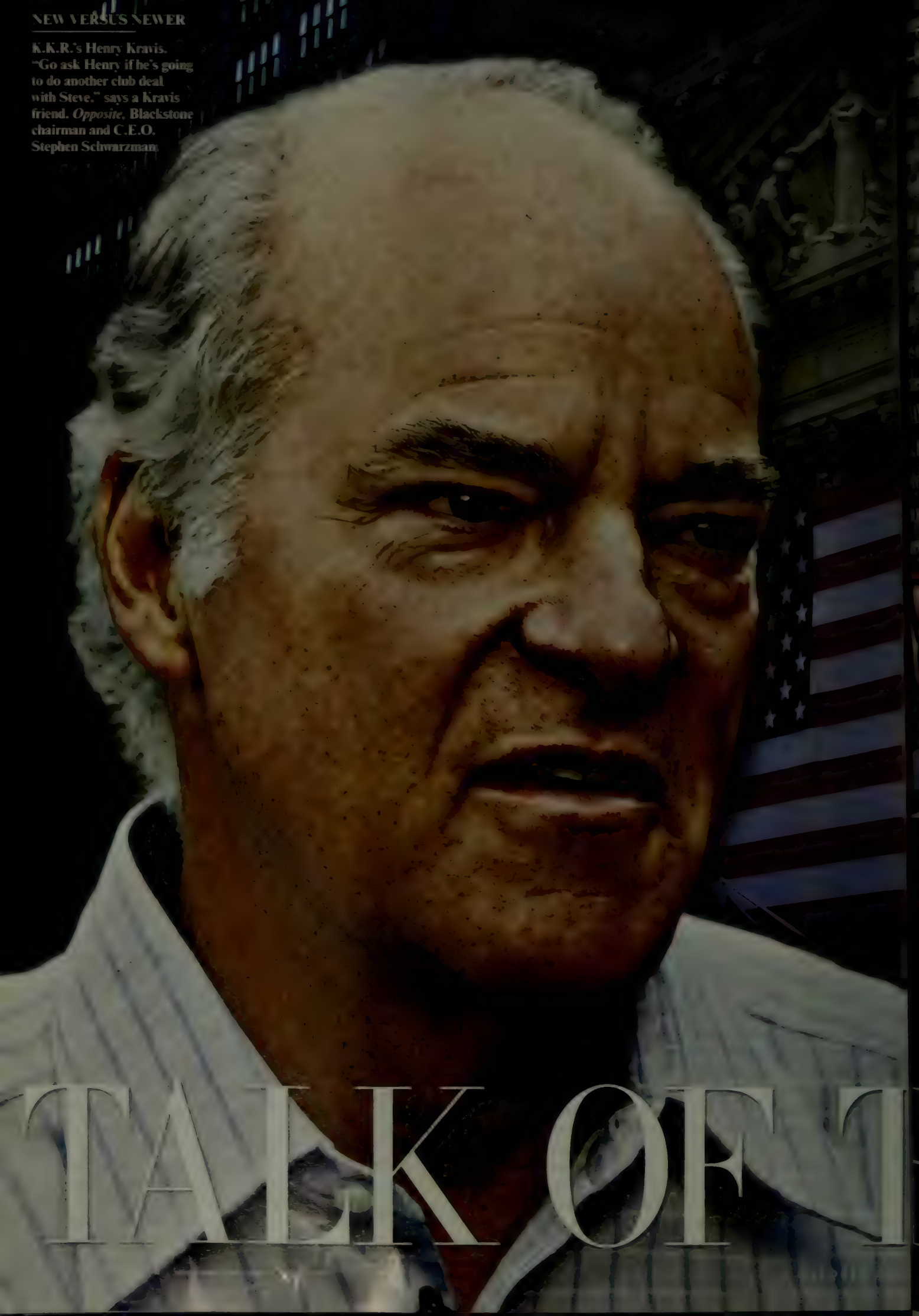
Colbert's infectious enthusiasm is felt by everyone who comes in contact with the show. "That was the most fun I've ever had on television," says Holbrooke. "There's this great sense of groundbreaking adventure, this feeling that it's on the cutting edge, that it's the hottest thing in America. And at the center of it all is Colbert himself. I have never seen a television performer about to go on live television who's enjoying himself so much."

Colbert has not always been so content. By his own admission and according to those who know him best, it wasn't until he was in his 20s that he began to develop a sense of who he really wanted to be; before that, he had gone through periods of being everything from a science-fiction geek to a tortured (and bearded) poet. And now? Stephen Colbert is your basic well-grounded, Sunday-school-teaching, authority-distrusting, intensely loyal, 43-year-old man who's happiest when he's either spending time with his wife, Evelyn, and their three children, or playing an obnoxious, over-the-top alter ego that makes fun of the world and has the world join in the game.

I watched [the movie All That Jazz*] and I thought, Well, I'd like to do that. I'd like to live that dark life. That kind of appeals to me. I liked how damaged they were and how they used that to . . . create art, create something beautiful. . . . There was something viscerally attractive to me about living this sort of life that might kill you young. I liked these unhappy people. . . . There's [also] lots of drinking and fucking. And that was appealing.*

At around six in the morning on September 11, 1974, Dr. James Colbert, the vice president of academic affairs for the Medical University of South Carolina, and two of his sons left the family's house on James Island and headed to the Charleston International Airport. Paul, 18, and Peter, 15, were the second- and third-youngest of the 11 Colbert children, and Dr. Colbert was taking them to New Milford, Connecticut, where they were to enroll at the Canterbury School, a prestigious Catholic institution founded in 1915. Once they were gone, only the Colberts' youngest son, 10-year-old Stephen, would remain at home with his parents, both of whom were in their early 50s.

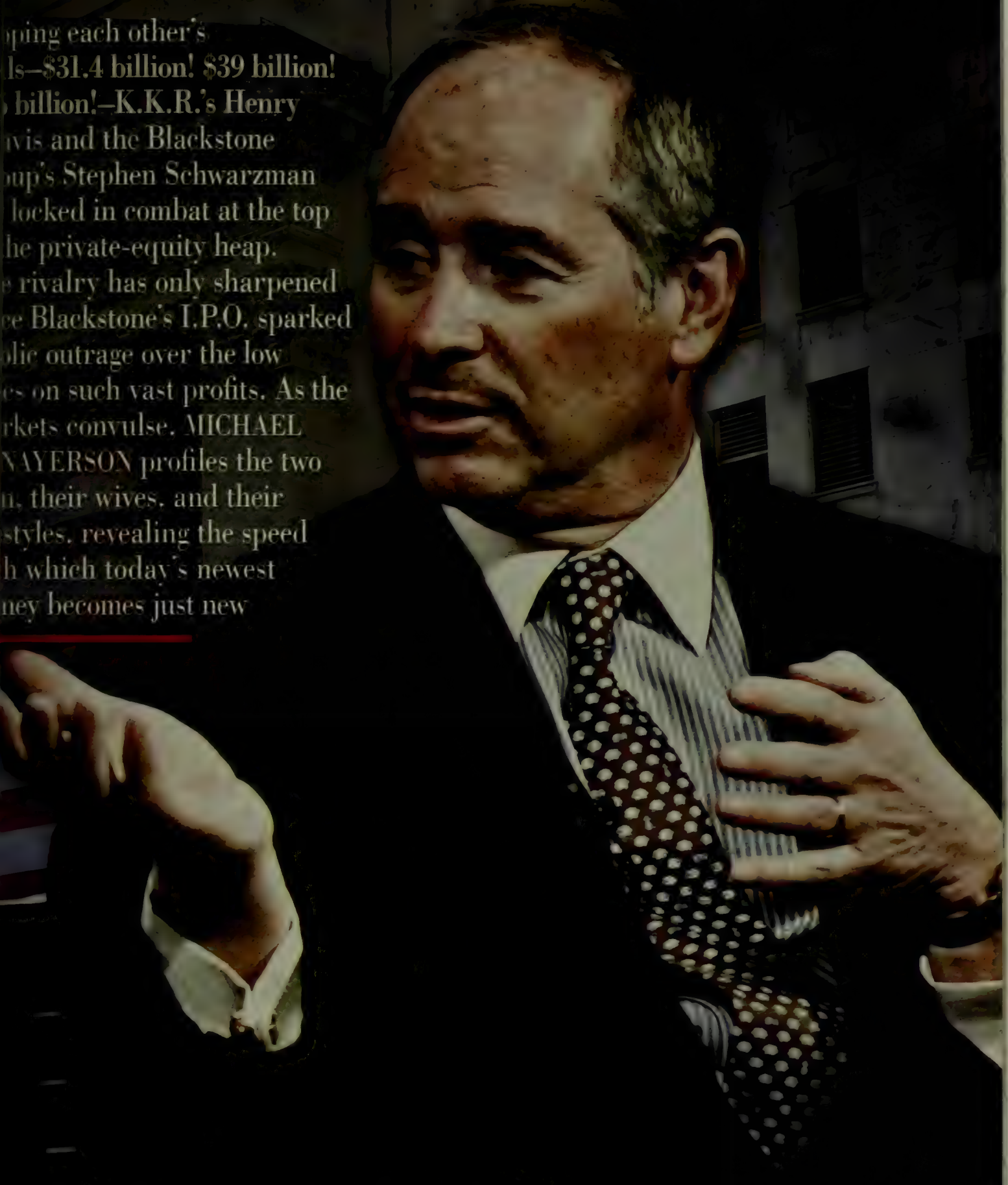
The three Colberts were booked on Eastern Airlines Flight CONTINUED ON PAGE 382



NEW VERSUS NEWER

K.K.R.'s Henry Kravis. "Go ask Henry if he's going to do another club deal with Steve," says a Kravis friend. *Opposite*, Blackstone chairman and C.E.O. Stephen Schwarzman.

TALK OF T



ping each other's
ls—$31.4 billion! $39 billion!
billion!—K.K.R.'s Henry
vis and the Blackstone
up's Stephen Schwarzman
locked in combat at the top
he private-equity heap.
e rivalry has only sharpened
ce Blackstone's I.P.O. sparked
lic outrage over the low
es on such vast profits. As the
rkets convulse, MICHAEL
NAYERSON profiles the two
n, their wives, and their
styles, revealing the speed
h which today's newest
ney becomes just new

HE TOWN

Later, the date of the dinner would come to seem apt in ways no one could see at the time.

On June 18, 2007, the trustees of the New York Public Library welcomed 400 titans of business and New York society into the Bryant Park building's Astor Hall for drinks, then into the Celeste Bartos Forum for dinner, to honor Stephen A. Schwarzman, C.E.O. and co-founder of the Blackstone Group, the biggest and most successful of Wall Street's private-equity firms. Schwarzman has been a New York Public Library trustee for six years, and the dinner was being held to herald his contributions—though what they were, no one except the library's president, Paul LeClerc, and a chosen few appeared to know, and they declined to say. True, the dinner would raise $2.2 million, but most of those proceeds would come from the paying guests: Blackstone colleague J. Tomilson Hill, Sony's Sir Howard Stringer, Warner Music's Edgar M. Bronfman Jr., Texas oilman and financier Sid Bass and his wife, Mercedes, and the rest. Schwarzman is not a figure known to hide his light under a bushel—the words "brash" and "arrogant" are often used to describe him—and so to believe he was being thanked by the library for giving unsung millions required, for some guests, a great leap of the imagination. Perhaps the dinner was in expectation of contributions to come.

Certainly one of New York's richest men was about to get much richer. In four days, Blackstone would become the first private-equity firm to go public in the U.S., launching its stock on the New York Stock Exchange—with the symbol BX—at $31 per share. The offering would raise $4.6 billion. But the stock sold would represent only 10 percent of the firm. Schwarzman kept a 23 percent interest, currently worth $6 billion. Just for fun, he took out $677.2 million on the day of the issue—in cash. Whatever happened to the stock, he would keep that money—perhaps minus a small slice for the New York Public Library?

Yet only five days before the dinner, a most unfortunate profile of Schwarzman had appeared in *The Wall Street Journal,* one that presaged tougher public scrutiny of Blackstone and Schwarzman to come. In that article, Schwarzman acknowledged that he viewed business as war, with each deal a duel to the death. "I want war—not a series of skirmishes," he declared. "I always think about what will kill off the other bidder.... I didn't get to be successful by letting people hurt Blackstone or me. I have no first-strike capability. I never choose to go into battle first. But I won't back down." For a little lifestyle color, the *Journal* reporters had spoken to Schwarzman's executive chef in Palm Beach. Jean-Pierre Zeugin explained that the financier and his wife, Christine, often spend $3,000 on a weekend's worth of food, including meals of 10 stone-crab claws at $40 per claw. They polish off these meals, the chef noted, in 15 minutes. By the time the article appeared, the chef was said to be "ill... and no longer working," though still on the Schwarzmans' payroll.

Listed as one of the co-chairmen of the evening, intriguingly, was Henry Kravis. A co-founder of Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, oldest and most notorious of the private-equity firms, had been reluctant to participate in a tribute to his chief rival, according to one close friend. But a lot of other powerful friends, including N.Y.P.L. chairman Catherine Marron, had pleaded with him to do it for the library's sake, and so he had. In the end, though, he was a no-show. Perhaps, as a spokesperson later explained, he was merely out of town that night. But according to one friend, *Journal* piece had upset him deeply. knew exactly how Schwarzman's c ments were already playing out in W ington, where lawmakers were marve at Schwarzman's intention to pay a n 15 percent capital-gains tax on that $ million and any future stock he cas in. Hadn't the Blackstone chieftain d enough damage already with his spla 60th-birthday party? "He was pretty happy," says the friend of Kravis, "v the way Steve was making the industr target."

Somehow in the past year or so Kra had become more than the most venera of Schwarzman's enemies in the priv equity wars. This rivalry was perso now. Because it was, the two founde firms appeared to be taking special pa to outdo each other—to raise the bigg funds, to do the biggest deals, and now best the other with their I.P.O.'s: K.K was about to announce its own. Ot firms were raising tens of billions, t and doing spectacular deals. But it sor

"HENRY WAS PRETTY UNHAPPY" SAYS A KRAVIS FRIEND, "WITH THE WAY STEVE WAS MAKING THE INDUSTRY A TARGET"

times seemed, in these tumultuous days mid-2007, that the head butting betwe Blackstone and K.K.R. was dominati the market—and endangering it, too.

A Buyout by Any Other Name

To anyone not on Planet P vate Equity or one of its s ellites—investment bankin hedge funds, corporate la firms—the headlines of t last year have come and go in a blur of bizarrely big nur bers. Even the term can seem bewilderin what *is* private equity?

Note to mere mortals (gods of financ skip down): private equity is just the ne sanitized term for leveraged-buyout firm or LBOs, which Henry Kravis made f mous with the 1988 RJR Nabisco dea immortalized in *Barbarians at the Gat* by Bryan Burrough (now a *Vanity Fa* special correspondent) and John Helya In the go-go 1980s, LBOs became assoc ated with hostile takeovers and corporat greenmail. Hence the reassuringly prope

rivate equity." Now, as then, ugh, a firm such as K.K.R. raises ar chest of billions of dollars and es in search of underperforming undervalued public companies to y. It spends a bit of its war chest as ney down on the deal, then lever- es that cash, or equity, by getting estment banks to lend it the rest. takes its target company private d then, in theory, gives the relieved nagers several years to run the mpany in a wise and farsighted y, free of the awful pressure public mpanies are under to produce ever her quarterly earnings. Finally the mpany is taken public again at a eat profit and, in an ideal world, erybody wins: the early investors o put in cash for the war chest, banks that lent the rest of the ney, the company that got trans- med, and, of course, the partners K.K.R. or whatever private-equity firm de the whole miracle happen (which ically take 20 percent of the profit).

The more unscrupulous private-equity ms, however, merely strip and flip the mpanies they buy, forcing them to bor- w huge amounts of money—thereby sad- ng their futures with enormous debt t causes them to forgo research and fire ployees—and then taking much of that ney for themselves in fees and bonuses. K.K.R. and Blackstone are just two of top private-equity firms that have done ge deals in these last 18 months. Texas cific Group, the Carlyle Group, Apol- Management, and Goldman Sachs's ivate-equity arm—these, by most reckon- gs, are the other members of the top-tier b. Other firms have smaller war chests t dominate one field or another. Sil- r Lake is one of the smartest at buying chnology companies; Providence Equity akes the savviest media plays. All com- te fiercely for the next big deal, bidding e another up at auction. All may just likely partner up the next time, pooling eir capital to do a "club deal."

To a lot of private-equity players, the valry between K.K.R. and Blackstone oks no different from the jockeying they with the rest of the pack. Top managers Blackstone dismiss the notion of a feud. The two largest market sharers watch ch other very carefully," says one. But, adds, "I don't think decisions are being sed on Steve versus Henry." Indeed, this d other managers note, the two firms ve worked together on more than one b deal. "This K.K.R.-versus-Blackstone ff," says another Blackstoner, "is a ques- nable premise."





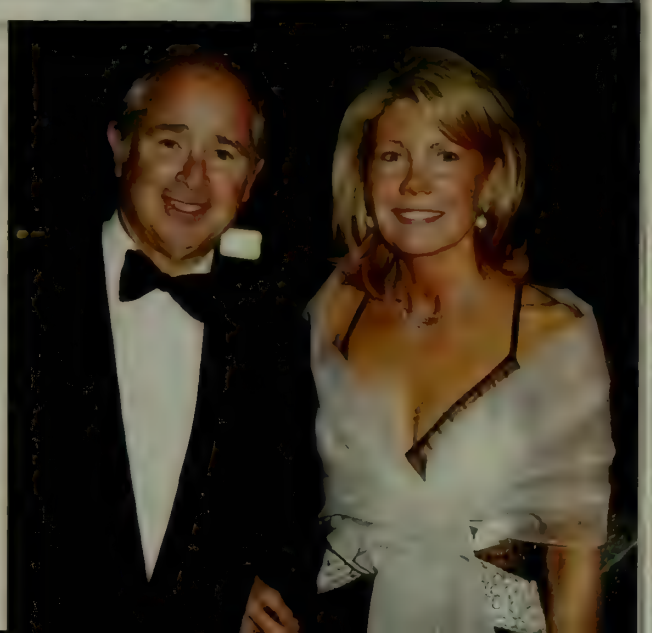


HIGH PROFILE

Clockwise from top: **Schwarzman in his Park Avenue office; 740 Park Avenue, where Schwarzman owns the 34-room triplex that once belonged to Saul Steinberg; with his wife, Christine, at a 2006 MoMA benefit; with author and socialite Kalliope Karella at a 1994 New York City Ballet gala.**

But up on the mountaintops, in the rarefied air that only gods of finance breathe, that's not the consensus view. One person close to both Schwarzman and Kravis describes, with a sigh, a "complicated relationship." Another goes further. "Oh, absolutely!" he says when asked if there's a rivalry. "There's probably something inherent in it, promoted by media and friends' gossip." The two have been professional rivals for years, the friend adds. The personal edge to it, he says, is new. "I don't recall when it started, but it's on both sides now. . . . I think it was less on Steve's side initially. I mean, Henry is a very competitive person. A lot of it comes from that."

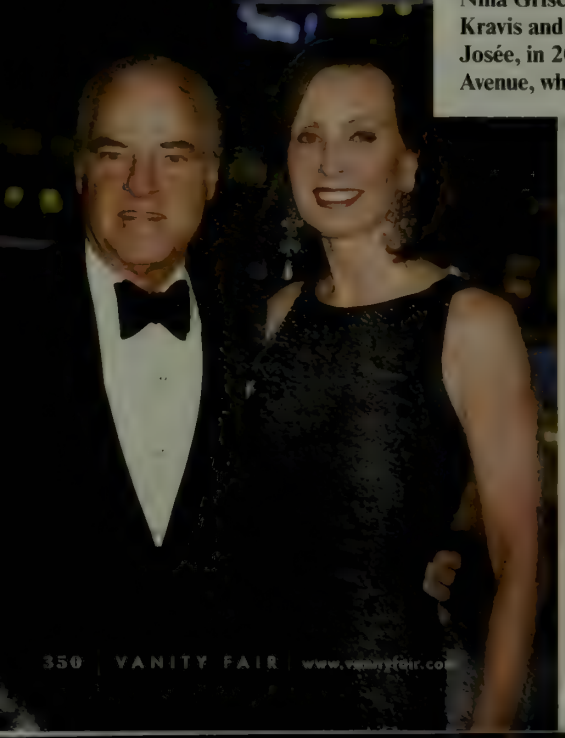
In the last 10 years, Blackstone has overtaken K.K.R. to be the dominant player, with $98 billion in assets under management versus K.K.R.'s $53.4 billion. But that's not it, says the friend. "It's much narrower than that. It's not 'His firm is bigger than my firm.' There's no one thing." Although, as the friend points out, Schwarzman's comments in *The Wall Street Journal,* with the attention they brought from Washington, exacerbated the problem. "He was very upset," says the friend of Kravis's. "He knew immediately what impact it would have on the in-











OUR CROWD

Clockwise from top: **Kravis, Diana Beattie, Francesca Stanfill, Peter Tufo, Carolyne Roehm, Dick Beattie, and Marie-Louise Scio in Tuscany, in 1986; Saul and Gayfryd Steinberg, Kravis, and Nina Griscom in 1990; Kravis and his wife, Marie-Josée, in 2006; 625 Park Avenue, where Kravis lives.**

er, in 2005. In the r
tionship between Schwa
man and Kravis, t
seems a long time a

Tale of the Tape

In Hollywo
on-screen riv
always end
seeing how mu
they're alike
ter all. Steph
Schwarzman a
Henry Kravis may ne
get to that point, but t
have a lot in common.

Neither is tall, thou
Kravis appears to
slightly shorter: about
feet six inches. Both w
well educated—Schwa
man at Yale and Harv
Business School, Kra
at Columbia Business School—a
both took to Wall Street with fier
ambition. Another similarity th
astonishes even longtime friends
both men is that they're almost t
same age. Schwarzman is 60, Kra
63. They seem—and are, in a sens
a generation apart. Kravis did
first LBO in 1973, when he was n
quite 30 years old. Schwarzman th
year was a young banker amo
many at Lehman Brothers. By t
mid-1980s, Kravis was a billionai
newly married to fashion design
Carolyne Roehm, giving $10 million to t
Metropolitan Museum of Art. Schwarzm
was still at Lehman Brothers, doing merge
and-acquisitions deals. He was modest
wealthy—but anonymous.

In this ever faster-moving world, Kra
is old money, Schwarzman is new. And th
clash between them is nothing less than th
struggle that's fascinated writers from Ba
zac and Stendhal to Henry James, Willia
Dean Howells, and Edith Wharton: th
struggle of new money to supplant the old

Schwarzman's emergence as a social co
tender occurred on the fall day in 2001 whe
he moved into 740 Park Avenue, arguabl
Manhattan's most prestigious apartmen
building. He and Christine took over th
34-room triplex that corporate raider Sau
Steinberg and his wife, Gayfryd, had ha
to sell after Steinberg's financial reversals.
Schwarzman didn't tell people he'd paid $3
million for it, he didn't dispute the figure, e
ther. According to Michael Gross, author
the best-selling *740 Park,* the Schwarzman
reportedly paid closer to $30 million.

The Steinberg apartment—Schwarzma
preferred calling it the Rockefeller apar

dustry.... Steve had been doing that; he'd become the poster boy already for greed."

True, says the friend, K.K.R. and Blackstone have worked together on club deals. But, he suggests, "go ask Henry if he's going to do another club deal with Steve." Unfortunately, Kravis was unable to speak to *Vanity Fair* during the S.E.C. "quiet period" of K.K.R.'s pending I.P.O. As for Schwarzman, his own P.R. man at Blackstone advised him, after the *Journal* story, not to do any more interviews for months—maybe ever again.

The answer on future club deals, suggests the mutual friend, is not no—not exactly. "I think the answer is 'Not unless I have to. If it's the only way to be in the deal, I might do it.' But it's certainly going to be different today than it was with SunGard."

A Pennsylvania-based software and data-processing firm, SunGard was one of the last big club deals the two firms did togeth-

nt, since John D. Rockefeller had owned efore Steinberg—is on the Park Avenue e of the building. Residents tend to view apartments on that side, accessible by Park Avenue main entrance, as showier n those on the building's 71st Street e, which has a more modest foyer. Krav- nd Roehm had an apartment on the t Street side, until their marriage ended, 993. Kravis sold it two years later.

This was not to say that Kravis, upon ving into 740 in the mid-80s, had ex- ited much more old-world reserve than warzman would 15 years later. He did e more social polish and, perhaps, confi- nce, thanks to his upbringing as a son of cessful Tulsa, Oklahoma, wildcatter Ray avis. As Sarah Bartlett recounts in *The ney Machine,* Ray was an ebullient char- er who'd won an oil fortune, lost it, then n another that grew to $50 million. When two sons encountered anti-Semitism in sa—and they did—he helped them shrug ff, and ended up as the first Jew admitted he local country club. Schwarzman, by

"HENRY IS A LION IN WINTER: HE'S NOT GOING TO CEDE HIS KINGDOM IF HE CAN HELP IT."

trast, is from a middle-class Jewish fam- outside Philadelphia. His father owned warzman's, a curtain-and-linen shop. cially, Stephen had further to climb.

And yet, in some ways, when he moved o 740 Park, Kravis was even less worldly. rolyne Roehm reportedly had to teach new husband to appreciate opera—a uired passion for entering New York h society. She dragged him to Salzburg, stria, each year for its famous music fes- l. She took him to Italy, too, for a forced rch through museums and churches. arolyne knew so much and I knew so le," Kravis told a reporter at the time. ck home, he let Roehm choose the deco- or—society darling Vincent Fourcade— l the paintings for their new apartment, l kept index cards in his breast pocket so could identify the works for his curious sts. A number of paintings were of royal ures. Perhaps the most striking was an rmous portrait by John Singer Sargent he couple's peach-colored dining room. e Kravises gave lots of dinner parties; casionally they threw a "theme" party as ll: one was based on *Gone with the Wind.*

The reigning and future kings of private equity shared more than the goal of making enough money to preside from 740 Park. They had, in one sense at least, parallel personal lives. Both had first marriages behind them. At 25, Kravis had married Helene Shulman, known as Hedi, the daughter of a New York psychiatrist. The couple had three children before Hedi tired of living with a man she found cold and remote—a workaholic far older than his years. In 1983, according to Bartlett, she demanded, and got, 30 percent of Kravis's worth, a figure agreed upon by both sides to be somewhere between $3 million and $4 million. Right after that, Kravis began to do the huge LBOs that made him astronomically rich. Hedi went to court to demand more, claiming that her ex-husband had defrauded her; in 1989 she lost her suit.

Schwarzman had been at Harvard Business School when he met Ellen Jane Philips, whose job as a grader of student papers belied her family wealth: her father manufactured windows and doors for trailer homes. Their marriage of some 20 years produced three children. By the time it ended, in 1991, Schwarzman, like Kravis, had started to make real money, and had to part with a lot of it: in his case 50 percent of his net worth at the time, or $20 million. By then, Kravis was a billionaire.

Curiously, Schwarzman came to know the embittered Hedi Kravis in the mid-1980s. With her close friend Ellie Cullman, she had begun an interior-decorating partnership. "They were among a new breed of interior designer—young, chic, energetic and enterprising—who were part of the society they designed for," *The New York Times* later noted. Among their clients were Steve and Ellen Schwarzman, who had Cullman and Kravis do their Fifth Avenue apartment. Steve became a fairly close friend of Hedi's, and one friend from the time suggests that the bad blood between Kravis and Schwarzman may trace to Kravis's feeling that Schwarzman was in his ex-wife's circle, perhaps urging her on with her suit. A close friend of Kravis's disputes that. "I was there," he says. "There were other people who were much more disturbing or troublesome to Henry in that regard."

Both first wives had been petite—shorter than their husbands. Both second wives were taller than their new spouses. And while both in a sense were trophy wives, admired in their social circles, both were self-invented characters.

Carolyne Roehm had begun life as Jane Smith, daughter of a teacher and school administrator in Kirksville, Missouri. Her first job in New York had been in polyester skirts for a company that sold to Sears. Only when Oscar de la Renta took her under his wing did she start to design haute couture. And only after a quick marriage to German aristocrat Axel Roehm did she become Carolyne Roehm, international jet-setter.

In Christine Hearst, Schwarzman found an intelligent, attractive blonde with a trophy name—but Hearst was no more Christine's own than Roehm was Carolyne's. Christine was the daughter of a New York City Fire Department lieutenant named Peter Mularchuk. Her second marriage was to Austin Chilton Hearst, a grandson of the late newspaper baron William Randolph Hearst. She had two children with Hearst before divorcing him, in the early 1990s, and so reasonably enough kept the surname. Perhaps a bit less reasonably, she identified herself, after her third marriage, in 1995, as Christine Hearst Schwarzman, a modification her new husband reportedly encouraged.

The parallels don't stop there. Both Kravis and Schwarzman owed their LBO careers to mentors. For Kravis and his cousin George Roberts, the mentor was Jerome Kohlberg, who actually invented the LBO game as a little sideline he called "bootstrapping." All three men were at Bear Stearns. When they left to form Kohlberg Kravis Roberts the order of names was more than alphabetical: Kravis and Roberts were Kohlberg's apprentices until they learned the game well enough to play it themselves. Eventually they played it so aggressively that Kohlberg took umbrage,

and a painful rupture led to his departure.

Schwarzman owed at least as much to his own mentor, Peter G. Peterson. Peterson was the man with the golden Rolodex: commerce secretary under President Nixon, former C.E.O. of Bell & Howell, and senior director at Lehman Brothers until, in 1984, he lost a power struggle at the firm and left to start his own. Peterson was then 57, Schwarzman 36, and anyone could see the two were very different: Peterson patrician and rather reserved, Schwarzman brimming with restless energy and ambition. Actually, that made for a good partnership, though one insider notes that Schwarzman did have a tendency to tell the Blackstone story with himself in the starring role as chief fund-raiser and deal-maker, and Peterson as the Rolodex guy making the occasional call.

So it was with a key meeting to raise a first, modest fund to save the Blackstone Group from failure. One door after another shut in their faces, until the meeting with Garnett Keith of Prudential, one of the principal lenders of war-chest money to K.K.R.

"Garnett Keith was eating a tuna salad sandwich," Schwarzman recalled for the *Financial Times* earlier this year. "It was a Friday in Newark and I was not expecting success. He took a bite out of his sandwich and said, 'I will give you $100 million.' I was shocked into silence: I was so grateful, so appreciative . . . I knew others would follow."

The interesting thing about that account—at least the part the *F.T.* reprinted—was that it failed to mention that Peterson was in the room as well. "It's not only that Pete was there, too," recalls Keith, laughing. "There wouldn't have been a meeting without him." Keith knew Schwarzman as a smart young M&A guy at Lehman. But without Peterson as a counterweight, he wouldn't have given the fledgling Blackstone a penny.

Jockeying for Position

For both Kravis and Schwarzman, the last two decades have been a time of tremendous, almost unbelievable growth. But the two haven't grown at equal rates, and that's where the rivalry—at least the professional rivalry—began.

Through the 1990s, K.K.R. did LBOs—and little else. "K.K.R. wanted to keep doing what it did well—stick to its knitting," says one of Kravis's close colleagues. But the firm had rough years. RJR Nabisco was a bust, after all: K.K.R. had taken on too much debt to buy it, and tobacco lawsuits against RJ Reynolds drained away profits. Kravis and Roberts took a $500 million loss in a movie-theater company, Regal Cinema, and lost nearly as much buying the Spalding sporting-goods company. As the Internet bubble CONTINUED ON PAGE 386

STAR OF CHINA

A handful of Chinese actresses—Gong Li, Maggie Cheung, Bai Ling—have come *this* close to capturing the attention of hard-to-please American audiences. Ziyi Zhang, who stars in two new movies—*The Horsemen*, a thriller with Dennis Quaid, out in December, and *Mei Lan-Fang*, a biopic about China's most famous opera singer—may well close the deal. Likely, you remember this former ballerina's dazzling martial-arts feats while flying through the air in Ang Lee's *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* (2000), or how she pretended to be blind in Zhang Yimou's *House of Flying Daggers* (2004). Her role as a headstrong geisha in Rob Marshall's *Memoirs of a Geisha* (2005) earned her a Golden Globe nomination. Currently in production, *Mei Lan-Fang*, in which she plays an opera singer who's a male impersonator, is requiring the same kind of physical exactitude as playing a geisha—without the silly giggles and dainty pouring of tea. Under the tutelage of two Peking Opera masters, she's learning how to tilt her head, adjust her clothing, and own the stage like a confident member of the opposite sex. "This kind of training usually starts at a very young age, and it lasts a lifetime," says Zhang. "Here, I am learning it in a few months."

FOR MORE SHOTS FROM MICHAEL ROBERTS'S ZIYI ZHANG PHOTO SESSION, GO TO **VF.COM.**

Once reluctant to learn English and having little use for Hollywood, Zhang, who lives in Beijing, now understands the appeal. For one thing, there are days off, and everyone is constantly doling out praise. As for Hollywood the town, she looks on it with healthy bemusement. "Everyone is running around every day, all day long, but you don't know what they are doing. Good thing they never tire!"

—EVGENIA PERETZ

STYLED BY JESSICA DIEHL. DRESS BY CHANEL HAUTE COUTURE. EARRINGS BY AU VASE DE DELFT. MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY DIOR. HAIR BY SEBASTIEN RICHARD. MAKEUP BY PHOPHIE MATHIAS. MANICURE BY TYPHAINE KERSUAL. SET DESIGN BY JEAN-HUGUES DE CHATILLON. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ROBERTS

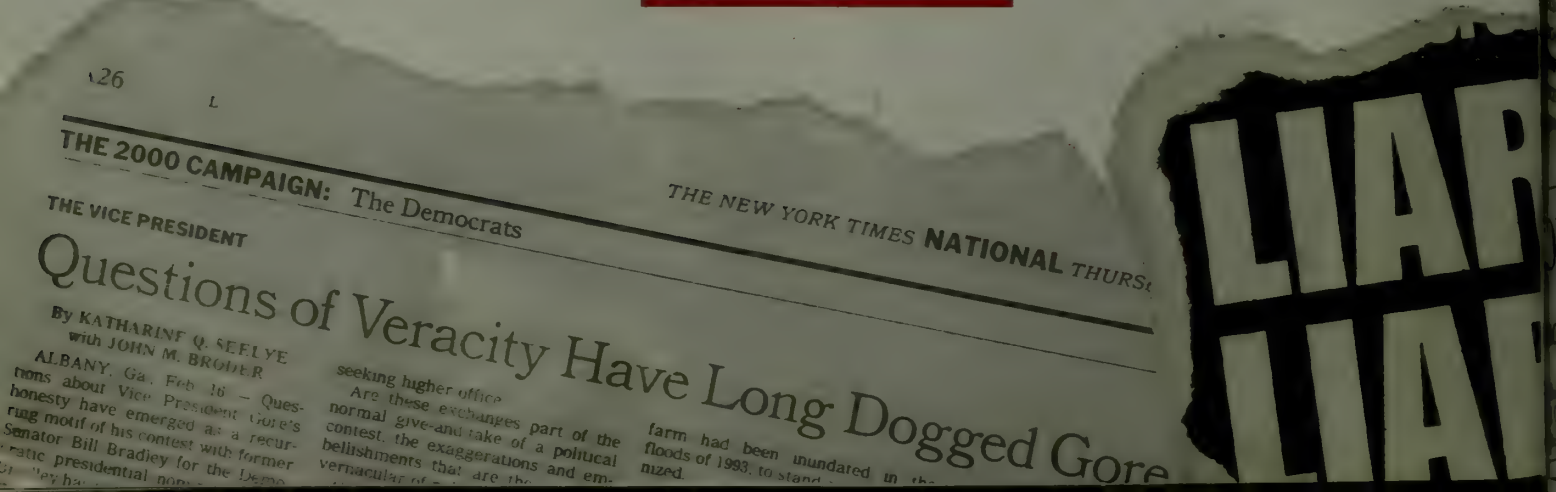


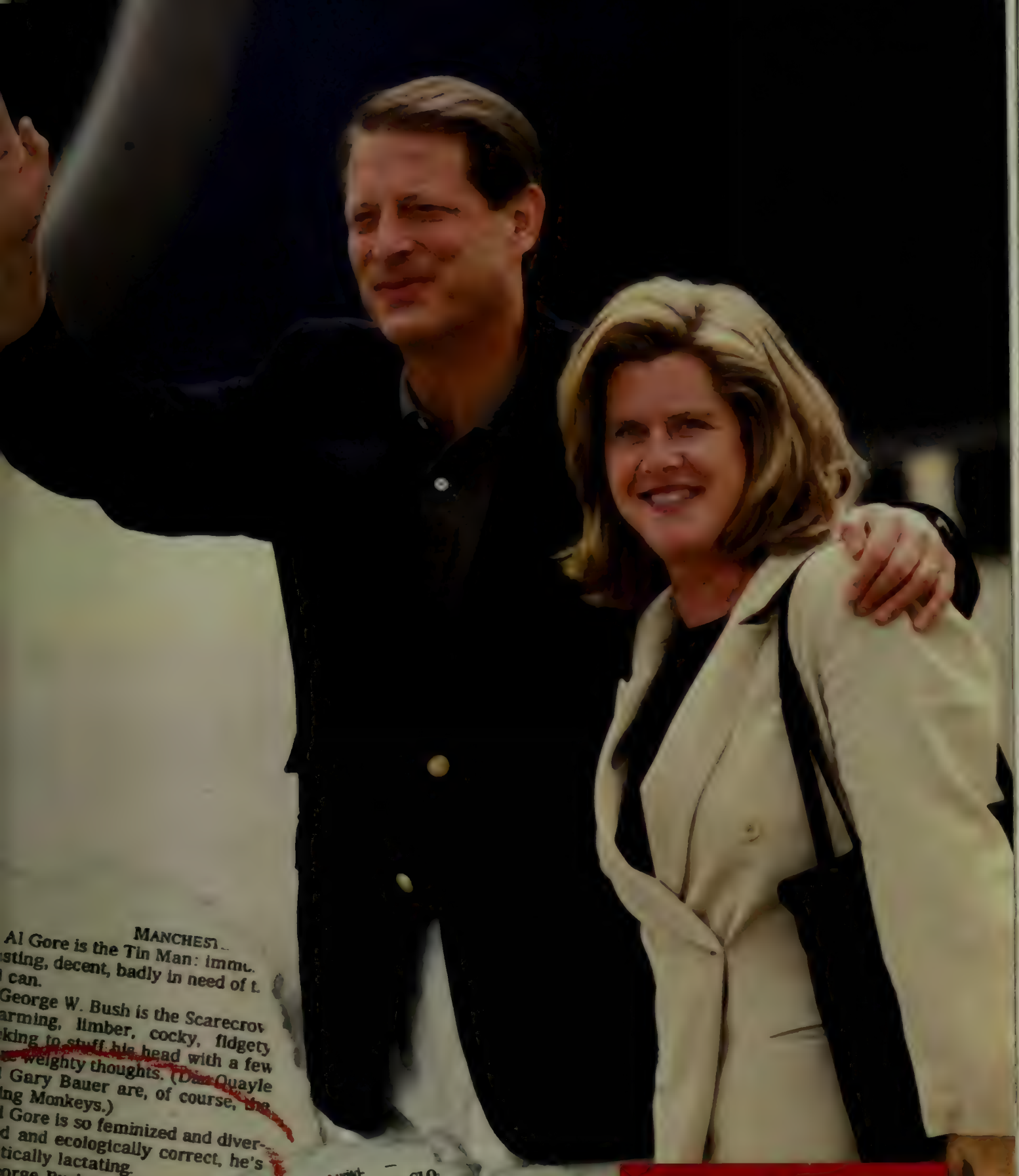
BELLE OF BEIJING

Among the young debs in America's anti-Chinese, Ziyi Zhang—whose unique face captivated audiences—

GOING AFTER GORE

Al Gore couldn't believe his eyes:
as the 2000 election heated up, *The New York Times*,
The Washington Post, and other top news outlets
kept going after him, with misquotes ("I invented the Internet"),
distortions (that he lied about being the inspiration for
Love Story), and strangely off-the-mark needling,
while pundits such as Maureen Dowd appeared to be charmed
by his rival, George W. Bush. For the first time,
Gore and his family talk about the effect of the press attacks
on his campaign—and about his future plans—
to EVGENIA PERETZ, who finds that many in the
media are re-assessing their 2000 coverage





MANCHES
Al Gore is the Tin Man: immo
sting, decent, badly in need of t
can.
George W. Bush is the Scarecrow
arming, limber, cocky, fidgety
king to stuff his head with a few
weighty thoughts. (Dan Quayle
Gary Bauer are, of course, the
ng Monkeys.)
Gore is so feminized and diver-
d and ecologically correct, he's
tically lactating.
orge Bush is all swagger
m-made ostrich-leat-
ov boots with

...a of wild-
which endan- See CLO

OP Homes In on Gore's Credibility

al Assault Links Embellishments to Flaws of Clinton Era

AVID VON DREHLE
CECI CONNOLLY
ington Post Staff Writers

h a month left to Election
Ge has long

first debate last week turned out to
be untrue—and that has put straw
on a fire that Republicans have
been trying to feed all year. The
GOP team now believes the ques-
tion of casual lying by
CAMPAIGN Gore will finally give
them traction in their

age on the issue. "It's dangerous
because it reinforces a dangerous
perception that Gore is just anoth
er arrogant politician, and we hav
eight more years of lies ahead
us."

Republican vice president
nominee Richard B. Cheney
fanned the flames Friday, saying of
Gore: "This is a man who's got sig-
...He's

MEET THE PRESSURE
Vice President Al Gore and his wife, Tipper, arrive in Nashville on June 15, 1999, the day before Gore announced his presidential candidacy. *Insets, from left:* a February 17, 2000, *New York Times* article co-written by Katharine Seelye; a headline from an October 5, 2000, *New York Post* article; Maureen Dowd's June 16, 1999, *New York Times* column; an October 8, 2000, *Washington Post* story co-written by Ceci Connolly.

As he was running for president, Al Gore said he'd invented the Internet; announced that he had personally discovered Love Canal, the most infamous toxic-waste site in the country; and bragged that he and Tipper had been the sole inspiration for the golden couple in Erich Segal's best-selling novel *Love Story* (made into a hit movie with Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal). He also invented the dog, joked David Letterman, and gave mankind fire.

Could such an obviously intelligent man have been so megalomaniacal and self-deluded to have actually said such things? Well, that's what the news media told us, anyway. And on top of his supposed pomposity and elitism, he was a calculating dork: unable to get dressed in the morning without the advice of a prominent feminist (Naomi Wolf).

Today, by contrast, Gore is "the Goreacle," the elder statesman of global activism, and something of a media darling. He is the Bono of the environment, the Cassandra of Iraq, the star of an Oscar-winning film, and a nominee for the Nobel Peace Prize. To the amusement of his kids, some people now actually consider him cool. "If you had told me 10 years ago that people were going to be appealing to me for tickets to a hot rock concert through my parents, I would have fallen over," says his daughter Karenna Gore Schiff, 34, referring to the Live Earth 24-hour extravaganza in July.

What happened to Gore? The story promoted by much of the media today is that we're looking at a "new Gore," who has undergone a radical transformation since 2000—he is now passionate and honest and devoted to issues he actually cares about. If only the old Gore could have been the new Gore, the pundits say, history might have been different.

But is it really possible for a person—even a Goreacle—to transform himself so radically? There's no doubt that some things have changed about Al Gore since 2000. He has demonstrated inner strength, rising from an excruciating defeat that would have crushed many men. Beyond that, what has changed is that he now speaks directly to the public; he has neither the patience nor the need to go through the media.

Eight years ago, in the bastions of the "liberal media" that were supposed to love Gore—*The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Boston Globe,* CNN—he was variously described as "repellent," "delusional," a vote-rigger, a man who "lies like a rug," "Pinocchio." Eric Pooley, who covered him for *Time* magazine, says, "He brought out the creative-writing student in so many reporters.... Everybody kind of let loose on the guy."

How did this happen? Was the right-wing attack machine so effective that it overwhelmed all competing messages? Was Gore's communications team outrageously inept? Were the liberal elite bending over backward to prove they weren't so liberal?

Eight years later, journalists, at the prompting of *Vanity Fair,* are engaging in some self-examination over how they treated Gore. As for Gore himself, for the first time, in this article, he talks about the 2000 campaign and the effect the press had on him and the election. (In the interest of full disclosure, I should say that my father, Martin Peretz, was his teacher at Harvard and is an ardent, vocal Gore backer. I contributed to his campaign in February 1999. Before reporting this article, however, I'd had maybe two passing exchanges with Gore in my life.) Gore wasn't eager to talk about this. He doesn't blame the media for his loss in 2000. Yet he does believe that his words were distorted and that certain major reporters and outlets were often unfair.

How does he feel about it all? "I feel fine," he says, "but, when I say that, I'm reminded of a story that Cousin Minnie Pearl used to tell about a farmer who was involved in an accident and sued for damages." To paraphrase, at the trial the lawyer for the driver of the other car cross-examined the farmer, saying, "Isn't it true that right after the accident, you said, 'I feel fine'?" The farmer said, "Well, it's not the simple," before going on to explain that the other car rammed into him, throwing both him and his cow from his car. When a highway patrolman came by and saw the cow struggling, he shot him between the eyes. The farmer continued, "The patrolman then came to my side and said, 'How do you feel?'... so I said, 'I feel fine.'"

The Wonk Versus the Frat Boy

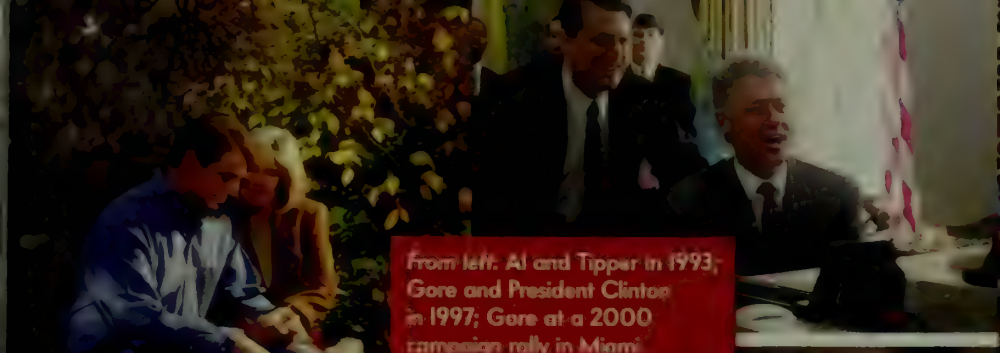
The media began the coverage of the 2000 election with an inclination not so different from that demonstrated in other recent elections—they were eager for simple, character-driven narratives that would sell papers and get ratings. "Particularly in presidential elections ... we in the press tend to deal in caricatures," says Dan Rather, who was then anchoring for C
"Someone draws a caricature, and it's
ny and at least whimsical. And at first
sort of say, 'Aw shucks, that's too simple
the course of the campaign, that beco
accepted wisdom." He notes, "I do no
cept myself from this criticism."

In 2000, the media seemed to focus
personality contest between Bush, the fo
Texas rogue, and, as *The New York Time*
ferred to Gore, "Eddie Haskell," the insin
brownnoser from *Leave It to Beaver.* ABC
chor Claire Shipman, who covered the 2
campaign for NBC, says, "It was almo
drama that was cast before anyone even t
a good look at who the candidates were

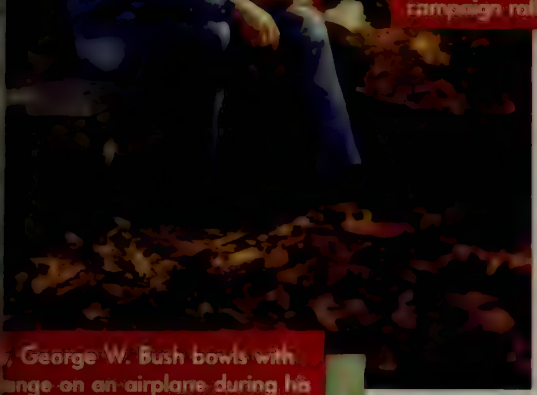
George Bush made it easy—he han
them a character on a plate. He had
slogan—compassionate conservatism—
one promise aimed squarely at denigra
Bill Clinton: to restore honor and integ
to the White House. He was also percei
to be fun to be with. For 18 months
pinched cheeks, bowled with oranges in
aisles of his campaign plane, and playac
flight attendant. Frank Bruni, now the
taurant critic for *The New York Times*
then a novice national political-beat rep
er for the same newspaper, wrote affecti
ately of Bush's "folksy affability," "distinct
charm," "effortless banter," and the feat
pillow that he traveled with.

But Gore couldn't turn on such cha
on cue. "He doesn't pinch cheeks," s
Tipper. "Al's not that kind of guy." W
Gore still vice president, there was a c
tain built-in formality and distance that
porters had to endure. Having served
public for nearly 25 years in different role
from congressman legislating the tox
waste Superfund to vice president leadi
the charge to go into Bosnia—Gore cou
not be reduced to a sound bite. As one
porter put it, they were stuck with "the g
ernment nerd." "The reality is," says
Attie, who was Gore's chief speechwrit
and traveled with him, "very few reporte
covering the 2000 campaign had mu
interest in what really motivated Gore a
the way he spent most of his time as vi
president: the complexities of governme
and policy, and not just the raw calcul
of the campaign trail."

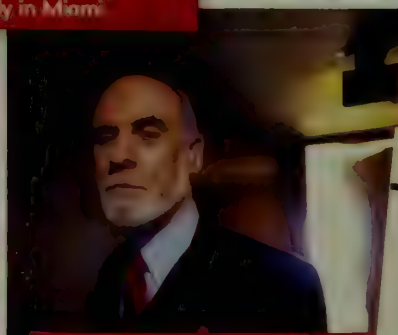
Muddying the waters further was th
fact that the Gore campaign early on w
in a state of disarray—with a revolvi
door of staffers who didn't particularly s
the value in happy chitchat. "We basical
treated the press with a whip and a chair
and made no real effort to schmooze
all," says Gore strategist Carter Eskew.
fault myself." It was plain to the reporte
that this was not the tight ship of Bush
campaign, led by CONTINUED ON PAGE



From left: Al and Tipper in 1993; Gore and President Clinton in 1997; Gore at a 2000 campaign rally in Miami.



George W. Bush bowls with ange on an airplane during his campaign tour



Above, Internet pioneer Vinton Cerf in 1999; right, Maureen Dowd's May 28, 2000, column.

WK 1

Liberties

MAUREEN DOWD

About Last Night

WASHINGTON

Al Gore is desperate to get chicks. Married chicks. Single chicks. Old chicks. Young chicks. Anywhere a chick, chick?

If he doesn't stop turning off women, he'll never be president.

Nothing seems to help. He got buff. He put on a pair of provocatively [illegible] jeans. He shook his [illegible] hot –

by Hollywood actresses. After the spray was applied, the delighted candidate gushed to his makeup artist [illegible] have never looked better."

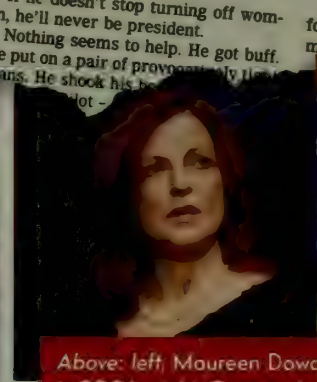
Republicans mocked [illegible] for using a mag[illegible] mi[illegible]







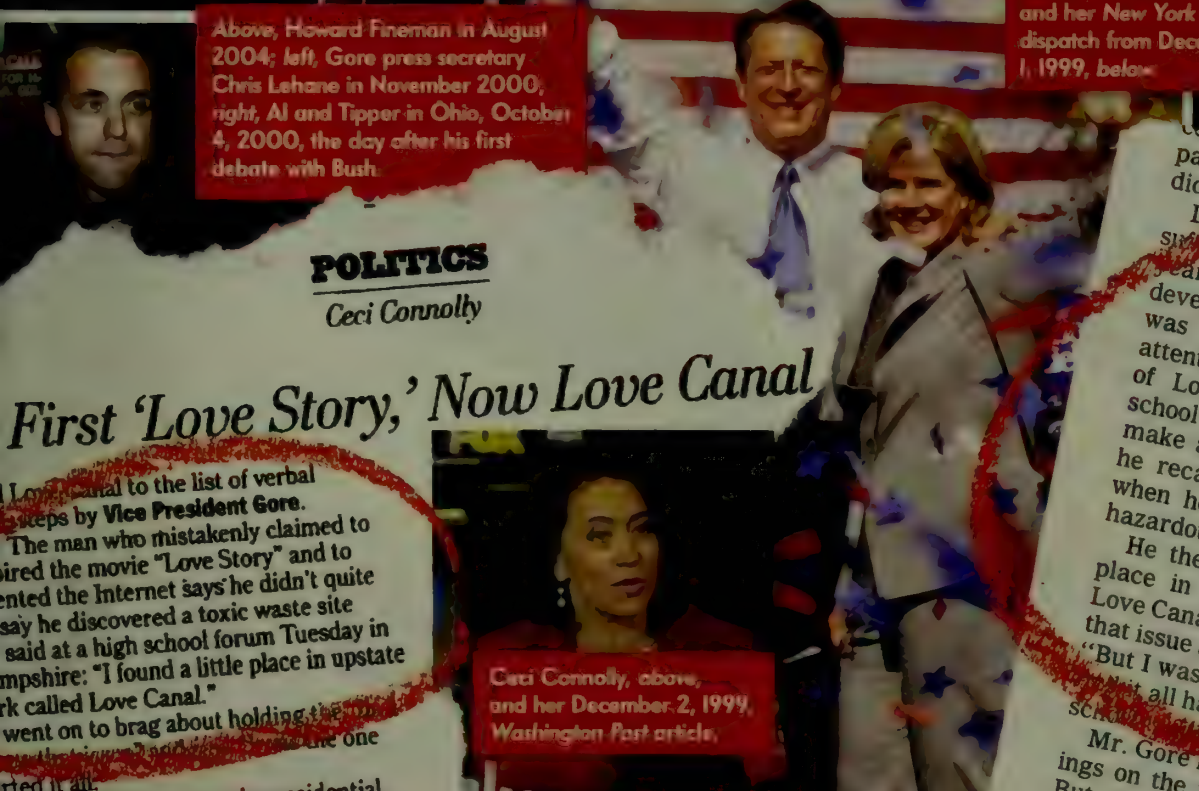
Above: left, Newt Gingrich on Meet the Press, December 24, 2000; right, Chris Matthews, December 7, 2000.

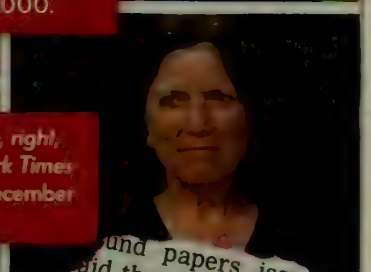




Above: left, Maureen Dowd in 2006; right, Gore and Leonardo DiCaprio before an Earth Day event in 2000.

Above, Howard Fineman in August 2004; left, Gore press secretary Chris Lehane in November 2000; right, Al and Tipper in Ohio, October 4, 2000, the day after his first debate with Bush.





Katharine Seelye, right, and her New York Times dispatch from December 1, 1999, below.

POLITICS

Ceci Connolly

First 'Love Story,' Now Love Canal

[illegible]al to the list of verbal
[illegible]eps by **Vice President Gore.**
The man who mistakenly claimed to
[illegible]ired the movie "Love Story" and to
[illegible]ented the Internet says he didn't quite
say he discovered a toxic waste site
said at a high school forum Tuesday in
[illegible]mpshire: "I found a little place in upstate
[illegible]rk called Love Canal."
went on to brag about holding the
[illegible] the one
[illegible]rted it all.
[illegible] presidential

und papers issued
aid that he pledged to "
ertain that America stays o
path to be debt-free by 2015," bu
did not say that
Late
the day, Mr. Gore,
some embarrassment t
ear when he took credit for t
development of the Internet, said
was the one who had first draw
attention to the toxic contaminatio
of Love Canal. He was telling a
school audience that each person can
make a difference in the world and
he recalled a child writing to him
when he was in Congress about a
hazardous-waste site in Tennessee.
He then added: "I found a little
place in upstate New York called
Love Canal. I had the first hearing on
that issue and Toone, Tenn.," he said.
"But I was the one that started it all.
[illegible] all happened because one
[illegible]
Mr. Gore held Congressional
ings on the matter
But

Ceci Connolly, above, and her December 2, 1999, Washington Post article.



PRINCESS RIDE

Rising star Amy Adams enjoys the view from a 1960 Cadillac convertible in Beverly Hills.

WILD

Looks like the year of the redhead:
her name is Amy Adams,
and she's in a hard-to-ignore lineup, starting
with November's fantasy *Enchanted*,
opposite Patrick Dempsey.
KRISTA SMITH checks out the girl from
Castle Rock, Colorado



ABOUT AMY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN JEAN ROY • STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE

Amy Adams has moved up the Hollywood food chain at lightning speed. Gone are the days of *Cruel Intentions 2* and episodic television, thanks to her breakout opposite Leonardo DiCaprio in *Catch Me if You Can* (2002). In 2005 she received an Oscar nomination, in the best-supporting-actress category, for her performance in *Junebug* as a naïve southern girl obsessed with her sophisticated sister-in-law. "It was pretty surreal bringing my couture Carolina Herrera dress into my apartment and not wanting it to touch any of my grubby stuff," she remembers. "I felt like the little kid that was allowed to sit at the big kids' table on Thanksgiving." This November the 33-year-old stars as Princess Giselle in the Disney fantasy *Enchanted,* opposite Patrick (McDreamy) Dempsey. Then, in December, she plays Tom Hanks's devoted "congressional administrative aide" in Mike Nichols's *Charlie Wilson's War.* Next year she pairs up with Frances McDormand in *Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day* and Emily Blunt in *Sunshine Cleaning,* then joins Meryl Streep and Philip Seymour Hoffman in the film version of John Patrick Shanley's Tony- and Pulitzer-winning play, *Doubt.* Not bad for a girl from Castle Rock, Colorado, who honed her chops in community theater. One of seven children raised in a Mormon household, Amy, born right in the middle, discovered her love of performing through her father. "My dad was a singer in nightclubs," she says. "He would write us musicals and stuff to sing at the school talent show. You can imagine, we were *very* popular. There's a picture of me in velvet knickers with bowl-cut bangs." Adams was discovered in a Minnesota dinner-theater production of *Brigadoon,* and cast in *Drop Dead Gorgeous* (1999). After that, she made the actor pilgrimage to Los Angeles. Now her career looks set to follow the arc traced by other famous redheads of the silver screen. Like them, she has the rare ability to play comedy and drama without ever letting the audience see her work. —KRISTA SMITH

FOR OUTTAKES FROM NORMAN JEAN ROY'S AMY ADAMS PHOTO SHOOT, GO TO **VF.COM.**



ADAMS WAS DISCOVERED IN A MINNESOTA DINNER-THEATER PRODUCTION OF "BRIGADOON."



REDHEAD ALERT

On being nominated for an Oscar, in 2005, Adams says, "I felt like the little kid that was allowed to sit at the big kids' table."



In 1950, General Douglas MacArthur was hell-bent on chasing the retreating North Koreans to the Chinese border. Nothing would stop him—not orders from Washington, not intelligence reports that Mao's troops were building up in the area. Which is how hundreds of Americans got slaughtered at Unsan, one of the worst defeats of the Korean War. In an excerpt from his new, and final, book, DAVID HALBERSTAM weaves the tale of hubris, deception, and death

MACARTHUR'S G



DRIVING FORWARD

General Douglas MacArthur in Seoul, South Korea, 1950. During the time he commanded there he never spent a night in the country, preferring to return to his headquarters in Japan.

RAND DELUSION

On October 20, 1950, the word was out: there was going to be a victory parade in Tokyo, and the U.S. First Cavalry Division (or Cav, as it was nicknamed)—because it had fought so well for so long, becoming the first to enter the North Korean capital of Pyongyang, and also because it was a favorite of General Douglas MacArthur's—was going to lead it. The word coming down was that they had better be prepared to look parade-ground sharp, not battlefield grizzled: you couldn't, after all, march down the Ginza in filthy uniforms and filthy helmets. The men of the Cav were planning to strut a bit when they passed MacArthur's headquarters in the Dai Ichi Building. They deserved to strut a bit.

The mood in general among the American troops in Pyongyang just then was a combination of optimism and sheer exhaustion, emotional as well as physical. The Korean War had begun in June, when Soviet-allied North Korea invaded American-allied South Korea. The Communists wanted to re-unite the country, partitioned since the Japanese surrender, under North Korean prime minister Kim Il Sung. During the first phase of the war, they had gained victory after victory over weak and ill-prepared American and South Korean forces. But then more and better American troops arrived, and in September, MacArthur had pulled off a brilliant stroke at Inchon, landing his forces behind the North Korean lines to retake the South Korean capital of Seoul. With that, the North Korean forces had unraveled. That had been a great success for MacArthur, perhaps the greatest triumph of a storied career, all the more so because he had pulled it off against the opposition of much of Washington.

Now betting pools were being set up among the soldiers in Pyongyang on when they would ship out. For some of the newest men, the replacements, who had only heard tales about how hard the fighting had been from the Pusan Perimeter, in southeast Korea, to Pyongyang, there was relief that the worst of it was past. A young lieutenant named Ben Boyd, from Claremore, Oklahoma, who had joined the Cav in Pyongyang, was given a platoon in Baker Company of the First Battalion. Boyd, who had graduated from West Point only four years before, wanted this command badly, but he was made nervous by its recent history. "Lieutenant, do you know who you are in terms of this platoon?" one of the senior officers had asked. No, Boyd answered. "Well, Lieuten
just so you don't get too cocky, you're the 13th platoon leader
unit has had since it's been in Korea." Boyd suddenly decide
didn't feel cocky at all.

The mood was so optimistic that Bob Hope was holdi
show in Pyongyang for the troops. Now, that was really so
thing: the famous comedian, who had done show after show
the troops in World War II, telling his jokes in the North Ko
capital. That night many of the men in the Cav gathered to l
Hope, and then, the next morning, they set out for a place
north of them called Unsan, to protect a South Korean, or R
unit, led by General Paik San Yup, which was under fire. Su
all they would have to do was clean up a small mess, the kind t
believed South Korean soldiers were always getting into.

When they headed off, they were not particularly well
pared. Yes, they had gotten some of their ammo back, but th
had been the question of uniforms. Should they take the ones t
would wear on parade in Tokyo or winter clothes? Somehow,
choice was made for the dressier ones, even though the Kor
winter—and this was to be one of the coldest in a hundred yea
was fast approaching. And there was their mood: a sense on
part of officers as well as troops, even as they headed for ar
perilously close to the Yalu River, the border between Korea a
Chinese Manchuria, that they were out of harm's way. Many
them knew a little about the big meeting that had just occur
on Wake Island, between President Harry Truman and Gene
MacArthur, and the word filtering down was that MacArthur h
promised to give Washington back an entire American divisi
then being used in Korea and ticket it for Europe.

MacArthur himself had shown up in Pyongyang right after t
First Cav arrived there. "Any celebrities here to greet me?" he h
asked when he stepped off his plane. "Where is Kim Buck Tooth
he joked, in mocking reference to Kim Il Sung, who was seemi
ly defeated. Then he asked anyone in the Cav who had been w
the unit from the beginning to step forward. Of the roughly 2
men assembled, only 4 took that step; each had been wounded
some point. Then MacArthur got on his plane for the flight ba
to Tokyo. He did not spend the night in Korea; in fact, he d
not spend the night there during the entire time he commande

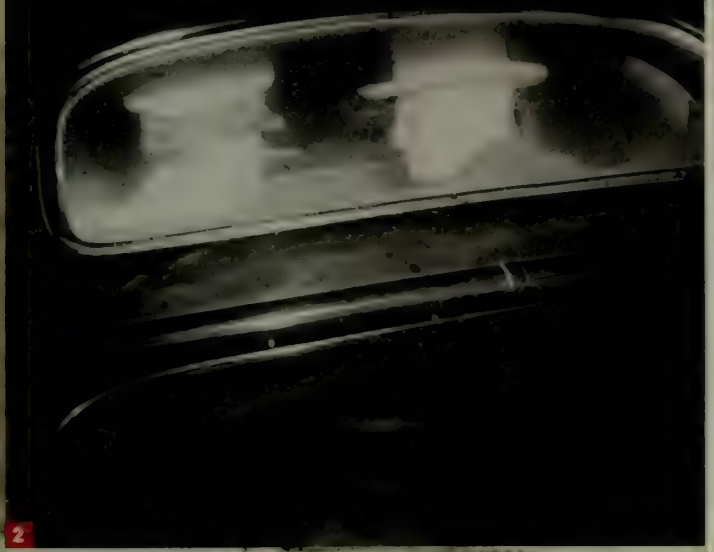
As MacArthur headed back to Tokyo, it was becoming incre
ingly clear to some officials in Washington that he was planni
to send his troops farther and farther north. They were encount
ing very little resistance at that point, and the North Koreans h
been in full flight, so he was stretching his orders, which in this ca
were much fuzzier than they should have been. A prohibition issue
by the Joint Chiefs themselves against sending American troo
to any province bordering China seemed not to slow MacArth

THE ONLY ORDERS MACARTHUR HAD EVE

down at all. There was no real surprise in that: the only orders Dou
las MacArthur had ever followed, it was believed, were his own. H
had told the president at Wake Island that the Chinese would *n*
enter the war. Besides, if they did, he had already boasted of his abilit
to turn their appearance into one of the great military slaughters i
history. To MacArthur and the men on his staff, wonderfully remove
from the Alaska-like temperatures and Alaska-like topography of thi
desolate part of the world, these were to be the final moments o
the great victory march north that had begun with the seaborne In
chon landing. But the general's confidence about what the vast Ch

Excerpted from *The Coldest Winter: America and the Korean War,* by David Halberstam, published this month by Hyperion; © 2007 by the Amateurs, Ltd.





2



3



4

CHAIN OF COMMAND

(1) The U.S. 27th Infantry Regiment, 25th Division, heads north for the 38th parallel, September 29, 1950. (2) General MacArthur and President Truman at Wake Island, October 15, 1950. (3) Truman and MacArthur at Wake Island. MacArthur promised to take a full division out of Korea by Christmas. (4) Overlooked by portraits of Joseph Stalin and North Korean premier Kim Il Sung, North Koreans watch as U.N. troops occupy Pyongyang, October 23, 1950. (5) MacArthur and his generals before the landing at Inchon, September 1950.

OLLOWED WERE HIS OWN.

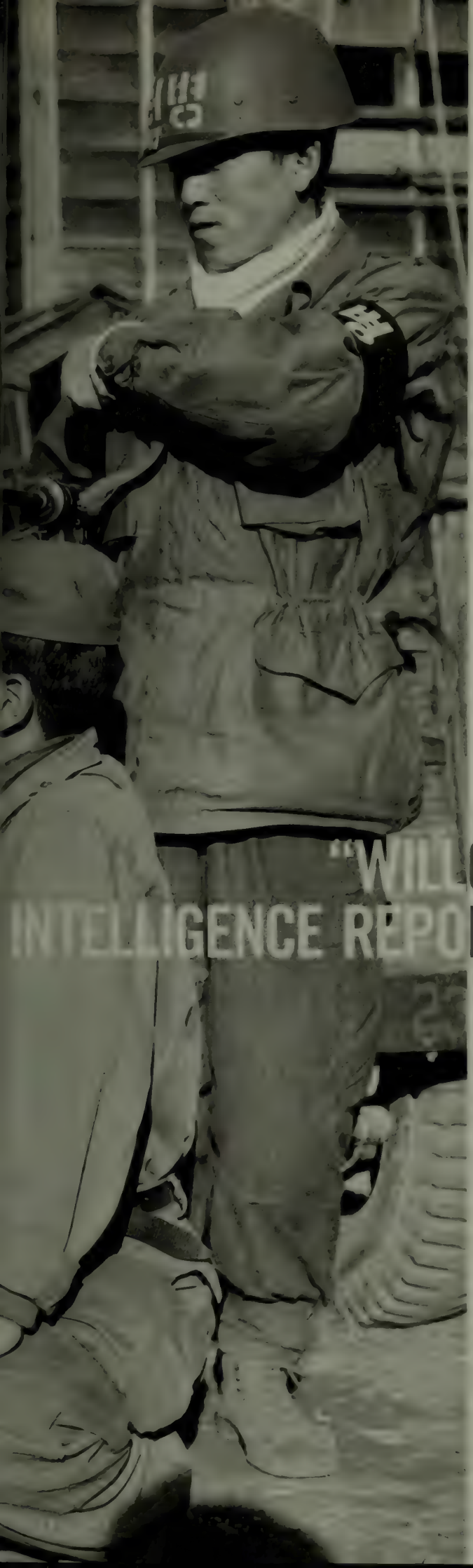


5

STATE OF DENIAL

A Marine sergeant interrogates a Chinese prisoner with the help of a South Korean interpreter, November 17, 1950.





nese armies poised just beyond the Yalu River would not do was far greater than that of the top officials of the Truman administration.

No less nervous were some of the men and officers who were leading the drive north. Colonel Percy Thompson, G-2 (or intelligence officer) for First Corps, under which the Cav operated, had good reason to be uneasy. His early intelligence reads were quite accurate: the Chinese were *already* in the country, waiting patiently. They knew the difficulty of the march north would make their own job easier. "On to the Yalu," General Paik's ROK soldiers had shouted in late October, "on to the Yalu!" But soon after, on October 25, the Chinese struck in force. It was like suddenly hitting a brick wall, Paik later wrote. At first the ROK commanders had no idea what had happened. Paik's 15th Regiment came to a complete halt under a withering barrage of mortar fire, after which the 12th Regiment, on its left, was hammered, and then his 11th Regiment, the division reserve, was hit on its flank and attacked from the rear. The enemy was clearly fighting with great skill. Paik thought it must have been the Chinese who had ambushed them. He reacted by reflex, immediately pulling the division back to the village of Unsan, thereby saving most of his men. It was, he later said, like a scene from an American Western, when the white folks, hit by Indians and badly outnumbered, circled the wagons.

On the first day of battle, some troops from the 15th Regiment had brought in a prisoner. Paik did the interrogation himself. The prisoner was about 35 and wore a thick, quilted, reversible winter uniform, khaki on one side, white on the other. It was, Paik wrote, "a simple but effective way to facilitate camouflage in snowy terrain." The prisoner also wore a cap, thick and heavy, with earmuffs of a sort they would soon become all too familiar with, and rubber sneakers. He was low-key and surprisingly forthcoming in the interrogation: he was a regular soldier in the Chinese Communist Army, from Guangdong Province. He told Paik in passing that there were tens of thousands of Chinese in the nearby mountains. The entire First ROK Division might be trapped.

"WILLOUGHBY FALSIFIED THE INTELLIGENCE REPORTS. . . . HE SHOULD HAVE GONE TO JAIL."

Paik immediately called his corps commander, General Frank "Shrimp" Milburn, and took the prisoner back to Milburn's headquarters. This time Milburn did the interrogating while Paik interpreted. It went, he later wrote, like this:

"Where are you from?"

"I'm from South China."

"What's your unit?"

"The 39th Army."

"What fighting have you done?"

"I fought in the Hainan Island battle [in the Chinese civil war]."

"Are you a Korean resident of China?"

"No, I'm Chinese."

Milburn immediately reported the new intelligence to Eighth Army headquarters. From there, it was sent on to Major General Charles A. Willoughby, Douglas MacArthur's key intelligence chief, a man dedi-

cated to the proposition that there were no Chinese in Korea, and that they were not going to come in, at least not in numbers large enough to matter. That was what his commander believed, and MacArthur's was the kind of headquarters where the G-2's job was first and foremost to prove that the commander was always right. The drive north to the Yalu, involving a limited number of American, South Korean, and other U.N. troops spread far too thinly over a vast expanse of mountain range, was premised on the idea of Chinese abstinence. If MacArthur's headquarters suddenly started reporting contact with significant Chinese forces, Washington, which had been watching passively from the sidelines, might bestir itself and demand a major role in the war. That was most decidedly not what MacArthur wanted, and what MacArthur wanted was what Willoughby always made come true in his intelligence estimates.

When the first reports about Chinese forces massing north of the Yalu had come in, Willoughby was typically dismissive. "Probably in the category of diplomatic blackmail," he reported. Now, with the first Chinese prisoner captured, an unusually talkative one at that, the word soon came back from Willoughby's headquarters: the prisoner was a Korean resident of China, who had volunteered to fight. The conclusion was bizarre, and it was deliberately aimed at minimizing the prisoner's significance.

In the coming weeks, American or ROK forces repeatedly took Chinese prisoners who identified their units and confirmed that they had crossed the Yalu with large numbers of their compatriots. Again and again, Willoughby downplayed the field intelligence. Thus the men of the Eighth Cavalry Regiment were convinced, as they moved from Pyongyang to Unsan to rescue Paik's ROK units, that they were pursuing the last ragtag remnants of the North Korean Army and would soon reach the Yalu itself and, if at all possible, piss in it as a personal symbol of triumph.

Know Your Enemy

Of the many professional sins of which Douglas MacArthur was guilty in that moment, including hubris and vanity, none was greater than his complete underestimation of the enemy. As Bruce Cumings, a historian of the Korean War, noted, Asians in MacArthur's mind were "obedient, dutiful, childlike, and quick to follow resolute leadership." MacArthur's China had not been touched by the Communist revolution. He seemed not to care how and why Mao had come to power, and had little interest in the forces that the revolution had unleashed. He seemed to believe that the Communists' victory in the civil war had little larger meaning. As a military force the Communists were "grossly overrated," he had told congressional representatives in September 1949, a month before Mao proclaimed his government. The way to beat them, he had said at the time, was to hit them "where they are weakest, namely in the air and on the sea." All you had to do, he added, was place "500 fighter planes, under the command of some old war horse similar to ["Flying Tigers" commander] General Chennault." MacArthur had used his airpower skillfully in his campaign in the Pacific against the Japanese, as a kind of long-distance artillery, and he seemed to believe that he would be able to use it much the same way against the Chinese.

Like many a general before him, MacArthur believed one war would be much the same as the next—even if it was against an entirely different enemy—so he failed to grasp the differences between the two great Asian armies fighting in two very different war
World War II, the Japanese had fielded a traditional army, figh
a conventional war, vulnerable not because of the limits of the
dividual soldiers' abilities, but because of the limitations of
country's industrial base. The Chinese, by contrast, were the lea
dustrialized of major nations, understood their vulnerabilitie
too well, and adjusted their tactics accordingly in Korea. Their
ity to shift vast forces without detection—moving some of their
isions up to 15 miles at night without a single cigarette's b
smoked, then burrowing into handmade caves during the d
caught MacArthur and his immediate staff completely by surp

The year before, when Lei Yingfu, the Chinese military adv
had given Mao his briefing on MacArthur's likely assault o
chon, the Chinese leader peppered him with questions not
about the general's tactics in the past, but about his personalit
well. He was, Lei answered, "famous for his arrogance and
stubbornness." That intrigued Mao. "Fine! Fine!" he said. "
more arrogant and more stubborn he is the better." "An arro
enemy," he added, "is easy to defeat."

The General's Court

To Joseph Alsop, a nominally sympathetic columnist,
manner of MacArthur's staff in the Tokyo years seer
like nothing so much as what Alsop had read of the c
of Louis XIV. The Dai Ichi Building, which housed
he wrote, "was proof of the basic rule of armies at v
the farther one gets from the front, the more laggar
toadies and fools one encounters." No one had more toadies
sycophants than MacArthur, and their tone with him "was alm
wholly simpering and reverential, and I have always held the v
that this sycophancy was what tripped him up in the end."

At the start of the Korean War, a disproportionate num
of his top men had been with MacArthur since the late 193
It was the most exclusionary of groups: anyone who was not
insider was suspect. If he smiled, they smiled; if he frown
they frowned. If things worked out well, it was because he wa
great man; if not, it was because of sworn enemies in Washi
ton. He had "surrounded himself," the historian William Stue
wrote in a particularly apt phrase, with men "who would not
turb the dreamworld of self-worship in which he chose to liv

Never would the weakness of his staff come back to haunt h

"YOU COULD ALMOST SEE IT COMING, THOS

as in Korea, especially with regard to Charles A. Willoughby. I
was not just MacArthur's principal personal intelligence man,
was the only intelligence man who mattered in Korea. Most co
manders wanted as many good sources of information as possib
MacArthur was focused on limiting and controlling the sources
intelligence. His desire was to have no dissenting or even alterr
tive voices on his watch. It was always important to him that h
intelligence reports blend seamlessly with what he had intended
do in the first place. In MacArthur's view, professional and unb
ased intelligence estimates of the kind generated by the C.I.
might have prevented him from doing what he wanted most: ma
ing the final drive to the Yalu. But only after Willoughby's great a
catastrophic failure on the whereabouts and intentions of China
armies would the C.I.A. finally be allowed into the region.

Willoughby was a Prussian-born man of the far right, "all id
ology and almost never any facts," in the words of Frank Wisne





NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH

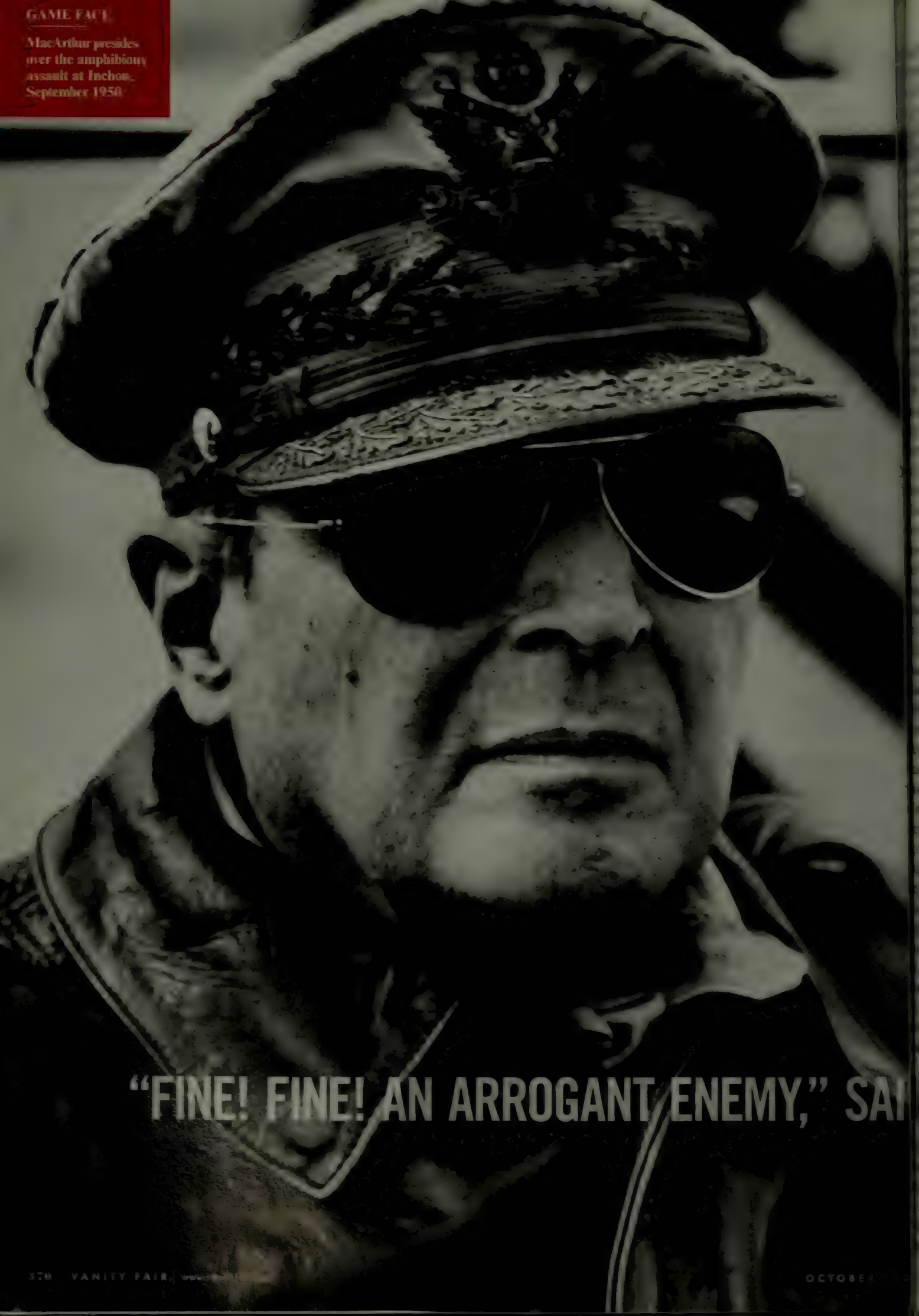
(1) Men of the First Cavalry Division make their way across the Taedong River, near Pyongyang, October 27, 1950. (2) Aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri* as it traveled toward Chinese waters, October 21, 1950. (3) Comedian Bob Hope with U.S. Marines of the First Division, in Wonsan, South Korea, October 26, 1950. (4) Chinese troops captured in North Korea, November 4, 1950. (5) Major General Charles A. Willoughby, MacArthur's intelligence chief in Korea, testifies before the Senate, August 9, 1951.





OUNG MEN MOVING INTO THAT AWFUL TRAP"





GAME FACE

MacArthur presides over the amphibious assault at Inchon, September 1950.

"FINE! FINE! AN ARROGANT ENEMY," SAI

head of the C.I.A.'s Directorate of Plans. Willoughby's great
—other than MacArthur—was the Spanish dictator Francisco
nco, a true Fascist who had been supported by the Nazis in his
e to power in the 1930s and who then tilted to the Germans
ng World War II. The higher Willoughby rose, the more Prus-
he became. On occasion, he even wore a monocle, although,
ne fellow officer put it, he was more like Erich von Stroheim,
movie director, than Karl von Rundstedt, the head of the
rld War II German General Staff.

pparently he had come to America from Heidelberg, Germany,
n 18-year-old in 1910 and entered the army as Adolf Charles
denbach. In three years he made sergeant, then left the army,
t to Gettysburg College, did some graduate studies at the Uni-
ity of Kansas, and taught languages at girls' schools in the Mid-
t. He re-entered the army in 1916, served on the Mexican border,
eventually went to France, but did not see combat. After the
, he served for a time as military attaché in Venezuela, Colom-
and Ecuador. Eventually he became a self-styled military his-
an and intelligence officer. Somehow in the mid-1930s, while he
teaching at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a place where the army
its most promising mid-career officers for extra training, he con-
ted with MacArthur, and in 1940 he joined the general in the
lippines, soon becoming the intelligence expert on his staff.

The intensity of Willoughby's ideological biases made even oth-
on the MacArthur staff uneasy, and he was despised by a vast
nber of other men in the command. "I was always afraid he
uld be found murdered one day, because if he was, I was sure
they would come and arrest me, because I hated him so much,
had been so outspoken about him," Lieutenant General Wil-
n J. McCaffrey, deputy chief of staff of 10th Corps, once said.
n the internal staff struggles over the future of Japanese de-
cracy, Willoughby was an unusually passionate player, trying to
headquarters of the New Deal liberals whom he tended to see
ellow travelers or Communists. He was also always on the alert
any journalistic transgression against either the occupation or
cArthur personally. "Willoughby was absolutely convinced that
ause I was doing a good deal of original reporting on those di-
ons, reporting what neither he nor MacArthur liked, that I was
ommunist," said Joseph Fromm, of *U.S. News & World Report.*
emember one day he called me for a special one-on-one meet-
and it was a truly crazed scene. All he wanted to do was talk
ut Lenin and Marx, man-to-man, like we both knew what the
ne was, he the anti-Communist and the man of the law and me,
is mind, the Communist, and thus the outlaw, and we would
equals in this sparring, sophisticates about it, men of the world,
in the end his view of Communism would trump mine." Years
r, Fromm got hold of his security file through the Freedom of
ormation Act. What stunned him was the amount of garbage
about him, all of it collected by Willoughby and his people in
G-2 section, reams and reams of it, much of it incredibly inac-
ate, "the kind of thing that could ruin a person's career if it was

racist, and anti-Semitic articles. When Eisenhower was about to get the Republican nomination in 1952, Willoughby told MacArthur that this proved the Republicans were part of a "clever conspiratorial move to perpetuate the vampire hold of the Roosevelt-Truman mechanism."

That was the intellectual prism through which all critical intelligence on Korea would pass in Tokyo, but the key to the importance of Willoughby was not his own self-evident inadequacies; it was that he represented the deepest kind of psychological weakness in the talented, flawed man he served—the need to have someone who agreed with him at all times and flattered him constantly. "MacArthur did not *want* the Chinese to enter the war in Korea. Anything MacArthur wanted, Willoughby produced intelligence for.... In this case Willoughby falsified the intelligence reports.... He should have gone to jail," said Lieutenant Colonel John Chiles, 10th Corps G-3, or chief of operations.

Rout at Unsan

The men of the Eighth Regiment of the First Cavalry Division reached Unsan without difficulty. Sergeant Herbert "Pappy" Miller had taken the news philosophically that they were to leave Pyongyang and head north to Unsan to steady the ROKs. Miller was an assistant platoon sergeant with Love Company of the Third Battalion of the Eighth Cav. He might have liked a few more days in Pyongyang, but these were orders and that was the business they were in, plugging holes. He had never understood why the brass had thought the ROKs could lead the way north in the first place. Miller wasn't worried about the Chinese coming in. What worried him was the cold, because they were still in summer-weight uniforms. Back at Pyongyang they had been told that winter clothes were on their way, already in the trucks, and supposed to arrive the next day, or the one after that. They had been hearing that for several days, but no winter uniforms had arrived.

Miller was from the small town of Pulaski, in upstate New York. He had served with the 42nd Division in World War II, gone back to Pulaski, found little in the way of decent employment, and rejoined the army in 1947. He was part of the Seventh Regiment of the Third Infantry Division, which had been detached and assigned to the First Cavalry, and he had only six months to go on a three-year enlistment when he was ordered to Korea in July 1950. In World War II, he thought everything had always been done right, but in Korea, damn near everything was done wrong. He and his company had almost immediately been rushed to the front line near the village and key juncture of Taejon, and had been thrown into the line that first day. He had been through everything ever since, which was why his men called him Pappy, though he was only 24 years old.

On the day they reached Unsan, Miller took a patrol about five miles north of their base, and they came upon an old farmer, who told them that there were thousands of Chinese in the

AO OF MacARTHUR, "IS EASY TO DEFEAT."

en seriously. What it told about the man who was in charge of
ecting it, the waste of time involved, and the inability of that
dquarters to deal with reality, was staggering."

Later, after MacArthur had been relieved of his command,
loughby surfaced with major connections to the extreme right
g in the United States, and began writing ever more virulent,

area, many of whom had arrived on horseback. There was a simplicity and a conviction to the old man that made Miller almost sure he was telling the truth. So he brought him back to his headquarters. But no one at battalion headquarters seemed very interested. Chinese? Thousands and thousands of Chinese? No one had seen any Chinese. On horseback? That was absurd. So

nothing came of it. Well, Miller thought, they were the intelligence experts. They ought to know.

On the afternoon of November 1, Major General Hobart R. "Hap" Gay, the First Cav division commander, was in his command post with General Charles Palmer, his artillery commander, when a radio report from an observer in an L-5 spotter plane caught their attention: "This is the strangest sight I have ever seen. There are two large columns of enemy infantry moving southeast over the trails in the vicinity of Myongdang-dong and Yonghung-dong. Our shells are landing right in their columns and they keep coming." Those were two tiny villages five or six air miles from Unsan. Palmer immediately ordered additional artillery units to start firing, and Gay nervously called First Corps, requesting permission to pull the entire Eighth Cav several miles south of Unsan. His request was denied.

About 1:30 in the morning of November 2, it all exploded. The Chinese hit the Third Battalion of the Eighth Cav. One moment the battalion headquarters was a center of American military activity; the next, it had been completely overrun and was filled with Chinese. At the same time, about 350 yards away, the Chinese hit Love Company and overran it. Pappy Miller was wounded and captured and would spend two years as a P.O.W., during which time he was tortured.

Of the Eighth Cav, when it was all over, there were some 800 casualties among the estimated 2,400 men in the regiment; of the ill-fated men of the Third Battalion, 800 strong when the battle began, only an estimated 200 made it out. It was the worst defeat of the Korean War thus far, doubly painful because it had taken place after four months of battle, when, it seemed, the tide had finally turned, when victory was in sight, and it had been inflicted on a much-admired American unit.

Intelligence Designs

Willoughby did all he could to minimize the overwhelming evidence that the Chinese had been the ones who struck the ROKs and the Eighth Cavalry near Unsan. A good many men who fought there came to believe that his refusal to act quickly on the evidence presented by the first captured Chinese prisoners and his unwillingness to add a serious note of caution to his intelligence briefings were directly responsible for the devastation inflicted on not just the Cav at Unsan but upon the Eighth Army soon after, for the loss of so many buddies, and, in some cases, for their own long tours in Chinese and Korean prisons. To them, what he represented came perilously close to evil, someone who blustered about the dangers of Communism and the Chinese, but then ended up making their work so much easier by setting the U.N. forces up for that great ambush. He was, thought Bill Train, a bright, young, low-level G-3 (or operations) staff officer who fought against Willoughby's certitudes in those critical weeks, "a four-flusher—someone who made it seem like he knew what he was doing—but in the end what he produced was absolutely worthless; there was nothing there at all. Nothing. He got everything wrong! Everything! What he was doing in those days was fighting against the truth, trying to keep it from going from lower levels to higher ones, where it would have to be acted on."

The importance and value of a good, independent intelligence man in wartime can hardly be overemphasized. A great intelligence officer studies the unknown and works in the darkness, trying to see the shape of future events. He covers the sensitive ground where prejudice, or instinctive cultural bias, meets reality, and he must stand for reality, even if it means standing virtually alone. Great intelligence officers often have the melancholy job of telling their superiors things they don't want to hear. A great intelligence officer tries to make the unknown at least partially knowable; he tries to think like his enemy, and he listens carefully to those with whom he disagrees, simply because he knows that he has to challenge his own value system in order to understand the nature and impulse of the other side.

In all ways, Charles Willoughby not only failed to fit this role, but was the very opposite of it. He would have been considered a buffoon, thought Carleton Swift, then a 31-year-old intelligence officer, if the impact of his acts had not been so deadly serious. Swift, a C.I.A. man (who had come out of the Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner of the C.I.A.), operated with State Department cover as a consul in the U.S. Embassy in Seoul and so was beyond Willoughby's reach. "There was an arrogance to Willoughby that was completely different from the uncertainty—the cautiousness—you associate with good intelligence men," he recalled. "It was as if he was always right, had always been right. Certitude after certitude poured out of him." Swift had been in Kunming during the Chinese civil war and had come away with a healthy respect for the military abilities of the Communists. He still had some good sources in China, and in dealing with your sources in those days, he believed, it was all about instinct and trust. He knew that the Chinese were gathering along the Yalu in huge numbers, and that their leadership had said they were going to enter the war. Best to take those promises seriously—especially since everything he picked up from his agents indicated that they were going ahead with their plans to enter the war. But Swift knew something else as well. "None of this was going to affect Will[oughby]. The Chinese were not going to [get] in. He knew it. And he was never wr[ong]

In fact, Willoughby was not only sto[pping] the combat-level intelligence mach[ine] from sending its best and most conse[quen]tial material to the top in Korea, he was blocking other sources of intelligence [and] keeping a careful eye on the small, [but] bones C.I.A. operation that in 1950 ex[isted] in Tokyo. It was being run by a man na[med] William Duggan, an intelligence oper[ative] who had worked previously in Eur[ope]. From late September well into Oct[ober] Duggan was receiving some exception[al] formation from his colleagues in Taiwa[n] what the Chinese Communist Army [was] up to. Some of the old Nationalist u[nits] now incorporated into the People's Lib[era]tion Army, still had their radios. Somet[imes] they would manage to slip away at n[ight] and make contact with Taiwan to desc[ribe] where they were and what they were d[oing]. The messages all had a theme: we ar[e] heading north to the Manchurian bor[der]. the field-level officers believe the deci[sion] has already been made to cross the Yal[u]. young C.I.A. operative on Taiwan na[med] Bob Myers was also picking up these [re]ports from some of the Nationalists he [was] working with and passing them on to [his] superiors, and he knew that they [had] reached Duggan in Japan. What he did [not] learn until later was that Willoughby found out about this and had threatene[d] close down Duggan's tiny shop and [get] him out of Japan unless he stopped tr[ying] to notify anyone higher up about the in[tel]ligence he had.

Meanwhile, within the Eighth Ar[my] a fierce bureaucratic battle over the in[tel]ligence was taking place. The unfortun[ate] man caught between Willoughby above [and] the growing doubts among intelligence [men] working on the ground in North Korea [was] the Eighth Army's G-2, Clint Tarkent[on]. "He was a Willoughby man ... and y[ou] must not underestimate the importance [of] that. You must remember the enormo[us] power that Willoughby had in that over[all] command structure," said Bill Train, [a] young officer in the First Cav's G-3 shop, w[ho] was convinced that the Chinese had ente[red] the country in force, and that a major tr[ag]edy was in the making. "It was MacArthu[r's] command, not a U.S. Army command, a[nd] if you crossed Willoughby it was not jus[t a] ticket out of there, it was probably a tic[ket] straight out of your career." So Tarkent[on] followed the line from Tokyo that, as W[ill]oughby had reported in an intelligen[ce] estimate on October 28, three days af[ter] the capture of the first Chinese prisoner [in] the Unsan area, "the auspicious time f[or] such intervention has long since passed;

ifficult to believe that such a move, if nned, would have been postponed to a e when remnant NK forces have been re-ed to a low point of effectiveness."

rain, however, was quite alarmed about t had happened at Unsan. Technically, lligence was not even Train's area, but could you do plans as a G-3 if you did know who or where the enemy was? He been pulled into some of the intelligence k because the G-2 section was short-ded. Now he saw undeniable evidence of t appeared to be a large-scale Chinese y into the war. It was not something you scoffed at, as Willoughby's shop doing; it was something that sent a chill ough you and made you want to come up even more information.

But whatever they came up with in terms he Chinese presence, Willoughby had answer for. If the ROKs reported killing Chinese during a battle, and the bodies e still on the battlefield, then the answer ne back that it was all just an Oriental of saving face, that the ROKs had fought oorly they had to claim a certain num-of dead Chinese as a matter of pride. If in came up with evidence that seemed to nt to the presence of five or six Chinese isions in a given area, the answer was in-iably that these were different, smaller ts from different Chinese divisions, now ched to a North Korean unit.

A Deadly Discrepancy

On October 30, after the attack at Unsan, Everett Drumright, in the Seoul bassy, reflecting the G-2 position quite cisely, cabled State that two regiments' th of Chinese, perhaps 3,000 men, were bably engaged in the North. That was honest attempt to answer what was the ning question of the moment for his su-iors. The next day he cabled again, giv-a smaller figure of only 2,000 Chinese ops. By November 1, after lower-level rrogators showed that there were troops e from several different Chinese armies, kenton, following the Willoughby line, that it was because smaller units from se armies but not the full armies them-es had showed up.

On November 3, as the reality of Un-gradually set in, Willoughby upped figures slightly. Yes, the Chinese were e in country, minimally 16,500 of them, maximum 34,000. On November 6, kenton placed the total figure of Chinese ned against both the Eighth Army and h Corps at 27,000. In reality, the number country was already closer to 250,000, growing. On November 17, MacAr-r told Ambassador John Muccio that e were no more than 30,000 Chinese in country, while the next day Tarkenton ced the number at 48,000. On November 24, the day the major U.N. offensive to go to the Yalu kicked off—instead of sensing how large the Chinese presence was and getting into strong defensive positions—Willoughby placed the minimum number at 40,000, the maximum at 71,000. At the time there were 300,000 Chinese troops waiting patiently for the U.N. forces to come a little deeper into their trap. It was, as Train put it, "the saddest thing I was ever associated with because you could almost see it coming, almost know what happened was going to happen, those young men moving into that awful goddamn trap."

It was as if one vast part of the army, the part not commanded by Douglas MacArthur, knew that trouble was imminent as the other part kept moving forward. On Thanksgiving Day, General Al Gruenther visited Dwight Eisenhower, his old boss from Europe, at Eisenhower's residence at Columbia University, of which Eisenhower, biding his time for a run at the White House, was then president. Gruenther's oldest son, Dick, class of 1946 at West Point, had a company in the Seventh Division, some of whose men were very far north and headed for the Yalu. On November 17, four days before his senior officers reached the Yalu and pissed in it, Dick Gruenther (who had been sure they were already fighting the Chinese) was severely wounded in the stomach in one of the small battles that preceded the main Chinese offensive. Al Gruenther, Eisenhower's former chief of staff, had just finished a tour as director of the 100-man Joint Chiefs staff, which meant that he was aware of all the warning signals that MacArthur was now ignoring.

At first General Eisenhower's 28-year-old son John thought it odd that Gruenther was there for Thanksgiving, because Gruenther had a family of his own. But later he decided that Gruenther was there because Eisenhower was still the man you talked to—he

SKETCHBOOK BY EDWARD SOREL



Korea

had that special status—when something this serious was going wrong at so high a level. John remembered that a shadow hung over that Thanksgiving Day meal, something that he himself did not entirely understand. Gruenther had told his father that the American forces were simply too exposed and far too vulnerable. When Gruenther left, the general turned to his son and said, "I've never been so pessimistic about this war in my life." John was teaching at West Point at the time, and when he left his father's residence to drive back to the academy, he turned on the car radio and heard a report about how MacArthur was promising the war would be over by Christmas.

In late November, the Chinese and North Koreans launched a major offensive, driving the U.N. forces south and eventually taking back Seoul. General MacArthur was removed from command for insubordination by President Truman in April, causing an uproar in the U.S. The front line w shift back and forth until the conflict bec a stalemate in July, with the front eve ally settling around the 38th parallel. F negotiations began, but major combat erations, including large-scale bombing o North and its population, continued. In President-Elect Dwight Eisenhower, who pledged in his campaign to end the war ited Korea to assess the situation. On Jul 1953, a cease-fire agreement was reached that time 36,940 Americans had died about 92,000 had been wounded. □

Missing Iraq Billions



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 339 and unfrozen Iraqi funds. Few in Congress actually had any idea about the true nature of the C.P.A. as an institution. Lawmakers had never discussed the establishment of the C.P.A., much less authorized it—odd, given that the agency would be receiving taxpayer dollars. Confused members of Congress believed that the C.P.A. was a U.S. government agency, which it was not, or that at the very least it had been authorized by the United Nations, which it had not. One congressional funding measure makes reference to the C.P.A. as "an entity of the United States Government"—highly inaccurate. The same congressional measure states that the C.P.A. was "established pursuant to United Nations Security Council resolutions"—just as inaccurate. The bizarre truth, as a U.S. District Court judge would point out in an opinion, is that "no formal document . . . plainly establishes the C.P.A. or provides for its formation."

Accountable really to no one, its finances "off the books" for U.S. government purposes, the C.P.A. provided an unprecedented opportunity for fraud, waste, and corruption involving American government officials, American contractors, renegade Iraqis, and many others. In its short life more than $23 billion would pass through its hands. And that didn't include potentially billions more in oil shipments the C.P.A. neglected to meter. At stake was an ocean of cash that would evaporate whenever the C.P.A. did. All parties understood that there was a sell-by date, and that it was everyone for himself. An Iraqi hospital administrator told *The Guardian* of England that, when he arrived to sign a contract, the army officer representing the C.P.A. had crossed out the original price and doubled it. "The American officer explained that the increase (more than $1 million) was his retirement package." Alan Grayson, a Washington, D.C., lawyer for whistle-blowers who have worked for American contractors in Iraq, says simply that during that first year under the C.P.A. the country was turned into "a free-fraud zone."

Bremer has expressed general satisfaction with the C.P.A.'s work while at the same time acknowledging that mistakes were made. "I believe the C.P.A. discharged its responsibilities to manage these Iraqi funds on behalf of the Iraqi people," he told a congressional committee. "With the benefit of hindsight, I would have made some decisions differently. But on the whole, I think we made great progress under some of the most difficult conditions imaginable, including putting Iraq on the path to democracy."

The Bottomless Vault

To be fair, the C.P.A. really did need money desperately, and it really did need to start spreading it among the traumatized Iraqi population. It also needed to jump-start Iraq's basic services. As the C.P.A. demanded ever greater amounts of cash, the pallets of $1, $5, and $10 bills were soon replaced by bundles of $100 bills. During the C.P.A.'s little more than a year of life, the New York Federal Reserve Bank made 21 shipments of currency to Iraq totaling $11,981,531,000. All told, the Fed would ship 281 million individual banknotes, in bricks weighing a total of 363 tons.

After arriving in Baghdad, some of the cash was shipped to outlying regions, but most of it stayed in the capital, where it was delivered to Iraqi banks, to installations such as Camp Victory, the mammoth U.S. Army facility adjacent to the Baghdad airport, and to Saddam's former presidential palace, in the Green Zone, which had become the home of Bremer's C.P.A. and the makeshift Iraqi government. At the palace the cash disappeared into a vault in the basement. Few people ever saw the vault, but the word was that during one short period it held as much as $3 bil Whatever the figure, it was a major repos of the banknotes from America during brief time the cash was under the care o C.P.A. The money flowed in and out rap When someone needed cash, a unit calle Program Review Board, composed of se C.P.A. officials, reviewed the request and cided whether to recommend a disbursem A military officer would then present that thorization to personnel at the vault.

Even those who picked up large sums ally did not actually see the vault. On disbursement had been made, the cash brought to an adjoining room for pickup. "secure room," as one military officer ca it, looked a lot like a vault itself: a thick m door at the entrance, with the room bey starkly furnished with only a table and ch The table would be piled high with cash. authorized officer would sign papers for money, then begin carting it upstairs—so times in sacks or metal boxes—to the I ministry or C.P.A. office that had reques it. Upon turning over the cash, the offi would be required to obtain a receipt—nc ing more.

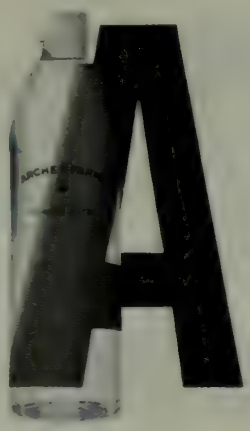
C.P.A. officials tried to keep a rough r ning tab on the amount disbursed to in vidual Iraqi agencies such as the Ministry Finance ($7.7 billion). But there was little tail, nothing specific, on how the money w actually used. The system basically opera on "trust and faith," as one former C.P. official put it. Once the cash passed into hands of the Iraqis or any other party, one knew where it went. The C.P.A. turn over $1.5 billion in cash to Iraqi banks, instance, but later auditors could accou for less than $500 million. The United N tions retained a team of auditors to look o American shoulders. They didn't see muc because they were largely cut off from acc while the C.P.A. held power. As a report the U.N.'s accounting consultant, KPM noted dryly, "We encountered difficulties performing our duties and meeting with k C.P.A. personnel."

"There was corruption everywhere," sa one former military officer who worked wi

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C.P.A. in Baghdad in the months after invasion. Some of the Iraqis who were put charge of ministries after Saddam's fall never run a government agency before. ir inexperience aside, he said, they lived constant fear of losing their jobs or their s. All many cared about, he added, was ing care of themselves. "You could see t a lot of them were trying their best to a quick retirement fund before they were ted or killed," he added. "You just get at you can while you're in that position of ver. Instead of trying to build the nation, build yourself."

Did any withdrawals from the vault pay secret activities by government personnel? an obvious possibility. Much of the cash clearly destined for American contractors raqi subcontractors. Sometimes the Iraqis ne to the palace to collect their cash; other es, when they were reluctant to show up at American compound, U.S. military pernel had to deliver it themselves. One of the ier jobs for some U.S. military men was to up a car with bags of cash and drive the ney to contractors in Baghdad neighborods, handing it over like a postal worker ivering mail.

"raud" was simply another word for "busiess as usual." Of 8,206 "guards" drawpaychecks courtesy of the C.P.A., only 602 rm bodies could in fact be found; the other 04 were ghost employees. Halliburton, the vernment contractor once headed by Vice sident Dick Cheney, charged the C.P.A. 42,000 daily meals for soldiers while in t serving only 14,000 of them. Cash was nded out from the backs of pickup trucks. one occasion a C.P.A. official received 75 million in cash with the expectation he uld shell it out in one week. Another time, the C.P.A. decided to spend $500 million on "security." No specifics, just a half-billion dollars for security, with this cryptic explanation: "Composition TBD"—that is, "to be determined."

The pervasiveness of this Why-should-I-care? attitude was driven home in an exchange with retired admiral David Oliver, the C.P.A.'s director of management and budget. Oliver was asked by a BBC reporter what had happened to all the cash airlifted to Baghdad:

Oliver: "I have no idea—I can't tell you whether or not the money went to the right things or didn't—nor do I actually think it's important."

Q: "Not important?"

Oliver: "No. The coalition—and I think it was between 300 and 600 people, civilians—and you want to bring in 3,000 auditors to make sure money's being spent?"

Q: "Yes, but the fact is that billions of dollars have disappeared without a trace."

Oliver: "Of their money. Billions of dollars of their money, yeah, I understand. I'm saying what difference does it make?"

The difference it made was that some American contractors correctly believed they could walk off with as much money as they could carry. The circumstances that surround the handling of comparatively small sums help explain the billions that ultimately vanished. In the south-central region of Iraq a contracting officer stored $2 million in a safe in his bathroom. One agent kept $678,000 in an unsecured footlocker. Another agent turned over some $23 million to his team of "paying agents" to deliver to contractors, but documentation could be found for only $6.3 million of it. One project officer received $350,000 to fund human-rights projects, but in the end could account for less than $200,000 of it. Two C.P.A. agents left Iraq without accounting for two payments of $715,000 and $777,000. The money has never been found.

To Frank Willis, a senior adviser to the Iraqi transportation ministry, the presence of so much cash circulating so freely gave the Green Zone a "Wild West" feel. A moderate Republican who worked for Reagan and voted for George W. Bush, Willis spent many years in executive roles in the State Department and the Department of Transportation before leaving government service in 1985. He was a top executive of a health institute in Oklahoma when, in 2003, an old friend from Washington called and asked if he would come to Iraq to help the C.P.A. get the various transportation systems running again.

"You've got to be crazy," Willis told him at first. He says he was talked into going for 30 days, but once in Baghdad became caught up in the work and stayed for six grueling months. Willis says he wasn't there a month before he felt the way things were being done was "terribly wrong." One afternoon he returned to his office to find piles and piles of shrink-wrapped $100 bills stacked on a table. "This just got wheelbarrowed in," one of his American colleagues explained. "What do you think of two million bucks?" The money had been "checked out" of Saddam's old vault in the basement, two floors below, in order to pay a U.S. contractor hired by the C.P.A. to provide security.

The neat bundles of cash looked almost like play money, and the temptation to handle them was irresistible. "We were all in the room passing those things around and having fun," Willis remembers. He and his colleagues played a game of football, tossing the bricks back and forth. "You could spin them but not throw a spiral," Willis says with

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Missing Iraq Billions

a laugh. When he called the American contractor to come get his money, Willis advised him, "You better bring a gunnysack."

"Integrity Is a Core Principle"

The American contractor needing the gunnysack was a company called Custer Battles. The name was derived not from Little Big Horn but from the names of the company's owners, Scott K. Custer and Michael J. Battles. Both were former army rangers in their mid-30s, and Battles also had once been a C.I.A. operative. The pair showed up on the streets of Baghdad with the blessing of the White House at invasion's end, looking for a way to do business. At the time, the only American civilians who could gain access to the city were those approved by President Bush's staff.

The Battles half of the team brought the White House access, secured when Michael Battles became the G.O.P.-backed candidate in the 2002 Rhode Island congressional primary for the privilege of losing to the Democratic incumbent, Patrick Kennedy. Battles not only lost the primary but was fined by the Federal Election Commission for misrepresenting campaign contributions. Nevertheless, he forged important political connections. His contributors included Haley Barbour, the longtime Washington power broker and former chairman of the Republican National Committee, who is now governor of Mississippi, and Frederic V. Malek, a former special assistant to President Nixon, who survived the Watergate scandal and went on to become an insider in the Reagan administration and both Bush administrations.

The C.P.A. awarded Custer and Battles one of its first no-bid contracts—$16.5 million to protect civilian aircraft flights, of which at the time there were few, into Baghdad International Airport. The company faced immediate obstacles: Custer and Battles didn't have any money, they didn't have a viable business, and they didn't have any employees. Bremer's C.P.A. had overlooked these shortcomings and forked over $2 million anyway, in cash, to get them started, simply ignoring long-standing requirements that the government certify that a contractor has the capacity to fulfill a contract. That first $2 million cash infusion was followed shortly by a second. Over the next year Custer Battles would secure more than $100 million in Iraq contracts. The company even set up an internal Office of Corporate Integrity. "Integrity is a core principle of Custer Battles' corporate values," Scott Custer stated in a press release.

The U.S. business community was impressed by this upstart. In May 2004, Ernst & Young, the global accounting firm, announced the finalists for its New England Entrepreneur of the Year Awards, honoring an ability "to innovate, develop, and cultivate groundbreaking business models, products, and services." Among the honorees were Scott Custer and Michael Battles.

Four months later, in September 2004, the air force issued an order barring Custer Battles from receiving any new government contracts until 2009. The company had come to epitomize the way business was done in Baghdad. Custer Battles had billed the government $400,000 for electricity that cost $74,000. It had billed $432,000 for a food order that cost $33,000. It had charged the C.P.A. for leased equipment that was stolen, and had submitted forged invoices for reimbursement—all the while moving millions of dollars into offshore bank accounts. In one instance, the company claimed ownership of forklifts used to tr
port the C.P.A.'s cash (among other thi
around the Baghdad airport. But up until
war the forklifts had been the property of I
Airways. They were "liberated," along with
Iraqi people, following hostilities. Custer
tles seized them, painted over the old na
and transferred ownership to its offshore b
nesses. The forklifts were then leased bac
Custer Battles for thousands of dolla
month, a cost that Custer Battles passed al
to the C.P.A. In 2006, a federal-court jury
Virginia ordered the company to pay $10
lion in damages and penalties for defraud
the government. The jury found more t
three dozen instances of fraud in which Cu
Battles used shell companies in the Cayn
Islands and elsewhere to manufacture ph
invoices and pad its bills. During the same
riod Battles personally withdrew $3 milli
from the company coffers as a kind of bonu
or, as he put it, "a draw." The jury decision
the whistle-blower lawsuit was subsequen
overturned when the trial judge set the verd
aside, pointing out that the C.P.A. was not
fact a U.S.-government entity and hence Cus
Battles could not be tried under the feder
fraud act. That decision is under appeal.

The NorthStar Contract

How can billions of dollars simply vanis
Wasn't there any accounting mech
nism in place to keep track of the money?

La Jolla, California, is about as far aw
from Iraq in both distance and mind-set
one can get. The house at 5468 Soledad Ro
is a two-story dwelling with six bedroo
and five and a half baths, a typical Californ
home of beige stucco under a red tiled ro
The neighborhood is lush and well kept. B
in one respect 5468 Soledad is not a typic
suburban house at all.

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On October 25, 2003, the C.P.A. awarded 1.4 million contract "to provide accoun- t and audit services" to help "in the man- ement and accounting of the Development nd for Iraq." In other words, the purpose s to help Bremer and the C.P.A. keep tabs the billions of dollars under their control, d to help make sure that the money was operly spent. The one-year C.P.A. contract s awarded to a company called NorthStar nsultants.

When a request was made to the U.S. vernment for a copy of this contract, of- ials at the Pentagon, which has oversight, agged their feet for weeks. The document ey eventually supplied had been strategi- lly redacted. Nearly all the information out the contractor had been blacked out, cluding the name and title of the company ficer who had executed the contract, the me of the person to call for information out the company, the last four digits of the mpany's phone number, and the name of e U.S.-government official who had award- the contract in the first place. But by cross- ferencing public records and other sources was possible to fill in some of the missing ta. One path led to 5468 Soledad Road.

The house is owned by Thomas A. and . Konsuelo Howell, according to San Di- o County records. The couple apparently ught it new in 1999. State records indicate at several companies operate from the use. One of them is called International nancial Consulting, Inc., though it isn't ear what this company actually does. In- rporated in 1998, I.F.C. was described as venture in "business consulting," accord- g to papers Howell filed with the state. The owells are listed as the only directors.

Another company operating out of 5468 Soledad is called Kota Industries, Inc., whose stated business is the "sale of furniture, home furnishings, flooring," according to California records. Numerous business directories in the San Diego area ascribe similar activities to Kota, listing it as a remodeling, repairing, or restoration contractor. One directory describes its specialty as "kitchen, bathroom, basement remodeling." Again, the Howells are the only officers and directors.

In January 2004, in the business-names index of San Diego County, Thomas Howell indicated that a third company was now based at 5468 Soledad, noting that it was owned by International Financial Consulting. This new company was NorthStar.

How did someone whose line of work includes home remodeling end up getting the contract to audit the billions being airlifted to Iraq? Thomas Howell is 60; he and his wife have lived in San Diego for at least two decades. Over the years, the couple has also maintained addresses in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and Laredo, Texas. Neighbors describe the Howells as pleasant, but can add little else. "I know them, but I don't know what they do," said one. "That's all I can tell you." Two others could say only that they saw the Howells occasionally in the neighborhood. Were they aware that a company with an Iraqi contract had operated from the house? "Really?" said one. "No. I didn't know that."

Thomas Howell refuses to discuss the NorthStar contract in detail. A telephone exchange with him, reached at 5468 Soledad Road, went as follows.

A woman answered. "Kota Industries."

"Could I speak with Mr. Thomas Howell?"

"May I ask who is calling?" the woman asked.

"My name is Jim Steele."

"Wait just a second," the woman said.

A few moments later, a man came on the line. "Tom Howell," he said.

"My name is Jim Steele, and I am a writer with the magazine *Vanity Fair*. I would like to talk to you about NorthStar Consultants."

Howell said, "Well, let me find a contact who can talk all this stuff with you. What is your phone number, Jim?"

Howell repeated the number and added, "O.K. Let me get somebody who can discuss all this stuff for you."

"I'd just like to make sure here. Aren't you president of the company?"

"That's right," said Howell.

"But you can't . . ."

"Well, I'm not . . . I can't . . . You want to talk about the D.F.I. [Development Fund for Iraq] and that sort of stuff?" asked Howell.

"Well, yeah."

"O.K.," Howell replied, "I'll get someone who's authorized to talk about all that. I'll have them give you a call or I'll call you and give you their number."

"Is this the military or your lawyer?"

"The military," said Howell, abruptly ending the conversation with "O.K. Thanks. Good-bye."

The next attempt was a visit to Howell's home the following day. A stylishly dressed woman emerged from behind a locked fence. "May I help you?" she asked. The woman confirmed that she was Konsuelo Howell, and explained that it would be impossible to speak with her husband. "He is out of the country."

He never did call back with the name of a Pentagon official "authorized" to speak about NorthStar. Nor did anyone from the Pentagon call. When a Pentagon public-affairs officer was queried about who might be able to discuss the contract, the officer said she needed

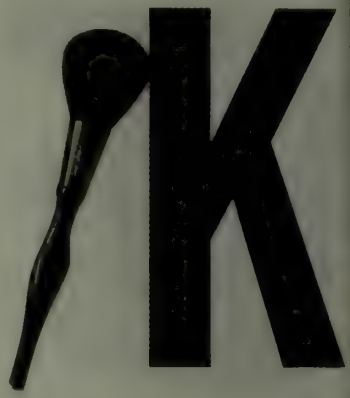
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Missing Iraq Billions

a name, which, as it turned out, only Howell could provide. The Pentagon also failed to respond to a request for the information deleted from the NorthStar contract and the name of the person who had ordered it deleted.

When Howell was contacted again, three months later, he stated that the Department of Defense had told him that "they didn't have anybody anymore specifically tasked with answering these questions." As far as D.O.D. was concerned, Howell added, the issue was "closed." Once again he refused to discuss the NorthStar contract in any detail: "The way I normally work with all my clients is: my work is confidential," he said. "If they want to let it out, that's fine. But I work for them. It's their business." Howell did say that NorthStar was his one and only U.S. government contract. How did he land it? "I saw it published on the Web, that it was out for bids," he said.

As for how much auditing NorthStar really did in Iraq, the missing billions provide the best answer. The company did have personnel in Baghdad, though how many, and for how long, and for what purpose, is not known—another point Howell declines to discuss. Under the terms of C.P.A. Regulation No. 2, signed by Bremer on June 15, 2003, money coming into Iraq was supposed to be tracked by an "independent certified public accounting firm." Howell was not a certified public accountant, nor were any of the people who worked for him. Bremer seems to have been unaware of this detail. When he was asked at a congressional hearing earlier this year about NorthStar, he answered, "I don't know what kind of firm it was, other than it was an accounting firm." Would it upset him, a congressman asked, if he found out there were no accountants on NorthStar's staff? "It would," Bremer answered, "if it were true."

It is true. And rather than reissue the contract to a certified public accountant, someone in the government contract office simply eliminated the requirement, thereby making Howell eligible for the work.

The Baghdad-Bahamas Connection

When an unknown official at the Pentagon meticulously went through the NorthStar contract and used a thick-tipped marker to black out Thomas Howell's name, title, office address, and phone number, he or she neglected to conceal one of the most intriguing aspects of the contract: NorthStar's mailing address. It was P.O. Box N-3813 in Nassau, in the Bahamas.

High on a hill in Nassau, the main post office commands panoramic views of the capital city—the pink stuccoed Parliament building, bustling Bay Street with its hordes of tourists, and, beyond it, the giant cruise ships that dock in Nassau's harbor. Just as you enter the post office, on a sprawling plaza beneath an overhang offering protection from the tropical sun and rain, there stand row after row of metal boxes, each bearing the capital letter *N* followed by a series of numbers. These are the private post-office boxes of Nassau. Because there is no home delivery in the city, it is the way people in the capital get their mail.

Box N-3813, four inches wide by five inches high, looks like all the other post-office boxes. It harbors many secrets that its users want to keep. No one knows whether anyone at the C.P.A. or the Pentagon questioned why one of its contractors used an offshore post-office box. It is undeniably true, however, that foreigners often use post-office boxes in the Bahamas and other tax havens for three purposes: to conceal assets, to avoid taxes, and to launder money. NorthStar would not be all unusual among Iraq contractors in sett up its affairs this way. Post-office boxes in havens around the world have been flood with contractor business based in Iraq.

Box N-3813, it turns out, has been the cus for all sorts of transactions by America and others looking to move money offsho In addition to Howell's NorthStar, this p ticular box also served as the address of r ord for a man named Patrick Thomson a for his Bahamian business called Lions G Management. Both figured prominently one of the more spectacular offshore frauds recent years, the collapse of Evergreen Se rity. The Caribbean-based Evergreen entic thousands of investors, many of them U retirees, to pour money into its so-called t sheltered offshore funds, with the promise handsome returns. Some of the money can from hundreds of Caribbean trusts for whic Thomson acted as trustee. A Ponzi schem masquerading as a mutual fund, Evergree siphoned $200 million from investors in t United States and two dozen other countrie One of its ringleaders was William J. Zylka, New Jersey "con artist who falsified his bac ground, credentials and wealth in order t perpetrate elaborate schemes," according t court documents. He pocketed $27.7 millio of Evergreen's money.

Throughout the looting of Evergreen Thomson was one of the firm's three director During that time he also arranged for Howe to establish the same Nassau post-office bo as NorthStar's legal home. Identified in Na sau as a member of one of Scotland's olde publishing families, Thomson has operate out of one or more office buildings in th heart of Nassau for many years. Like most o those in the shadowy world of offshore deal he has generally kept a low profile, the scanda

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Evergreen Security being the one great ption. Thomson incorporated NorthStar Howell in the Bahamas in January of 8, as what is known as an "international iness company," or I.B.C. Despite their ressive name, I.B.C.'s are little more than er operations. As a rule, they don't carry ny business; they are empty vessels that be used for anything. They have no real f executive officer or board of directors, they don't publish financial statements. I.B.C.'s books, if there are any, can be t anywhere in the world, but no one can ect them. I.B.C.'s aren't required to file ual reports or disclose the identity of their ers. They're shells, operating in total ecy. In the last two decades, they have uted by the hundreds of thousands in tax ens worldwide.

n a telephone interview, Thomson dis-ed with great reluctance his role in creat-NorthStar for Thomas Howell. How did meet?

I believe I was introduced to him through iend with Citibank," Thomson replied. elieve Howell used to work for Citibank." said it was his recollection that Howell ini-y established NorthStar because of some sulting work he was doing in the Far East, the Middle East. "This was before the q war started," he noted. "All we did was ply a company name." Thomson said he had no contact with Howell in years. He heard that Howell was in Iraq, but de-ed to discuss the matter further.

Turning Off the Spigot

y the spring of 2004 the clock was winding down for L. Paul Bremer and C.P.A. Within several months—on June -the Authority was scheduled to turn ernment operations over to the Iraqis, at least formally. There was palpable anxiety among officials and contractors about what would happen under the new Iraqi regime, and they launched an aggressive effort to get as much money into the pipeline as possible. On April 26, another shipment of cash-laden pallets, this one holding $750 million, arrived at Baghdad International Airport. On May 18 the Fed made a $1 billion shipment, which was followed on June 22 by the biggest single shipment ever made by the Fed anywhere—$2.4 billion. Another $1.6 billion arrived three days later, bringing the total of cash shipments to Iraq to $5 billion in the C.P.A.'s final three months.

The C.P.A. sought to make one more huge withdrawal. On Monday, June 28, as Bremer stole away from Baghdad unannounced—two days ahead of the scheduled handover of authority—another C.P.A. official put in hurried pleas to the Federal Reserve Bank for an additional $1 billion infusion, hoping to get the money before an Iraqi provisional government came to power. Internal e-mails from the Federal Reserve Bank show that the requests for money came from Don Davis, an air-force colonel serving as the C.P.A. comptroller and manager of the Development Fund for Iraq. But the Fed would have no part of the plan. Because Bremer had already "transferred authority (which is being reported in the press as 10:26 a.m. in Baghdad)," a Fed official explained, "the C.P.A. no longer had control over Iraq's assets."

In one of his last official acts before leaving Baghdad, Bremer issued an order—prepared by the Pentagon, he says—declaring that all coalition-force members "shall be immune from any form of arrest or detention other than by persons acting on behalf of their Sending States." Contractors also got the same get-out-of-jail-free card. According to Bremer's order, "contractors shall be immune from Iraqi legal process with respect to acts performed by them pursuant to the terms and conditions of a Contract or any sub-contract thereto." The Iraqi people, who had had no say over Saddam Hussein's illegal conduct during his dictatorship, would have no say over illegal conduct by Americans in their new democracy.

And the "Sending State" itself is not interested in pursuing misconduct. With the exception of a few low-level individuals, the Bush administration's Justice Department has resolutely avoided the prosecution of corporate fraud stemming from the occupation of Iraq.

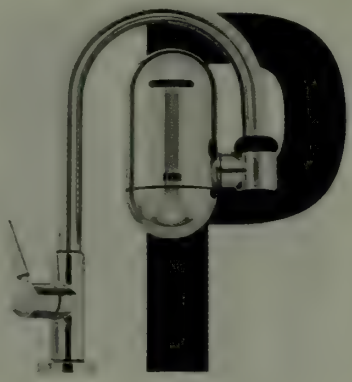
"In our fifth year in the war in Iraq," according to Alan Grayson, the attorney for whistle-blowers, "the Bush administration has not litigated a single case against any war profiteer under the False Claims Act." This at a time, Grayson told a congressional committee, when "billions of dollars are missing and many billions more wasted." Grayson knows what he is talking about. He represented the whistleblowers in the Custer Battles case brought under the False Claims Act—a case in which the Justice Department refused to get involved, and the only one that has gone to trial.

There is no true method of calculating the human cost of the war in Iraq. The monetary cost, grossly inflated by theft and corruption, is another matter. One simple piece of data puts this into perspective: to date, America has spent twice as much in inflation-adjusted dollars to rebuild Iraq as it did to rebuild Japan—an industrialized country three times Iraq's size, two of whose cities had been incinerated by atomic bombs. Understanding how and why this happened will take many years—if understanding comes at all. There has been no rush to explain even this one small part of the story, that of the missing Iraqi billions. No one in the U.S. government wants to talk about

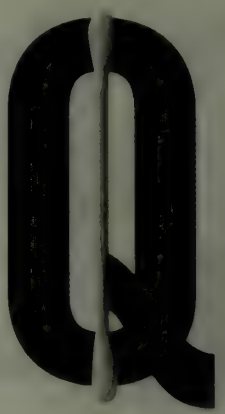
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Missing Iraq Billions

NorthStar Consultants, much less about the money that disappeared. Bradford R. Higgins was the C.P.A.'s chief financial officer, on loan from the State Department, where he is assistant secretary for resource management and chief financial officer. Higgins says it was "a Department of Defense–managed operation"; he says that "I don't know anyone at NorthStar" and that he did not oversee its operations. The C.P.A.'s comptroller and D.F.I. fund manager during the NorthStar days in 2003 was air-force colonel Don Davis. Through the air-force public-affairs office in the Pentagon, Davis declined to comment. L. Paul Bremer III, who wrote a 400-page book on his experiences as the C.P.A.'s administrator, stated in an interview that he had no input in the decision to hire NorthStar. He explained that "all of the contracting was done, by order of the secretary of defense, by the department of the army. They were our contracting arm . . . I don't think I ever heard of NorthStar until some questions came up after I left." Nor did he have any dealings with NorthStar's Ho he said. "If I met him, I have no memory Queries sent repeatedly to the army's pu affairs desk in Baghdad and the Penta have gone unanswered, as have those to office of the secretary of defense.

The simple truth about the missing m is the same one that applies to so much about the American occupation of Iraq. U.S. government never did care about counting for those Iraqi billions and it do care now. It cares only about ensuring an accounting does not occur. □

Nicole Kidman



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 330 are times when you go, 'Gosh, I wish I could have played Nina in *The Seagull*.'" Still, she says, "I don't measure life by youth. I think in terms of the grandeur of the journey. The only way you can understand things is through contrast, so you've got to have youth to have age. Give me sadness so I can have happiness."

Throughout her career, she has worked hard not to be defined by her looks, and she has made a point of alternating between major studio movies and art-house pictures. "My commitment is to films that are about the human psyche, where you can delve into it and explore it and not make a judgment on it," she says. "People behave in the most terrible ways and the most glorious ways, and I think your job as an artist is to illuminate those things."

This year she hits both the big and the small categories. In August, Warner Bros. released *The Invasion,* starring Daniel Craig and directed by Germany's Oliver Hirschbiegel, whose previous movie, *Downfall,* about Adolf Hitler's final days, was nominated for the best-foreign-language-film Oscar in 2004. *The Invasion* is a remake of the 1956 horror classic *Invasion of the Body Snatchers.* "The thing that appealed to me was that Oliver said, 'I want to do it with no special effects,'" Kidman recalls, "and I loved *Downfall,* so I went, 'O.K., how would you do *that?*'"

In November, Kidman will appear in *Margot at the Wedding,* directed by Noah Baumbach. She plays Margot, who disapproves of the man (Jack Black) who is about to marry her sister (Jennifer Jason Leigh). "I've wanted to work with Nicole for a long time," Leigh says. "She takes incredible risks, but in a pure way. I felt like she made me better." movie, which makes its debut this mo at the Toronto International Film Festi was shot on a minimal budget, and Kidn earned scale wages of less than $1,00 week—a far cry from her usual asking p of $17.5 million, which she received for *witched* and *The Interpreter,* both in 2005.

The actress has a history of working w interesting directors on their follow-up f tures—*Birth* was Jonathan Glazer's first f after *Sexy Beast, Fur* succeeded *Secretary* Steven Shainberg, and *The Others* (Kidma biggest commercial hit) followed *Open Y Eyes* for Alejandro Amenábar. Her relati ships with directors are intense, and mir those in her personal life: if you're willing to there for her, she'll go there for you. "I have be coaxed as an actress, to be brought out my shell," she says. "I need to feel safe and protected. But that's probably my personal in general. I don't do well being pushed a being told what I have to do. I do much bet when someone's very gentle."

Margot at the Wedding comes on the he

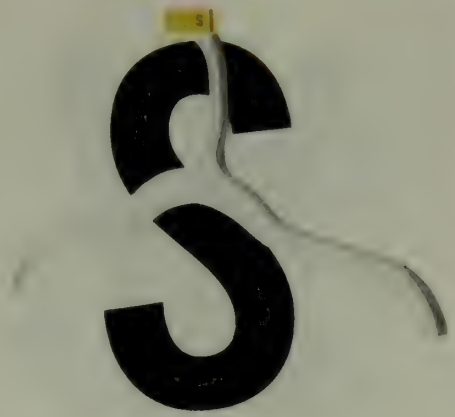
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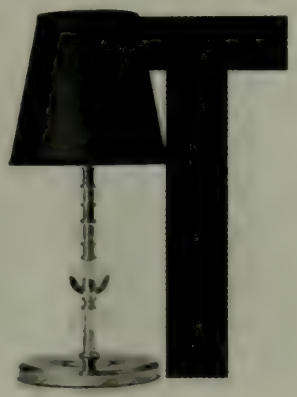
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Noah Baumbach's critically acclaimed
akout film, 2005's *The Squid and the*
ale. "I had clearly written it for her with-
thinking about it," says Baumbach, who
ginally called the script *Nicole in the Coun-*
"I wanted someone you would really
ntify with and connect to, and at the same
e someone who would disappear into the
t. I think she's one of the best actors of
age range or period. She is completely
e in every take."

'I just place myself completely in the direc-
s hands," Kidman says, "so if I'm not will-
to do that, I shouldn't be in the movie. I
being under somebody's control. I love be-
under a director's control. I just do. I love
And I love being there to help their vision.
phen Daldry [*The Hours*], who's another
son that I just love, I'm always like, 'Please,
phen, cast me in something else'—because
ant to be the center of his attention, you
w? It's a lovely place to be, creatively, help-
someone put their ideas into the world."
ldry recently obliged, casting her opposite
ph Fiennes in *The Reader,* based on Bern-
d Schlink's best-selling novel.

For the moment, though, she is back to be-
the center of attention for *Moulin Rouge!*
ector Baz Luhrmann. "What makes Ni-
e so compelling," he says, "is the risk and
rgy that she puts into evolving both as an
ress and a human being." He adds, "The
fessional relationship of director to ac-
ss requires an extraordinary level of trust
l mutual support. At the same time you
at opposite ends of the spectrum heading
ards what you hope is the highest pos-
e artistic outcome. These qualities are not
n in a good friendship, and so to a certain
ent our professional relationship and our
ndship are intrinsically linked."

This December, she will appear in *The Golden Compass,* a fantasy adventure based on Philip Pullman's *His Dark Materials* trilogy. New Line hopes that the film, adapted and directed by Chris Weitz (*About a Boy*), will expand into a *Lord of the Rings*–style franchise. Kidman has a supporting role as a sultry villainess, but she'll become a central character should the series continue. The film pairs her for a second time with Daniel Craig, who has this to say: "We immediately liked each other, and we work well together. What can I tell you? She's luminous. She's Nicole Kidman. She's just very good news."

Kidman originally arrived in Hollywood as a young up-and-comer who had caught Tom Cruise's eye with her performance in the Australian thriller *Dead Calm.* While filming *Days of Thunder* together, the pair started a relationship, and by the time the movie was released Cruise had divorced his first wife, Mimi Rogers. Six months later, he married Kidman. It was a development that threatened to stunt her career just as it was beginning.

"My agents told me, 'Once you become Mrs. Tom Cruise, you *do* know your career is going to die,'" she recalls. "'You're going to absolutely shoot yourself in the foot.' I was appalled. I was like, '*Hello?* I'm in love, and I don't care if it's shooting myself in the foot. I'd much rather be married and have a family.' I just saw a guy who rides around on a motorbike and happens to be the biggest movie star in the world. But I was in love with him, which is why I think we lasted 11½ years together. I have no regrets in that relationship."

In February 2001, her world imploded when Cruise abruptly filed for divorce. She was blindsided and devastated by the end of her marriage. Six and a half years later, the public still wonders what happened. Ironically, the ensuing media frenzy coincided with her two biggest successes, *Moulin Rouge!* and *The Others.* "After I came out of it, you know, I was like, 'O.K., what do I focus on now?' And that's when my career suddenly came together." She received her first Oscar nomination, for *Moulin Rouge!,* and won over millions of Americans when she told David Letterman how refreshing it felt to be back in high heels. (Cruise is a good four inches shorter than his ex-wife.)

Since her breakup with Cruise, Kidman has made 12 films, some of which have been lackluster. "Part of that was avoidance," says Kidman. "I'd love to say it was all creatively driven, but part of it was just 'I don't really have a life, so I'll do it through this.'" She spent most of her time either on a set or with her children. "That was my choice and that's what I wanted," she says. "I slowly healed, and then I was able to come and say, 'Here, this is what I have to offer.'"

Over time, Kidman was romantically linked with the rocker Lenny Kravitz and the movie producer Steve Bing, but she says she dated very little: "I didn't really want a relationship. I just wanted my kids to have me, and I didn't feel comfortable having some person in that small hubbub. And then I got engaged to somebody . . . but it just wasn't right. I wasn't ready. *We* weren't ready." I ask who this mystery fiancé was, but she declines to say. "I get engaged and I get married—that's my thing," she tells me. "I don't want to date. I'm interested in a very, very deep connection."

She continues: "I probably haven't done the things that somebody else in my position would have done. The opportunities are extraordinary. I mean, many times I've chosen to go home to my hotel room and be alone, and that's partly to do with shyness and it's partly to do with fear, but I certainly have all

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Nicole Kidman

of the desires and a very vivid imagination. Someone I read recently said, 'Live a bourgeoisie life and do the rest in your art.' I'll take the risks, but in my art."

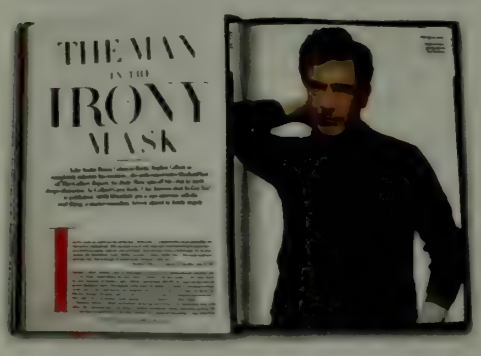
Today, Kidman is getting a second chance to experience some big firsts. Her first wedding anniversary just passed, and her desire to have a child with Urban is palpable. "I'm yearning to have one. I think I would be very sad if I wasn't able to have a baby," she says. "Keith knows I want one, and he has been getting there slowly." In the meantime, she is clearing her schedule. "Since getting married, I've passed on things," she says. "I do not want to be living my life away from the person I love. I just won't do it."

As we sit eating lunch, taking in the view from her dining room, and listening to an eclectic mix CD that her husband made for her, she tells me that they plan to buy more property in Tennessee, so they can have horses and lots of space. She also intends to spend more time in L.A., where Cruise lives, because they have joint custody of the children. The ex-couple seem to have put their differences behind them; in fact, Cruise sent her flowers for her 40th birthday.

Kidman has not owned a house in L.A. since her divorce. Last year she rented her friend Naomi Watts's house in Brentwood while Watts was in New York with fiancé Liev Schreiber. "The two of us should probably swap places, because she will prob be spending far more time in New Yo Kidman says. "My kids want to live in L and they've hit a certain age where they d their heels. Keith is very obliging with th

Despite all the change, complicatio and challenges, Kidman seems settled an peace. "I still have a certain amount of in terms of the unpredictability of our liv she says. "I had big expectations and dreams. Now I have more of a ... " throws up her hands and laughs, finding self at a rare loss for words. After a pa she continues. "I kept looking for happin and then I realized: This is it. It's a mom and it comes, and it goes, and it'll come b again. I yearn for things, but at the same t I'm just peaceful." □

Stephen Colbert



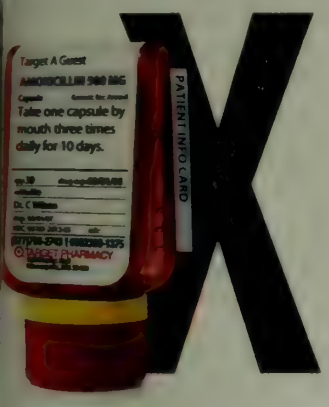
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 345 212, which departed at seven A.M. for the 35-minute trip to Charlotte, North Carolina. It was a slightly overcast morning, but the flight started out smoothly enough. Just after 7:30, the plane began its descent. As they prepared for their landing, the plane's pilots, Captain Jim Reeves and First Officer James Daniels, were wrapping up a rambling and wide-ranging conversation.

"One thing that kills me so damn much is all this shit that's goin' on now," Daniels said, according to William Stockton's 1977 book, *Final Approach*. (Stockton's transcripts are drawn from the flight's cockpit voice recorder.) "We need to be takin' definite steps to save the economy of this damn country. I think the A-rabs are takin' over every damn thing." The fog in Charlotte was obscuring the ground, and instead of relying on visual cues, the pilots were now conducting an instrument approach.

Less than three and a half miles from the runway, the DC-9 crashed into the earth. The impact and resulting fire destroyed the plane and killed 71 of the 82 passengers onboard, including the three Colberts. The National Transportation Safety Board report on the accident blamed the disaster on t pilots' discussion of "non operational st jects." (In 1981, partly in response to t crash of EA 212, the Federal Aviation A ministration instituted the Sterile Cock Rule, which forbids all "non-essential acti ties" below 10,000 feet.)

In 1974, Charleston's population was few than 70,000. "It was really wrenching f the entire community," says Benjamin Hu to, the choral director at Charleston's Porte Gaud school from 1969 to 1985. "But it w worse for the Colbert family than anyo else." After Peter and Paul died, Stephe Colbert's closest sibling was nine years h senior. Until he left for college, eight yea later, Stephen, who'd spent the first yea of his life in a household overflowing wit brothers and sisters, lived alone with h mother.

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Design for All

Colbert isn't a big fan of discussing his sonal life with the media. He's compared press to a "lamprey that latches onto a ject and just sucks and sucks and sucks il your brain and your soul is as dry as a uton." That's one of the reasons he does ny of his interviews in character. "I like serving the mask," he says. "Stepping out n behind it doesn't do me any good." But also recognizes that he is expected, as an reasingly well-known public figure, to let world know at least a little bit about his vate life, and he's spoken about how the ths of his father and brothers forever al- ed the direction of his adolescence. After ng stricken with a "blazing headache" owing their funerals, Colbert picked up a nce-fiction novel to distract himself from pain. He soon was tearing through a k a day. He detached from his peers and re or less ignored school.

He also struggled with his identity. He ed with changing the pronunciation of last name from *Col*-bert to Col-*bear.* veral years earlier, after realizing that pular culture employed thick southern ents as a kind of shorthand for stupidity, had decided to get rid of his.) He threw nself into the alternative realities of role- ying games, becoming an aficionado of science-fiction-based Metamorphosis pha and fantasy world of Dungeons & agons.

"The D&D phase and all that, that was tially a function of his loss," says Chip l, who has been friends with Colbert almost 30 years and is the godfather of lbert's nine-year-old son, Peter. Hill and lbert were part of what became a close- t group of high-school friends. "The ng about Colbert is he's fucking brilliant," s Scott Wherry, another friend from high school and the godfather of Colbert's five-year-old son, John. "He was always the smartest guy in the room, and he was always smart enough not to let you know he was the smartest guy in the room."

After high school, Colbert and Wherry enrolled at Virginia's Hampden-Sydney College, an all-male school with a social life that centers on fraternities. Colbert never embraced that scene, and after two years, he transferred to Northwestern University, to enroll in its prestigious theater program. It was on his flight to Chicago that he decided once and for all that he was going to change the way his last name was pronounced. He was bumped up to first class and seated next to an astronaut. "I thought, well, if I'm ever going to do it, it's going to be now," Colbert says. "I talked to [the astronaut] about it, and he said, 'Well, I think you know.'" When Colbert had boarded the plane, he had a hard *t* at the end of his name. When he got off, it was gone.

With the new pronunciation came a new focus. The Stephen Colbert who had once lost himself in science-fiction novels and role-playing games and more or less ignored academics had found something he was willing to devote his life to: acting as if he were someone else.

There's a great line by Elvis Costello: "And I tried so hard just to be myself but I keep on fading away." Sort of like, "Who am I?" You're continually asking yourself that question, which actors are supposed to do to act as a character in performance. So especially for students of performance, you ask yourself that all the time. That isn't a bad thing, but it can make you insufferable. I was a poet-slash-jerk.

Unlike many of his friends, Colbert did not return to Charleston after graduation, instead staying in Chicago. He cut a distinctly un-southern look: he wore black turtlenecks, had what he describes as a "Jesus beard," and grew his hair out. "I didn't want to play Hamlet. I wanted to *be* Hamlet," he says. The comedian Amy Sedaris, one of Colbert's closest friends and a longtime collaborator who to this day insists on pronouncing a hard *t* at the end of "Colbert," describes him affectionately as "pretty awful" during that time. Despite his determination to become a "real" actor, Colbert joined the training center of Second City, the legendary Chicago improvisational-sketch-comedy venue that has launched the careers of Alan Arkin, Bill Murray, John Belushi, Joan Rivers, and Tina Fey, among many, many others. In 1987, when he was 24 years old, Colbert was hired as one of the troupe's full-time touring members, along with Sedaris, Paul Dinello, and Chris Farley.

"He showed up with really high hair and an actor's attitude," says Dinello. "[Sedaris and I] were more like clowns. We tried to corrupt him." It didn't take long for them to succeed. "As soon as he realized he could [relax on stage], he got more playful and became sillier and sillier," Sedaris says. Even though Colbert remained torn for several more years between comedy and "straight" acting—on several occasions, Sedaris and Dinello had to persuade him to come back to Second City after he'd quit to do what he thought of as serious theater—he came to embrace his comedic and improvisational skills.

Colbert, Dinello, and Sedaris kept working together after they left Chicago, and eventually launched two shows on Comedy Central in the 1990s—*Exit 57,* a half-hour absurdist sketch-comedy series, and the cult hit *Strangers with Candy,* a surreal take on 70s

Stephen Colbert

after-school specials. (In that show, Sedaris played a 46-year-old ex-con runaway high-school freshman and Colbert and Dinello played teachers engaged in a secret homosexual affair.) In between, Colbert worked on the short-lived *Dana Carvey Show,* a Craig Kilborn–hosted version of *The Daily Show,* and, improbably, *Good Morning America.*

When *Strangers with Candy* was canceled, in 2000, Colbert went back to *The Daily Show,* which by then was hosted by Stewart. It turned into the most satisfying and secure job of his career, and, along with Steve Carell (now the star of NBC's *The Office*), Colbert became one of the show's primary correspondents, occasionally subbing as anchor when Stewart was away. By the time the 2004 election cycle was in full swing, Colbert's persona—someone who "is a fool and has spent a lot of his life playing not the fool"—was fully developed. When the election concluded, however, Colbert, despite loving his job, realized he was ready to move on.

"He'd been there a long time," says Ben Karlin, who left *The Daily Show* in December after eight years as head writer and executive producer. (Karlin recently signed an exclusive production deal with HBO.) "He was never going to be the host—it was Jon's show. But we didn't want to lose him, so we tried to figure out what else could someone like Stephen do."

The answer lay in a series of short pieces that were dropped into *The Daily Show* when it was running short. The original iteration of the *Report* was a series of fake advertisements for a talk show, in which Colbert would amplify his character into an even more ridiculous caricature of odious talk-show hosts, with Fox News's Bill O'Reilly (or, as Colbert's character calls him, "Papa Bear") as the main inspiration. When Karlin and Stewart started casting about for another show they could create and produce, they sat down with Colbert, and the three men decided to take those fake advertisements and turn them into something real.

I'm a satirist, so I've got boxing gloves on if the person is worthy of satire. But I'm not an assassin. If that ever happens, it's only because something happened during the interview that got me going, and then I had to translate my feelings to the mouth of the character. Something the person said and I just got blindsided by how I felt about it, and then I have to immediately encapsulate how I feel as the character or else I'll reveal myself.

In the summer of 2005, *The Colbert Report* set up shop in *The Daily Show*'s old studios on West 54th Street. The show, which is produced by Stewart's Busboy Productions, was scheduled to launch in October. In addition to his responsibilities on *The Daily Show,* Karlin would help run the *Report* as well, and he and Colbert hired former *Daily Show* and *Late Night with Conan O'Brien* writer Allison Silverman and former *Onion* editor Richard Dahm as head writers.

The *Report,* which was guaranteed only an eight-week run, debuted on October 17. Before it aired, Doug Herzog, Comedy Central's president, had wondered whether the premise of the show provided enough material for a four-nights-a-week project. "It became so clear so quickly that it was going to work that it was kind of astounding," Herzog says. "I remember at the time the show debuted thinking that it had been birthed fully baked. That's so rare—I don't know if I've ever seen it before. The whole thing fits him like a glove. It's really a virtuoso performance."

A large part of Herzog's confidence was inspired by Colbert's remarkable ability to take in information, determine the reaction his character would have, and improvise. "[The whole show] depends on Stephen's ability to process information as this other person," says Stewart. "I've seen talk-show hosts who can't do that for real.... And then you watch Colbert and it's like the first time you use broadband: 'How the fuck did that happen?' He's rendering in real time. He's basically doing his show in a second language."

It was on the *Report*'s second show, when it aired the first "Better Know a District" segment, that Colbert demonstrated the extent to which he could use those improvisational skills to hilariously, and uniquely, lampoon the fatuousness of American politics. In the course of the four minutes, Colbert, after learning that Georgia Republican Jack Kingston had lived in Ethiopia, asked the bespectacled, milquetoast, white congressman to talk about the "African-American experience" and implied that Kingston had been raped at his college fraternity. ("I don't know what your pledge week was like," Colbert said, "but it was more horrific than you knew.")

In later installments, he combed New York Democrat Eliot Engel's mustache, and after expressing surprise that California Democrat Brad Sherman had ever seen a naked woman in the flesh, Colbert asked him repeatedly to star in a porn movie. (Sherman's district in the San Fernando Valley is considered the Hollywood of the country's adult-film industry.) He coaxed Florida Democrat Robert Wexler, who was running unopposed and therefore "there's no way [he could] lose," to say that he enjoyed hookers and cocaine because they were "fun thing[s] to do." (Colbert concluded that segment by saying, "We better finish this interview quick because I'm not sure how long you're going to be in Congress.") But the best-known segment to date is likely one with Georgia Republican L... Westmoreland that included this excha...

Stephen Colbert: You co-sponsored a bill re... ing the display of the Ten Commandments i... House of Representatives and in the Senate.
Lynn Westmoreland: Um hum.
S.C.: Why was that important to you?
L.W.: Well, the Ten Commandments is not a... thing for people to understand and to respe...
S.C.: I'm with ya.
L.W.: What better place could you have sc... thing like that than in a judicial building or ... courthouse?
S.C.: That is a good question. Can you thin... any better building to put the Ten Comma... ments than in a public building?
L.W.: No. I think if we were totally without t... we may lose a sense of our direction.
S.C.: What are the Ten Commandments?
L.W.: What are all of them? [Colbert nods.]
L.W.: You want me to name them all?
S.C.: Yeah, please.
L.W.: Ummm. [Colbert holds up two fists, w... ing for Westmoreland to count them off.]
L.W.: Don't murder. Don't lie. Don't st...
Uhhhhh ... I can't name them all.
S.C.: Congressman, thank you for taking t... away from keeping the Sabbath Day holy ... talk to me.

"Don't you think he should have mem... rized those before he came on?" Colbert a... a year later in his office. The answer is not ... simple as it might appear. Before Westmo... land's appearance on the *Report,* he'd ne... encountered a reporter who'd had the tem... ity—or, as Colbert would put it, the balls—... ask such an obvious question. Still, Westmo... land should not have been surprised: Colb... had already demonstrated, in his infamo... April 2006 keynote address at the Wh... House Correspondents Dinner, that he h... no fear of lampooning politicians even if th... were right beside him. (Referring to Preside... Bush, who was seated just feet away, Colbe... said, "I stand by this man. I stand by this m... because he stands for things. Not only f... things, he stands on things. Things like a... craft carriers, and rubble, and recently flood... city squares. And that sends a strong messag... that no matter what happens to America, s... will always rebound—with the most powerful... staged photo ops in the world." While neith... the president nor the Washington press cor... was amused, the speech turned Colbert into ... kind of folk hero for the left. Six months late... Frank Rich christened Colbert's speech a so... of "cultural primary" and the "defining m... ment" of the 2006 midterm elections.)

Despite disastrous experiences like Wes... moreland's, many congressmen are eager t... go on the show. (Robert Wexler actually ap... peared again, although he didn't discuss an... illicit activities his second time around.) Eve... after being called "a poor man's Ted Ken... nedy" and "the Mike Tyson of the House o... Representatives," Virginia Democrat Jim Mc... ran says that appearing on the *Report* "was ... positive experience." (He also compared it t...

hsensual rape.") "I'm just stunned by the
ber of my constituents who watch it," he
. "Colbert reached more of a demograph-
at's difficult to reach, and in a more posi-
way, than anything I can think of."
s it turns out, that demographic is re-
kably well informed. Last April, a Pew
ter for the People and the Press report on
s audiences found that *Daily Show* and
ert Report viewers tied with regular read-
of major newspaper Web sites as being
most knowledgeable about current events,
ing higher than daily-newspaper subscrib-
evening-news viewers, and National Pub-
Radio listeners. How's that for truthiness?

*the Sun King. Think of me as Jesus in the
t Supper.... Everything focuses at me in that
n. And so I raise myself so high, status-wise,
every idiotic statement I make becomes a
edic one because of what I've assumed in
s of my authority. And I love that.*

When he was growing up, Colbert, according to Chip Hill, used to joke
ut how he "wanted to major in mass psy-
logy and start a cult." While Colbert isn't
ng to be dispensing Kool-Aid anytime
n, he *has* fostered an almost cult-like de-
on to his on-air persona. "A lot of times
n he's starting a scene, instead of start-
it with the other person who's onstage
h him, he's starting a scene with whoever
ut there watching the television, and say-
'Are you going to participate in this with
'" says Allison Silverman, who took on
role of executive producer with Rich-
Dahm after Karlin left the show. "And a
f times, people will. They'll throw some-
g back.... That's often led to the most
we've ever had."
t wasn't until last August, when Colbert
d a green-screen clip of himself wildly
torting his body while wielding a light-
er, that the full scope of the porousness
ween the show's world and the outside
ld became clear. Within days, dozens of
nemade clips had been posted online—
s of Colbert slashing his way through a
ked door to free President Bush, of Col-
t fighting Darth Maul, of Colbert slaying
orted "evildoers." Even George Lucas
mitted a clip. (Lucas's ended with Col-
t sharing a moment with Jar Jar Binks.)
d, naturally, Lucas came on the *Report* to
age in an in-studio lightsaber battle with
bert.
Everyone, it seemed, wanted to play along.
on't underestimate how much people ap-
ciate someone who is funny," Karlin says.
e's very entertaining and likable and that
kes people excited to cheer and to do what
wants them to do. The cult of personality
y exists because he is a good comedian."
bert wryly acknowledges the devotion his
racter engenders. Before a recent taping,
he got his audience to scream in unison and then go utterly silent with a wave of his hand. "And you wonder how Hitler took power?" he asked.

The rest of the media world is increasingly playing along. In 2006 the American Dialect Society named "truthiness" its word of the year. Colbert was named one of *People*'s Sexiest Men Alive, one of *GQ*'s Men of the Year, and one of *Time*'s 100 most influential people. When he finally got around to getting a cast for his wrist, the news was reported on the wires. And in August, Richard Branson christened one of the planes used for Virgin America's inaugural flights "Air Colbert."

It is into this already pumped-up atmosphere that *I Am America (And So Can You!)* will be launched, and judging from the reaction at last summer's BookExpo, it will be a smash hit on par with Stewart and *The Daily Show*'s 2004 best-seller, *America (The Book): A Citizen's Guide to Democracy Inaction.* In *I Am America,* Colbert lampoons the pretensions and hypocrisies of modern American society in a way that blends high- and lowbrow humor (or "Ganesh jokes and poop jokes," as Colbert tells me). "I deliver my Truth hot and hard," Colbert writes in the introduction. "Think you can handle it? *I'm scared of Koreans.* Bam! That's me off the cuff. Blunt and in your face. No editing. I think it. I say it. You read it. Sometimes I don't even think it, I just say it. *Baby carrots are trying to turn me gay.*"

Even while playing a character who has described for his audience every squirm-inducing detail of his stalking of an ex-girlfriend named Charlene, Colbert has for the most part kept his actual private life just that—private. That could be because it's not very exciting—he really does teach Sunday school, which isn't going to make many tabloid headlines. It could also be because, as

SKETCHBOOK BY BARRY BLITT



Stephen Colbert

Amy Sedaris says it's easier for Colbert to be funny when he's doing so in character. "I am always surprised that he can get up in such a good mood," she says. "He has had so much sadness in his life."

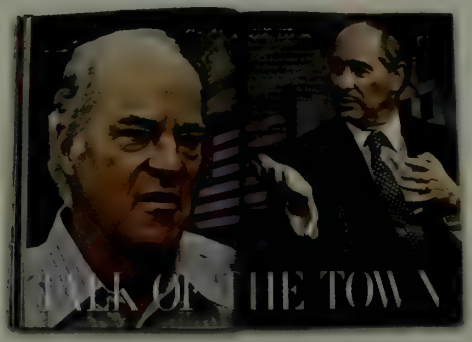
In early July, during the show's two-week summer break, Colbert and his family went to Charleston, where they spend most of their downtime. While they were there, Chip Hill helped Colbert build a 12-foot rowboat. The two men recently began taking their sons on an annual fishing trip.

"He obviously comes from a large family, and his own family is very, very important to him," Hill says. "You know, the typical story is a guy gets famous and loses perspective on their life. He works very hard to stay grounded."

"I get away with a lot," Colbert says. "My character gets to ask for a free iPhone [on-air] and I actually get to use it. I have an ice cream with Ben & Jerry. And that's exciting . . . but that character's not hard to drop. This guy, the guy who's talking to you right now, that's harder to drop. Being a writer and executive producer and the star requires a great deal of my focus. . . . Letting go and not b the boss is much harder [at the end of the than letting go of my character.

"That's why I drive myself hom night," adds Colbert, who lives on a de-sac in suburban Montclair, New Jer "The network would happily—they d want me tired; they don't want me runn off the road—they'd happily send me h in a car. But I'd work the entire way ho and I need more than the 30 seconds f the car to the front door to become a and a husband again. So I drive home a crank my tunes. And by the time I get th I'm normal again." □

Wall Street Titans



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 352 swelled, K.K.R. made bad tech choices along with everyone else, and got slammed for them. "They had some hard slogging," says the head of one rival private-equity firm. "I'm not sure that Steve has had that sort of breaking encounter with the humble side of life." Indeed, says the rival, "there's not an introspective bone in his body."

Personally, Kravis had rough times, too. The worst was the death of his son Harrison, at 19, in a car accident, in July 1991. (Hedi—Harrison's mother—died of cancer in 1997.) In the aftermath of that tragedy, his marriage to Roehm crumbled. In 1994, he married Marie-Josée Drouin, a Canadian economist; 13 years later, the marriage apparently remains a strong and happy one.

It was when Kravis married Drouin that he sold his apartment at 740 Park and moved down the avenue to 625, a much less distinguished building but one with an extraordinary triplex apartment, including a 68-foot ballroom, that had belonged to cosmetics mogul Helena Rubinstein, then to Princess Ashraf Pahlavi, twin sister of the late Shah of Iran. In making the switch, Kravis went from 19th-century to 18th-century French furniture and art: richer, but quieter. He lowered his social profile too. With Marie-Josée, he's cultivated intellectuals, rather than the socialites Roehm prized, and the dinners they give are among New York's most coveted invitations. "It's the best of everything—the finest porcelain, the best silver, big staff, everything delicious," says one frequent guest. "The people are fascinating." On one recent evening, the group included Foud Ajami, the Palestinian author and professor, and Middle East expert Bernard Lewis. "Toward the end of dinner, either Henry or Marie-Josée might raise a subject," says the guest. "When you have such terrific guests, it would be a crime not to."

Kravis remains a major philanthropist, but the days of flashing $10 million to get a Henry R. Kravis Wing at the Metropolitan are long gone. Now he and Marie-Josée put in significant time with the causes they espouse. She is currently MoMA's president and goes there every day. She's also an active member of the right-leaning Hudson Institute, and a member of the Council on Foreign Relations—as is Kravis. Of the other boards Kravis is on, the one he cares most about is the Fund for New York, which he started: a nonprofit that makes economic investments to help revive moribund neighborhoods.

Kravis has become—by New York standards, at least—old money, even while retooling K.K.R. to make a lot more new money in the last five years. His funds have tripled in size; his deals have ballooned, too. They've had to: Schwarzman and Blackstone, along with the rest of the big private-equity players, have been right on his tail.

At the time Schwarzman moved into 740 Park, in 2001, Blackstone was still a blip in K.K.R.'s rear-view mirror. But it was gaining fast. Along with doing ever larger LBOs, Blackstone, unlike K.K.R., had diversified. That was Schwarzman's vision. He tapped Tom Hill, a famously slick dresser from Shearson Lehman, to start an "alternative assets" operation: basically, investing in stocks. Hill started with $1 billion in assets in 2000; he has $24 billion now, along with a lineup of in-house hedge funds. From his own growing ranks of young private-equity bankers, Schwarzman selected Jonathan Gray to start a real-estate arm. Gray bought the Savoy Hotel group, in England (which included Claridge's and the Connaught), spruced it up (with help from Schwarzman, who became fascinated by the details of hotel décor), and sold it for a windfall profit. Other hotel turnarounds followed. K.K.R. did none of this. Unable to resist crow Schwarzman told *BusinessWeek* that K.K was a "one-trick pony." Kravis took n

Schwarzman was a good leader, but a ha manager. "Not a great people person," s one Blackstoner dryly. To its growing cadr bankers and deal-makers, the Blackstone ture was: What have you done for me late The "me" was Schwarzman. The more troops did, the more Schwarzman prosper since he retained a larger interest in the co pany than anyone else, and took that perce age of every deal that came in the door. Tu over was high—much higher than at K.K. though younger partners there would mut that Kravis and Roberts kept too much their founders' equity, too. Finally, Schwa man was persuaded to hire a number-t man: Hamilton "Tony" James, who'd start a private-equity operation at Donaldson, L kin, Jenrette and kept it going after D.L was bought up by Credit Suisse First Bosto

"Historically, Blackstone has had a repu tion," James admitted one typically meetin packed evening in mid-July, "for having a cultu that was successful, but very intense and perso al, at times sort of edgy." James set out to ma his troops "comfortable," as he put it. Now, says proudly, "our turnover is almost nothing.

No one profited more from the improv culture than Schwarzman. As Blackstor rolled up larger funds—and higher profit ma gins—than K.K.R. he spent his 23 percent those profits living well. Like Kravis, he we after French antiques. ("It's a good thing He ry was in the French-antiques market befo Steve made money," says one Kravis frien "Both of them would have gone bankrupt bi ding up the prices.") But about art, he seeme almost as clueless as Kravis had been a ge eration before. "Henry has a huge art colle tion," says one New Yorker who has seen bot Kravis's and Schwarzman's homes. "He an Marie-Josée have one room with just one to painting after another. There must be 15 ma jor paintings in there. Steve has . . . a Twombl It's not Matisse." Like Kravis, Schwarzma has a large portrait painting, but it's not a Sa

. It's a portrait of Schwarzman, by a little-wn artist. "It's an enormous, full-length rait over the fireplace," recalls one guest. makes Schwarzman look like a giant." s their wealth grew, the Schwarzmans brated by throwing ever more elaborate ies. There was the millennial party, at the by Hotel; the 55th-birthday party, at 740, re one floor of the triplex was decked out ook like his favorite club in St. Tropez, Le b 55; and for each of the last few Christ-es a *Casino Royale* party, for which the rtment is transformed into a gambling no. (House profits go to charity.) "You're ted at the door by six-foot showgirls," ex-ns one guest, "who lead the way in." The warzmans' holiday greeting card last year a composite of snaps taken at the party, Schwarzman in the middle in a white tux ames Bond, and Christine beside him as ond girl.

s more and more New Yorkers have come to know them, the Schwarzmans e garnered mixed reviews.

"Stephen Schwarzman has no intellectual rest at all," sniffs one New York hostess. arie-Josée is a serious reader, and so is ry. Steve just wants to go to a disco all t. I've sat next to him. It wasn't memo-le." The Schwarzmans' greater crime, says, is abusing the help. "They're hell to k for if you're a domestic. They change r minds all the time: 'Two for dinner. No, or dinner. No, we're going out.'" "Why hat inconsiderate?" asks a Blackstone kesperson. "Every busy C.E.O. is going ave changes of plans; it's a fact of life."

"A braggart," says another well-known v York hostess. "He's very splashy and s the sort of things that Henry would nev-lo." Recently, the Schwarzmans agreed ttend a seated dinner at the annual Art el Miami Beach. A few days before the ner, they called the organizers to ask if y could bring friends. The seating was ady done, but the Schwarzmans were ac-mmodated. That night the friends showed -and the Schwarzmans didn't. (A Black-ne spokesperson says the Schwarzmans' ne was delayed for hours in New York by weather that night. "They did have every ntion of going.")

Others find the Schwarzmans charming self-deprecating. "I think they're quite ious people," says one young woman-ut-town. "They like to meet young people, they both ask me for my opinions on this hat. I think Steve and Christine are very ng as a couple too. The first time I heard ve talk about his wife was what a smart son she was." As for the parties—why ? "Christine is one of those people who, en she has a party, really goes at it," says young friend. "She'll dress up, she's very y in a way, and she's not afraid." The *Casino Royale* Christmas card, says the friend, is a perfect example: "They took the piss out of themselves. I don't think you'd find Marie-Josée doing that. She'd be sending out the extra-thick cardboard. She's an ice queen."

"Steve is a lovable guy," says another New York hostess. "The problem is just that he's obsessed with telling everyone he has the trophy this and that."

God knows he has enough of them. In St. Tropez, Schwarzman bought one of the largest houses on the cove. The house has a famous garden, where the Schwarzmans, when they're not dancing the night away at local discos, entertain friends such as New York socialite and wedding-style-book author Kalliope Karella. "They give credit to anyone they meet," says one St. Tropez friend, "as long as they are young, happy, and good-looking." The Kravises, by contrast, have a home in Paris's stately Seventh Arrondissement.

The Kravises were first, in a sense, to pitch their flag in Palm Beach: Henry's parents, Ray and Bessie Kravis, retired and died there, leaving the Kravis Center for the Performing Arts as their legacy. But Schwarzman made the bigger splash when he bought a three-acre landmarked oceanfront estate called Four Winds for $20.5 million in June 2003 and proceeded to raze it, causing widespread outrage. An investigation by the town's architectural board eventually ruled that Schwarzman had acted within his rights. "He saved what he could," says panel member and architect Bruce McAllister. "He removed a lot of the siding and preserved it in a warehouse." The old house was simply too fragile to withstand an additional story, so the rest had to be demolished. More recently, with no fanfare, the Kravises paid $50 million for a five-acre estate on Lake Worth—a record for houses there. No demolition has occurred.

In the Hamptons, the same pattern has unfolded. Kravis has a large but unobtrusive Southampton house. Schwarzman recently bought the house in Wainscott that once belonged to the late Carter Burden. Burden was a descendant of Commodore Vanderbilt, and a New York City councilman, with impeccable manners and taste. His wood-shingled house on Mecox Bay is, in its understated way, one of the most elegant in the Hamptons: as much a trophy of Waspdom as the Rockefeller apartment at 740 Park.

Schwarzman, like Kravis, has joined prominent boards, though one friend describes Schwarzman's choices as "trophy boards," where the obligation is just to write a check, not spend time starting or sustaining an institution. In the spring of 2004, Schwarzman committed to donate $10 million to the Kennedy Center in a raw push to become its chairman. One of his private-equity rivals, David Rubenstein, of the Carlyle Group, was said to have wanted the post, too, and had the logical advantage of actually living in the Washington, D.C., area. But Schwarzman's $10 million pledge won out. Since then there has been grumbling that Schwarzman is taking only minimal interest in the center. "There are people on the board who can't believe that," says one Kravis friend, who adds, "They were talking to Marie-Josée too: they would have gotten a lot more money out of her." A Blackstone spokesperson says that Schwarzman's $10 million is to be given over a period of years, and that Schwarzman is adhering rigorously to the agreed-upon schedule. Kennedy Center president Michael Kaiser confirms that. As a New Yorker, Kaiser acknowledges, Schwarzman has been a different kind of chairman than others in the center's past, but a very effective one. "In his three years as chairman, fund-raising has gone up 30 to 35 percent, and a lot of that is due to his efforts."

All this was the backdrop—the prelude—to this past year, when the rivalry grew sharper, and more personal, beginning with K.K.R.'s Amsterdam surprise.

Private Equity Goes Public

For some time, Henry Kravis and his cousin George Roberts had been pondering how to alleviate the endless pressure of needing to raise billions of dollars for each new big LBO fund. Even after 30 years, Kravis still had to work the circuit. Once in a while he can just make a call, "but usually," says a colleague, "he has to go through the whole process. They all have gatekeepers." Going public somehow—issuing stock—would give the firm permanent capital. And the more capital the better, given how beautifully the financial stars were aligned for LBOs: low interest rates for LBO loans, and lots of undervalued targets.

One day in May 2006, K.K.R. startled the private-equity world by announcing its first public offering. Instead of taking itself public, however, K.K.R. launched a public fund on the Amsterdam exchange. Small-fry investors could buy stock in that fund. They could be part of the private-equity game just like big institutional investors. The offering was—at first—a huge success. Intended to raise $1.5 billion, it netted $5 billion. Schwarzman was angry. "K.K.R. destroyed the market for anyone else," a Blackstoner rails, meaning any other private-equity firm that wanted to suck up European money with a public offering, "which I think was their objective."

Soon, though, K.K.R.'s share price dipped, and stayed down, as investors realized how long they'd have to wait for returns. As one Blackstoner says, "What you're investing in in Amsterdam is a vehicle that has no existing cash flow, it's all on the come [based on future LBOs], and it takes a while for the cash, which is raised up front, to be invested."

Instead of copying K.K.R. with a public fund that might meet the same fate, Schwarzman began plotting how to take Blackstone itself, or part of it, public, raising the same

Wall Street Titans

permanent capital that K.K.R. wanted, but doing it in the U.S.—and doing it first.

For nine months, the I.P.O. talks were top secret. Publicly, Blackstone answered K.K.R.'s Amsterdam offering by announcing the largest-ever private-equity fund, at $15.6 billion. Almost immediately, K.K.R. responded that its next fund would exceed $16 billion. That fall, the two firms bid against each other for Freescale Semiconductor, a particularly juicy deal. Blackstone bid $16.8 billion and seemed poised to win when K.K.R. declared it would make a counter-offer. With the leverage of an offer on the table, Schwarzman sweetened the pot with an additional $800 million, but told the company's board it had 24 hours to make a decision or he would quit the auction. The board caved; K.K.R. lost. Nearly two decades before, that was exactly the card Henry Kravis had played to win RJR Nabisco.

The new year began with a brilliantly successful I.P.O.—but it wasn't Blackstone's, and it wasn't K.K.R.'s. Fortress, a major U.S. hedge fund and private-equity fund, saw its share price rise from $18.50 to $25 in a February launch-day frenzy, then stabilize in the low $20s. It was Fortress's precedent-setting I.P.O. that settled the internal debate at Blackstone, and likely at K.K.R. as well. But it was also Fortress that first drew the attention of Washington lawmakers, particularly Senator Max Baucus (Democrat, Montana), by the disclosure, in its I.P.O. prospectus, of its partners' stratospheric compensation—and low tax rates.

Four days later, with lawmakers' eyebrows still raised high, came the now infamous 60th-birthday party of Stephen A. Schwarzman.

In fairness, Schwarzman wasn't the first private-equity titan to throw himself an over-the-top 60th-birthday party. That honor went to David Bonderman, of Texas Pacific Group, better known as "Bondo," who paid the Rolling Stones more than $5 million to play for his birthday guests at a Las Vegas hotel. But timing is everything. Saul Steinberg, at his own 50th-birthday extravaganza, during the height of 1980s excess, looked out over the guests grouped in *tableaux vivants* and sensed the fall to come. "Honey, if this moment were a stock," he famously told his wife, "I'd short it." In retrospect, Schwarzman picked a similarly bad time to give a blowout party in the middle of Manhattan and to invite pretty much everyone, as one rival put it, who made more than $100,000 a year.

Pretty much everyone—but not quite. As social figures such as Dixon and Arianna Boardman, and Sherrill and Muffie Potter Aston, entered the immense Seventh Regiment Armory, on Park Avenue at 67th Street, along with banking's top tier—J. P. Morgan Chase's Jamie Dimon, Goldman Sachs's Lloyd Blankfein, Apollo Group's Leon Black, the Carlyle Group's David Rubenstein—a perceptive guest might have noticed that one Wall Street titan was missing: Henry Kravis.

Perhaps, given the distractions, no one did. In the area set aside for cocktails, guests found themselves beneath huge indoor canopies that replicated the décor of the Schwarzmans' living room and library. There was the Twombly and the portrait of Schwarzman over the fireplace! The tiered dining area was made to look like a Parisian disco, circa 1979, complete with revolving mirrored ball. Comedian Martin Short offered quips, singer Patti LaBelle led a gospel choir, and rocker Rod Stewart performed for a reported $1 million. Estimates of the party's cost ranged from $3 million to $10 million. But, apparently at Schwarzman's insistence, no old friends or colleagues stood up to toast or roast him. "It was very impersonal," one guest recalls. "Just lots of money."

The party came only days after Blackstone's record-breaking $39 billion takeover of Equity Office Properties, the country's largest owner of office buildings. The record broken was K.K.R.'s $31.4 billion RJR Nabisco deal, which had stood since 1988. And so, by chance or not, the party seemed more than a celebration of Schwarzman's birthday. It seemed a self-given coronation for the new king of private equity.

"I don't know if he got invited or not, but he's not going," Kravis's secretary said tersely to a reporter some days before the party. In fact, Kravis hadn't been invited. Schwarzman, as *The Wall Street Journal* later reported, was asked by a friend before the party why he'd left Kravis off the list; Schwarzman replied coolly that Kravis had never invited him to his apartment for dinner. According to the *New York Post,* hours before the party, Kravis was overheard at the Council on Foreign Relations marveling that he hadn't been invited. For Kravis, revenge was a dish best served not quite cold: less than two weeks after the party, K.K.R. smashed Blackstone's E.O.P. record with a $45 billion takeover of Texas utility TXU.

The deal was astounding, and not only for its scale. In response to environmental lobbying, Kravis and his club-deal partner, T.P.G.'s Bonderman, forced the utility to scrap a number of planned coal-fired power plants: a financial sacrifice for all concerned that made Kravis and Bonderman environmental heroes. But even as they basked in the flattering coverage, Blackstone retaliated with its big bomb: the I.P.O.

To the private-equity world, the 383-page prospectus was gripping. It confirmed that Blackstone had $88.4 billion in assets then under management—far more than any of its rivals. It noted that Schwarzman's compensation in 2006 was $398 million—a shock even to his well-paid peers. Shocking, too, was his decision to take nearly $700 million out in the offering. At least Schwarzman wasn't cashing out his 23 percent share of the firm. But Peterson wa tiring his own stake of $1.9 billion. Thoug would steer a substantial portion of it to ity, that was still an eye-popping figure.

Blackstone declared that as a public cor ny it would remain a partnership. The part would pay regular corporate taxes on the percent annual fee they take off the top f all the money they manage. But they felt should be allowed to keep paying a low 15 cent capital-gains tax on all income associ with the risky business of buying and se companies. After all, that was what the cap gains tax was for: to reward risk-takers wh risks would grow the economy. But tradition the "carried interest" that an entrepreneur t after selling a company was profit on his ow vestment. For the most part, Blackstone wa vesting its limited partners' money, not its o

Schwarzman, in pushing Blackstone do its I.P.O., brought harsh light onto a c setup that private equity had enjoyed—q etly—for decades. Kravis was furious as l makers began debating the "Blackstone b to raise taxes on carried interest from 15 p cent to 35 percent. He thought that with the birthday party lawmakers might ha grumbled but not taken action. "Groups people—politicians—rarely do things for o reason," suggests a Kravis friend. "It te to be an accumulation of things." May though, Kravis also hated feeling eclipsed

Resolutely, Kravis embarked on a dizzy buying spree. In the first six months of 20 K.K.R. spent and borrowed more billions dollars for deals than in its last two decad combined. Almost every auction it entered won—by paying more than any of its rivals. P haps, bankers began muttering to one anoth Kravis was paying too much. The more he pa the more debt he had to take on. The more d he took on, the more banks had to shovel to hedge funds and the more people the comp nies might have to cut to pay the interest.

In one sense, says the head of anoth private-equity firm, Kravis had no choic "Blackstone had built a bigger business, a as a result of that being known, K.K.R. had respond with more deals. It's a difficult po tion to be the leader. K.K.R. was dominan now it's a leading force. It's very difficult dominate an industry as it matures. But He ry is a lion in winter: he's not going to cede h kingdom if he can help it." (A Kravis colleag denies that K.K.R.'s deals were related to th Blackstone I.P.O.) That spring, K.K.R. mad the announcement that its next fund wou exceed $16 billion. Blackstone replied that i own latest fund would top out at $21.7 billio

Party's Over

Stephen Schwarzman was not on han to ring Wall Street's opening bell on th morning of Friday, June 22—the tradition f heads of companies going public. The ne poster boy for greed had been "buried," as o

kstone colleague put it wryly. Meanwhile, warzman flew off to spend July in St. Tro- as he does every summer. In his absence, kstone's stock charged out at $31, briefly bed, then dipped. Within a day, Wall et's underwriters had soured on the deal. n, it would be seen as the worst-performing). of the year. Still, Blackstone's partners e big winners: they'd taken in $4.6 billion— irst 10 percent of Blackstone. In a separate , the company had sold another chunk of tock to the Chinese government for $3 bil- . So the total take was $7.6 billion.

For Kravis and K.K.R., the question now less about the wisdom of whether to go lic—the barn door was open—than about timing. "Henry even thought about put- the public offering off," says one friend, cause of his concern that, by filing so ely after Steve, that would be the focus. story wouldn't be a story of K.K.R. filing what a great company it was. It would be e versus Henry." But with the tom-toms ting in Washington for a Blackstone bill, vis knew there was a compelling reason ct rather than wait. Despite the bill's nick- ne, Blackstone would almost certainly be ndfathered in—the bill proposed by Sena- Baucus and Chuck Grassley (Republi- Iowa) would give the company five years omply with the law if it passed. If it hur- , K.K.R. would get the same break.

K.K.R. filed its I.P.O. on July 3, pledging aise just $1.25 billion. None of the partners ld take out any money—a not-so-subtle dig chwarzman for feeding at the trough. In its spectus, K.K.R. had to acknowledge that verage annual return was 20.2 percent af- ees. Blackstone's was 22.6 percent.

As Wall Street tried to digest the drama K.K.R.'s I.P.O. versus Blackstone's, a quiet over the July Fourth holiday weekend set ew LBO record. But the deal wasn't done K.K.R. or Blackstone, or even Carlyle or G. or Goldman Sachs. It was done by key Providence Equity, based in Rhode nd. Jonathan Nelson, the firm's publicity- founder, orchestrated a $48 billion buy- of the Bell Canada Enterprises telecom pany. Perhaps because the target was Ca- ian, perhaps because Providence Equity n't one of the big New York firms, the deal le almost no news. But, if private equity's ne was to go to the biggest deal-maker, n Schwarzman and Kravis had just been planted.

Only one week later, the market began to dder. And suddenly, incredibly, the "gold- ge" of private equity, as Kravis had called st weeks before, came crashing to an end.

ike all market crises, this one came as a shock yet seemed, with just a few days' dsight, inexorable. Debt had been traded a whole new currency between banks, be- en banks and hedge funds, between hedge funds and institutional investors. As long as there were buyers for that debt, the system kept working, keeping the market afloat and sustaining one deal after another. But when some of that debt began to look bad—like counterfeit bills—buyers stopped buying, and almost overnight, the whole game came to a halt.

The bad debt wasn't in deals done by the private-equity firms. It was in huge bundles of subprime residential mortgages. Companies such as American Mortgage issued a lot of home mortgages at low, variable rates to mostly poor people who shouldn't have taken them, because when the rates rose, they couldn't afford the higher monthly payments. American Mortgage then sold bundles of those mortgages to banks and hedge funds, which bought them because the bundles generated higher interest rates than treasury bonds. But more and more mortgage holders were defaulting on their payments, moving out of their houses, sometimes vandalizing them as they went. The banks and hedge funds were getting no interest at all from those mortgage defaulters. All they were left with was real estate in bad neighborhoods that no one wanted to buy. They were screwed.

The bellwether warning had come in the spring, when Bear Stearns acknowledged deep losses in two in-house hedge funds that had bought up lots of those subprime mortgage bundles. Smart investors began wondering how many other institutions held worthless subprime, too. No one knew, because the market in subprimes was unregulated. Through July, the market held its breath, hoping the Bear Stearns funds were a blip. By mid-August, the Dow was wildly gyrating with rumors that one well-known hedge fund after another held subprime bundles that would soon go belly up, potentially forcing the funds to fold. The market might just be experiencing "indigestion," as one market chieftain put it. But for the moment, at least, no one wanted to buy debt, and so no one could sell it. Without that easy flow of debt, banks and hedge funds, among other institutions, would have trouble raising cash to meet their obligations. A chain reaction of bankruptcies might follow.

In this new climate of fear and uncertainty, the last thing banks wanted to do was issue more loans for private-equity LBOs. Unfortunately, they had committed to do just that. They had agreed to float $225 billion in loans for deals that hadn't yet closed. About $140 billion of that was in the 11 deals, large and small, that K.K.R. had just racked up in its record buying spree. There was a lot of buzz that, as rates spiked in reaction to the credit crunch, K.K.R. would have to pay much more to finance its still-open deals—the $45 billion TXU utility for one, the more recent $26 billion First Data for another. But the banks had agreed to make those loans at pre-arranged rates. And K.K.R. was hanging tough. "If banks go to K.K.R. and say, 'Gee, you should help us,' it would be quite fair for K.K.R. to say, 'Hey, who's going to help me pay $69 a share to shareholders based on what you promised me?,'" explains one professional involved with K.K.R.'s deals. "People are unhappy, but in terms of the deals, K.K.R. is safe."

The debt might be locked in, but Kravis's bankers would have to sell it all somehow, at some price. "They will have a stench from these deals," says one Blackstone source about the K.K.R. debt. "They're going to trade like crap, and you don't want your old debt selling at 80 cents on the dollar when you go back to the market and try to sell your new ones at par." Not only that: Kravis had bought his new companies at the height of the market. They were worth a lot less money now. So he would have that much harder a time turning a profit when he tried to sell them down the line. "They accelerated their purchases into the decline," says the Blackstone source. "Blackstone was more nimble." As *Vanity Fair* went to press, K.K.R. was struggling with the news that its West Coast financial arm, K.K.R. Financial, had $5.1 billion in short-term, mortgage-backed debt that it was starting to sell at a loss to oblige panicked lenders who no longer trusted mortgage-backed debt.

The next casualty might well be K.K.R.'s I.P.O. One analyst after another declared it dead in the water. Who would want to buy stock in a public company that focused almost exclusively on LBOs, when the credit crunch all but doomed any *new* LBOs, at least for the foreseeable future? It seemed only a matter of time before Kravis made the painful and embarrassing decision to postpone the launch date—indefinitely. But a K.K.R. source notes that for any I.P.O. the period between filing and launch is roughly three months. A lot could change in that time. "Why make a decision in August," the source asks rhetorically, "that doesn't need to be decided before October?" For K.K.R., the best course of action may be to go full steam ahead and hope for the best.

Of the two titans of private equity, Schwarzman was clearly the winner—for now. He'd shown the same exquisite instinct for market timing as he and Pete Peterson had shown two decades before, when they closed their first fund days before the crash of October 1987. Blackstone had issued its I.P.O. right at the crest of the private-equity wave. K.K.R. had missed the wave altogether.

But what did winning really mean? In Congress, the bipartisan Blackstone bill had a fair chance of passage, despite furious Washington lobbying by private equity's various chieftains—including Kravis,

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who reluctantly came down to Capitol Hill himself one day, doubtless cursing Stephen Schwarzman under his breath. Another bill, put forth by Congressman Sander Levin (Democrat, Michigan), declared that *all* partnerships should pay full corporate taxes on carried interest. An entire industry might now have Schwarzman to thank for raising their taxes—not just those going public, but those remaining private too. Even among his incredibly wealthy peers, the Blackstone C.E.O.'s now public compensation figures had stirred irritation and envy. Outside of Blackstone, he wasn't a very popular guy. And for all the stock he'd given out to Blackstone's 400 or so employees, he might not be too popular inside the company, either—however much they got, Blackstoners now knew exactly how much more *he* got. The longer the stock stayed down, the less popular he'd be.

The fact was that both titans were hard-hit. So was the whole private-equity field. With the fear of bad debt now so widespread, interest rates had spiked, so neither Blackstone nor K.K.R. nor any of the other big private-equity firms was likely to do any more mega-deals soon. Mega-deals were what had kept the stock market charging up to 14,000. W out those boosts, the whole market might guish for many months to come.

For both Kravis and Schwarzman, LBO game was over, at least for a while. so both had lost, if losing meant not ha the chance to make more billions of dol But perhaps Kravis, with his far lower s profile, had lost less. Schwarzman was poster boy for greed now. A generation Kravis had learned how valuable a low file could be. In the months to come, it be up to Schwarzman to learn that les too; and in so doing, commence the alch of turning new money into old. □

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 335 an end run around that problem by conducting White House business on Republican National Committee e-mail accounts, which are not subject to the same recordkeeping requirements.)

Imagine, for a moment, that one of George W. Bush's oldest friends—say, his Yale classmate Roland Betts—wants to reach him. How does he go about it? Here is roughly what might happen: Betts's name is on a short list of known presidential friends. Betts may even know the direct number of the Oval Office suite, where he might get the president's personal secretary, or the director of Oval Office operations, on the phone. She in turn might ask the advice of the president's personal aide, known in Clinton White House parlance as "the butt boy." If the president is not doing anything in particular, and the two aides agree that he might like to talk to his old friend, the call might be put through. Or they might take a number and arrange a call-back, perhaps from the president's limousine on his way to a public appearance. Getting in touch is almost never a one-step process.

Now imagine that the mayor of a big American city—New Orleans, for instance—is trying to reach the president. Let's say the mayor is upset and, in a break with protocol, somehow manages to be connected to the Oval Office suite. What would happen next? First, his call would be routed to the office of Intergovernmental Affairs, the unit in the West Wing that handles presidential relations with states and municipalities. With luck, the mayor may actually know someone in that office. Maybe he blows his top and talks his way into being connected with one of the deputy chiefs of staff. Maybe, eventually, he makes it to the chief of staff himself (after asking a friendly senator or G.O.P. fat cat to intercede). And maybe then, just maybe, the chief of staff calls the president's office. (The chief of staff is one of the tiny handful of people whose calls are always put through.) And maybe, if all goes well, the chief of staff suggests that the president call the mayor back. And if all continues to go well, after two or three missed attempts they connect, and the president says he'll see what he can do about whatever it is the mayor wants. And then the process starts all over again.

For the president—any president—to receive reliable, unvarnished, outside information about what's really going on in the world can require an enormous personal effort. Ronald Reagan and George H. W. Bush sent out handwritten notes by the thousands to keep lines open to friends and acquaintances, and to remind themselves of the utter vastness of life outside. Bill Clinton made it his business to telephone old pals and fellow pols, often late at night, to test his assumptions, ask for advice, get a reality check. He brought his friend the historian Taylor Branch to the White House for freewheeling conversations on nearly 80 occasions. Clinton also read voraciously, including his own press clippings, which sometimes enraged him. Ronald Reagan's newly released diaries suggest that he watched *Meet the Press* and *60 Minutes* more faithfully each Sunday than he went to church; more than once, while watching Jerry Lewis's annual Labor Day telethon for muscular dystrophy, he picked up the phone, asked to be connected to the number on the screen, and had trouble persuading stunned operators that it was indeed the president trying to make a pledge.

Bush's aides maintain that he keeps up with a network of friends around the country, and often frustrates White House operators by picking up the phone to dial directly. But Bush has never made a public point of demonstrat that he cares about openness or is determi to stay in touch. To the contrary, even in sm symbolic ways he has erected barriers. Bush administration appears to be the firs history to have posted a formal dress code anyone wanting to set foot in the West Wi no jeans, sneakers, shorts, miniskirts, T-shi tank tops, or flip-flops. More seriously, administration has placed strict new lim on access to presidential papers, including own. The president himself, meanwhile, famously insisted that he ignores most news pers and television news programs, prefer to get his information from the White Hou own "objective sources," meaning the peo around him. Bush also insists that he igno polls, which Dowd, his former pollster, say a grave mistake. "How do you, when you sitting in a very tight, circled place, where y go from a black limousine to a helicopter t big airplane—how do you keep in touch w what people think? One of the ways to tell wh people think is, basically, by polls. For all th we can fault Clinton—and I never voted for t guy—at least he had a sense, and one of his t rometers was where the American people wer

It's hard to imagine that Bush doesn't at le glance at the carefully collated daily Whi House news summary, a digest of the day top stories and editorial comment stapled t gether in a fat, legal-size pile. At a minimu he reads enough of it to have recommend last July that his staff check out an upbeat a sessment of the Iraq war in *The Washingto Post*'s Outlook section written by Willia Kristol, one of the war's intellectual cheerlea ers. This, to be sure, is the kind of news th Bush wants to hear. When the news is som thing else, he may simply choose not to he it. According to the reporter Ron Suskind, August of 2001 a C.I.A. analyst was sent t the Bush ranch, in Texas, to brief the preside about indications of an imminent threat fro al-Qaeda. The president heard him out an then sent him packing with the words "A right. You've covered your ass, now."

The Bush White House has its own cable-vision system, with a custom lineup of nnels (Homeland Box Office, it might be led). When he travels out of town, Vice sident Cheney demands, according to writ- instructions that recently became public, t the television sets in his hotel suite be ned on to the right-wing Fox News before arrives. The TVs in the Bush presidential it are so routinely fixed on Fox that when president gave Nancy Reagan the use his official 747 for her husband's funeral, ee years ago, she had to ask the stewards to nge the channel, noting pointedly that her Ron was affiliated with MSNBC. During 2004 re-election campaign, presidential vance teams expelled from public events one they suspected might not quietly toe party line. Since then, Bush has rarely ap- red before any group, big or small, whose alties and questions were not pre-screened l pre-approved. In the course of a Bush trip Rhode Island in June, Jarrod Holbrook, a respondent for WPRI-TV, in Providence, ce dared to call out "Mr. President!" at an port photo op where no one had told him t questions were off limits. Holbrook, a mer Marine originally from Texas, told me had merely intended to ask how Bush was oying his first visit to Rhode Island as presi- t. A member of the White House entourage h an earpiece and security pin immediately ked Holbrook's press credential off his belt, l disappeared with it into Air Force One. In end, insularity becomes inertial, feeding on lf to create ever more isolation.

The Great Desertion

The isolating nature of the White House is at its most extreme in a second term. all the presidents lucky enough, or cursed ough, to win a second term, probably none uld claim that the second time around was ter. Sometimes the falloff has been pro- unced. Woodrow Wilson won re-election 1916 on the platform that "he kept us out war," but the United States entered World r I anyway, and Wilson left office humiliat- by the failure of America to join the League Nations and brutally crippled by a stroke. ight D. Eisenhower's first-term achieve- nt in ending the Korean War and presiding r a booming consumer economy faded in iety about Sputnik abroad, civil rights at me, and his own multiplying medical prob- s. Richard Nixon's travails with Watergate ak for themselves, as do Ronald Reagan's h the Iran-contra scandal and Bill Clinton's h the Lewinsky affair and impeachment.

By any measure, the failure of George Bush's ond term has been spectacular. Winning re- ction in 2004, he bragged in a post-victory ws conference that he had accumulated a passing quantity of political capital and now ended to spend it. The political capital has en squandered. Bush's grand plan to overhaul Social Security by creating private investment accounts never got off the ground. His effort to reform immigration law resulted in bitter denunciations by conservatives in his own party and a humiliating defeat in Congress. His pathetic response to Hurricane Katrina exploded any claim he might make, as the first president in history with a business degree, to managerial competence. Ever since the Democrats took control of Congress in the midterm elections, the administration has faced slow death by subpoena on a dozen fronts. Hanging over everything has been the debacle of Iraq, a failure acknowledged everywhere in Washington except the Oval Office. The recognition of failure is so pervasive that when the president went looking for a new "czar" to oversee the war effort, he ended up with a man, Lieutenant General Douglas Lute, who had actually opposed the president's policy of "surging" more American troops into Baghdad.

The paradox of second terms—of second terms in general, and of this one most acutely—is that just when a president most needs an A Team of trusted, experienced aides around him, willing to puncture wishful thinking, he is all too apt to be surrounded by an F Troop of third- and fourth-tier appointees who have been brought in as neophytes or who had simply hung around long enough to move up the ladder.

Bush's first White House domestic-policy adviser was the capable Margaret Spellings. That job was later given to Claude Allen, who resigned in the shadow of criminal charges involving a department-store refund scam, and it is now held by Karl Zinsmeister, a stern but erratic ideologue imported from the world of right-wing think tanks. If Bush's first-term surgeon general, Dr. Richard Carmona, did not inspire confidence with his recent admission that administration officials muzzled him on hot-button issues like the morning-after pill, then what is the country to make of Bush's current nominee for the job, Dr. James W. Holsinger Jr., who helped found a church that ministers to people who no longer wish to be gay or lesbian? How about Michael Baroody, a senior lobbyist at the National Association of Manufacturers, who was forced to withdraw as Bush's nominee to head the Consumer Product Safety Commission last spring after it came out that the association was preparing to give him a $150,000 send-off payment? (As C.P.S.C. director, he would be regulating products made by its members.) Or Henrietta Holsman Fore, nominated by Bush to replace Randall Tobias, deputy secretary of state for foreign assistance, after Tobias was forced to resign in an escort scandal? It turned out that Fore once told a college audience that she had tried to retain black employees when she was president of a small wire-products company near Los Angeles but that they preferred selling drugs; that Hispanics were lazy; and that Asians, while productive, favored professional or management jobs. (Her nomination is pending in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.) You can multiply such examples by several score. These may not be officials at the apex of power, but the functioning of any presidency depends on people at this level, and the steady degradation of their ranks is corrosive.

The desertions from Bush's innermost circle have been, if anything, more pronounced. By the end of Franklin D. Roosevelt's tenure in the White House, some loyalists lamented that the aides most able to save him from trouble, or at least from himself—people such as his political adviser, Louis Howe; his secretary, Missy LeHand; and his all-purpose confidant, Harry Hopkins—were all gone from the scene. The same is true for Bush: absent now are most of the aides who knew him best, served him longest, and could give it to him straightest—people such as his old friend and former commerce secretary, Don Evans; his counselor Karen Hughes; and his longest-serving aide, Dan Bartlett. Unlike his father, who had in men such as James Baker and Brent Scowcroft genuine peers whose unvarnished advice he trusted totally, George W. Bush has never had advisers whom he regarded as true equals, so the loss of those few who came close is a calamity.

By all accounts Bush's chief of staff, Joshua Bolten, who took the job last year and freshened up the White House operation with a new press secretary and other changes, is a skilled Washington player, unafraid to give Bush bad news or challenge prevailing thinking. But, as a range of Republican insiders told me, Bolten was no match for Karl Rove. Variously nicknamed "Boy Genius" and "Turd Blossom" by Bush, Rove remained the president's chief political strategist and the dominant internal White House force (read: schoolyard bully), despite having had his wings clipped and his policy portfolio lightened by Bolten—and despite having seen his hopes for a permanent Republican majority repudiated last fall. Rove was able to interpret Bush's moods and thinking better than anyone, which gave him extraordinary power. But his effectiveness was ultimately diminished by the cloud of controversy that surrounded him, and one White House veteran told me that Republican candidates around the country had begun to shun his advice. To the surprise of many, Rove announced his resignation in August, his voice cracking in an emotional news conference with Bush. The blossom may be off the turd, but the bunker Rove helped Bush build remains very much in place.

Karen Hughes, one of the most prominent among the former Bush aides, and well known for being an effective counterforce to Rove's partisan machismo, was the first to leave the White House inner circle (in 2002, to spend more time with her family), though she remained plugged in enough to be the one to tell Bush that, whatever he thought, he *did* look defensive and impatient in his first 2004 debate

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against John Kerry. Matthew Dowd not only left the fold but went above it: in a front-page interview with *The New York Times* last spring, Dowd detailed chapter and verse of his disappointment with the president's policies. Nicolle Devenish Wallace, a canny, candid communications aide who once worked for Jeb Bush, was a mainstay of the re-election campaign and actually seemed to enjoy the company of journalists; she left the White House last year out of frustration with Rove's iron rule, his refusal to brook criticism, and his tendency to mock and humiliate anybody who disagreed with him.

Even more striking was the departure of counselor Dan Bartlett, the man sometimes described as the son Bush never had. Though Bartlett, who had worked for Bush since 1993, always kept a discreet and loyally low profile, he was understood to have been willing to tell the president unpleasant truths. It was Bartlett who assembled a compilation reel of post-Katrina news coverage in a last-ditch effort to make Bush understand what everyone else in America knew: that the president had a crisis on his hands. Bartlett announced his resignation in June, on his 36th birthday, looking at least half again that age, and told reporters that the birth of his third son, in January, meant it was past time for a change. Bush issued a statement praising Bartlett as a "true counselor." But there was, all the same, something grudging in Bush's body language and a poignant trace of abandonment in Bartlett's departure, which came a full year after Bolten had asked senior aides either to leave immediately or pledge to stay the remainder of Bush's term.

So most of the grown-ups are gone. In the end, Bush is left tethered to the most bunkered subordinate of all, Dick Cheney, who, according to *The Washington Post,* squirrels away even the most routine office documents in "man-sized Mosler safes" and who reaches down into the tiniest capillaries of the federal bureaucracy to assert his will. Bush and Cheney have always presented Cheney's lack of presidential ambition as an asset, one that has allowed Cheney to serve the president with unquestioned loyalty and singular effectiveness. The truth is precisely the opposite. As the 2008 election approaches, it is obvious that Cheney's willful political tone-deafness has become one of Bush's biggest liabilities. A vice president with his eye on the prize would operate with more astuteness and delicacy, if only for the sake of his own objectives. And a president determined to ensure his vice president's prospects could never afford to be as stubborn, as seemingly oblivious to the physics of electoral reality, as Bush has chosen to be. Despite reports of supposedly diminished influence, and of occasional losses to Defense and State on policy questions, Cheney remains the most powerful vice president in history—all the more powerful for the total privacy of his relationship with the president. One Bush-administration veteran had this to say by way of summary: "The guy scares the crap out of me."

Deluder in Chief

At a formal White House dinner last spring, President Bush made friendly small talk about one of the White House's latest technological marvels: the secure digital videoconferencing system, through which Bush can consult with far-flung aides or with world leaders such as Iraqi prime minister Nuri Kamal al-Maliki at any hour of the day or night. The picture and sound quality are so lifelike, Bush told those around him, "I can see Maliki quake when I chew him out!"

The reality of Bush's isolation in the bunker is that the reverse happens to him only rarely. Communication is a one-way street; Bush himself never gets a talking-to. "When people

westin.com

go in to see him now to discuss Iraq," a longtime Washington Republican who served both Ford and Reagan told me, "he has this kind of Churchillian riff that he goes into. But he doesn't really talk about it. He will *receive* people. But that doesn't mean he *hears* people."

When he was Ronald Reagan's White House political director, Ed Rollins used to arrange occasional, informal focus groups with ordinary people—truckdrivers, nurses—whose anecdotal histories were Reagan's lifeblood. Rollins sees no equivalent effort in Bush's White House. In fact, he told me, he has heard from well-known people who were brought to the White House to present their views on policy questions and instead got a piece of Bush's mind. One businessman from New York was asked to the White House to offer his views on stem-cell research—"a major C.E.O., a hospital board chairman," Rollins recalls. The man told Rollins that, after he spoke up, Bush "put his finger in my chest" in angry disagreement.

One longtime former Republican official, who held senior posts in both the first and second Bush administrations, was bluntest of all. "My question is," this former official told me, "does he expose himself to people who respectfully disagree, or thoughtfully disagree, or may have a legitimate suggestion? Not a lot, no. I think some of us are just born with a really, really active curiosity. If you're on a farm, you ask, 'How does this irrigation system work?' I think he has a very narrow curiosity. He's polite. He was raised to be polite. But you just never sense a deep curiosity. His interests are exercise and chopping wood."

At the height of the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln sought convivial company wherever he could find it. A couple of nights a week he might head to the home of his sophisticated secretary of state, William H. Seward, for talk, companionship, a change of scene. As noted, in the first six months of this year, excluding the obligatory press dinners (which he only suffers) and foreign-summit dinners (ditto), Bush left the White House to socialize only three times. According to the CBS correspondent Mark Knoller, who keeps a fastidious record of such things, Bush went out for an early Sunday-night dinner in March at the home of Karl Rove; in June, he dined at the homes of Clay Johnson, an old Yale friend who is now the deputy director of the Office of Management and Budget, and of James Langdon Jr., a lawyer and major Bush fund-raiser who headed the president's foreign-intelligence advisory board. In all three instances Bush was back at the White House by around his usual bedtime of 9:30 P.M.

By comparison, Laura Bush is a good deal more gregarious, dining out with girlfriends, attending plays and concerts at the Kennedy Center, making the occasional getaway to New York. But she keeps her own counsel, and whatever she does—or doesn't—tell her husband remains almost entirely a matter of conjecture. On the day after last fall's Republican midterm-election defeat, while the president was holding a glum news conference at the White House, Laura Bush was celebrating her 60th birthday with 25 friends at a lunch at the elegant Inn at Little Washington, in the Virginia countryside.

"One of the things that has been a failure of this presidency is a lack of a 'social presidency,'" Matthew Dowd says. "To me, it's one of the greatest advantages a president can have, building relationships with the opposite party, not at the time when you need their votes but in the course of everyday life, inviting people out to have dinner at Camp David, having them over to the White House. There's basically been none of that. We wear it as a badge of honor that we don't have state dinners. We think it's a good thing [that] when we go into a country, we go in there as quickly as possible. A lot of people around



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him think that's neat. 'He stayed on schedule; he was only here an hour and a half.' When we've needed allies, at home and abroad, we haven't had them."

Bunkers, by their nature, reinforce the tics, the traits, the tendencies of their occupants. Bush's bunker has reinforced his certitude, his self-confidence, his eerie calm, his conviction that his course is right. A few months ago a visitor inquired sympathetically about the burdens of office, and Bush would have none of it: "It's the best job in the world," he said. Under the circumstances, the effect is to make Bush look . . . well, odd. Peggy Noonan, the former speechwriter who found for the president's father some of the most effective words he ever uttered, and who has generally been a loyal supporter of the son, recently wrote that she saw Bush's relentless cheeriness in the face of bad news as "disorienting, and strange."

It is a staple of bunker tales: The bizarrely optimistic leader, eyes glassy with resolve. The decider. The deluder in chief. Over the last year Josh Bolten and Dan Bartlett have gone out of their way to help Bush understand and overcome the apparent disconnect. At military bases around the country, and in hotel function rooms, and occasionally in the Oval Office, he meets privately with families of troops killed in Iraq, even some who are bitterly critical of him to his face, aides say. Bolten, Bartlett, and others have invited writers and historians, by no means all of them Bush supporters, to stop in for lunch or informal discussions. These visitors tend to come away with an impression similar to Peggy Noonan's. The historian Alistair Horne told the BBC after an hour-long meeting with the president, "He looked like he'd come off a cruise in the Caribbean and seemed to have none of the worries" one might have anticipated. Irwin Stelzer, a scholar at the Hudson Institute, a right-leaning think tank in Washington, and a writer for the conservative *Weekly Standard,* was part of a small group invited to lunch with Bush last spring. He was struck, he told me, by "the kind of calm confidence that the president exhibited. I expected to see somebody under severe pressure. None of that is going on. This is a guy who's made his decisions. He seems comfortable in them. I or someone else asked him, 'How are you reacting to the pressure?' and he said, 'I just don't feel any.' He said, for instance, that 'God tells us there's good and evil, but can't tell me to put troops in Iraq; that's for me to figure out within the context of good and evil.' I don't think he has any doubt in his mind that he's made the right choice. On the other hand, he has at least enough doubts that he wants to hear other views."

A recent White House dinner guest, not a political supporter of the president's, recalled that Bush seemed to take particular comfort from Lincoln's situation in the summer of 1864, before General William Tecumseh Sherman had taken Atlanta, when some fellow Republicans were warning that Lincoln could never be re-elected if he did not abandon his insistence on emancipation. Historians might well debate the appropriateness of the analogy, but the power of such examples seems palpable for Bush.

In a telephone conversation last summer, a few weeks after he left the White House, Dan Bartlett told me that "the grossest misimpression" about Bush is that he doesn't understand the depth of opposition to his policies and the intensity of public feeling on the war, and that he is somehow unwilling to hear bad news. "The irony is, for the most part that's all he gets," Bartlett says. "From the start of the day to the end of the day, it's 80-20. When things get to the president, it's usually because it's bad news. He gets a morning report that's on his desk every morning with casualty reports. And another in the middle of the day. And another before he goes to bed. The notion that everybody tiptoes around the crux of issues or controversies is patently false."

What Bush chooses to say publicly, or even privately, is another matter entirely. "My sense is that if he expressed public doubt it would crumble like a house of cards, what public support he has left," Bartlett says. "What kind of message is that? In his mind, he's just one of those people who, once he makes his mind up, he's not going to be one who's second-guessing himself." Another former senior Bush aide made the same point this way: "I don't ever get a panicked call from anybody in the White House. They don't call and say, 'Oh, my God, I need a reality check.' I think they have an extraordinary awareness of how troubled some people are by their decisions, but they work for the one person who's got his eye on how history will judge him."

Doris Kearns Goodwin, the historian who began her writing career helping Lyndon Johnson with his memoirs and went on to write in-depth accounts of the wartime presidencies of Abraham Lincoln and F.D.R., has seen this trait firsthand. In *Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream,* she wrote that the lower Johnson's popularity fell, the more he proclaimed confidence in the rightness of his decisions on Vietnam. "He had committed everything he had to Vietnam," she writes. "Regardless of all evidence, he simply had to be right. To think otherwise, to entertain even the slightest doubt, was to open himself to the pain of reliving old decisions, options and possibilities long since discarded. 'No, no, no!' Johnson shouted at me one afternoon as I tried to discuss earlier opportunities for peace. 'I will *not* let you take me backward in time on Vietnam. Fifty thousand American boys are dead. Nothing we say can change that fact. Your idea that I could have chosen otherwise rests upon complete ignorance. For if I had chosen otherwise, I would [illegible] been responsible for starting World War I[illegible]

Dowd observes that when presidents a[illegible] such thinking they really get in trouble. [illegible] me, it feels a lot like what they call in [illegible] ness 'the fallacy of sunk costs.' You've s[illegible] 75 or 80 percent of your money and you [illegible] ize you've put the building in the wrong p[illegible] So you end up putting 20 percent more i[illegible] failure because you're afraid to say you [illegible] spent the 80 percent." He adds: "I know [illegible] the president and Karl that they view an[illegible] mission of a mistake as a sign of weakness [illegible] terestingly enough, the American public v[illegible] that as a sign of strength. People ask me w[illegible] advice I'd give a politician. I say I'd have t[illegible] make a mistake every week and apologize[illegible]

The aide to both Bushes who described [illegible] current president's lack of curiosity said t[illegible] it extends to the most important single ac[illegible] his presidency, the decision to go to wa[illegible] Iraq. "I don't think we will ever, ever re[illegible] have George Bush level and say why he [illegible] this," the aide says. "I think he has drunk[illegible] Kool-Aid and that's all there is to it."

The Last Battle

"What it all comes down to," a presid[illegible] once said, "is the man at the des[illegible] The words are those of the first Presid[illegible] Bush, who memorably declared in his 19[illegible] campaign, "I am that man." His son won [illegible] second term that the father was denied, a[illegible] seemed guaranteed to have a consequen[illegible] presidency, one that would count in the his[illegible] ry books. It will count in the history books, [illegible] right. So on that January morning 15 mon[illegible] from now, when he sits down to compo[illegible] his thoughts, what will George W. Bush, t[illegible] youthful failure who succeeded beyond [illegible] family's wildest imaginings, only to fail aga[illegible] say to his successor? Will he write of the b[illegible] dens of the job? Will he offer guidance abo[illegible] the pitfalls? Will he make a joke? Will [illegible] praise the virtues of perseverance? After a[illegible] the *Resolute* itself was stuck in the Arctic i[illegible] for two full winters, until finally drifting free[illegible]

On the surface, Bush remains as confiden[illegible] as cocky, as ever. At the White House pre[illegible] Christmas party last year, my wife, Dee D[illegible] Myers, a former Clinton White House pre[illegible] secretary, to whom Bush has been unfailing[illegible] gracious over the years, shook his hand an[illegible] asked how he was. "I like a challenge!" [illegible] replied, his face crinkling into a grin. Phot[illegible] graphs of the president may tell a differe[illegible] story: all the compulsive exercise in the work[illegible] all the discipline, all the public projection [illegible] confidence and bonhomie, cannot keep hi[illegible] from looking gray and tired and haggard[illegible] and, at last, every second of his 61 years. Eve[illegible] so, he is not an old man. If the actuarial table[illegible] hold true, it will be his lot to see his legacy b[illegible] terly debated for many years. He professes [illegible] be at peace with the prospect.

"I guess I'm like any other political figure[illegible]

aid during a rambling news conference July, after being asked by Edwin Chen of mberg News how he could hope to pros- e the war in Iraq without public support. erybody wants to be loved. Just sometimes lecisions you make, and the consequences, t enable you to be loved. And so when it's id and done, Ed, if you ever come down to the old, tired me down there in Crawford, ll be able to say I looked in the mirror and le decisions based upon principle, not based n politics. And that's important to me."

ever mind, for the moment, that Bush's administration has been as political as other. By some measures it has been the t politically motivated presidency of mod- times, with policy on issues from science xes dictated by considerations of partisan antage and ideological dogma. Bush's ment is interesting for what it says about self-image and about how he parses his fate. This is another staple of mythic bun- tales: the fearless leader, abandoned by the titudes, facing the end with a remnant of loyal band. Like a character in one of the ft Behind" novels, Bush is waiting for the Rapture, confident that he will be saved, validated, the unpleasant earthly realities of the moment be damned. Delayed vindication may even be more satisfying, something to relish. A few months ago, when a very senior Reagan-administration official sought to counsel Bush that it was not too late to retool his presidency, reminding him that Ronald Reagan recovered from the disaster of Iran-contra to reach a 68 percent job-approval rating on his last day in office, Bush cut the official off: No, he insisted, Reagan's ratings rebounded only later, after he had left office. The official happened to be absolutely correct, but no amount of argument could dislodge Bush from his view. His eyes were on his presidential afterlife.

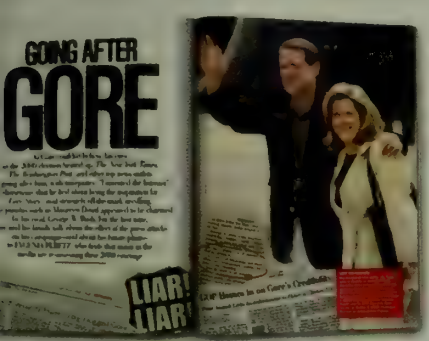
Ken Adelman, the Reagan-era arms-control negotiator and longtime hawk, whose distress at Bush's mishandling of the Iraq war is so intense that it has poisoned his once close friendship with Dick Cheney, is a Shakespeare buff who makes good money by lecturing on what Shakespeare can teach modern managers. I asked him if Bush reminds him of any character in Shakespeare. "Richard II," he answered instantly, explaining that Richard was surrounded by sycophantic advisers—Bushy, Bagot, and Green—and that he alienated his people with a wasteful war against Ireland, and lost his throne to Henry IV.

"Not all the water in the rough, rude sea can wash the balm off from an anointed king," Richard proclaims in defiance at one point, sounding very much like the Decider we know so well. "The breath of worldly men cannot depose the deputy elected by the Lord." But a few short passages later, Richard is reduced to acknowledging, "You have but mistook me all this while: I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief, need friends—subjected thus, How can you say to me, I am a king?"

Every president, every person—even one as hunkered and blinkered and bunkered as George Bush—feels want, tastes grief, needs friends. Bush is hardly immune to emotion. Like all the men in his family, he is known to cry easily, if not comfortably or publicly. He has built the political and emotional prison of his bunker, policy by policy and partisan stone by partisan stone. Like all presidents, he alone holds the key. Don't count on him to turn it on January 20, 2009, when he puts down his burdens and picks up his pen. □

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ore and the Media



TINUED FROM PAGE 356 the "iron trian- of Karl Rove, Karen Hughes, and Joe augh.

The campaign went through several of- l slogans," says *The New York Times*'s harine Seelye, who would become one of more critical reporters who covered Gore. ey had a hard time latching onto a clear of what the campaign was about. [Demo- ic strategist] James Carville once said to that if you want reporters to write about nburger, you give them hamburger. You 't give them French fries and ice cream."

ore needed to give them hamburger, as Carville put it—a simple, dramatic char- r; a simple, dramatic story line; a 10-word gan. If Gore couldn't provide it, the press ld. As the campaign wore on, the media nd a groove they could settle into: wonk so perate to become president he'll do or say thing, even make stuff up. It complemented perfectly the other son of a politician running for president: irresistible frat boy who, when it came to the presidency, could take it or leave it.

The seeds of Gore's caricature had been planted in 1997 when he, the presumptive candidate for 2000, made a passing comment about Erich Segal's *Love Story,* over the course of a two-hour interview with *Time*'s Karen Tumulty and *The New York Times*'s Richard Berke, for profiles they were writing. Tumulty recounts today that, while casually reminiscing about his days at Harvard and his roommate, the future actor Tommy Lee Jones, Gore said, It's funny—he and Tipper had been models for the couple in his friend Erich Segal's *Love Story,* which was Jones's first film. Tumulty followed up, "*Love Story* was based on you and Tipper?" Gore responded, "Well, that's what Erich Segal told reporters down in Tennessee."

As it turned out, *The Nashville Tennessean,* the paper Gore was referring to, *had* said Gore was the model for the character of Oliver Barrett. But the paper made a small mistake. There was some Tommy Lee Jones thrown in, too. "The *Tennessean* reporter just exaggerated," Segal has said. And Tipper was not the model for Jenny.

In her story, Tumulty and co-author Eric Pooley treated the anecdote as an offhand comment. But political opinion writers at *The New York Times,* it seems, interpreted the remark as a calculated political move on Gore's part. "It's somewhat suspicious that Mr. Gore has chosen this moment to drop the news—unknown even to many close friends and aides," wrote *Times* columnist Maureen Dowd. "Does he think, going into 2000, that this will give him a romantic glow, or a romantic afterglow?" *Times* columnist Frank Rich followed it up. "What's bizarre," he wrote, "if all too revealing . . . is not that he inflated his past but that he would think that being likened to the insufferable preppy Harvard hockey player Oliver Barrett 4th was something to brag about in the first place."

Tumulty says she was stunned at seeing Gore's remark being turned into a "window onto his soul" in the pages of *The New York Times* and elsewhere: "I'm in the middle of this gigantic media frenzy. It had truly, truly been an offhanded comment by Gore. And it suddenly turns into this big thing that probably continues to dog him for the rest of the campaign."

Caught in the Web

The *Love Story* distortion set the stage for the "I Invented the Internet" distortion, a devastating piece of propaganda that damaged Gore at the starting gate of his run. On March 9, 1999, CNN's Wolf Blitzer conducted an interview with Gore shortly before he officially announced his candidacy. In answer to a question about why Democrats should support him, Gore spoke about his record. "During my service in the United States Congress, I took the initiative"—politico-speak for leadership—"in creating the Internet," he said, before going on to describe other accomplishments. It was true. In the 1970s, the Internet was a limited tool used by the Pentagon and universities for research. As a senator in the 80s, Gore sponsored two bills that turned this government program into an "information su-

perhighway," a term Gore popularized, and made it accessible to all. Vinton Cerf, often called the father of the Internet, has claimed that the Internet would not be where it was without Gore's leadership on the issue. Even former Republican House speaker Newt Gingrich has said that "Gore is the person who, in the Congress, most systematically worked to make sure that we got to an Internet."

The press didn't object to Gore's statement until Texas Republican congressman Dick Armey led the charge, saying, "If the vice president created the Internet, then I created the interstate highway system." Republican congressman James Sensenbrenner released a statement with the headline, DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR: VICE PRESIDENT GORE TAKES CREDIT FOR CREATING THE INTERNET. CNN's Lou Dobbs was soon calling Gore's remark "a case study . . . in *delusions of grandeur.*" A few days later the word "invented" entered the narrative. On March 15, a *USA Today* headline about Gore read, INVENTING THE INTERNET; March 16 on *Hardball,* Chris Matthews derided Gore for his claim that he "invented the Internet." Soon the distorted assertion was in the pages of the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Boston Globe,* and on the A.P. wire service. By early June, the word "invented" was actually being put in quotation marks, as though that were Gore's word of choice. Here's how Mimi Hall put it in *USA Today:* "A couple of Gore gaffes, including his assertion that he 'invented' the Internet, didn't help." And *Newsday*'s Elaine Povich ridiculed "Gore's widely mocked assertion that he 'invented' the Internet." (Thanks to the Web site the Daily Howler, the creation of Bob Somerby, a college roommate of Gore's, we have a chronicle of how the Internet story spiraled out of control.)

Belatedly attempting to defuse the situation, Gore joked about it on *Imus in the Morning,* saying that he "was up late the night before . . . inventing the camcorder." But it was too late—the damage had been done.

The Beat Goes On

As with all campaigns, the coverage of the 2000 election would be driven by a small number of beat reporters. In this case, two women at the most influential newspapers in the country: Seelye from *The New York Times* and Ceci Connolly from *The Washington Post.*

A prominent Washington journalist describes them as "edgy, competitive, wanting to make their mark," and adds that they "reinforced each other's prejudices."

"It was like they'd been locked in a room, and they were just pumping each other up," says Gore strategist Carter Eskew.

"They just wanted to tear Gore apart," says a major network correspondent on the trail. (Both refute such characterizations of themselves. "Why would reporters [from] major news organizations confer with the competition on such a fiercely competitive story?" asks Connolly.)

Building on the narrative established by the *Love Story* and Internet episodes, Seelye, her critics charge, repeatedly tinged what should have been straight reporting with attitude or hints at Gore's insincerity. Describing a stump speech in Tennessee, she wrote, "He also made an appeal based on what he described as his hard work for the state—as if a debt were owed in return for years of service." Writing how he encouraged an audience to get out and vote at the primary, she said, "Vice President Al Gore may have questioned the effects of the internal combustion engine, but not when it comes to transportation to the polls. Today he exhorted a union audience in Knoxville, Iowa, to pile into vans—not cars, but gas-guzzling vans—and haul friends to the Iowa caucuses on January 24." She would not just say that he was simply fund-raising. "Vice President Al Gore was back to business as usual today—trolling for money," she wrote. In another piece, he was "ever on the prowl for money."

The disparity between her reporting and Bruni's coverage of Bush for the *Times* was particularly galling to the Gore camp. "It's one thing if the coverage is equal—equally tough or equally soft," says Gore press secretary Chris Lehane. "In 2000, we would get stories where if Gore walked in and said the room was gray we'd be beaten up because in fact the room was an off-white. They would get stories about how George Bush's wing tips looked as he strode across the stage." Melinda Henneberger, then a political writer at the *Times,* says that such attitudes went all the way up to the top of the newspaper. "Some of it was a self-loathing liberal thing," she says, "disdaining the candidate who would have fit right into the newsroom, and giving all sorts of extra time on tests to the conservative from Texas. Al Gore was a laughline at the paper, while where Bush was concerned we seemed to suffer from the soft bigotry of low expectations." (Seelye's and Bruni's then editors declined to be interviewed for this article.)

Connolly, too, at *The Washington Post,* wrote about Gore's "grubbing for dollars inside a monastery," and "stretching the [fund-raising] rules as far as he can." Her stories *about* the distortions extended the life of the distortions themselves. In one article, she knocked Gore for "the hullabaloo over the Internet—from [his] inflated claim to his slowness to tamp out the publicity brush fire." In another, co-written with David Von Drehle, she claimed, "From conservative talk radio titan Rush Limbaugh and the *New York Post* (headline: 'Liar, Liar') to neutral papers across the country, the attack on Gore's credibility is resonating."

When Lehane and his communic partner, Mark Fabiani, selectively grant cess, Connolly, for reasons Gore staffe are obvious, was rarely favored and e enced it as an attack. "The 'Masters of ter,' as [Lehane and Fabiani] like to be c spent an inordinate amount of time atta various reporters and pitting journalists a each other and generally trying to ste subject away from a troubled campaign," nolly says today. (Lehane had no comm

But eventually, Gore staffers came t that if Connolly was denied the access formation she wanted there would be a to pay in terms of her coverage. In o her pieces Carter Eskew, a former tob industry adviser, was described in a c as being "single-handedly accountable fo dicting another whole generation of Ame kids" to smoking. When asked about th ticle, Eskew recalls how Connolly had c him the day before for a comment abou environmental group's endorsement of Bradley. After he gave her something perf tory, he says, she went after him. "She g 'That's all you're going to say?'" recalls Es "And I said, 'Yeah, that's all we're goin say.' And she goes, 'Do you know how st that is, Carter?' And then she threatened 'Well, if that's the kind of relationship you to have with me, then you'll find out the k of relationship we're going to have'—somet to that effect." ("I never threatened Carter kew," says Connolly. "It's possible I pre him for something more than a 'perfunct answer. . . . It's odd that he would think story was journalistically out of bounds or ribution for something as trivial as a medi quote.")

Toxic Coverage

On December 1, 1999, Connolly—a Seelye—misquoted Gore in a damn way. Their error was picked up elsewh and repeated, and snowballed into a po cal nightmare. Gore was speaking to a gro of students at Concord High School, in N Hampshire, about how young people co effect change. He described a letter he h received as a congressman in 1978 from a g in Toone, Tennessee, about how her fath and grandfather had gotten mysteriously He had looked into the matter and found th the town was a toxic-waste site. He went on

"I looked around the country for other sit like that. I found a little place in upstate N York called Love Canal. I had the first he ing on that issue and Toone, Tennessee. Th was the one you didn't hear of, but that w the one that started it all. . . . We passed a m jor national law to clean up hazardous dum sites, and we had new efforts to stop the pra tices that ended up poisoning water around th country. . . . It all happened because one hig school student got involved."

Jill Hoffman, a high-school senior in th

ence who was helping to film the event, "I remember thinking, I really, really what he has to say." But what Seelye and olly zeroed in on was Gore yet again ing credit for something he didn't do—overing" Love Canal (which was, in fact, vered by the people who lived there). In ion to mischaracterizing his somewhat guous statement, they misquoted him, ing he said, "*I* was the one that started it instead of "*that* was the one that started " The next day, Seelye offered a friendly account of Gore's visit to the school. olly repeated the misquote. In an article "First 'Love Story,' Now Love Canal," wrote:

he man who mistakenly claimed to have red the movie "Love Story" and to have invented the Internet says he didn't quite mean to e discovered a toxic waste site when he said igh school forum Tuesday in New Hampshire. "I found a little place in upstate New York d Love Canal." Gore went on to brag about ng the "first hearing on that issue" and said as the one that started it all."

he story picked up steam. "I was the one started it all" became a quote featured in *News & World Report* and was repeated e chat shows. On ABC's *This Week,* host rge Stephanopoulos said, "Gore, again, re- d his Pinocchio problem. Says he was the el for *Love Story,* created the Internet. And ime he sort of discovered Love Canal." On consecutive nights of *Hardball,* Chris Matthews brought up this same trio as examples of e's "delusionary" thinking. "What is it, the guy who keeps saying, 'I was the main acter in *Love Story.* I invented the Internet. ented Love Canal. . . .' It reminds me of py thinking he's the Red Baron." "It be- part of the vocabulary," Matthews says to- "I don't think it had a thunderous impact on oters." He concedes, however, that such sto- were repeated too many times in the media. eelye would later write a story with John ler under the headline QUESTIONS OF VE- TY HAVE LONG DOGGED GORE and pro- d "familiar and fairly trivial examples," ding his "taking credit for inventing the rnet or being the model for . . . *Love Story.*" ed today why those discredited allegations isstatements were included, Seelye says, bably because they were ones that everyone had heard of. We did write that they were ial,' but if that was the case, we should left them out or debunked them."

erhaps reporting in this vein was just too fying to the press for it to stop. As *Time* azine's Margaret Carlson admitted to Don s at the time, "You can actually disprove e of what Bush is saying if you really get the weeds and get out your calculator, or at his record in Texas. But it's really easy, it's fun to disprove Al Gore. As sport, and ur enterprise, Gore coming up with another whopper is greatly entertaining to us."

A study conducted by the nonpartisan Pew Research Center and the Project for Excellence in Journalism found that 76 percent of stories about Gore in early 2000 focused on either the theme of his alleged lying or that he was marred by scandal, while the most common theme about Bush was that he was "a different kind of Republican."

At the time, the only people seeming to notice the media's missteps were journalists at the fringes or out of the mainstream, including Somerby of the Daily Howler, Robert Parry on consortiumnews.com, and Eric Boehlert on *Salon,* as well as mere citizens who had no outlet but the telephone. These last included the Concord High students, who were trying to correct the record on Love Canal. The footage was reviewed by a teacher, Joanne McGlynn, the day after the initial Love Canal stories ran. McGlynn spotted the discrepancy between Gore's actual words and what was being reported, and phoned the relevant news outlets to alert them. The *Times* and the *Post* printed the correction . . . about a week later. But by that time the story had been echoed widely and was accepted as fact.

Connolly contends that the misquote "did not dramatically change the point he was trying to make" and that "the Love Canal reference was near the end of a story that ran deep inside the paper." (Page A-10.)

At least one reporter who either made or repeated the misquote was not thrilled to have been corrected by high-school students and their teacher. Sometime after the Love Canal stories came out, Hoffman, the high-school senior, went to see Gore speak again at an event in New Hampshire. There she was introduced to one of the reporters who'd gotten it wrong. The reporter, Hoffman said, made it clear her help in fixing the misquote was not appreciated, and said that the article was written very fast, while riding in a van. "It's amazing what one word can do to a person's integrity," says Hoffman today.

Gore responded to episodes like these by distancing himself from the beat reporters, which puzzled them. "Some of these reporters would write ruthlessly unfair pieces about him and then come complain to me in private, 'Gore could've been friendlier to me at that cocktail party,'" recalls Gore speechwriter Eli Attie. To this day, *Washington Post* media columnist Howard Kurtz, who spent time traveling with both candidates, wonders why Gore remained "secluded in the front cabin [of the plane]" and didn't engage in chitchat. "Everything is fair game in a presidential campaign," says Kurtz, "and part of the test of any candidate is how he deals with an often skeptical press corps. . . . The press sets up a series of obstacle courses . . . and if you are Al Gore and considered to be super-smart, yet not particularly gregarious, it's the moments of awkwardness or misstatements that are going to get media attention. If Gore had had a lighter touch, he probably could have overcome that."

Running the Gauntlet

One obstacle course the press set up was which candidate would lure voters to have a beer with them at the local bar. "Journalists made it seem like that was a legitimate way of choosing a president," says *Newsweek* columnist Jonathan Alter. "They also wrongly presumed, based on nothing, that somehow Bush was more likable." Chris Matthews contends that "the likability issue was something decided by the viewers of the debates, not by the commentators," but adds, "The last six years have been a powerful bit of evidence that we have to judge candidates for president on their preparation for the office with the same relish that we assess their personalities."

Maureen Dowd boiled the choice between Gore and Bush down to that between the "pious smarty-pants" and the "amiable idler," and made it perfectly clear which of the presidential candidates had a better chance of getting a date. "Al Gore is desperate to get chicks," she said in her column. "Married chicks. Single chicks. Old chicks. Young chicks. If he doesn't stop turning off women, he'll never be president."

"I bet he is in a room somewhere right now playing Barry White CDs and struggling to get mellow," she wrote in another.

Meanwhile, though Dowd certainly questioned Bush's intellect in some columns, she seemed to be charmed by him—one of the "bad boys," "rascals," and a "rapscallion." She shared with the world a charged moment between them. "'You're so much more mature now,' I remarked to the Texas Governor. 'So are you,' he replied saucily." And in another column: "You don't often get to see a Presidential candidate bloom right before your eyes."

As the Daily Howler noted, MSNBC anchor Brian Williams went after Gore's clothes at least five times in one week. "Here is a guy taking off his suits. . . . This is the casual sweater look—what's going on here?" . . . "He would have been in a suit a month ago." . . . "He's wearing these polo shirts that don't always look natural on him." Williams's frequent guest *Newsweek*'s Howard Fineman later chimed in: "I covered his last presidential campaign, in 1988. One day he was in the conservative blue suit, the next he was playing lumberjack at the V.F.W. hall in New Hampshire."

And Gore just kept going on about issues. Alluding to five speeches he made in two months on education, crime, the economy, faith-based organizations, and cancer research, Seelye wrote, "Mr. Gore becomes almost indignant when asked if his avalanche of positions might overwhelm voters." *The Washington Post*'s David Broder later found Gore too focused in his convention speech on what he'd do as president. "But, my, how he went

on about what he wants to do as president," wrote Broder. "I almost nodded off." As for the environment, while Gore was persuaded by his consultants not to talk about it as much as he would have liked, whenever he did, many in the media ignored it or treated it as comedy. Dowd wrote in one column that "Al Gore is so feminized and diversified and ecologically correct, he's practically lactating." In another, referring to his consideration of putting a Web-cam in the Oval Office, she wrote, "I have zero desire to see President Gore round the clock, putting comely interns to sleep with charts and lectures on gaseous reduction."

The trivial continued to dominate during the postmortem following Gore and Bush's first debate, on October 3, 2000. The television media were sure Gore won—at first. But then Republican operatives promptly spliced together a reel of Gore sighing, which was then sent to right-wing radio outlets. Eighteen hours later, the pundits could talk of little else. "They could hear you audibly sighing or sounding exasperated as Governor Bush was answering questions," Katie Couric scolded him the next day on the *Today* show. "Do you think that's presidential behavior?" For the *Times*'s Frank Bruni, the sighs weren't as galling as Gore's familiarity with the names of foreign leaders. "It was not enough for Vice President Al Gore to venture a crisp pronunciation of Milosevic, as in Slobodan," he wrote. "Mr. Gore had to go a step further, volunteering the name of Mr. Milosevic's challenger Vojislav Kostunica."

As Jonathan Alter points out, "Overall, the press was harder on Gore than it was on Bush.... The consequences of [that] in such a close election were terrifying."

Gore couldn't believe his eyes when he read distortions about him printed in the country's most respected newspapers, say those in his inner circle. "It stung to have the political media, the elite political media, buy into this crap," says Roy Neel, his close friend and adviser of 30 years, about the press coverage. "But I don't recall him ever blaming the media for the problems he was having."

Indeed, Gore accepts responsibility for not being able to communicate more clearly with the public. He admits, however, that the tendency of the press to twist his words encumbered his ability to speak freely. "I tried not to let it [affect my behavior]," Gore says. "But if you know that day after day the filter is going to be so distorted, inevitably that has an impact on the kinds of messages that you try and force through the filter. Anything that involves subtlety or involves trusting the reporters in their good sense and sense of fairness in interpretation, you're just not going to take a risk with something that could be easily distorted and used against you.... You're reduced to saying, 'Today, here's the message: reduce pollution,' and not necessarily by XYZ out of fear that it will be, well, 'Today he talked about belching cows!'"

According to Gore, bringing up the Internet again in public was like stepping on a verbal land mine. "If I had tried in the wake of that to put expressions about the Internet in campaign speeches, it would have been difficult," he says. "I did, of course, from time to time. But I remember many occasions where I would say something about the Internet, and as soon as the word 'Internet' came from my lips, the press would be snickering and relishing the mention. Not everybody in the press, but the *Zeitgeist* was polluted, and it never dissipated, because the stream of pollution coming into it was constant, constant."

The notion that he was prickly or unpleasant to reporters doesn't jibe with what Tipper witnessed. From her viewpoint, he remained gracious with the reporters—even at an event during the campaign, when Maureen Dowd sidled up in the middle of a conversation he was having with two other reporters. "He stood up and got her a chair and said, 'Please, join us.'" After Dowd had written about him "lactating," he agreed to an interview with her, answering questions about his favorite this, his favorite that. According to his staffers, she was a fact of life that would have to be endured.

The Gores, a famously close-knit family, could laugh at the coverage some. They joked around at the nonstop talk about which president you'd want to have a beer with. The Gore's middle daughter, Kristin, pointed out, "Gee, I want the designated driver as my president." But down deep they weren't laughing. "The sighs, the sighs, the sighs," says Gore, of the debate coverage. "Within 18 hours, they had turned perception around to where the entire story was about me sighing. And that's scary. That's scary."

The Comeback

After the election the Gores, heartbroken, traveled in Europe for two months. "We were roadkill," admits Tipper. "It took a long time to pick ourselves up from what happened." Gore grew a beard while he was there. After he stepped back onto U.S. soil, the press began knocking him around again for his latest "re-invention." Ceci Connolly, who had become a contributor on Fox News in 2000, said, "Looks like he's ready to go, but go where? Back to Europe with his backpack?" Later, in the *Los Angeles Times*, Jack Germond wrote, "He should have shed the beard before coming back. Instead, he continues to wear it in what is being interpreted as a signal of another 'new' Gore."

Over the course of Bush's early months in office, the Gores watched in profound disappointment as Bush rolled back many important environmental regulations of the Clinton-Gore years. But, as Karenna says, "my
set the tone for our whole family in not
ing. The way he publicly put his weight b
George Bush in the beginning, did n
the flames, did not cause division—and
was every opportunity to do that—sent
strong message to all of us to not be dr
down into anger and sadness about it b
to try to make the best of it." After Sept
11, Gore stood by Bush, saying, "George
is my commander in chief."

By September 2002, the country was
march to war. Against the advice of som
fidants, who suggested he might turn out
on the wrong side of history, Gore spok
against the invasion—fervently. On Sept
23, 2002, he articulated all the danger
have now come to pass. *The Washington*
Michael Kelly wrote about the speech, "I
wretched. It was vile. It was contempt
(Kelly was killed on April 3, 2003, in Iraq
his Humvee crashed while trying to evad
emy fire.) Fineman didn't hold back in des
ing how the "Beltway/Broadway clan" no
garded Gore: "as an annoying and ungra
bore who should have the decency to get

In order to diversify and open up the
sages coming out of the news media,
helped launch Current TV, an alterna
channel that features viewer-generated con
thereby providing a dialogue with the med
He also taught journalism, began working
Apple, and co-founded a business called
eration Investment Management. And,
the encouragement of Tipper, he dusted
the global-warming slide show in the atti
their Arlington, Virginia, home, the one
he had been delivering for 25 years to a
ences as small as 10 and as large as 10,0
The first time he showed it, at Middle Ten
see State University, the slides were in b
ward and upside down. It would be turned
An Inconvenient Truth, win an Oscar, and h
wake up the world to a global crisis.

Over the years since 2000, some journ
ists have attempted to reach out to the Go
At a pro-choice event a few years ago, *Tim*
Karen Tumulty gave Tipper her card a
asked her if she would ever want to ta
"When I saw her that night, she looked
though a gigantic weight had been lifted,"
calls Tumulty, who'd recently seen the cou
agonizing over Gore's political future.
the East Coast premiere of *An Inconveni*
Truth, the Gores bumped into Finema
who recalls, "I said to [Gore], on a perso
level, I want you to know that I admire y
for the way you have stayed in the game a
taken the mess of a few years ago and turn
it around and become such a leader in th
debate." At the time, Tipper just said than
and moved on, thinking to herself, Too litt
too late, buddy. In retrospect, she appreci
the gesture.

Katharine Seelye, who still writes abo

nal politics for *The New York Times*, had time to reflect on her work: "I'm there were times my phrasing could been better—you're doing this on the fly. etimes you're just looking for a different o describe something that you have to about over and over again," she says. I think overall my coverage was tough- led. A presidential campaign is for the important, hardest job in the world. ldn't the coverage be tough?" Connolly, staff writer at the *Post* but on a leave of nce, maintains that "the *Washington Post* ical team, myself and a dozen other jour- ts, approached the Gore campaign no rently than any other—with aggressive, ough, objective reporting."

s for Dowd, a Democratic operative ils running into her and having an ar- ent with her about her columns on the) debates, in which, he felt, she devoted uch attention to Gore's sighing as she o Bush's not knowing that Social Secu- was a federal program. "I basically said, v could you equate the two?'" he recalls. w could Gore's personal tics deserve as y column inches as the other guy being liot?' And her defense was 'Well, I voted Gore.' I thought, Well, that's great. But lreds of thousands of people who read column probably didn't." (A source e to Dowd says that she does not write rtisan column, keeps her votes private, certainly would not have disclosed that rmation to a political aide.)

hanks to his newfound status, speculation about Gore's entering the presidential has refused to die down. Alas, he's not g to announce his candidacy in the last graphs of a *Vanity Fair* article. "Modern ics seems to require and reward some icities that I don't think I have in abun- ce," says Gore, "such as a tolerance for bin rather than an honest discussion of tance.... Apparently, it comes easily for e people, but not for me."

ipper says he has made zero moves that ld suggest a run for the presidency, but s that if he turned to her one night and he had to run, she'd get on board, and 'd discuss how to approach it this time nd, given what they've learned.

he reporters and opinion-makers have rly chewed over the possibility. After all, now a star. In step with the new enthu- n for Gore, Dowd, in a February 2007 mn, described him as "a man who was cient on climate change, the Internet, orism, and Iraq," a sentiment echoed by y. The pundits, however, invariably come nd to the same question: "But if he ran, ld he revert to the 'old Gore'?" Another stion—in light of countless recent stories ut John Edwards's haircut—might be: ld the media revert to the old media? □

CREDITS



FASHION

COVER: **NICOLE KIDMAN'S PRADA** shirt from selected Prada boutiques, or call 888-997-1900; **RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION** skirt from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or go to ralphlauren.com; **CARINE GILSON** bra from Catriona MacKechnie, N.Y.C., and Agent Provocateur, N.Y.C. and L.A.; **AU PETIT MATELOT** hat from Au Petit Matelot, Paris; **88 FINE JEWELRY BY ANNA SHEFFIELD** necklace from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; **DAVID YURMAN** bracelet from David Yurman, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, or go to davidyurman.com; for **ORO VI FOR GOLD EXPRESSIONS** bracelet, call 800-FORTUNOFF, or go to fortunoff.com; for **TIFFANY & CO.** bracelet, call 800-526-0649. PAGE 76: For **ZIYI ZHANG'S DIOR HAUTE COUTURE BY JOHN GALLIANO** dress, call 011-33-40-73-73-73; for vintage **VAN CLEEF & ARPELS** ring, call 800-VCA-5797. PAGE 184: For **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI'S THOMAS PINK** shirt, go to thomaspink.com; for **JAEGER-LECOULTRE** watch, go to jaeger-lecoultre.com. PAGE 202: For Christopher Hitchens's **NIKE** shirt, go to nike.com; for **PUMA** shoes, go to puma.com. PAGE 205: For Christopher Hitchens's **NIKE** shirt and pants, go to nike.com; for **PUMA** shoes, go to puma.com; Arianne Tunney for avantgroupe.com. PAGE 244: **RACHAEL RAY'S OSCAR DE LA RENTA** dress from Oscar de la Renta boutiques nationwide; for **SEATON** sweater, call 310-550-1232. PAGE 246: For **JON HEDER'S URBAN OUTFITTERS** shirt, go to urbanoutfitters.com. PAGE 248: For Jon Heder's **PENGUIN** shirt, go to penguinclothing.com; for **KENNETH COLE NEW YORK** watch, go to kennethcole.com. PAGE 252: Jon Heder's vintage shirt from **TABLOID, L.A.**; for **GAP** jeans, go to gap.com; for **KENNETH COLE NEW YORK** watch, go to kennethcole.com; Arianne Tunney for avantgroupe.com. PAGE 311: For **ALICE EVE'S BOTTEGA VENETA** dress, call 877-362-1715; for **MOSCHINO** shoes, call 251-224-1499; for **DIESEL** underwear, go to diesel.com; David Thomas for Lux Management. PAGES 324–25: Nicole Kidman's **BALENCIAGA BY NICOLAS GHESQUIÈRE** sweater from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; **VERA WANG LINGERIE** shorts from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; for **LOLA** hat by special order, call 212-279-9093; for **JIMMY CHOO** shoes, call 866-JCHOO-US, or go to jimmychoo.com; **OLIVER PEOPLES** sunglasses from Oliver Peoples, N.Y.C. and L.A. PAGE 327: Nicole Kidman's **GIAMBATTISTA VALLI** dress from Barneys New York and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; for **BALENCIAGA BY NICOLAS GHESQUIÈRE** scarf, call 212-206-0872; for **CHARLES GARNIER** gold earrings, call 800-722-3721; for **CARTIER** watch, go to cartier.com; for **DAVID YURMAN** bracelet, go to davidyurman.com; for **TIFFANY & CO.** bracelets, call 800-526-0649. PAGE 328: Nicole Kidman's **BALENCIAGA BY NICOLAS GHESQUIÈRE** sweater from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; for **LOLA** hat by special order, call 212-279-9093; **OLIVER PEOPLES** sunglasses from Oliver Peoples, N.Y.C. and L.A. PAGE 329: For Nicole Kidman's **LENNY** swimsuit, call 702-770-7000; **BALENCIAGA BY NICOLAS GHESQUIÈRE** peacoat from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; for **MANOLO BLAHNIK** shoes, call 212-582-3007; for **CHARLES GARNIER** gold earrings, call 800-722-3721; for **DAVID YURMAN** bracelet, go to davidyurman.com; for **ORO VI FOR GOLD EXPRESSIONS** bracelets, call 800-FORTUNOFF. PAGE 330: Nicole and **ANTONIA KIDMAN'S PRADA** shirts from selected Prada boutiques nationwide. PAGE 331: Nicole Kidman's **BALENCIAGA BY NICOLAS GHESQUIÈRE** peacoat from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; for **DAVID YURMAN** earrings, go to davidyurman.com. PAGES 340–41: For **ZSA ZSA GABOR'S CHANEL** jacket, call 800-550-0005; **ELIE TAHARI** skirt from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. For **PRINCE FREDERICK VON ANHALT'S PRADA** suit and shirt, call 888-977-1900, or go to prada.com. Neil Rodgers for celestineagency.com. PAGE 343: **STEPHEN COLBERT'S ADAM KIMMEL** sweater from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C. PAGE 344: Stephen Colbert's **BRIONI** suit from Brioni, N.Y.C., or call 212-376-5777; for **THOMAS PINK** shirt, go to thomaspink.com; **CHARVET** tie from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; **TOD'S** shoes from Tod's boutiques nationwide. PAGES 352–53: For Ziyi Zhang's **CHANEL HAUTE COUTURE** dress, call 011-33-820-00-20-05; for vintage **AU VASE DE DELFT** earrings, call 011-33-142-60-92 49; ring is her own. PAGES 358–59: **AMY ADAMS'S 3.1 PHILLIP LIM** top from 3.1 Phillip Lim, N.Y.C., and Muleh, Washington, D.C.; for **CAROLINA AMATO** gloves, go to carolinaamato.com. PAGE 360: Amy Adams's **DONNA KARAN COLLECTION** dress from selected Neiman Marcus stores, or call 866-240-4700; for **HARRY WINSTON** earrings, go to harrywinston.com, or call 800-988-4110. PAGE 361: Amy Adams's **RALPH LAUREN BLACK LABEL** blouse from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or go to ralphlauren.com; **CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION** shorts from Calvin Klein Collection, N.Y.C., or call 212-292-9000.

BEAUTY

COVER: **NICOLE KIDMAN'S** hair styled with **JOHN FRIEDA** Original Formula Hair Serum, Secret Weapon Flawless Finishing Creme, and Moisture Barrier Firm-Hold Hairspray; Kerry Warn for John Frieda/Milton Agency. Makeup products by **CHANEL**; on her face, Satin Smoothing Fluid Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Gentle Ivory, and Pureté Mat Shine Control Powder S.P.F. 15; on her cheeks, Irréelle Blush Silky Cheek Colour in In Love; on her eyes, Stylo Yeux Waterproof Long-Lasting Eyeliner in Black Shimmer, Ombre Essentielle Soft Touch Eyeshadow in Beige, Le Crayon Sourcils Precision Brow Definer in Taupe, Forme Sourcils Brow Shaper in Clear, and Extracils Super Curl Lengthening Mascara in Noir; on her lips, Le Crayon Lèvres Precision Lip Definer in Natural, Aqualumière Sheer Colour Lipshine S.P.F. 15 in Ipanema, and Lèvres Scintillantes Glossimer in Whisper; Virginia Young for Streeters. PAGE 168: **ANYA HINDMARCH'S** hair styled with **AVEDA** Hang Straight Straightening Lotion. Makeup products by **LAURA MERCIER**; on her face, Laura Mercier Silk Crème Foundation in Rose Ivory, and Loose





Setting Powder in Translucent; on her cheeks, Cheek Colour in Orange Blossom; on her eyes, Mascara in Black; on her lips, Lip Colour-Crème in Beige-Nude-Crème; Charlotte Reid for Aveda and Laura Mercier/onemakeup.com. PAGE 176: David Cox for Urban Experiment/celestineagency.com (family and with dog). PAGE 178: David Cox for Urban Experiment/celestineagency.com (Gesner study and family). PAGE 184: Top left, **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI'S** grooming by Scott McMahan for artistsbytimothypriano.com; **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** Coiff from Frédéric Fekkai salons. Top right, **GIVENCHY** Parfums from select Nordstrom stores, or go to nordstrom.com. Bottom, **AMOREPACIFIC** Time Response Pure Essence 100 Skin Renewal Serum from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; the Eye Concentrate by **LA MER** from Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, and Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; **ORLANE** Crème Royale from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or go to neimanmarcus.com; for **RÉVIVE** Intensité Volumizing Serum, go to reviveskincare.com; **SHISEIDO** Bio-Performance Intensive Skin Corrective Program from fine department and specialty stores nationwide. PAGES 198–205: Grooming by Helen Jeffers for cloutieragency.com. PAGE 226: Grooming by Danielle Decker for artmixbeauty.com. PAGE 244: Hallie Bowman at the Wall Group; Fabiola Arancibia at the Wall Group. PAGES 246–48 AND 252: Cheri Keating for Matrix/nextmodelmanagement.com. PAGE 311: **ALICE EVE'S** hair styled with **NEXXUS** Absolute Finisher, Nectar of the Gods Deep Treatment, and FH1 Heat; Campbell McAuley for soloartists.com/Nexxus. Makeup products by **DIOR;** on her face, Diorskin Pure Light in Peach and Diorskin Poudre Libre in Transparent Light; on her cheeks, Dior Bronze Makeup Harmonie de Blush in Sunset Fiesta; on her eyes, Eyeliner Pencil in Black, 5 Colour Eyeshadow in Night Dust, and Diorshow Mascara in Black; on her lips, Dior Addict Rouge à Lèvre in Positive Red; Fran Cooper for Dior/artmixbeauty.com; on her nails, **MAC** Nail Lacquer in Shirelle; Melissa Bozant for MAC/artmixbeauty.com. PAGE 322: **SARAH SILVERMAN'S** hair styled with **KÉRASTASE** Vinyle Nutri-Sculpt, and Spray Volumactive. Makeup products by **GIORGIO ARMANI;** on her face, Matte Silk Foundation in Shade 4, Micro-Fil Loose Powder in Shade 1, and Sheer Bronzer in Shade 5; on her eyes, Maestro Mascara in Shade 1; on her lips, Lipstick Mania in Shade 23. Hair and makeup by Gina Monaci for Kérastase and Giorgio Armani. PAGES 340–41: **ZSA ZSA GABOR'S** hair styled with **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** Bouffant Lifting and Texturizing Spray Gel; Craig Gangi using Frédéric Fekkai at avantgroupe.com. Makeup products by **MAC;** on her face, Mineralize Satin Finish S.P.F. 15 Foundation in NC15, and Select Sheer/Loose Powder in NC15; on her cheeks, Powder Blush in Pinch Me; on her eyes, Mascara X in Black X, and Eye Shadow in Star Violet; on her lips, Slimshine Lipstick in Pink d'Lush; Steven Aturo using MAC at avantgroupe.com. Jenna Hipp for OPI at celestineagency.com. PAGES 343–44: **STEPHEN COLBERT'S** hair styled with **BUMBLE AND BUMBLE** Tonic Spray Lotion, and **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** Coiff Nonchalant Piecing and Foaming Wax. Grooming products by **DERMALOGICA;** on his face, Dermalogica Active Moist; Vaughn Acord for Vernon Jolly Inc. PAGES 352–53: **ZIYI ZHANG'S** hair by Sebastien Richard for Jed Root. Makeup products by **DIOR;** on her face, Diorskin Pure Light Foundation in Peach, and Diorskin Poudre Libre in Transparent Light; on her cheeks, Diorblush in Rouge Silk; on her eyes, Eye Show Shades in Pop Aquadelic, Diorshow Mascara in Black, and Diorliner in Black; on her lips, Dior Addict Rouge à Lèvre in Brilliant Fuchsia; Phophie Mathias for Dior/Marie-France Thavonekham. Typhaine Kersual for airportagency.com. PAGES 358–61: **AMY ADAMS'S** hair styled with **NEXXUS** Maxxishine Anti-Frizz & Shine Spray, Comb Thru Natural Hold Design and Finishing Mist, and Mousse Plus Alcohol Free Volumizing Foam Styler; Kevin Mancuso for Nexxus. All makeup products by **COVER GIRL;** on her face, Clean Makeup Foundation in Ivory, and Professional Loose Powder in Translucent Fair; on her eyes, Perfect Blend Eyeliner in Smokey Taupe, Eye Enhancers Shadows in Urban Basics, and Volume Exact Mascara in Black Brown; on her cheeks, Cheekers Blush in Rose Silk; on her lips, TruShine Lipcolor in Fire Shine; Molly Stern for Cover Girl at magnetla.com. April Foreman at the Wall Group. PAGE 402: Grooming by Scott McMahan for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

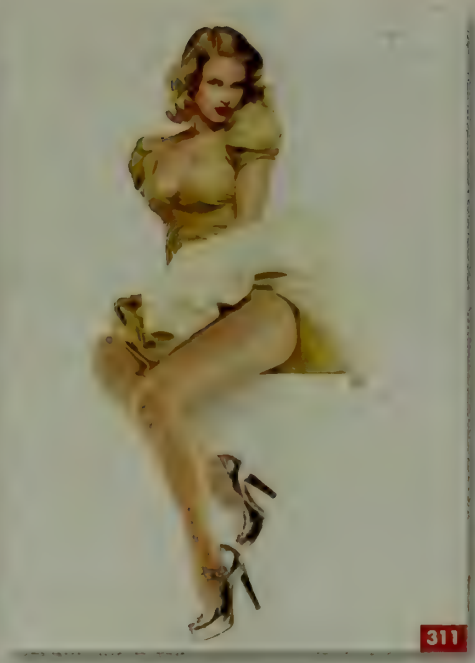
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Walker/Getty Images (73), Seth Wenig/Reuters/Landov (5), Rick Wilking/Reuters/Corbis (3, left), Vaughn Youtz/Zuma Press (35), Anatoli Zhdanov/UPI/Landov (30). **PAGE 306:** Left, top to bottom: courtesy of Allen & Co.; by Angelo Picco/Rex USA; both by Sonia Moskowitz/Globe Photos; Gregg Segal/Corbis; Evan Agostini/Getty Images; Ed Geller/Globe Photos (left), Evan Agostini/Getty Images (right); Evan Agostini/Getty Images (left), Rob Kim/Landov (right); from bauer-griffin.com; no credit (left), by Thierry Tronnel/Corbis (right); courtesy of Blackstone; by Michael Buckner/Getty Images; courtesy of Neoteny. Right, top to bottom: by Billy Farrell/PMc; courtesy of Ezequiel de la Rosa; by Daniel Acker/Bloomberg News/Landov; Vince Bucci/Getty Images; courtesy of dailykos.com; by Christian Grattan/PMc; Evan Agostini/Getty Images; Jennifer Graylock/A.P. Images; Tom Stockill/Bloomberg News/Landov; Billy Farrell/PMc; Patrick McMullan; no credit; by Matthew Staver/Bloomberg News/Landov; Paul Sakuma/A.P. Images. **PAGE 308:** By Alex Berliner/BEImages (100), Stefanie Keenan/PMc (98), Patrick McMullan (99). **PAGE 311:** Andy Henbest for frankreps.com. **PAGE 314:** By Ken Babolcsay/Globe Photos (Liu), Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos (Argento), Graham Whitby Boot/Allstar/Globe Photos (Campbell), Mark Chilton/Richfoto/Globe Photos (Blair), Jacques del Conte (Jamba Juice), Michael Germana/Globe Photos (Fisher), from Globe Photos (Paglia), © Jupiterimages/Comstock/Alamy (pennant), © Jupiterimages/Creatas/Alamy (Chabert's mortarboard), by LCV/Globe Photos (Paquin), Andrea Renault/Globe Photos (Lohan), © Stockbyte Platinum/Alamy (Blair's mortarboard), by Clinton H. Wallace/Photomundo/Globe Photos (Chabert). **PAGE 316:** Top, clockwise from top left: from Kobal Collection/wireimage.com, by Ron Galella/wireimage.com, Ronald Asadorian/Splash News, Stephen Lovekin/wireimage.com, Craig Blankenhorn/Corbis, Alfred Schauhuber/WoodyStock/Alamy, Jim Smeal/wireimage.com, Serge Thomann/wireimage.com, Steve Granitz/wireimage.com, Jim Spellman/wireimage.com, Ron Galella/wireimage.com. Center, courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library. **PAGE 322:** Top, by Corey Miller. **PAGES 336–37:** By Konstantin Inozemtsev/Alamy (money); Peter Van Agtmael/Polaris (desert). **PAGE 339:** From A.P. Images (2); from NBC News, screengrab by Ed Hanna (5). **PAGES 343–44:** Produced on location by Rhoda Boone. **PAGES 346–47:** Left, from Reuters/Corbis; right, from Getty Images; background, from Polaris. **PAGE 349:** Top, from JBG Photo; center right, from the *Daily News;* bottom, from Globe Photos. **PAGE 350:** Top, from Getty Images; bottom, from Globe Photos. **PAGES 352–53:** Produced on location by Fred Jagueneau. **PAGE 355:** Top, from A.P. Images. **PAGE 357:** By Max Aguilera-Hellweg (1993), J. Scott Applewhite/A.P. Images (Ohio), George Bridges/Krtphotos/Newscom (Matthews), Andrew Brusso/Corbis (Cerf), Luke Frazza/Agence France-Presse/Newscom (Lehane), Greg Gibson/A.P. Images (Clinton), Nancy Kaszerman/Newscom (Fineman), Brooks Kraft/Corbis (Bush), Win McNamee/Reuters/Corbis (Miami), Doug Mills/A.P. Images (DiCaprio), Mark Sullivan/wireimage.com (Dowd), Alex Wong/Getty Images/Newscom (Gingrich). **PAGES 358–61:** Location provided by Stardust Visions L.A.; produced on location by Tarah Kennedy for Norman Jean Roy; Thomas Thurnauer for supercube.net. **PAGES 362–63 AND 365:** From Bettmann/Corbis. **PAGES 366–67:** From A.P. Images. **PAGE 369:** From ACME/Corbis (5), from A.P. Images (4), from Bettmann/Corbis (1, 3), from National Archives/Corbis (2). **PAGE 370:** From Time Life Pictures/Getty Images.

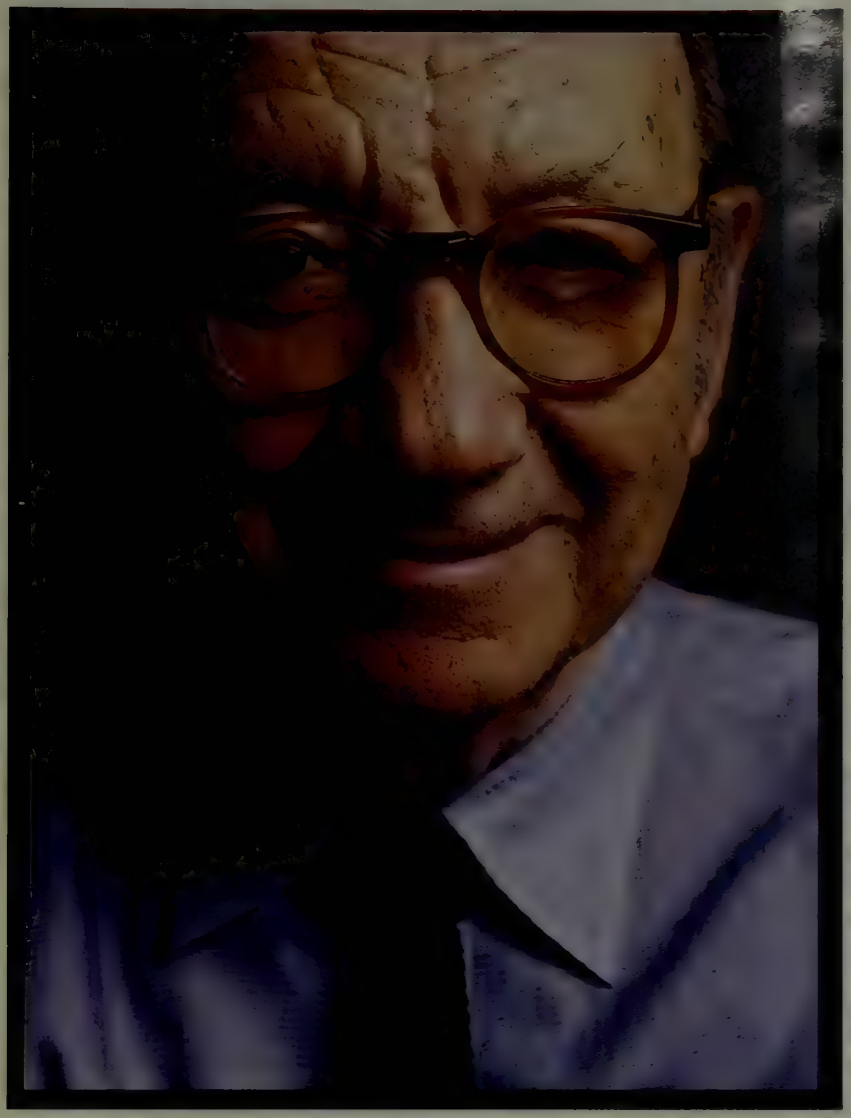
EDITOR'S NOTE: On page 353 of the September issue ("Blame It on Brazil"), Fabiana Semprebom's Azzaro by Vanessa Seward jacket is from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; her Versace clutch and gloves are from selected Versace boutiques.

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NEIL SIMON

Lauded for creating hit after hit onstage and on-screen, Neil Simon has established himself as a true rarity in show business and remains beloved by critics and audiences alike. A master of comedy and an observer of the human condition, the Pulitzer-winning playwright, who turned 80 this year, takes a moment to reflect on re-writes, Fred Astaire, and East 62nd Street

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Being aware that I am experiencing it.

What is your greatest fear?
"Listen, I have bad news."

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Age-wise, Moses.

Which living person do you most admire?
Mayor Bloomberg.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
I'm a moron when it comes to mathematics.

What is your greatest extravagance?
The blue suit I only wore once.

What is your favorite journey?
First trip to London and Paris. Aah, yes.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Humility, unless you really need it.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
It ain't what it used to be.

Which living person do you most despise?
He knows who he is.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"It's for you, hon."

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My first wife and my current wife.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To dance like Astaire.

What is your current state of mind?
Re-writes, re-writes, re-writes.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
Smile a good deal more.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
That I didn't have more.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
That I went from there to here.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
Me again; I can't shake him.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Taller, younger, smarter, and *braver.*

What is your most treasured possession?
The first painting I bought in Paris. Not expensive.

Where would you like to live?
One sixty-five East 62nd Street, again.

What is your favorite occupation?
Watching young and old people in Central Park.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Looking for a better line. Better than this one.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
That she's not a *man.*

What do you most value in your friends?
What friends?

Who are your favorite writers?
Dickens, Shakespeare, and Mel Brooks.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Dr. Watson, I presume.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Lincoln, Truman, and Washington. Really.

What is it that you most dislike?
The middle toe of my left foot.

How would you like to die?
Never knowing it.

What is your motto?
"Try to wake up each day. If not, call 691-7330."

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY


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AL GORE AND THE CLINTONS
HOW IT ALL WENT WRONG
BY SALLY BEDELL SMITH P. 294

THE U.S.'S NEW WHITE-ELEPHANT
GHDAD EMBASSY
BY WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE P. 200

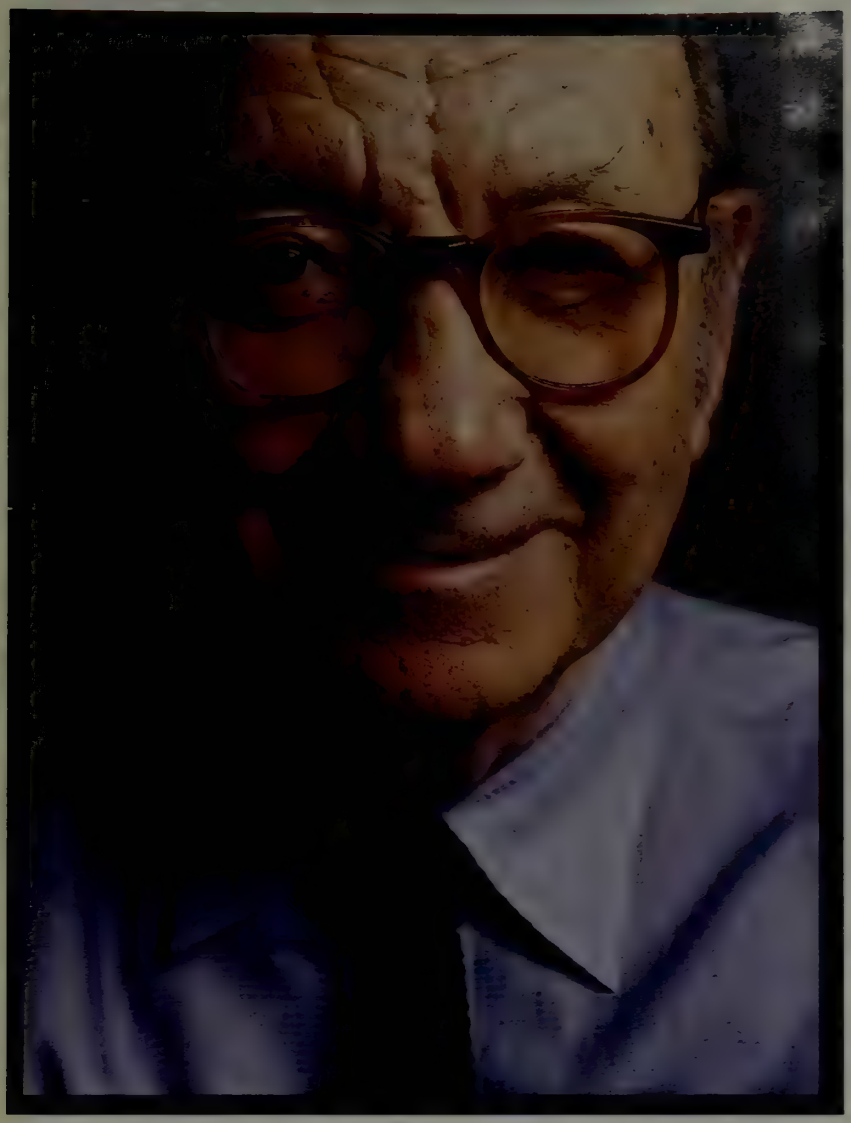
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ON PINK FLOYD'S FORGOTTEN GENIUS P. 190

ERIC CLAPTON
THE DEATH OF HIS SON
EXCLUSIVE BOOK EXCERPT P. 304

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NEIL SIMON

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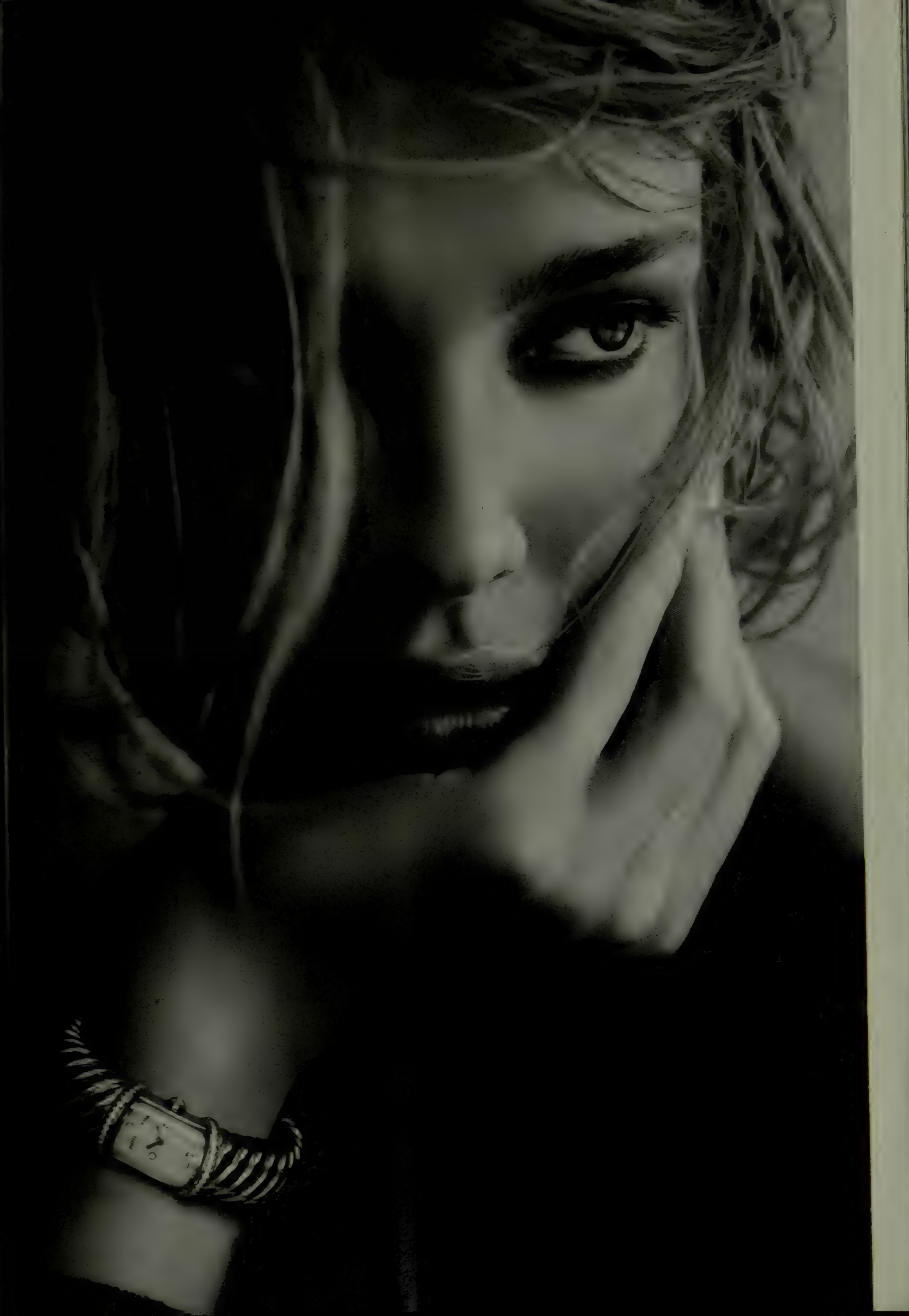
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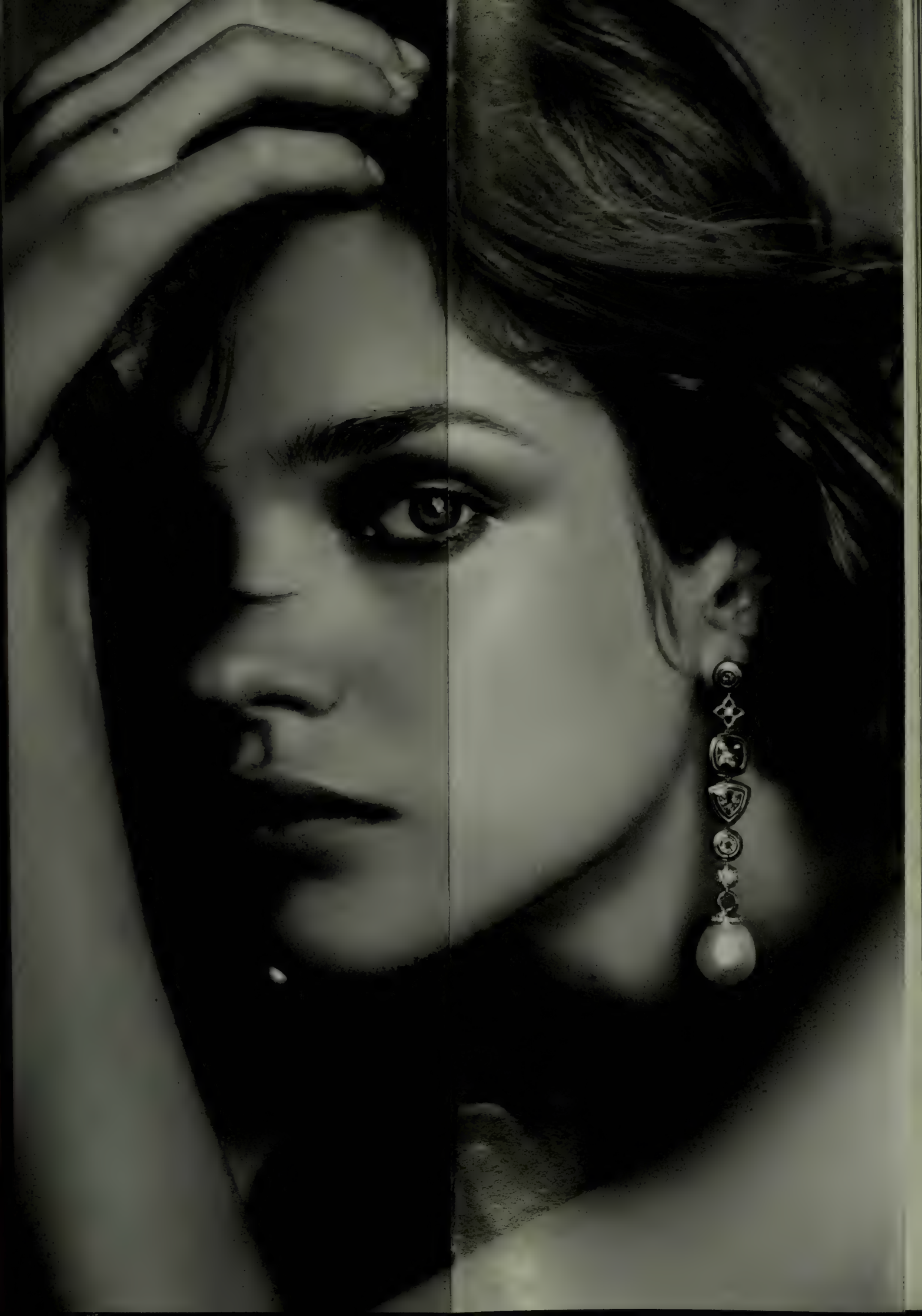
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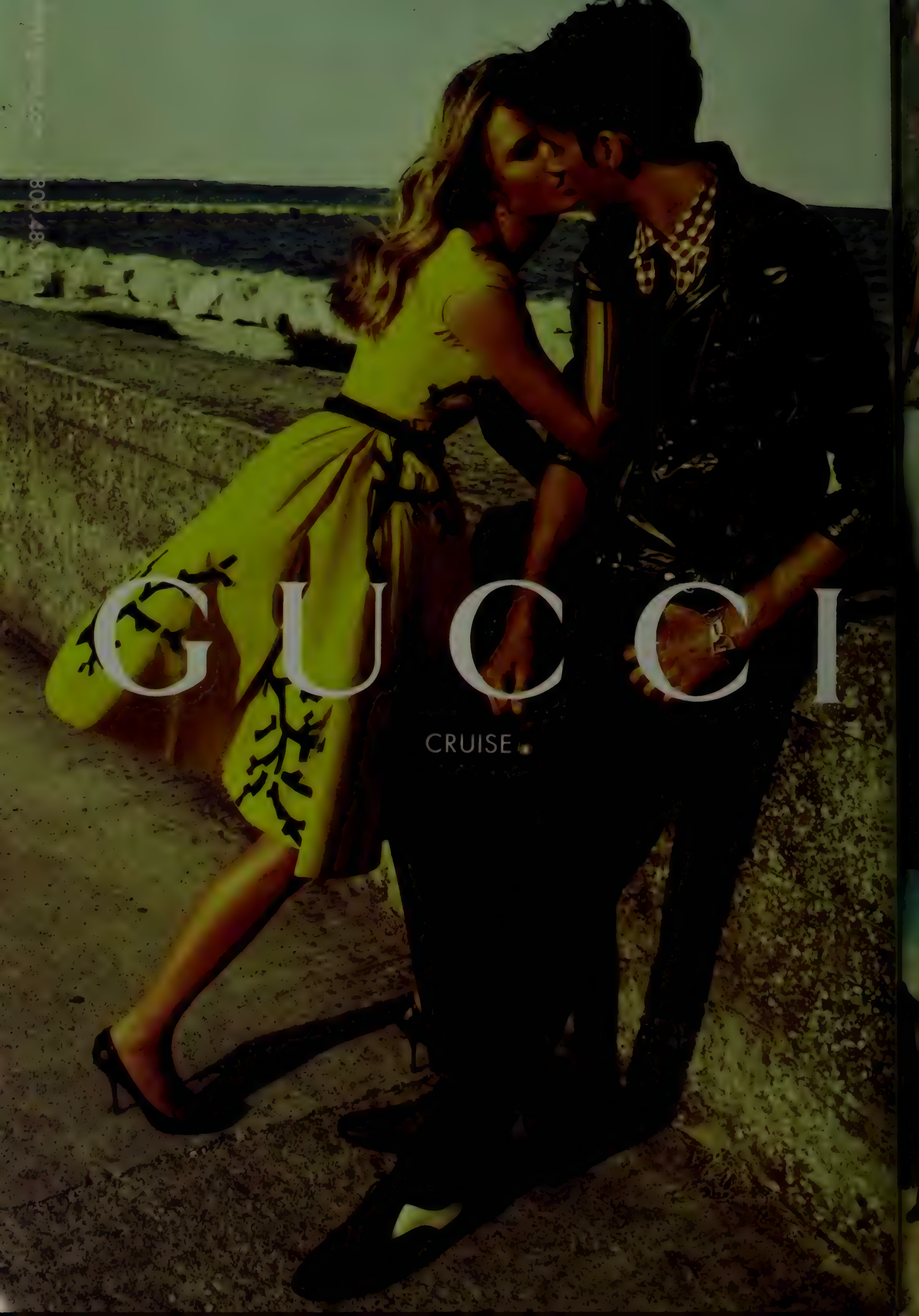
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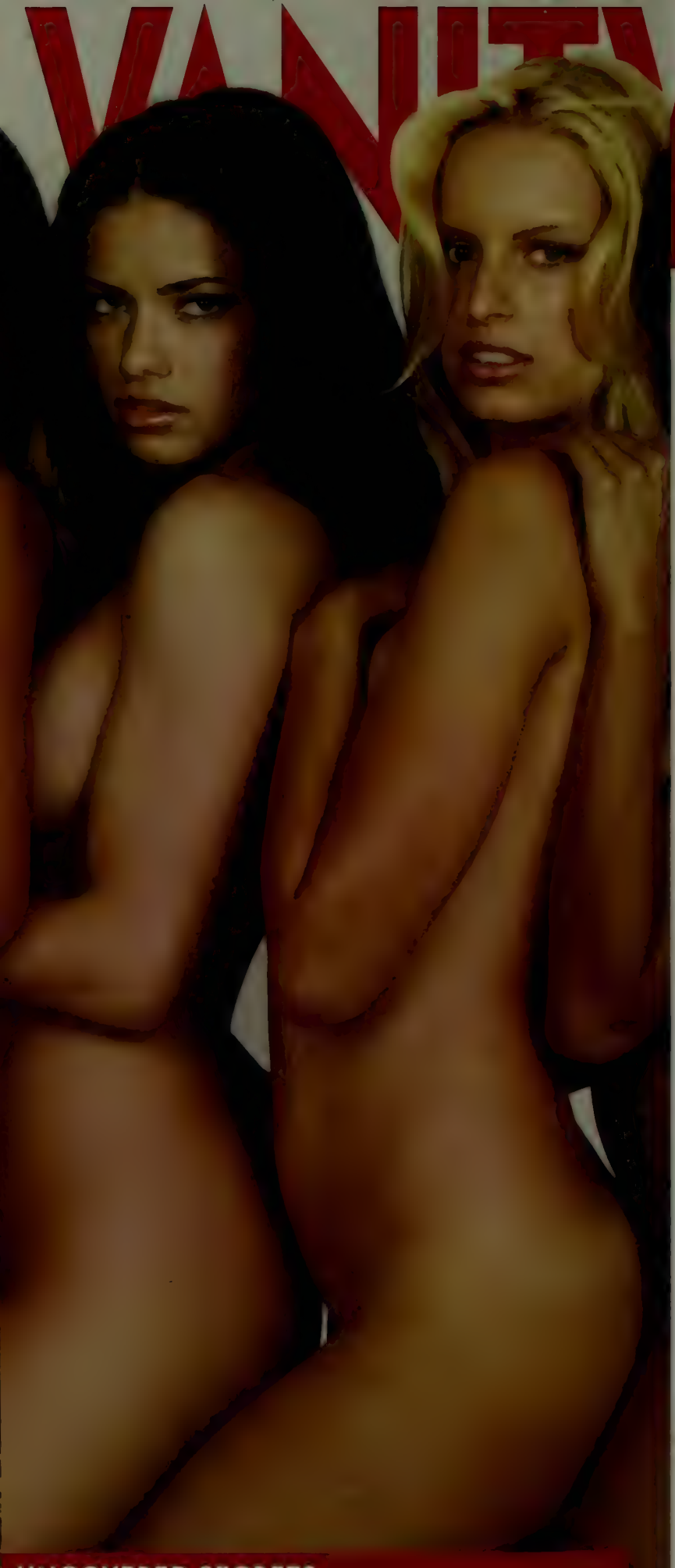

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- WEB EXCLUSIVE: JAMES WOLCOTT ON LOU DOBBS
- MORE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE KENNEDYS

FEATURES

282 SCENES FROM A WHITE HOUSE President-Elect John F. Kennedy was determined to project a wholesome, healthy image to the nation. So, on January 3, 1961, he posed with his young family for Richard Avedon. Robert Dallek tells how the photos—many published here for the first time—helped position an American dynasty. Plus, candid moments from the diaries of White House insider Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

294 WHITE HOUSE CIVIL WAR Their image as chummy baby-boomer couples helped bring the Clintons and Gores to power in 1992, but the foursome would splinter as Hillary and Al vied to be Bill's right hand. In a excerpt from her forthcoming book about the Clintons' White House years, Sally Bedell Smith discovers how the triangle sapped Gore's 2000 campaign.

300 SOME ENCHANTING EVA Patrick Demarchelier and Steven Daly spotlight Eva Green, who plays a 300-year-old witch in this winter's fantasy event, *The Golden Compass.*

304 ERIC CLAPTON'S SALVATION ROAD On the heels of his 1985 *Behind the Sun* tour, Eric Clapton dove back into booze, attempted suicide, and left his wife for an Italian beauty. Now, in an excerpt from his memoir, the guitar god comes clean about his downward spiral, and how his son's birth—and shocking death—helped turn him around.

308 THE WILSON DOCTRINE Brigitte Lacombe and Michael Hogan spotlight Mike Nichols's latest, *Charlie Wilson's War,* starring Tom Hanks and Julia Roberts.

310 VA VA VON FURSTENBERG Barry Diller's not the only one in his family with a high-style Manhattan headquarters. Ingrid Sischy visits the radiant new space of Diane von Furstenberg, fashion's comeback queen. Photographs by William Waldron.

314 DOROTHY PARKER'S WEEKEND GETAWAY Edward Sorel provides an illustrated anecdote of literary mischief, involving Dorothy Parker, George S. Kaufman, and Lillian Hellman.

316 ALL OVER THIS LAND Where have all the folksingers gone? Look no further. From Joan Baez and Joni Mitchell to Feist and Devendra Banhart, Annie Leibovitz captures the legends and newcomers whose honest sound is still a-changin' the times.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



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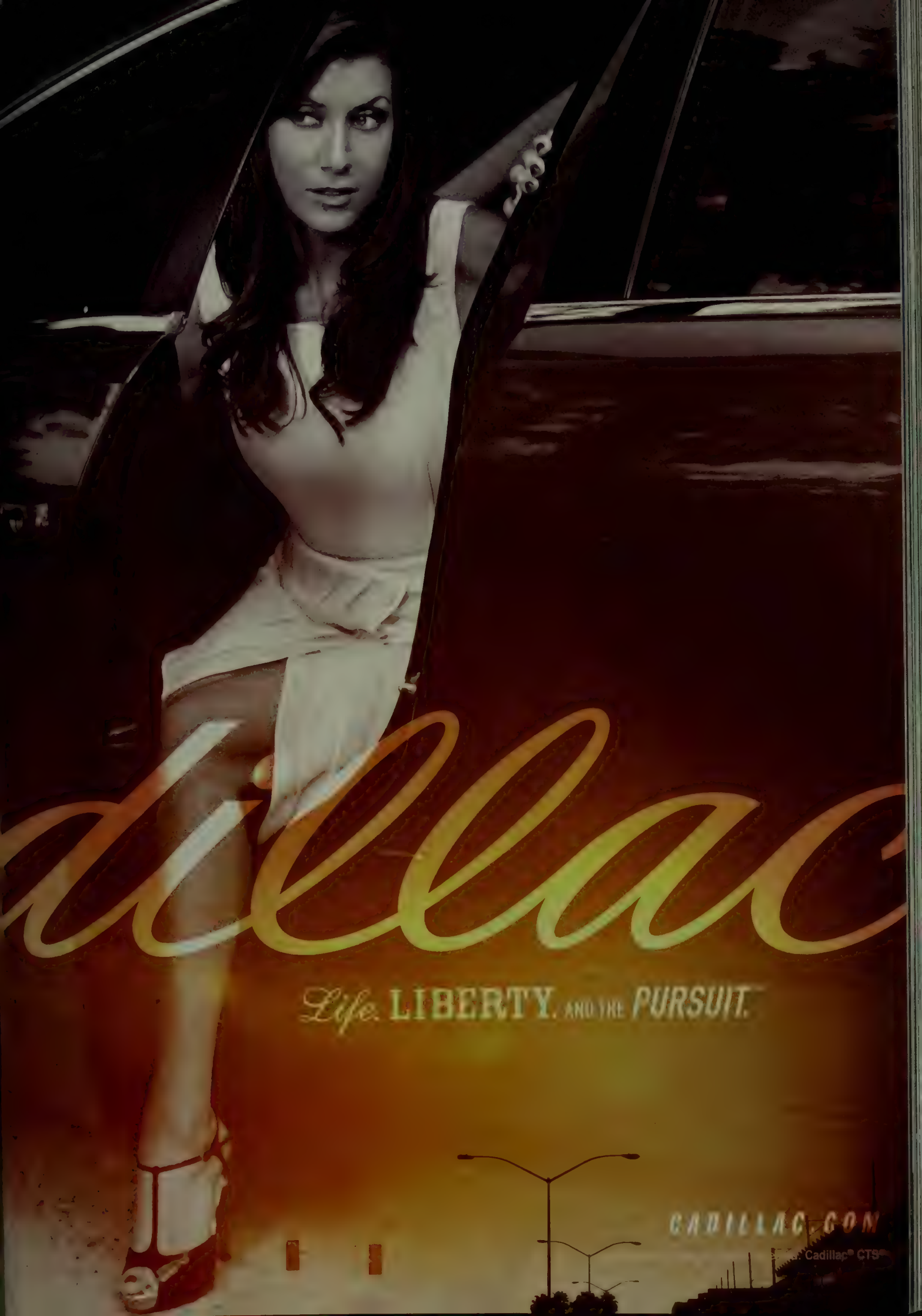
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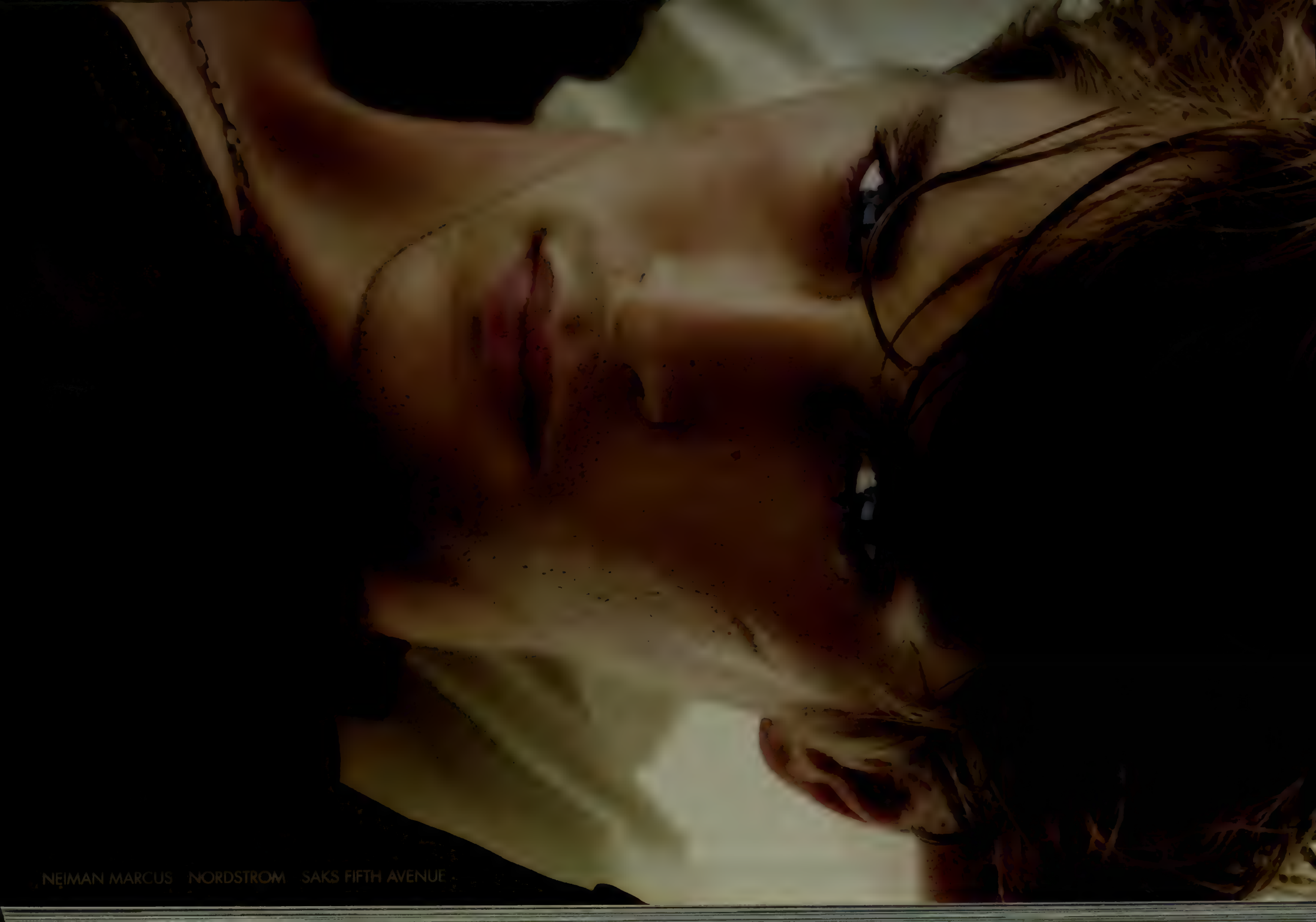
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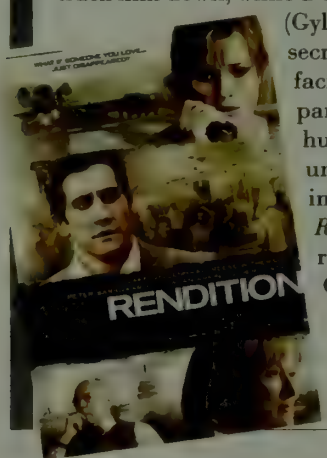
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Reese Witherspoon, Jake Gyllenhaal, Meryl Streep, Peter Sarsgaard, and Alan Arkin star in *Rendition*, a thriller from director Gavin Hood (*Tsotsi*). Witherspoon plays the American wife of an Egyptian-born chemical engineer who disappears on a flight from South Africa to Washington. She desperately tries to track him down, while a C.I.A. analyst (Gyllenhaal) at a secret detention facility becomes party to the husband's unorthodox interrogation. *Rendition* releases on October 19.





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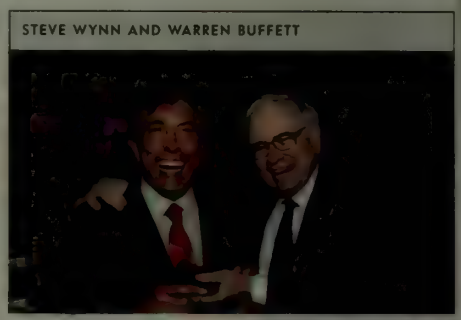
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EVENTS

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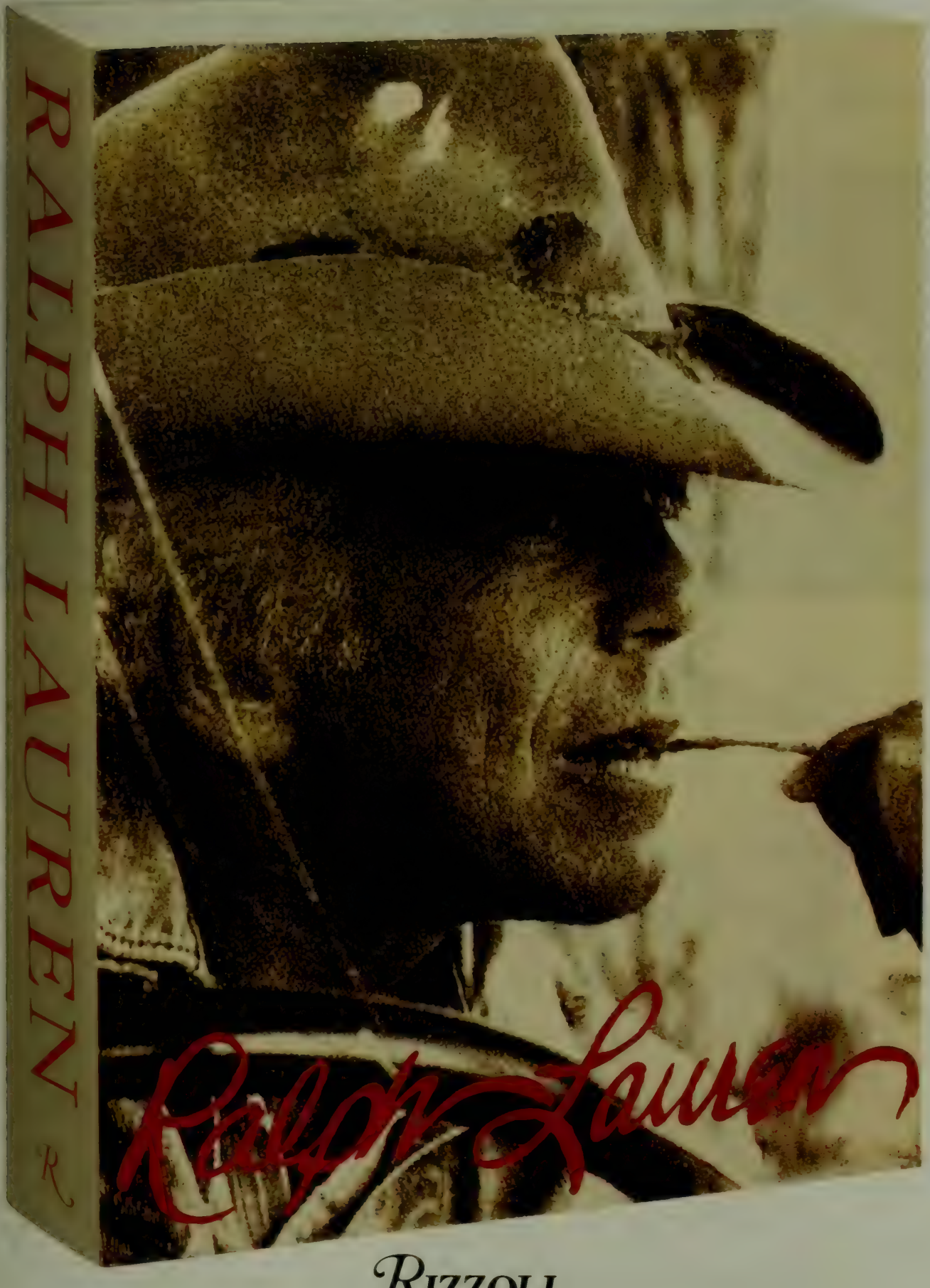
From June 15 to 17, NetJets chairman and C.E.O. Richard Santulli, Warren Buffett, and Steve Wynn hosted the third annual NetJets Poker Invitational at the Wynn Las Vegas. More than 300 NetJets fractional aircraft owners, including a who's who from entertainment, sports, and business, participated in the no-limit Texas Hold' Em tournament, featuring prizes worth over $1 million. The first-prize winner was NetJets owner Sam Rose, of Maryland, who received 20 hours of flight time on a NetJets Boeing Business Jet.

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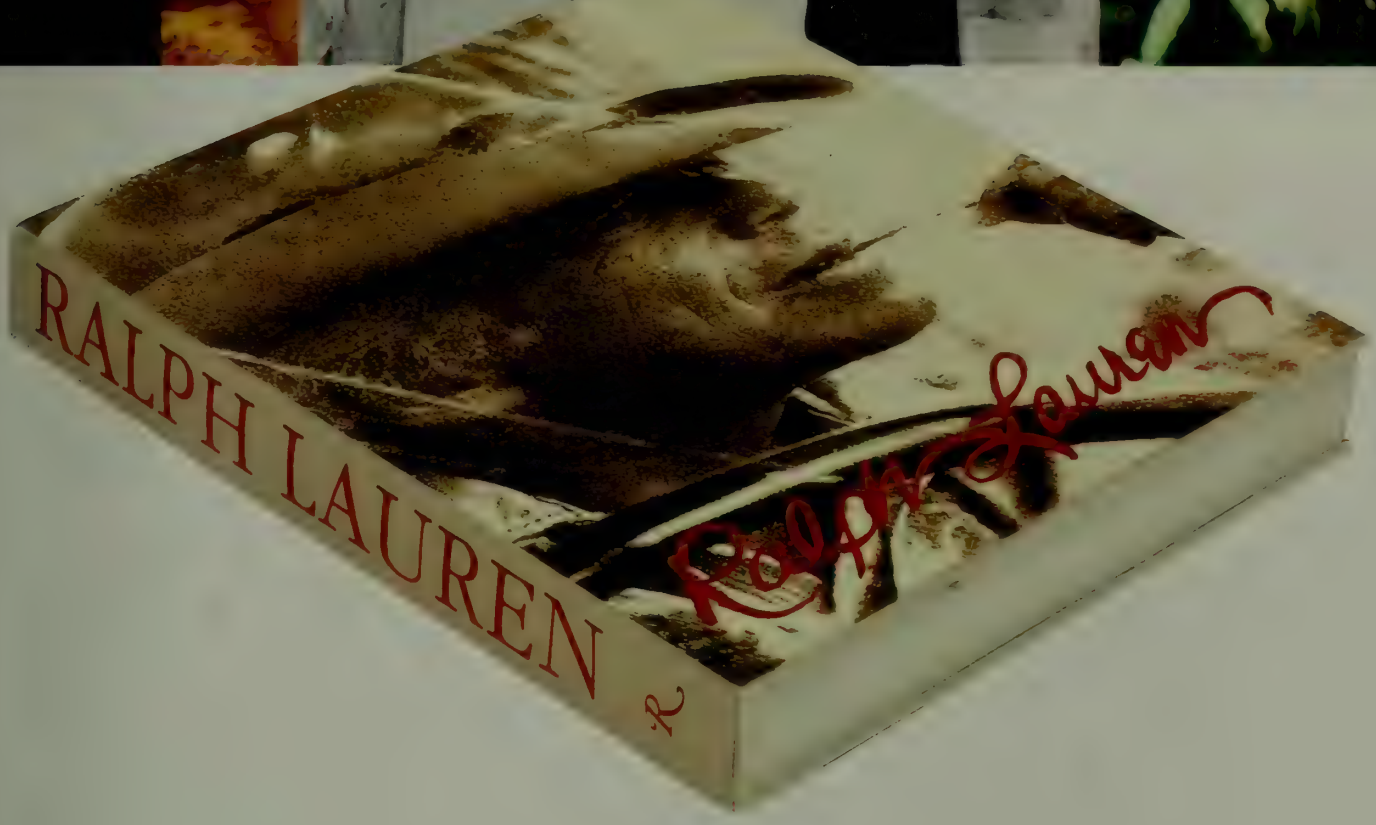
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CHARLES IN CHARGE
TOM HANKS ON THE SET OF *CHARLIE WILSON'S WAR* . . . 308

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336 REMEMBRANCE OF THONGS PAST
Patrick Demarchelier spotlights six supermodels who mark the 12th annual Victoria's Secret spectacular by leaving their renowned dainty washables behind.

338 THE SECRET WORLD OF SERGE GAINSBOURG
After France's beloved singer-songwriter Serge Gainsbourg died, in 1991, his daughter Charlotte kept his Paris house untouched. Lisa Robinson gets an exclusive tour of its black felt-lined rooms and hears from Gainsbourg amours Jane Birkin and Brigitte Bardot, among others, about his generous bon vivant allure. Photographs by Jean-Baptiste Mondino.

FANFAIR

133 30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Susan Kittenplan gets the nuts and bolts on *Young Frankenstein*. The Cultural Divide. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. My Stuff—Nigella Lawson; the latest Beverly Hills hot spot; Night-Table Reading. Graham Fuller spotlights Walton Ford's satirical watercolors; Matt Tyrnauer's Muji madness. Private Lives—the founding members of the design firm Commune. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. John Ortved gets the scoop from *Gossip Girl*'s Blake Lively; Tommy Hilfiger's *Iconic America*. Leslie Bennetts goes backstage with director Francesca Zambello. Bruce Handy reviews *Cassandra's Dream* and *Margot at the Wedding;* A. M. Homes on the big-screen adaptation of *The Kite Runner*. Victoria Mather lands in Budapest. Emily Poenisch stocks up on beauty booty at Space.NK; Maria Ricapito's favorite new scents from Kilian Hennessy; Jessica Flint lets her hair down with John Barrett; Hot Looks.

COLUMNS

172 A DEATH IN THE FAMILY As America struggles with losses in Iraq, one in particular has given Christopher Hitchens pause: a young soldier named Mark Daily, killed in Mosul, who cited the *V.F.* columnist as an inspiration to sign up.

180 A TWIST IN TIME The Peppermint Lounge, New York City, 1960: a social phenomenon known as "the Twist" is born. James Wolcott revisits the frenzied, euphoric moment when the nation's most glamorous pelvises got rhythm.

190 HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, SYD Dropped by Pink Floyd in 1968, Syd Barrett vanished from the public eye and died in obscurity last year. Tom Stoppard explains how a photo of the rock star as a middle-aged man named Roger was key to his new play, *Rock 'n' Roll*.

194 GUILTY FEELINGS In anticipation of the verdict in the Phil Spector murder trial, Dominick Dunne describes how the high-priced defense team stooped ever lower, even as Spector iced out a top legal star.

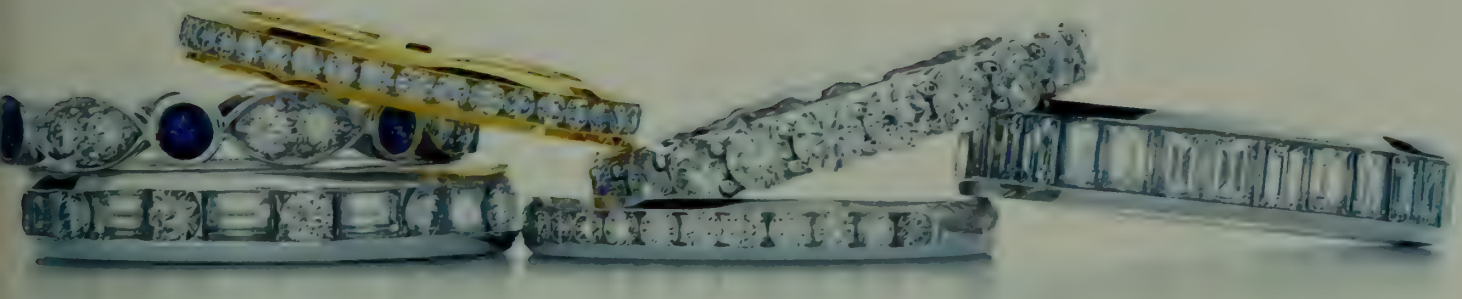
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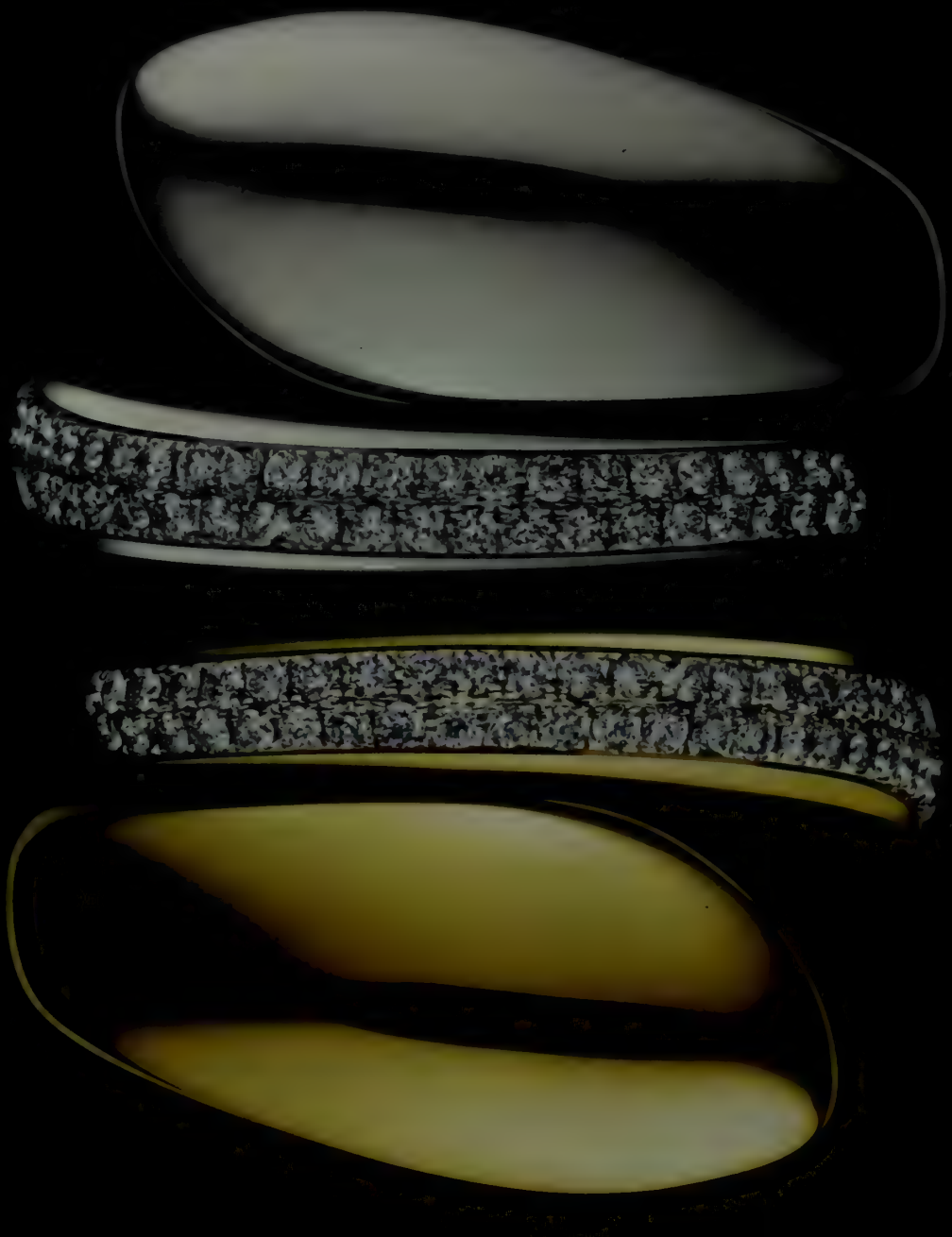
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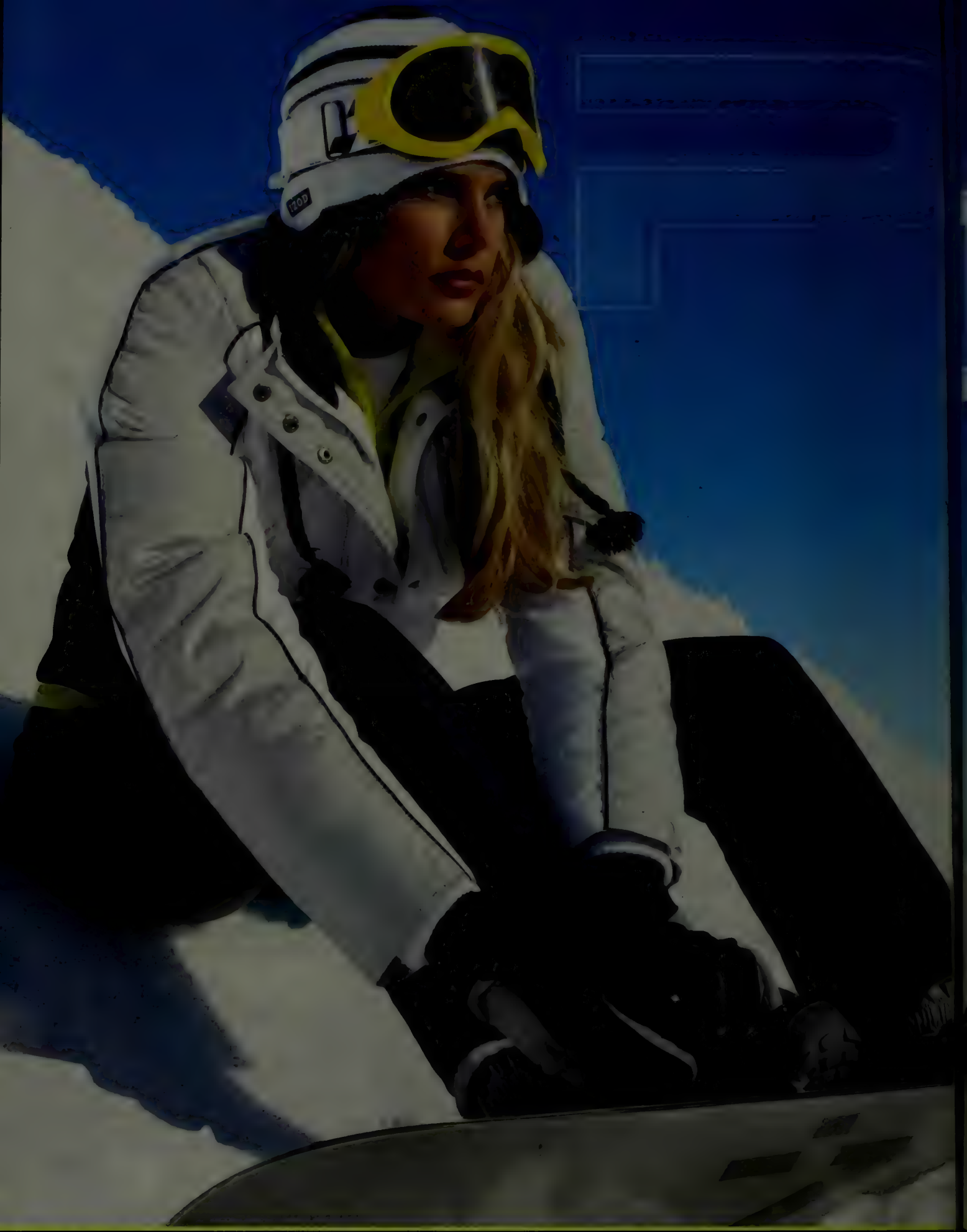
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200 THE MEGA-BUNKER OF BAGHDAD The new U.S. Embassy in Iraq is a $600 million compound, fortifi to the teeth and lavished with all the amenities—from movie theater to food hall to tennis court. But it sure isn't built for diplomacy, William Langewiesche writes.

212 THE PEOPLE VS. THE PROFITEERS Everyone knows that defense contractors are gouging U.S. taxpayers. Shouldn't the Justice Department be doing something about it? David Rose meets one man who wants Halliburto spin-off KBR to give a couple of billion dollars back. Photographs by Gasper Tringale.

236 BECOMING ADOLF Adorning Hitler's lip, the Toothbrush mustache became synonymous with evil. Rich Cohen learns the power of a few bristles.

242 HALL OF FAME Leslie Bennetts nominates seven wome crusading for global justice. Photograph by Jillian Edelstein

244 MOMS GONE WILD As Paris Hilton, Lindsay Lohan, and Britney Spears slip further into tabloid infamy, someone should give them a time-out. But, Judith Newmai reports, their mothers may be part of the problem.

252 MAD ABOUT THE BOYS Lou Pearlman, the impresari behind the Backstreet Boys and 'NSync, now sits in jail accused of embezzling more than $300 million. But insiders tell Bryan Burrough that may not be Pearlman's only sin, as allegations surface that he was a sexual predator too.

VANITIES

271 NADAL'S HOUSE Henry Alford on character actors running for president; Howard Schatz snaps Ian McShane in character. Ed Coaster asserts his contribution to the English language. Nell Scovell explains the etiquette of private air travel. George Wayne grills Jason Bateman.

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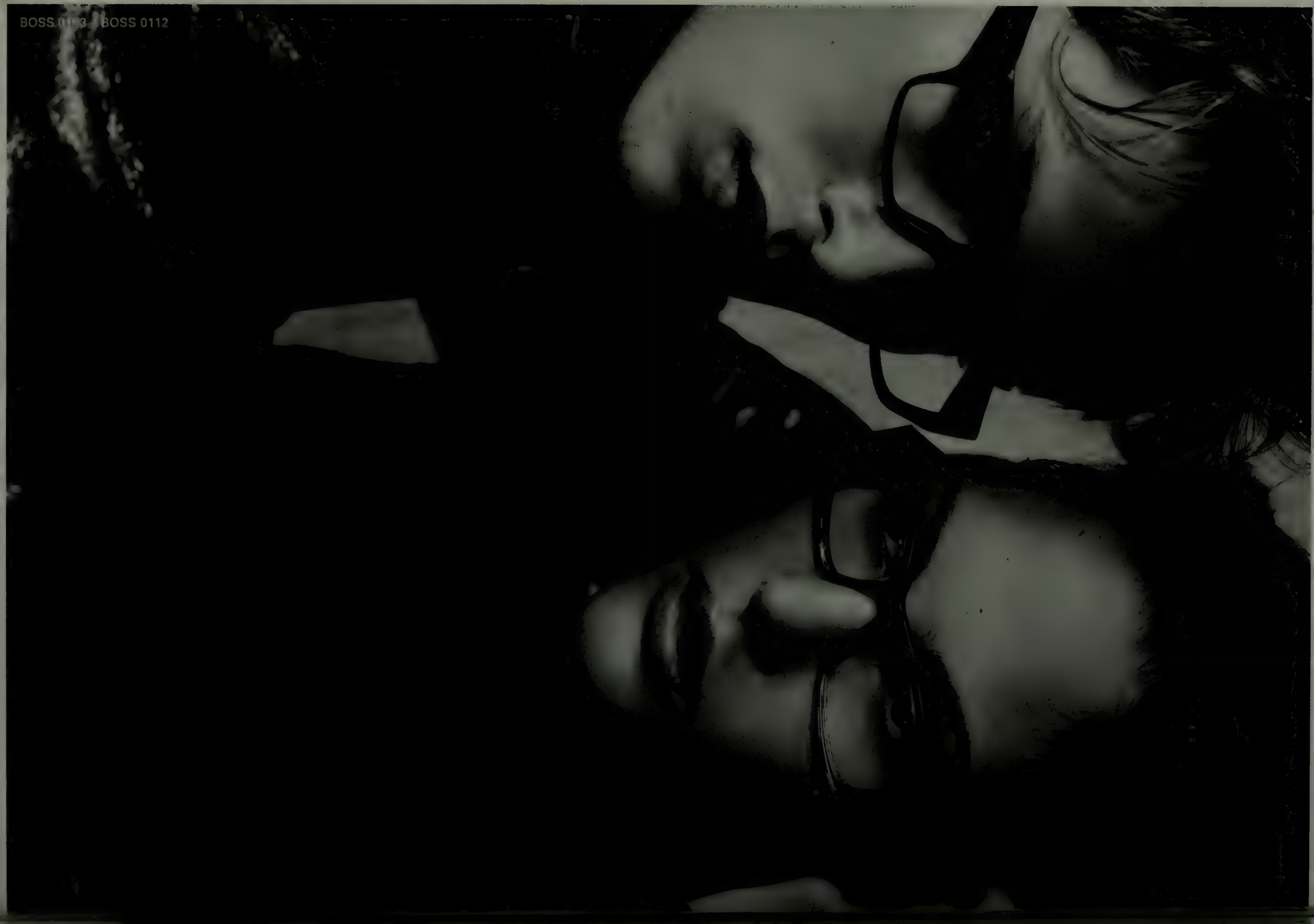
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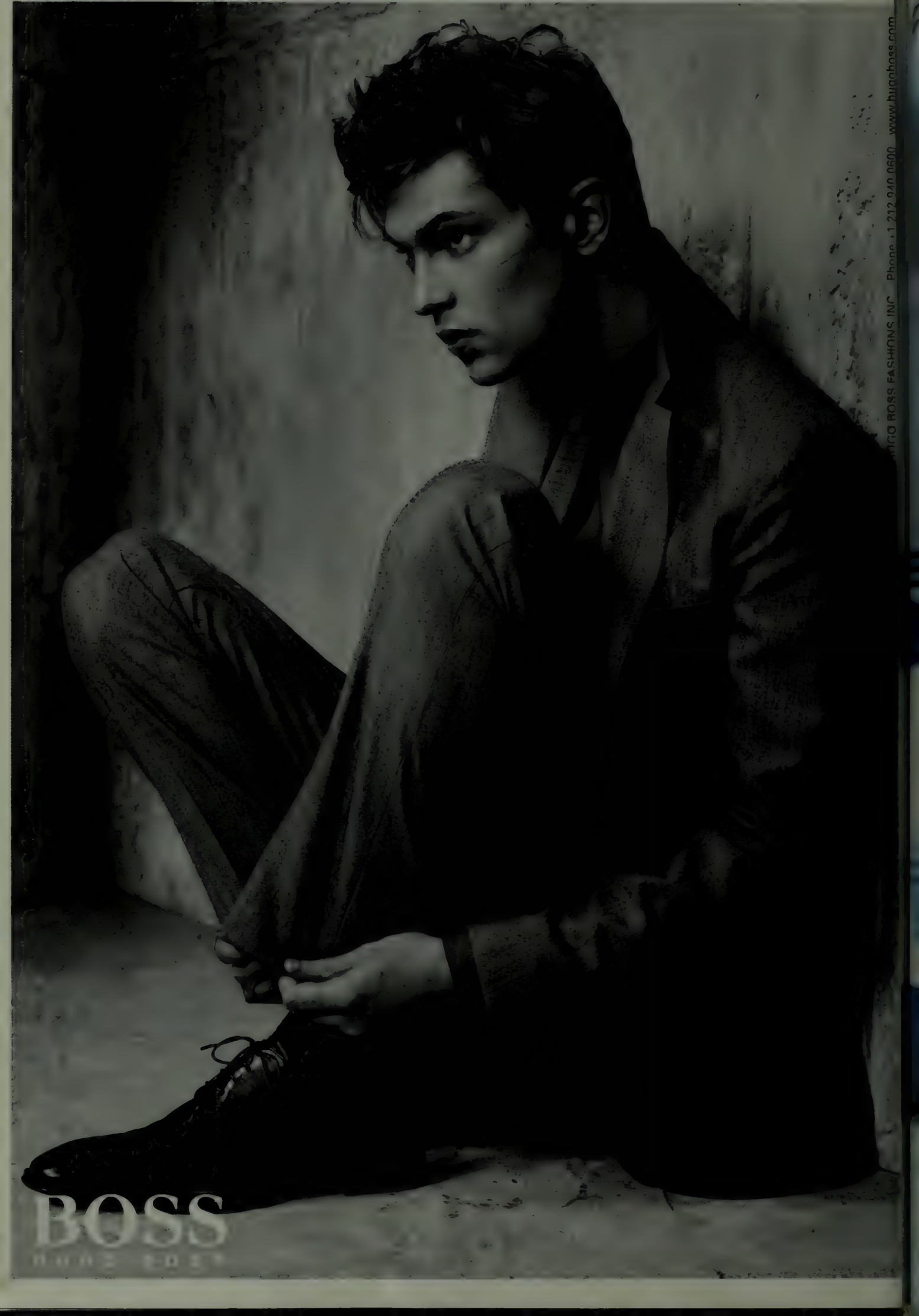

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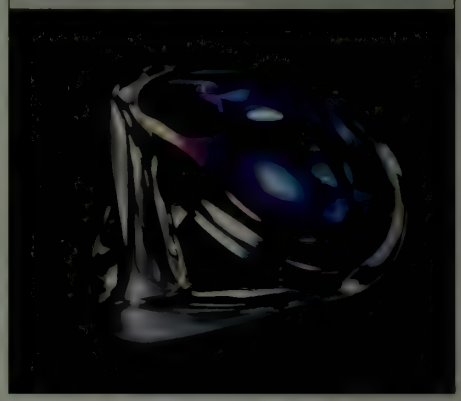
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EVENTS

When *in* Rome

On August 4, HBO Video teamed up with Barneys New York to celebrate the DVD launch of *Rome: The Complete Second Season*, at Barneys in Los Angles. *Rome* cast members Kevin McKidd, James Purefoy, and Polly Walker were on hand to toast the event, and the Emmy®-nominated *Rome* costume designs by April Ferry were on display in the Barneys windows.



THE *ROME* TEAM: POLLY WALKER, KEVIN McKIDD, APRIL FERRY, JAMES PUREFOY, AND ANNE THOMOPOULOS.

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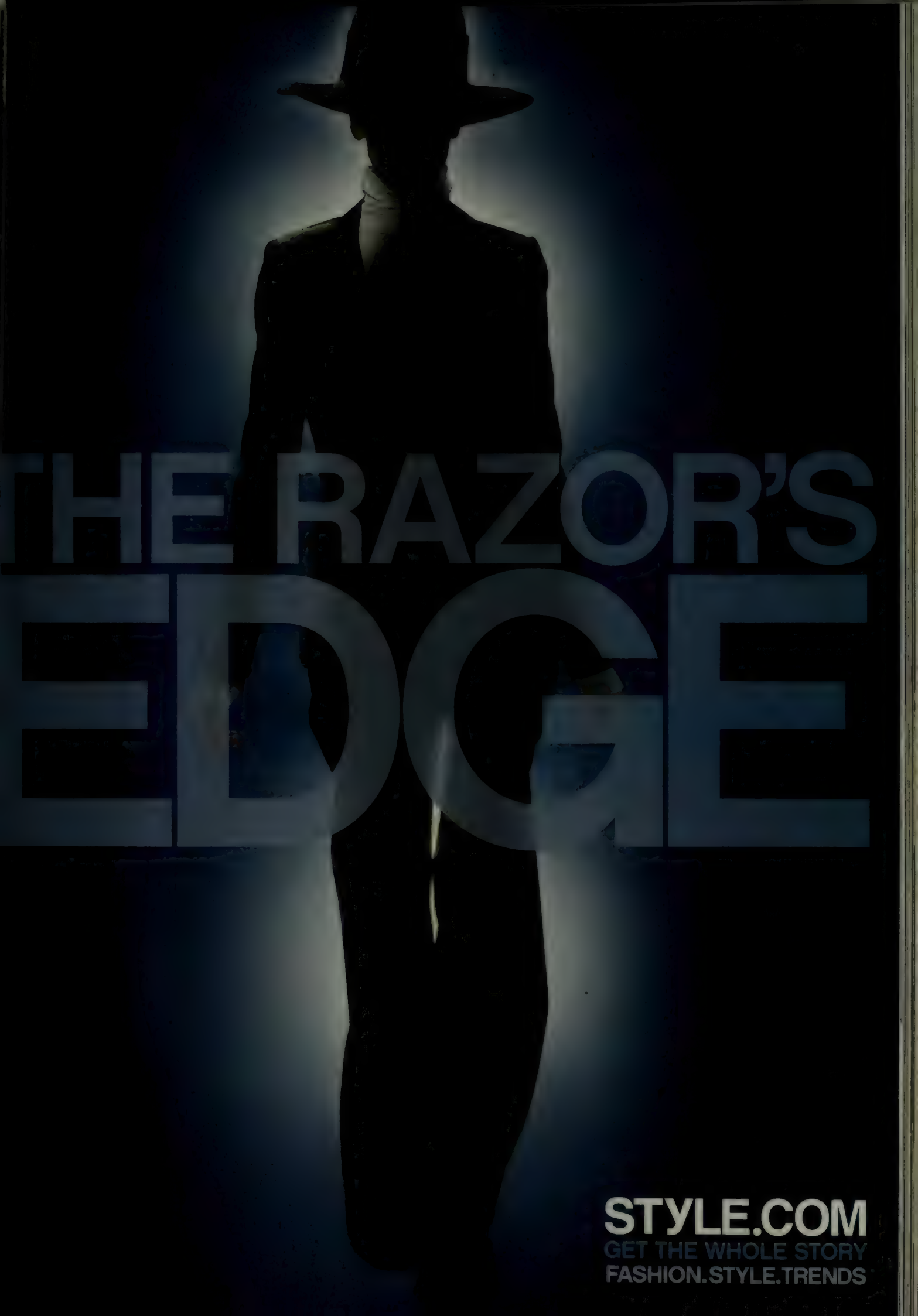
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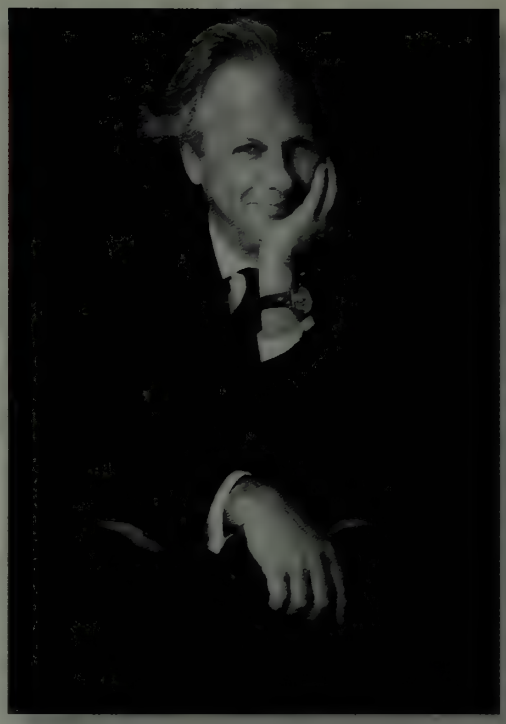
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A President by Any Other Name



We had George W. Bush on the phone the other day, and when the subject of the Iraq war came up he was surprisingly measured and thoughtful. "As far as the war goes, I initially was very supportive, but less so over time," he said. "There's a civil war, and we know how that goes. Once we do leave, once the support is gone, those people in Iraq will be in a bad spot." Wise words. Alas, they came not from the George W. Bush of Washington, D.C., and Crawford, Texas, but rather the George W. Bush from Columbus, Ohio, who is an engineer. According to public-records search engines, there are more than 200 similarly named fellows in America, and like men with back hair, troublesome urinary problems, or faltering eyesight, they have their cross to bear. "I don't want to get involved in anything at my age," says George W. Bush, 83, of Melbourne, Kentucky. "Having my name is bad enough."

Well, of course it's difficult having the same name as someone in the news or someone who is on television with some regularity. There are at least a dozen Joe Bachelors out there; 500 James Bonds; 12 dozen Tom Cruises (one has a son named Connor, just like the movie star); two dozen Oprah Winfreys; and, for you Washington Irving buffs, a half-dozen Ichabod Cranes—one of whom lives in the epicenter of Irving country, Kinderhook, New York.

All you lonely right-wingers out there, rest assured. We found 23 Rush Limbaughs residing between these shores, along with 47 Dan Quayles, nine Donald Rumsfelds, 121 Ann Coulters, and four Karl Roves. Before Republican presidential candidate Rudy Giuliani repeats the claim he recently made in London that he is "one of the four or five best-known Americans in the world," he should remember that there are at least five others with his name in the country he seeks to rule. For you left-wingers, there are 59 Hillary Clintons and dozens of Al Gores. Two jokesters have registered themselves with the former vice president's name, one living on Soreloser Lane, in Nashville, and the other on Has Been Lane, in Miami. Is it any wonder that the Republican sense of humor is held in such high esteem?

There are more than three dozen Americans who share the name of Halliburton's West Wing procurement officer, Dick Cheney. One of them lives in Danville, Illinois. His wife is a loyal *V.F.* reader; he's a Bush supporter. And this is suspicious: in the quiet hamlet of Winter Haven, Florida, there is not only a Cheney registered, but a George Bush as well. And they live less than eight miles from each other. (Back to Bush for a moment: there is one who lives on PGA Boulevard, in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida, and one—I'm not kidding—on Preemption Road, in Watkins Glen, New York. There is also one listed on Stupid Road, in Muskegon, Michigan, and another on Sesame Street, in Tempe, Arizona—again with the kidding, you crazy Americans, you! There is even a George W. Bush of Houston, Texas, who lives just 12 miles from a—ahem—Graydon Carter. This Graydon Carter celebrated his 81st birthday last month. So from one Graydon to another, Happy Birthday, old bean!)

As expected, there are many Homer Simpsons across this fair land of ours (197 at last count), and many of them live in towns named Springfield. A few have humorously listed their addresses as Stupid Drive, Dumb Street, and Lazy Lane—begging, no doubt, for a call from Matt Groening next time the show is trolling for writers. The Homer Simpson who lives in Loudon, Tennessee, is 80. "I didn't even know there was a program called *The Simpsons,* but people kept calling me from pay phones at odd hours," he said, sounding an awful lot like the TV Homer's father, Abe. "I've seen the show now–there are too many characters." F.Y.I., there are at least 45 Ned Flanderses in the U.S. as well, including one who supposedly lives next door to one of the Homer Simpsons in Springfield, Illinois.

You can find 144 Brad Pitts in America. Chevy Chase has one—that's the Maryland suburb, not the former *Saturday Night Live* star. So does Hollywood (Florida) and Beverly Hills (Texas). There is a Brad Pitt in Dallas and one in San Antonio. Which is interesting because there is an Angelina Jolie in each of those two cities as well. There is also one on a Burning Bush Lane in a small city in Illinois.

> "I don't want to get involved in anything at my age," says George W. Bush, 83, of Melbourne, Kentucky. "Having my name is bad enough."

You want Britney Spears? We've got more than a hundred of them, along with four Lindsay Lohans and 34 Paris Hiltons, not counting the one who recently sued Hallmark over a greeting card that had a cartoon likeness of her saying, "That's hot"—a phrase she trademarked earlier this year. A Britney Spears and a Paris Hilton both live in North Carolina, just 170 miles away from each other on Route 85. So if you drive that particular section of the highway with any frequency, I'd buckle up.

There are 15 Adolf Hitlers in America (two of them in New Jersey), four Osama bin Ladens, and more than 70 Mohammad Attas. (You think *you* get the bum's rush from airline reservation people.) By the way, the president should take comfort in the fact that he has one supporter down in Murphy, North Carolina. Fellow by the name of Charles Manson. He has the misfortune to have the same name as the mass murderer, but this Charles Manson is confident about the Iraq strategy of George W. Bush (the president, not the engineer from Columbus, Ohio). "Well, I support the president's policy, as far as that is concerned," Manson said. Asked if he would do the war all over again, he answered "yes"—sounding an awful lot like Dick Cheney, of Washington, D.C., and Casper, Wyoming. There you have it, the people have spoken.

—GRAYDON CARTER


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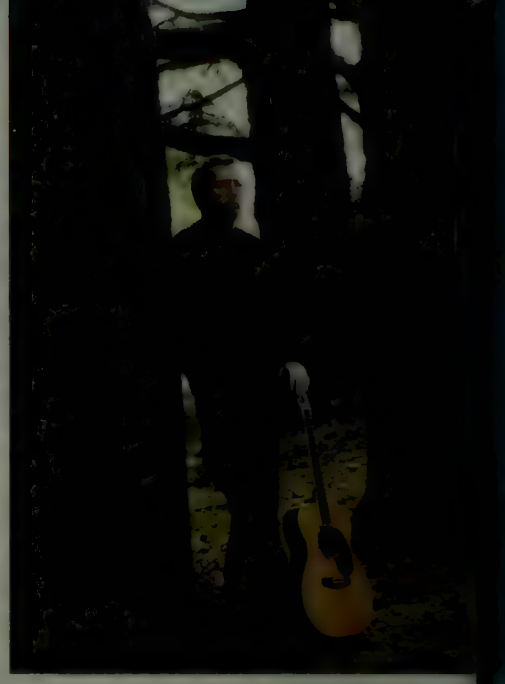


EVENTS

A *Fashionable* Celebration

On July 25, Joe Fresh Style launched its fall/winter collection, at Loblaws, in Queen's Quay, Toronto. Among those who came out to celebrate with Joe Mimran, the Joe Fresh Style creative director, was Robin Kay, president of the Fashion Design Council of Canada and executive director of L'Oréal Fashion Week. Joe Fresh Style clothing is available at 355 Loblaws stores in Canada only and can be seen at joe.ca.

CONTRIBUTORS



Eric Clapton

Eric Clapton's life, with all its triumphs and tragedies, is the stuff of rock 'n' roll legend, inspiring several books and countless magazine articles. Now, just after his first wife, Pattie Boyd, gave fans a glimpse into her relationship with Clapton in her memoir, *Wonderful Tonight,* published in August, the guitar great tells his story in his own words in *Clapton: The Autobiography* (Broadway). Excerpted beginning on page 304, the book is a brutally honest and revealing exercise in self-examination, covering everything from Clapton's stratospheric highs of young love and pop stardom to his abysmal lows of drug abuse and personal loss. Even from an artist who has seemed t put a part of himself into every song, it represents an unprecedented confessiona



ART RICKERBY

Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

Although historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., a remarkable intellectual, renowned social critic, and passionate liberal champion, passed away last February at age 89, his legacy lives on through many books and numerous pieces that examine America's past, with subjects ranging from presidential administrations to the Iraq war. A fervent writer throughout his life, Schlesinger, who twice won the Pulitzer Prize, in 1946 for *The Age of Jackson* and in 1966 for *A Thousand Days,* was also a fixture on the Washington political scene for years, notably as a special assistant at the White House (where this photograph was taken) during President Kennedy's administration. This month, *Vanity Fair* excerpts diary entries from his last book, *Journals: 1952–2000,* which provides intimate insights into his time with the Kennedys and other moments throughout history. The book is available now from Penguin Press.

Tom Stoppard



In Tom Stoppard's latest play, *Rock 'n' Roll,* the revered playwright and Oscar-winning screenwriter brings to the stage a story, layered with rock music, that takes place in his native Czechoslovakia and in England between 1968 and 1990. In Prague, the last years of Communist rule are experienced through a Czech rock fan; in Cambridge, a Marxist philosopher of the "science of consciousness" has to come to terms with his "God that failed," while the verities of death and love shape the lives of his wife and daughter. "*Rock 'n' Roll* also touches on what consciousness consists of, where it comes from, and how you can account for it," Stoppard says. In his first contribution to *Vanity Fair* (page 190), Stoppard reveals a part of his inspiration: the original front man for the rock band Pink Floyd, Syd Barrett. "A late photograph I saw of Syd made me think about how time and the constant mutability of everything is actually the underlying story of all the stories we write," Stoppard says. *Rock 'n' Roll* opens at the Bernard B. Jacobs Theatre, in New York City, this month.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94


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Annie Leibovitz



From Africa to Hollywood to the New Establishment, contributing photographer Annie Leibovitz has compiled an unforgettable array of portfolios for *Vanity Fair*. This month, she turns her lens toward folk music's classic stalwarts and newest sensations. "Since Annie was a teenager, she's been a huge fan of folk music, and now she's introducing it to her children," says Kathryn MacLeod, her *Vanity Fair* producer. "The portfolio was a reunion for Annie with many of these artists, like Joan Baez and Joni Mitchell, but she was also excited to meet the new musicians carrying on the strong songwriting traditions of the older legends." Leibovitz (seen here at far left, with Mary and Paul, of Peter, Paul and Mary, at the Carter Barron Amphitheatre, in Washington, D.C., circa 1966) lives in New York City with her three children.



MAX HIRSHFELD

Sally Bedell Smith

The author of 2004's *Grace and Power: The Private World of the Kennedy White House*, *Vanity Fair* contributing editor Sally Bedell Smith is no stranger to the political struggles inside the White House. "I hoped to apply my knowledge of presidential relationships to another, very different White House couple," she says. In an excerpt from her new book, *For Love of Politics—Bill and Hillary Clinton: The White House Years* (page 294), Smith explores the Clintons' shared political ambitions, which drove a wedge between Bill and his other political partner, Al Gore. Smith believes her research into the Clintons' past could shed light on their future: "Both Clintons are deeply invested in their political sequel."

Robert Dallek



For decades, a clan of family friends refused researchers access to John F. Kennedy's medical records. But five years ago, historian and presidential biographer Robert Dallek persuaded the protective committee to make him privy to the information—and discovered that J.F.K. had been far sicker than was previously believed. Dallek was recently given the opportunity to see another set of long-hidden artifacts: Richard Avedon's photographs of J.F.K. alongside Jacqueline, Caroline, and John junior. This time he saw evidence not of an ailing prince but of a shrewd politician about to become the youngest elected president in history. "The photos are an expression of the political wisdom J.F.K. had. He knew he needed to persuade the country that he would be an authoritative presence in the White House; he also knew that his family's appearance would be a great boon to him." The photos, set to be released this month in *The Kennedys: Portrait of a Family*—for which Dallek has written the foreword—make clear the Kennedys' singular status as America's royal family. "No other president since has come close to J.F.K. in this regard—none of the successor families have enjoyed the appeal his has."

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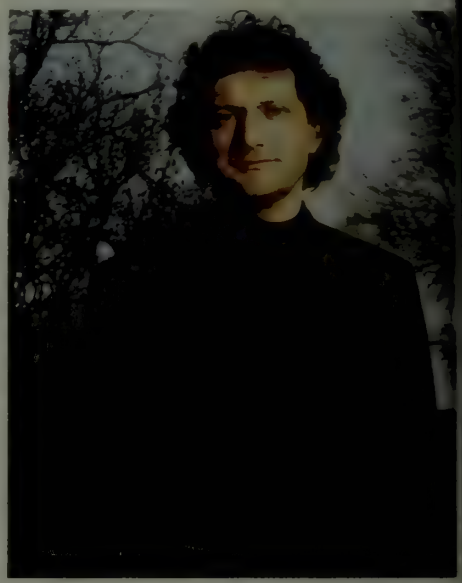


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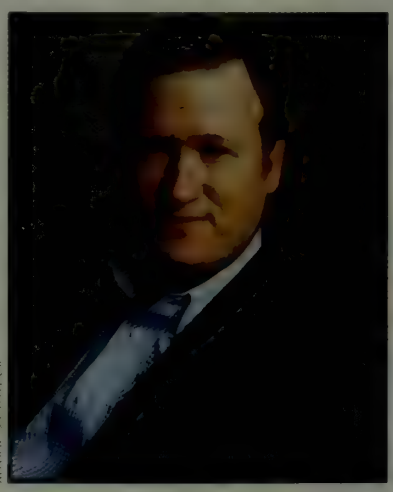
William Langewiesche

As the extravagant, sprawling, 104-acre U.S. Embassy in Baghdad prepared to commence operations this month, *V.F.* turned to international correspondent William Langewiesche, who chronicles the rise of U.S. diplomacy through the use of embassies in "The Mega-Bunker of Baghdad" (page 200). "At $600 million to build and another $1.2 billion to operate yearly, the embassy is obviously a questionable addition to America's diplomatic presence in Iraq," Langewiesche says. "But more to the point, it stands as a monument to American embassy construction worldwide, and it raises some simple questions: What are we doing with these facilities today? And what are we hoping to gain other than safety for safety's sake?" Langewiesche's most recent book, *The Atomic Bazaar: The Rise of the Nuclear Poor,* was published in May by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

David Rose



Contributing editor David Rose's articles in *Vanity Fair* have exposed some of the more disgraceful actions of the U.S. government—the silencing of whistle-blowers, the abuses at Guantánamo Bay, the use of depleted-uranium munitions that may sicken and even kill the soldiers who deploy them. Still, he says, "I remain fundamentally optimistic about America." That is partly because of people such as Alan Grayson, an attorney and retired telecom entrepreneur, who, as Rose reports in "The People vs. the Profiteers" (page 212), is on a one-man crusade against Iraq-war profiteering. "One of the most impressive things about Grayson," says Rose, "is the extent to which he is prepared to risk very large sums of his own money"—$10 million, Grayson estimates—"in support of a cause he believes is right."

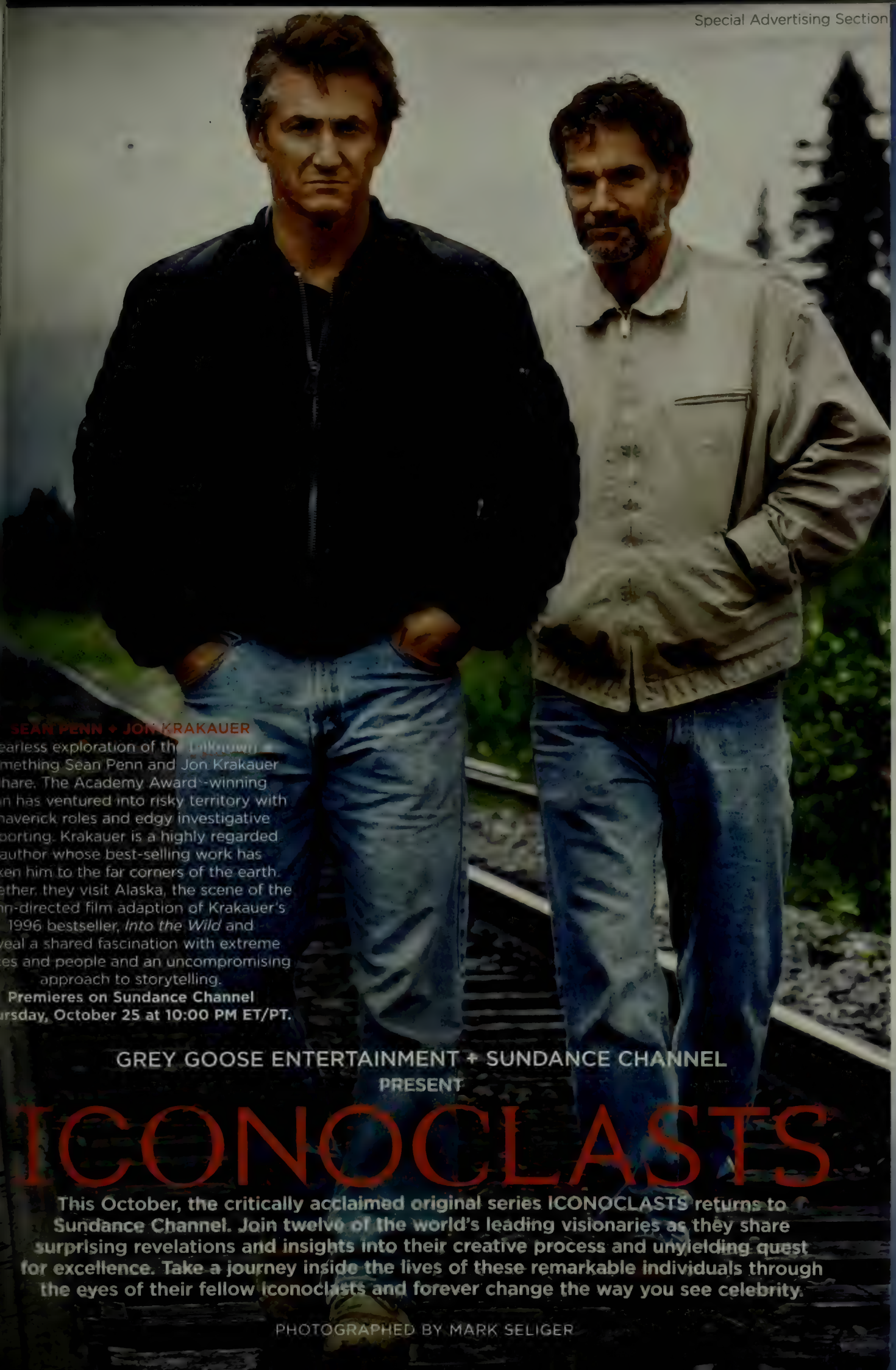


MARK SCHAFER

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 106



SEAN PENN + JON KRAKAUER

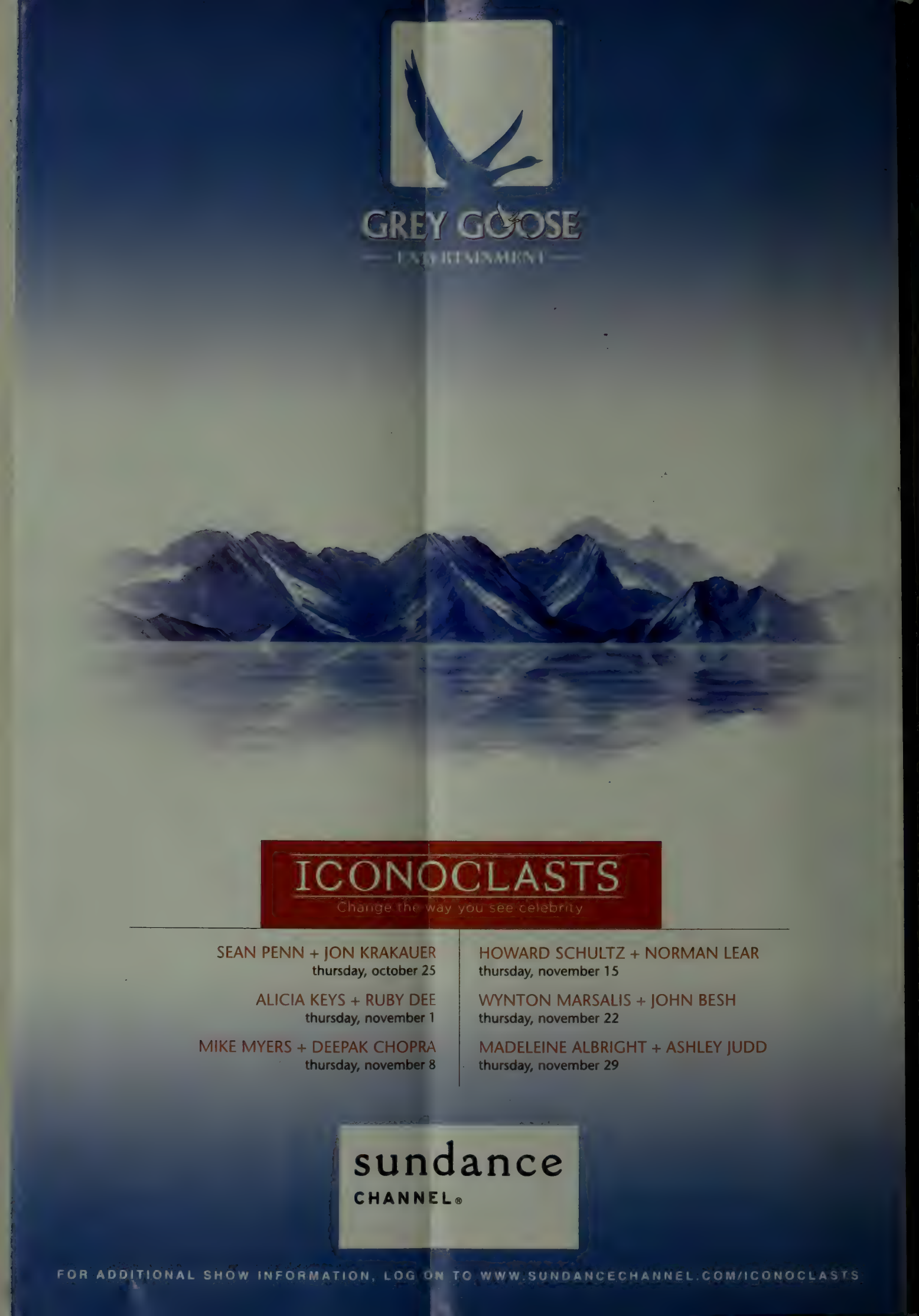
earless exploration of th[illegible]
mething Sean Penn and Jon Krakauer
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n has ventured into risky territory with
naverick roles and edgy investigative
porting. Krakauer is a highly regarded
author whose best-selling work has
ken him to the far corners of the earth.
ether, they visit Alaska, the scene of the
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PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK SELIGER



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ALICIA KEYS + RUBY DEE
thursday, november 1

MIKE MYERS + DEEPAK CHOPRA
thursday, november 8

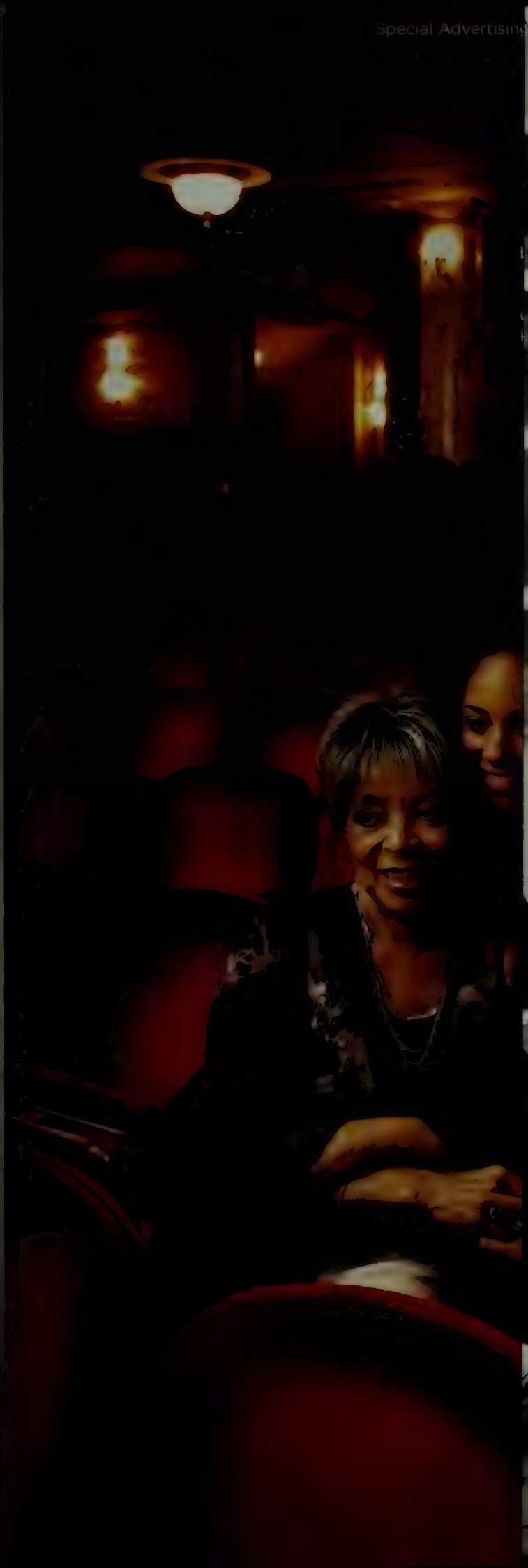
HOWARD SCHULTZ + NORMAN LEAR
thursday, november 15

WYNTON MARSALIS + JOHN BESH
thursday, november 22

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT + ASHLEY JUDD
thursday, november 29

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Wynton Marsalis — artistic director of Jazz at Lincoln Center and Pulitzer Prize-winning musician and composer — and James Beard-award winning chef John Besh are friends who share a passion for New Orleans. Devotees to the city where they grew up, Marsalis and Besh have committed themselves to fostering its cultural life, particularly after Hurricane Katrina. Join these two remarkable artistic and cultured individuals as they cook, hang out and enjoy music — while sharing their inspirations and love of improvisation along the way.

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SPECIAL PROMOTION

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94



MARK SCHAFER

William Langewiesche

As the extravagant, sprawling, 104-acre U.S. Embassy in Baghdad prepared to commence operations this month, *V.F.* turned to international correspondent William Langewiesche, who chronicles the rise of U.S. diplomacy through the use of embassies in "The Mega-Bunker of Baghdad" (page 200). "At $600 million to build and another $1.2 billion to operate yearly, the embassy is obviously a questionable addition to America's diplomatic presence in Iraq," Langewiesche says. "But more to the point, it stands as a monument to American embassy construction worldwide, and it raises some simple questions: What are we doing with these facilities today? And what are we hoping to gain other than safety for safety's sake?" Langewiesche's most recent book, *The Atomic Bazaar: The Rise of the Nuclear Poor,* was published in May by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

David Rose



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HOWARD SCHULTZ + NORMAN LEAR

Howard Schultz, the vision and voice behind the Starbucks® brand — has revolutionized the global business of coffee. Schultz's longtime friend, legendary Hollywood writer and producer Norman Lear, shares in his spirit of entrepreneurship and creativity, with shows like *All in the Family*, *Good Times* and *The Jeffersons*, some of the most progressive, beloved and controversial programs ever to have been broadcast. Discover how these two pioneers continue to transform our cultural landscape as they reflect on their professional achievements and philanthropic endeavors.

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MIKE MYERS + DEEPAK CHOPRA

Mike Myers is one of the most versatile performers of his generation. From his memorable roles on the big screen, including the *Austin Powers* trilogy to the voice behind *Shrek*, Myers continues to make millions laugh. Deepak Chopra, one of the world's pre-eminent mind-body specialists, has illuminated the role of consciousness in healing — and, in the process, helped lighten the existential weight in people's daily lives. Discover surprising insights as these two mavericks, whose paths have crossed both socially and professionally, reveal the essential role that humor plays in their quests for peace, happiness and creative transformation.

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Thursday, November 8 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.

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Premieres on Sundance Channel
Thursday, November 8 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.





ALICIA KEYS + RUBY DEE

Alicia Keys and Ruby Dee share a common spirit that bridges their generational gap. Grammy Award® winner Alicia Keys's diverse accomplishments as a musician, songwriter, author and actor are rivaled only by her dedicated work as a hands-on philanthropist. Ruby Dee is a noted actress, author and activist who in her career of over six decades has been widely acclaimed for her many contributions to stage, screen and "the Struggle." Together, these two performers explore how their creative energies have been influenced by the social climates of their times and how the urban landscape continues to fuel their passion today.

Premieres on Sundance Channel
Thursday, November 1 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.





WYNTON MARSALIS + JOHN BESH

Wynton Marsalis — artistic director of Jazz at Lincoln Center and Pulitzer Prize-winning musician and composer — and James Beard-award winning chef John Besh are friends who share a passion for New Orleans. Devotees to the city where they grew up, Marsalis and Besh have committed themselves to fostering its cultural life, particularly after Hurricane Katrina. Join these two remarkable artistic and cultured individuals as they cook, hang out and enjoy music — while sharing their inspirations and love of improvisation along the way.

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Façonnable

THE MODERN ELEGANCE FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA

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Façonnable

THE MODERN ELEGANCE FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA

SPECIAL PROMOTION

VANITY FAIR

‹ Agenda ›

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Lisa Robinson



"I became fascinated with Serge Gainsbourg after seeing the outside of his house," says contributing editor Lisa Robinson (pictured at Gainsbourg's house at 5 bis Rue de Verneuil, in Paris). "No one except family had been allowed inside since his death, in 1991, and I wanted to see it. But more than that, I wanted to talk to the women who had figured so dramatically in the life of this extraordinarily innovative and complex singer-songwriter." Robinson's story on Gainsbourg revisits a glamorous, hedonistic time and reveals a talented, provocative man who continues to influence contemporary musicians, including Beck, Sean Lennon, Michael Stipe, Regina Spektor, and Air. This month, Robinson also writes about new music in her Hot Tracks column and worked with Annie Leibovitz to organize the Folk-Music Portfolio. "There is a resurgence of folk music right now," says Robinson, "and we've come full circle, with a portfolio that showcases some younger singers with some of folk's greatest influences. Given the times, this is the perfect year to celebrate those who sing about love and peace."



GASPER TRINGALE

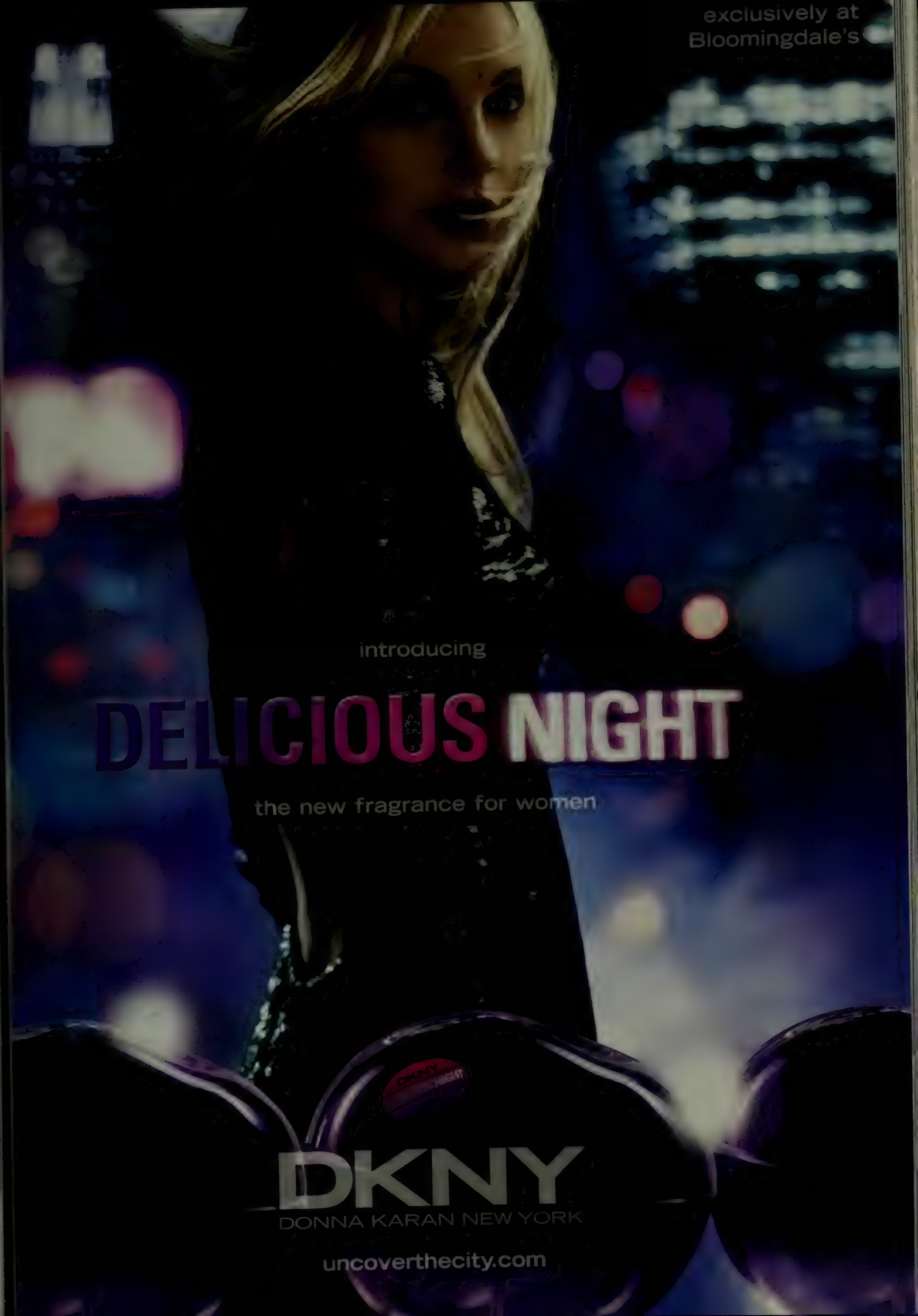
James Wolcott

V.F. contributing editor James Wolcott's wistful memorial to the Twist in this month's column is as much a paean to the dance itself as it is a recommendation for dance as diplomacy. "To me, the fact that Chubby Checker is still out there Twisting, at the age of 66, is proof of its rejuvenation powers! This would clearly be a happier, healthier nation if we could set aside our petty differences and Twist," says Wolcott. To the hipper among writhing Americans, the Kennedys' embrace of the Twist sent the dance packing from pop culture. One wonders how the Bushes would fare on the dance floor, but Wolcott doesn't see it. "Jackie Kennedy may have enjoyed the Twist and the Frug, but it's hard to picture Laura Bush—who's suffered from a pinched nerve in her neck—getting a major groove on."

Jean-Baptiste Mondino

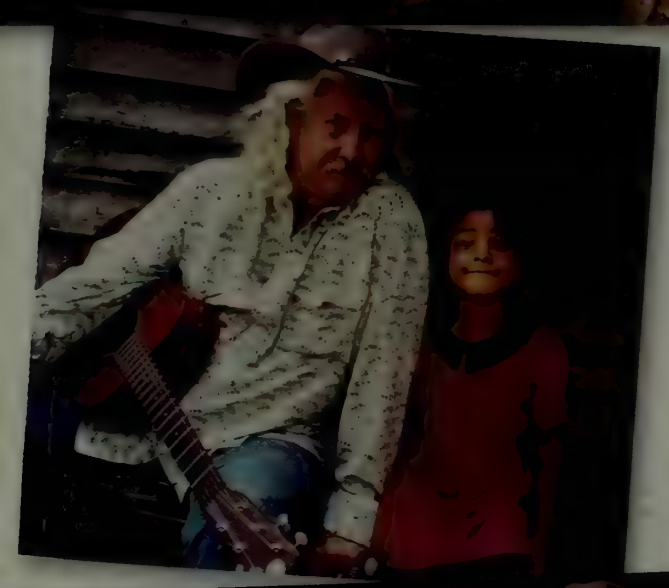


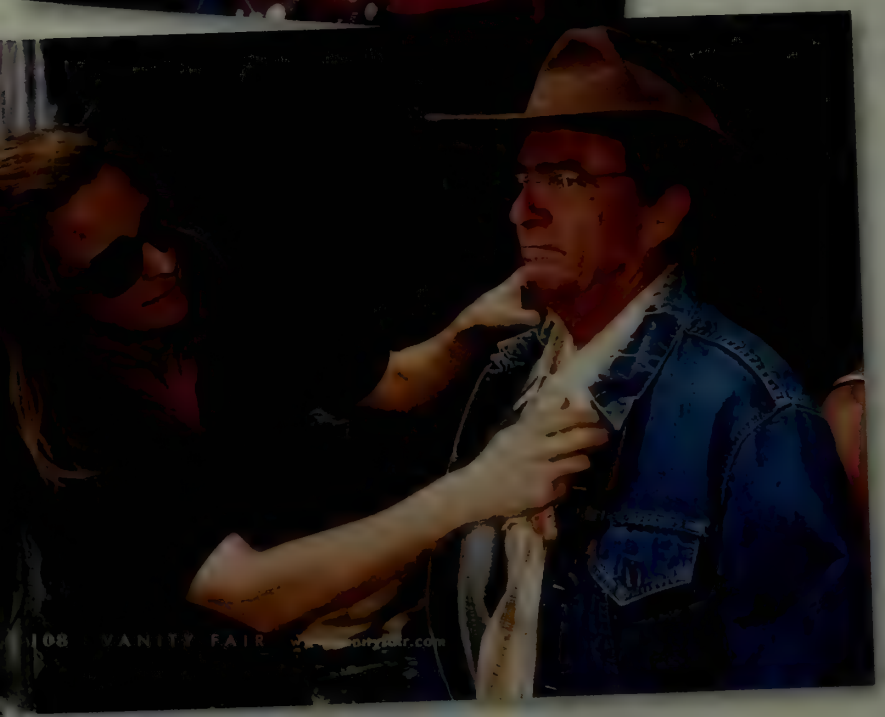
Photographer Jean-Baptiste Mondino has always been inspired by music, which often comes across in his work. Well known for shooting musicians such as Keith Richards and Mick Jagger with their guitars, Mondino has made an impact on both the rock and pop worlds throughout the past 20 years with his bold and dynamic images. This month, the Paris-based lensman fuses music and photography again by capturing Serge Gainsbourg's house and the pivotal women in his life, Jane Birkin and Charlotte Gainsbourg, for Lisa Robinson's article about the late French singer. "I was very honored to be invited to shoot Jane and Charlotte," Mondino says. "We were all very happy that *Vanity Fair* decided to show Serge's talent to the world." Mondino, whose book *Guitar Eros* was published last year by Schirmer/Mosel, is also an award-winning music-video director who has worked with Madonna, David Bowie, and Sting, among others.


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FOLK ON FILM

From top: Annie Leibovitz captures herself and Feist on a Greenwich Village stoop; Arlo Guthrie and granddaughter Jacklyn in Washington, Massachusetts; *VF* senior style editor Jessica Diehl and Hugh Taylor on set in Richmond, Massachusetts.





Folk Heroes

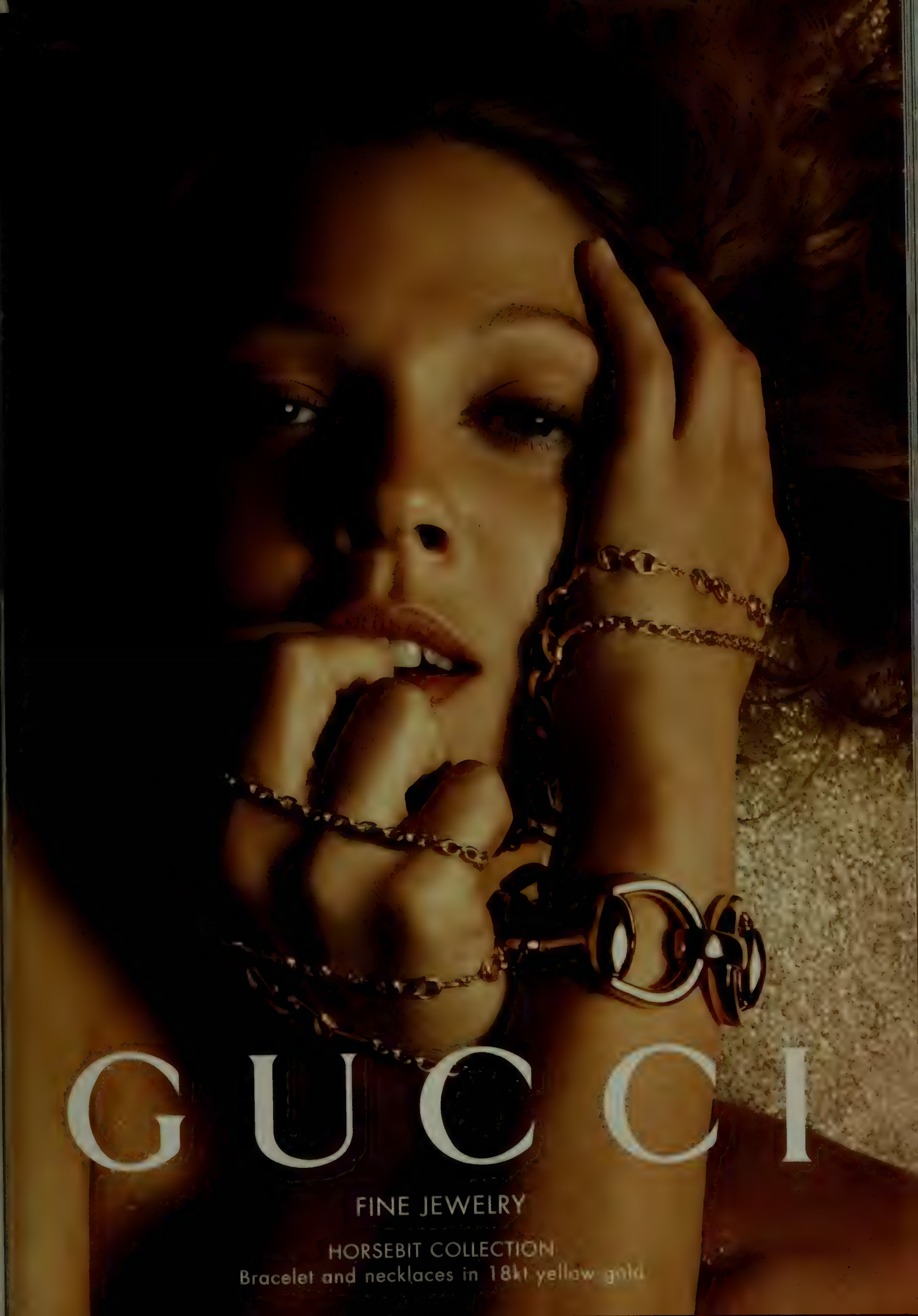
With a folk-music revival brewing, Annie Leibovitz went back to her roots, with a cross-country blitz of the genre's stars, from high priestess Joan Baez to reclusive Ray LaMontagne, to new sensation Feist. The team sang along

By Lisa Robinson

All music is folk music. I ain't never heard no horse sing a song.
—Louis Armstrong

When Graydon Carter said we should do a Folk-Music Portfolio this year, who knew that the music scene would soon be in the midst of a folk resurgence? It was in the air: Coffeehouses and acoustic clubs were springing up all over the country. Former Byrds guitarist Roger McGuinn has a popular "Folk Den" Web site. Woody Guthrie's lyrics have been used for new songs—most notably Dropkick Murphys' "I'm Shipping Up to Boston," featured in last year's Oscar-winning movie *The Departed*. Even the radical electric guitarist Tom Morello put away the effects box on his days off from the Rage Against the Machine reunion shows to moonlight with his solo, acoustic "Nightwatchman" project. The music and style of "freak folk"—Devendra Banhart, CocoRosie, and others—received worldwide atten-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ


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HOW SWEET IT IS (TO BE SNAPPED BY YOU)

From top: Kate, James, and Hugh Taylor at Bartlett's Orchard, in Richmond, Massachusetts; Annie Leibovitz and Judy Collins on the beach in Montauk, New York; Leibovitz and James admire his twin boys; Adam Green, Ben Kweller, Becky Stark, Lisa Robinson, and Leibovitz on set in Brooklyn.

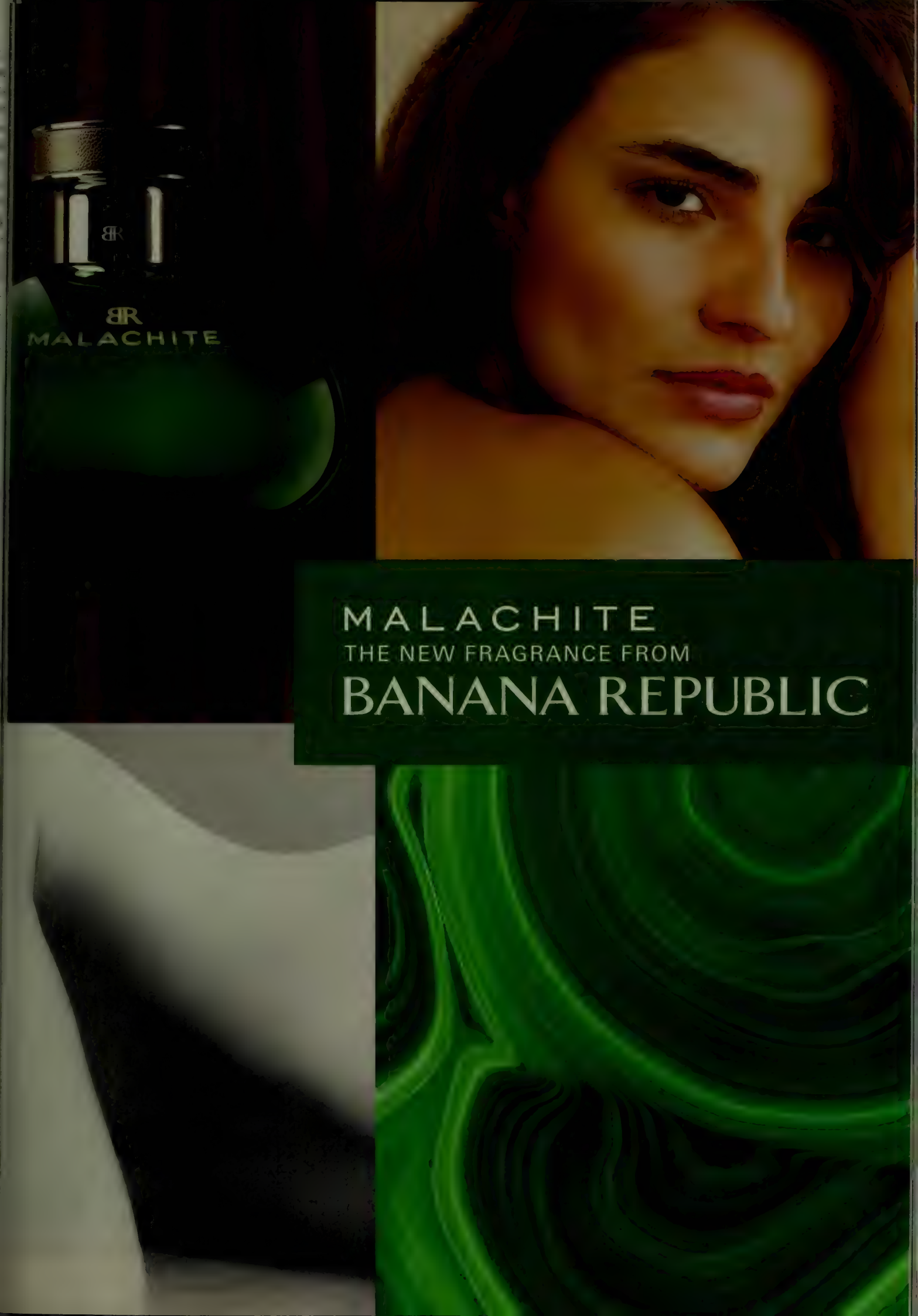
tion. And once again, the cries of "the new Dylan."

Folk music is hard to pin down. It's much more than hootenannies. And more than politics and protests, but if ever there was a time that was ripe for marching in the streets, this is it. Finally, some conscientious objectors got fed up and started to speak and sing out. Of course, some—like Joan Baez—have never stopped. For photographer Annie Leibovitz, fresh off a year that saw her taking photos of Queen Elizabeth (with and without her tiara) and shooting 20 separate covers for *V.F.*'s Africa issue, this portfolio was a return to her roots. She was delighted to focus on many musicians who had inspired her when she was the president of her high school's folk-music club. And while it was impossible to cover everyone who represents this world, what you'll see on pages 316 through 335 is an exclusive selection of some musicians who matter.

We started outside San Francisco at the home of **Joan Baez.** She lives in a large, wooded compound of several houses, and she was game to trek down to the creek and climb a tree for our photos. To go from Joan Baez, the all-time priestess of the acoustic folk ballad, to **Devendra Banhart,** the new darling of alt-folk, wasn't that much of a leap. They're both more than just in the same universe. Banhart lives in Topanga Canyon, California, with his band, but he might as well be living in Woodstock in 1969, such is his style and the atmosphere in his house. He has a huge collection of records and books, and he is probably the only person under 30 I've ever seen who has both a Biff Rose LP and a Cockettes VHS in his collection. He's enthusiastic, has a tremendous intellectual curiosity, and is child-like and fun. (It's no surprise that he's been adopted by fashionistas such as Karl Lagerfeld and John Galliano.)

The image of the folksinger princess flies right out the window when it comes to the ultra-sophisticated **Joni Mitchell,** who quite rightly defies categorization—unless you want to put her somewhere between Thelonious Monk and Prince. Joni is always at the top of our list (we would have included her in the Hip-Hop Portfolio if we could have), and even though she's been out of sight for a while, she never stops working. This is a big year for her: a show of her art recently opened in New York, she has a new record deal with Starbucks (her new album is *Shine*), and the Alberta Ballet performed to her music in Canada. Joni drove herself and her dog, Coco, to our shoot at Hollywood's Chateau Marmont, where, shockingly, some ridiculous goons "guarding" the driveway treated her rudely. What were they guarding against? Paparazzi on the lookout for LiLo? We brushed past this homeland security, went into our suite, and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATHRYN MA LEOD


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Occupation ..... Singer / Actress .....

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Perfect day .. Lounging in the Sun, on a Boat, in the middle of nowhere, with the people I love.

Most unusual gift .. Rhinestone Studded Pedicure Toe spacers

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had a party. It's always a party with Joni, because she's hilarious, we hate all the same people, and we were joined by her fun friend the makeup artist *extraordinaire* Paul Starr. Joni drank sake, Annie wanted margaritas, and after the shoot we all stayed up for hours watching the DVD of the Alberta Ballet dancing to Joni's music.

Back in New York City, we engineered a **Peter, Paul and Mary** reunion. Unbeknownst to Annie when she chose it for the shoot, the White Horse Tavern was where Mary Travers hung out as a young woman before she was in the trio that had huge 60s hits with "Puff, the Magic Dragon" and "Blowin' in the Wind," so it was a homecoming of sorts. Since the 1960s, longtime friends **Richie Havens** and **Buffy Sainte-Marie** have never stopped recording and performing. We were lucky to be able to get them in between their concert dates to pose together in the William H. Pouch Scout Camp, on Staten Island. In Massachusetts we orchestrated two other reunions: in a rare photo, **James Taylor** posed with his brothers, **Livingston** and **Hugh,** and sister, **Kate,** on a farm, standing in front of James's 1958 Studebaker pickup truck (also on hand: James's twin boys, Rufus and Henry). Several miles away in Washington, Massachusetts, we visited the homestead of **Arlo Guthrie,** where 14 members of his family congregated on the porch for our photo. Arlo's song "Alice's Restaurant" has now achieved classic status alongside his father Woody's "This Land Is Your Land," and all of the adults and some of the children in our picture sing, play instruments, release their records on the Guthrie-family label, perform together every Christmas season at Carnegie Hall, and keep the legacy alive.

It was back to the streets of Brooklyn to photograph four young singer-songwriters: **Ben Kweller,** who's been recording since he was 15; **Becky Stark,** the ethereal singer of Lavender Diamond; **Adam Green,** formerly of Moldy Peaches and now on his own; and **Fionn Regan,** the Irish singer who's being called "the new Dylan" by the British press. In Montauk, Annie photographed the incredible, and very shy, singer-songwriter **Ray LaMontagne,** who lives a reclusive life in Maine and hardly ever agrees to have his picture taken. Also in Montauk: **Judy Collins,** whose five-decade career has been topped off by her critically acclaimed, sold-out appearances at New York's Café Carlyle. The Canadian singer **Feist,** who has been compared to singers from Astrud Gilberto to Carole King, was shot by Annie in New York City.

As always, deputy editor Aimée Bell, design director David Harris, and photography director Susan White were crucial in putting the portfolio together. Deputy editor Bruce Handy and contributing editor Jim Windolf wrote the captions. Once again, research consultant Deane Zimmerman made hundreds of phone calls and sent countless e-mails to track people down. Senior photography producer Kathryn MacLeod and associate photo editor Jessica Dimson, senior style editor Jessica Diehl, fashion assistant Amanda Fiala, and Karen Mulligan and Georgina Koren from the Leibovitz Studio were all indispensable. We shot this portfolio during a brutally hot summer, and there were places where the bugs were plentiful and we had to climb up and down rocky terrain, not always wearing the correct shoes. But at the end of the long days, there were van rides with people bursting into sing-alongs (true) of old Peter, Paul and Mary and Woody Guthrie songs, to remind us of what brought us all here in the first place. □







THIS LAND IS THEIR LAND

From top: **Jackie Guthrie gets ready to pose, while husband Arlo plays guitar; Annie Leibovitz and assistant Nick Rogers prepare for the Guthrie shoot; Guthrie's daughter Sarah Lee; Leibovitz photographs the Guthrie family at Arlo's farm in Washington, Massachusetts.**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATHRYN MACLEOD

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GOD VS. HITCHENS

The faithful weigh in; notes on a secret son; blame one, blame all; championing Mrs. Giuliani; true colors of Brazil; and more



PREACHING TO THE UNCONVERTED Christopher Hitchens promoting his book *God Is Not Great* at Seattle's Town Hall.

WILLIAM ANTHONY

I found "God Bless Me, It's a Best-Seller!," by Christopher Hitchens [September], to be somewhat unbalanced. I agree with much of his critique of organized church structures. However, I found Hitchens's mocking references to scared, narrow-minded Fundamentalist Christians to be both disrespectful and shallow. He trivializes our innate need to search for a role in the universe that is grander than anything science or logic can deal with. Many holy teachers have helped us try to make sense of our world. Wanting to connect with a transcendent creator is integral to what makes us human. The fact that the human religious machines have erred terribly over the years is no more reason to give up on God than the pain and struggle of everyday existence are reasons to give up on life. Hitchens should realize that denying God absolutely is as absurdly conservative as trying to define him absolutely. The reality is that we should not fear our uncertainty while we continue to search for what God means to us.

CHARLES FALZON
Toronto, Ontario

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND why Christopher Hitchens's arguments against religion are thought to be arguments against the concept of a creator. To postulate a creator is not at all the same thing as worshipping that creator. Set all the religions aside and it's still possible that through a guided evolutionary process the mind of a creator might have brought the universe into existence—or even multiple universes into existence. Maybe ours is a failed universe, or one he came close to getting just right. In any case, it sure looks to me as if there's a mind behind it all. But that doesn't mean I should worship him, her, or it. Nor that he, she, or it wants me to. Trying to figure out the attributes of such a hypothetical creator has been the work of many philosophers and those who think a creator exists and ought to be worshipped—and do so in their own, faltering ways.

DENNIS KRABBENHOFT
Tacoma, Washington

OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS Christopher Hitchens has come out in favor of the war in Iraq, declared women to be humorless, and toured the United States and Canada gathering nonbelievers to hear why God is not so great. Yet I continue to be charmed by him. Conclusion? Christopher Hitchens is the Antichrist.

HEATHER DeLONG
Vancouver, British Columbia

I FIND IT INTERESTING that Christopher Hitchens would use Lou Dobbs as a model


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of rational discourse. Perhaps he missed the commentary where Dobbs blamed illegal immigrants for spreading leprosy. I agree with some of Hitchens's points, in particular the absurdity of teaching intelligent design. However, I also believe that he is too quick to dismiss the value of the moral instruction that religion provides. In the course of human events, religion has played a great role in moral teachings. It was, after all, British Evangelicals who first said slavery is immoral.

STEVE LANDAU
Los Angeles, California

IN RESPONSE to Christopher Hitchens's challenge to "name an ethical statement or action, made or performed by a person of faith, that could not have been made or performed by a nonbeliever," the answer is simple: prayer.

CAROLINE AMBS NIESLEY
Lansdale, Pennsylvania

THE ANSWER to Christopher Hitchens's challenge is that, indeed, none of us can identify an ethical statement or action done by a person of faith that could not have been done by a nonbeliever. But the reason is not that God does not exist but that such a nonbeliever—as envisioned by Hitchens—doesn't. My understanding of my own faith is that God created all of life and gave human beings the freedom to choose to love or hate. God seeks to act on people, whether they believe in him/her or not, which is why a nonbeliever can behave just as ethically as a person of faith. God loves humankind. After all, God took the trouble to create all of us.

W. D. JOHNSON
New York, New York

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS is demanding an answer to an irrelevant question. The issue is not whether a nonbeliever can live by the same ethics as a believer. The issue is: Will he? The reality Hitchens fails to face is that an uncountable number of people in every era have faithfully engaged in innumerable ethical acts they would never have done had it not been for their belief in a holy God, to whom they are ultimately held accountable. Similarly, innumerable *un*ethical acts would have been done had it not been for their belief in a holy God, whose approval on Judgment Day will have a far greater value than any advantage in this life that could be gained from unethical words or deeds.

DON CLARK
Director of development
The Bakersfield Rescue Mission
Arvin, California

ARTHUR MILLER'S SILENT TRAGEDY

ARTHUR MILLER lived in a time when public figures were entitled to private lives ["Arthur Miller's Missing Act," by Suzanna Andrews, September]. A time before exhibitionism was de rigueur. Think Katharine Hepburn, not Paris Hilton. Suzanna Andrews's article was predicated on the premise that a public figure owes both his inner life and his personal life to the public. There is a difference between secrecy and privacy. The distinction eludes Andrews. It is foolhardy to think that members of the public have any sense of what goes on in the private lives or in the minds of public figures. To ascribe emotion and intention to Arthur Miller's actions is irresponsible. Furthermore, it is cruel to barge into the life of a private person who only by accident of birth has any relationship to a public figure.

MICHAEL COLBERG
New York, New York

FOR MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GO TO VF.COM.

SUZANNA ANDREWS handled a delicate subject so well that I had to write. I grew up in the town where Daniel was institutional-

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

"My favorite part of the magazine is Letters. It's the first section I read." Bless you, Deborah Mallahan, of Window Rock, Arizona. And Rhiannon Hutchinson, of Rapid City, South Dakota, writes, "I read with soul-crushing dismay of the *V.F.* Mailbag's resolution to be less sarcastic. The wit of the Mailbag is among the chief virtues of *Vanity Fair;* it has enriched my life with belly laughs beyond the counting, and its beautiful, intelligent writing takes me back through the years to a time when I was faithfully reading *Spy.* Any reader who writes to the Mailbag should consider himself fair game." Rhiannon Hutchinson (and, by the way, does *V.F.* have a more astute and intelligent reader? Save, perhaps, Deborah Mallahan) has made the Mailbag blush. But, honestly, *Spy*'s Mailroom column was meaner and funnier, not to mention slimmer and a little less gray around the temples.



Divided opinion regarding "Giuliani's Princess Bride," by Judy Bachrach. "Excellent and most informative," says Elizabeth Krupp Dorsch, of Glen Mills, Pennsylvania. "As a lifelong conservative (not radical) Republican, I can only hope Judith Giuliani will never be our First Lady. Her behavior is appalling. I have always liked Mr. Giuliani, however." William Hathcock, of Toney, Alabama, felt "the article was mean-spirited and totally out of line." And Jennifer Brule, of Zurich, says, "I enjoyed every scorching word. But after reading it I felt a bit icky. *V.F.* has bigger (more intelligent) fish to fry."

In certain quarters, confusion still reigns over Craig Brown's monthly Diary parodies in Vanities. From Marilyn Steeg, of Blue Bell, Pennsylvania: "While reading Tina Brown's Diary [August] at the pool yesterday, I realized I didn't know what she was talking about. She's certainly no David Sedaris!" And—here's a clue—she's certainly no Tina Brown!

"It wasn't until I read Nancy Jo Sales's 'I'm with *Her!*' [September] that I learned what the term 'B.F.F.' means," confesses Donna Dunbar, of South Pasadena, California. "Can you explain 'emo' and 'frenemie,' also?" The Mailbag is happy to assist: "emo," pronounced em-oh, is a variation of "m.o." (not "modus operandi," but "mosey off"), and "frenemie" is simply a misspelling of "frenemine" (as in "He was a frenemine"). You can now pepper your conversations with these hip, "young people's" terms with confidence.

Finally, some early returns regarding the future of Graydon's hair (see *V.F.* Mailbag, August): "Shave it all off" (Ron Schumeister, Edina, Minnesota). "Compare Clooney in the 80s, with his long hair and mullet, with his current, classic Hollywood cut. Need I say more?" (Elizabeth Gadbois, Stowe, Vermont). "He should not snip at this uniquely fluffy bouffant" (Katia Hadidian, London). "Bono may think it's rock-star-like, but I think it's a little more like A Flock of Seagulls. *Please,* do something" (Gina Rindfleisch, Mosinee, Wisconsin). "Graydon needs to let his freak hair fly" (Sally Jo Davis, Ramah, New Mexico). "Shave the damn stuff off! Forget a trim. Bald is beautiful. Go for it!" (Heather Waters, Los Angeles). "Rethink the hair" (A. J. Goodhead, La Jolla, California). "I like his hair as it is" (Amy Phillips, Tucson, Arizona). "Keep that startling silver sweep. It suits you!" (Linda Kirby, Boise, Idaho).

The Mailbag counts five urging change, four in favor of the status quo. To be continued.

MARIO TESTINO


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ized. In fact, my father was a director at the Southbury Training School for a brief period, and Daniel's presence there was no secret. I interviewed a number of past employees for a recent screenplay, and Daniel's name came up more than once. He was adored there as a boy, but his father's name was mud to some people. Reading Andrews's piece made me wonder if many of us connected to the Training School had colluded by containing this "secret," that protecting a famous man's privacy was more important than raising the hard questions she was able to in print. I was relieved to read about Daniel's life now and those who continue to care for him, close family included. But my sadness and confusion linger—not for a famous writer and his son but for the compromises too many employees tolerated under the guise of helping their disabled clients.

MARTHA PICHEY
London, England

ISN'T IT IRONIC that Arthur Miller made a choice to disavow the existence of his "mongoloid" son while also writing the following: "Everything we shut our eyes to, everything we run away from, everything we deny, denigrate or despise, serves to defeat us in the end. What seems nasty, painful, evil, can become a source of beauty, joy and strength, if faced with an open mind." Too bad he didn't take his own words to heart.

ALLEN HAY
Missoula, Montana

I AM NOT SURE why the tone of Suzanna Andrews's article on Arthur Miller and his Down-syndrome son is so disapproving. The fact that Southbury Training School exists shows that many parents of Down-syndrome children have chosen not to care for them at home. Today pregnant women are encouraged to test their fetus for the presence of chromosomal abnormalities, and many elect to abort upon a Down-syndrome diagnosis. I don't think this indicates any more of an open or accepting attitude than Arthur Miller seems to have had. But in Daniel Miller's case, at least, he was allowed to live.

HEATHER BUTLER
Portland, Oregon

INSTEAD OF DISCREDITING MILLER, his family, and his renowned works, Suzanna Andrews would have done better to shovel that amount of guilt onto the broader shoulders of society and the medical profession, which promotes the institutionalization of tens of thousands of people with disabilities. Andrews misses the point by not celebrating the Miller family, and now the Day-Lewis family, as being a part of a unique societal and systematic change brought about by the 1999 Olmstead Act, which allows people with disabilities to live in the community, hold employment, pay taxes, and go about our lives on our own terms.

SALLY BAKER
Philmont, New York

NOT EVERYTHING IS BUSH'S FAULT

AS NOTED in Graydon Carter's September Editor's Letter ["Three Horsemen of the Apocalypse"], arrogance, ignorance, and incompetence are the hallmarks of the Bush administration. What Carter fails to mention, however, is that the American people are well aware of this fact and yet the hallmarks of Congress are: ignore, deny, and repress any attempt to correct this problem. When this country falls, we are all to blame, not just Bush and his pathetic Republican cronies.

LARRY POLSKY
Boise, Idaho

REVENGE OF THE JUDI

I ENJOYED reading Judy Bachrach's in-depth article ["Giuliani's Princess Bride," September] on Judi, I mean Judith, Giu-

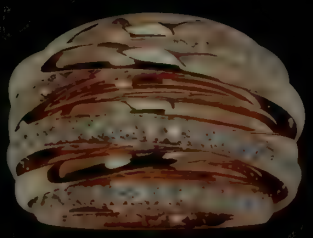
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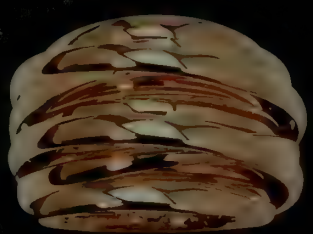
Meet the "furries"—thousands of people, such as Marshall Woods, or "Ostrich" (here at his house in Fairlawn, Ohio, January 2001), who identify *very* strongly with animal creatures and characters. In March 2001, George Gurley reported on this proud and passionate subculture by stationing himself at Chicago's Midwest FurFest, a four-day-long extravaganza where dressing up in animal garb is the norm, and stuffed animals—or "plushies," as the furries call them—are objects of erotic desire. But as Gurley's field notes reveal, members of the furry fandom are more than just in touch with their inner bears, foxes, or wolves: they're part of an organized pack that has its own way of life. To read Gurley's "Pleasures of the Fur," please visit **VANITYFAIR.COM.**

HARRY BENSON

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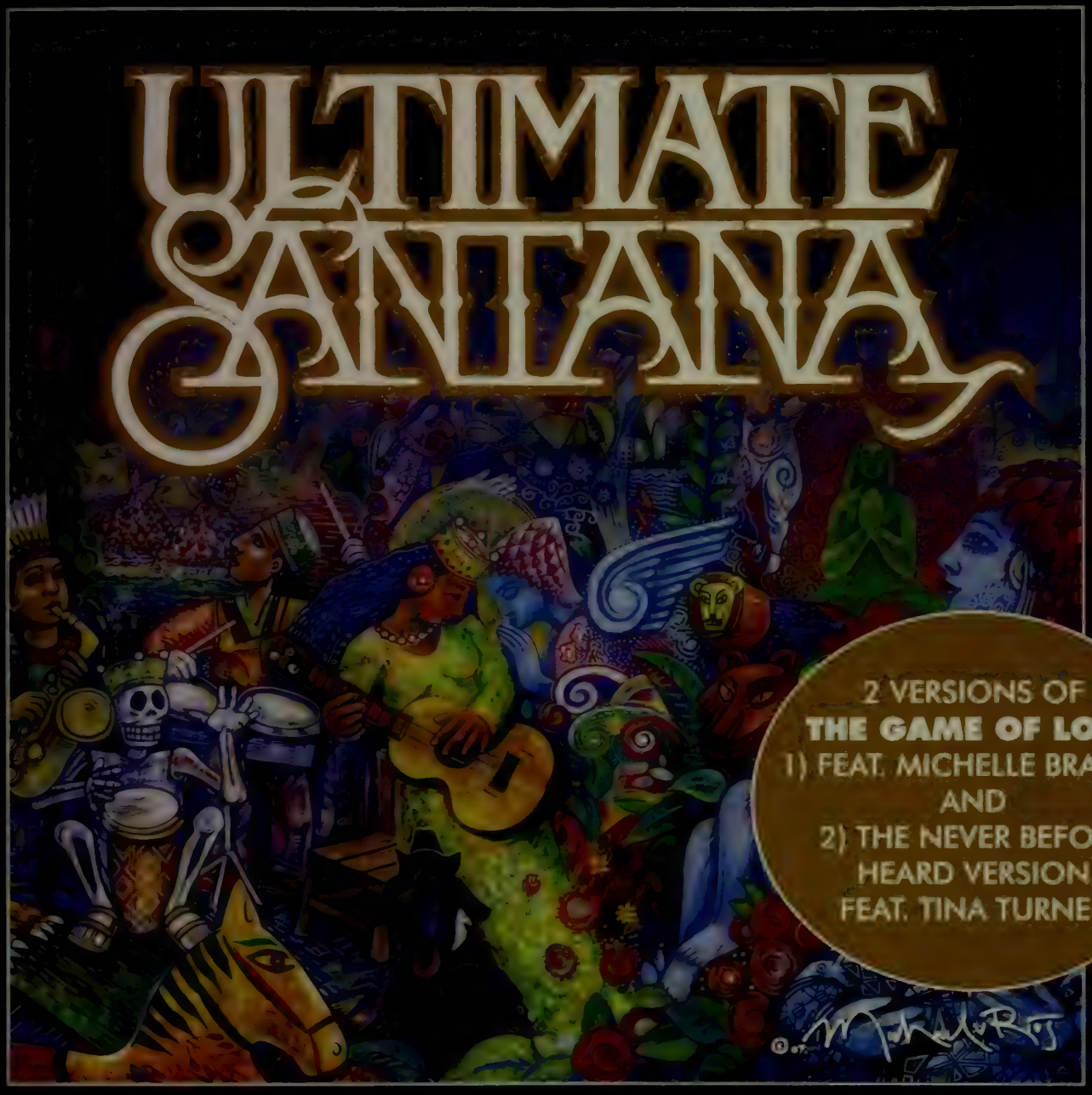
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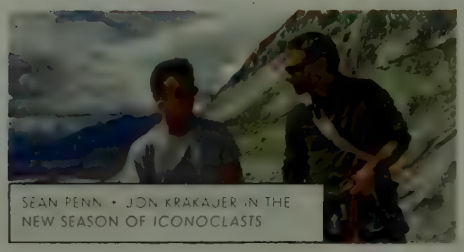
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liani, an *Über*–social climber who finally hit pay dirt when she married Rudolph, I mean Rudy, Giuliani. After eight unbearable years of having to tolerate King George in the White House, the last thing America needs is a First Lady with queenly aspirations.

PHYLLIS LANDIS
Los Angeles, California

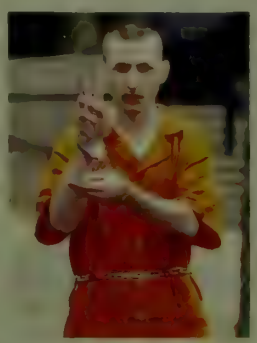
JUDY BACHRACH'S lengthy article on Judith Giuliani strung together a compendium of lies, distortion, and gossip—attributed to anonymous sources and an estranged ex-husband—to paint a false portrait that bears no resemblance to the woman I have come to know so well.

The article is riddled with inaccuracies, one of which I'll now cite to prove the larger point. The piece claims that Judith put her husband in harm's way by asking him to get her a health bar during a trip to Mexico City. The head of Rudy Giuliani's security division has since publicly denounced that false assertion and further explained that Judith insisted on accompanying her husband on that trip—knowing that he faced credible death threats—and therefore put herself at risk to protect him, bringing health bars with her because one of those threats involved poisoning. This is but one example of Bachrach's twisted take on her subject.

To those of us who know her, Judith Giuliani is a gracious, thoughtful person and a loving, loyal wife and mother. In her life, she has distinguished herself as a nurse, a

POSTSCRIPT

In January 2001, special correspondent Bryan Burrough unearthed the extraordinary life story of a dashing young French con man named Christopher Rocancourt, who, masquerading as millionaire playboy "Christopher Rockefeller," fleeced dozens of gullible Americans from the Hamptons to Beverly Hills ("The Counterfeit Rockefeller"). The son of a prostitute and an alcoholic father who froze to death after a wintry drinking bout, Rocancourt had risen from a Normandy orphanage to the streets of Paris, to Rodeo Drive, where he rubbed elbows with the likes of Mickey Rourke and Jean Claude Van Damme. In a memorable side trip to the mansions of eastern Long Island, he succeeded in enticing any number of people to "invest" with him. Needless to say, no one ever saw their money again.



High-society impostor Christopher Rocancourt flashes a V sign after pleading guilty to grand larceny in a Long Island, New York, courtroom, August 2003.

Facing criminal charges in New York, Rocancourt fled to British Columbia, where he was arrested in April 2001. From jail he gave interviews to outlets as varied as *60 Minutes* and *The New Yorker* and became a celebrity in his native France. Before his extradition to the U.S., in 2003, he wrote a book, *I, Christopher Rocancourt: Orphan, Playboy, Prisoner,* that became a French best-seller. Rocancourt pleaded guilty to fraud charges and served part of a four-year sentence in the federal prison at Allenwood, Pennsylvania, before being placed on a plane back to France in early 2006.

In Paris, Rocancourt received the full star treatment, waving to paparazzi at the airport, selling interviews to the French media, even striking a deal to place his name on a clothing line. His celebrity has proved surprisingly enduring; the French, more than one commentator notes, never tire of hearing a countryman's stories of outwitting rich Americans. Rocancourt's second memoir, *My Lives,* topped the French best-seller list last year; a third book followed. Today he lives in Paris with a former Miss France and their infant daughter. He has a Web site, christopherocancourt.net, and a press agent. A movie of his life is now in the works, with Edward Norton and Heath Ledger rumored to be in the running to play Rocancourt.

To read the original story, please visit **VANITYFAIR.COM.**

In 1937, 20-year-old dancer Patricia Douglas was raped by an MGM salesman at a wild studio party. Though she brought suit, the studio smeared her and got the complaint dismissed. After 65 years of silence, Douglas told her story to David Stenn for *Vanity Fair* ("It Happened One Night . . . at MGM," April 2003). On November 10, 2003, when Stenn phoned Douglas and read her the letters to the editor his article had prompted, she told him, "Thank you. I can go now." She died the following day. Stenn's documentary about the case, *Girl 27*–which includes video footage of his interviews with Douglas–premiered at Sundance in January and is out on DVD this month.

DOUG KUNTZ


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manager, and a philanthropist—and she will make a terrific First Lady when Rudy Giuliani is elected our next president.

RANDY M. MASTRO
Deputy mayor under Rudy Giuliani
New York, New York

JUDY BACHRACH REPLIES: I did not write that Judith Giuliani succeeded in putting her husband in harm's way in Mexico during a time of extreme danger; I reported that she ordered him to get out of the armored car to get her bag of mislaid health bars. Her request was ultimately countermanded, and others had to put themselves at risk to retrieve the snacks. As to Mrs. Giuliani's behavior toward staff these days: Mr. Mastro left the Giuliani administration in 1998.

JUDITH GIULIANI may be all of the things that Judy Bachrach indicated, but when an article is full of statements attributed to "former friends" and "friends from that time period," I always wonder whether the talk is true. It feels like the real agenda of the article was to undermine Rudy Giuliani's chances in the upcoming election. Giuliani is a gentleman who rose to the occasion on 9/11. Love him or hate him, there is respect for this man that transcends politics. Degrading him will not win you any fans.

CLAUDIA GREEN
Ravenna, Ohio

BRAZIL IN BLACK AND WHITE

BEING A BRAZILOPHILE, I was excited to see the article about Brazil's fashions and models in the September issue ["Blame It on Brazil," by A. A. Gill]—until I saw that the bulk of those photographed were white, white, white! I have made six lengthy trips to Brazil and it is very obvious to me that Brazil is not a "white" country. Your article does not fully give the true picture; it reinforces the erroneous idea that only the white people in this country are beautiful. *Vanity Fair* should have been more aware of this form of racism and should have declined to support it.

ROSE DILISCIA-EVERETT
Ann Arbor, Michigan

MORE ON AFRICA

WHILE I AGREE with some of the negative letters about your Africa issue [Letters, September], we should not ignore the suffering of the rest of the world—which, last time I checked, we are still a part of. The most offensive letter of all was from James Dixon, self-appointed spokesperson for America, who declared without offering any evidence that "the vast majority of Americans couldn't care less about Africa." Well, most of the other letters about the Africa issue confirm otherwise. And unless there was some special election I don't know about, I don't need Dixon to speak for me. As for the abundance of poor people in this country, my question is: What's *he* doing for them?

RENEE NEWBOLD
Newport News, Virginia

I MAY BE ONLY 17 years old, but I think that Africa, the United States, and the world in general would be in much better condition if people such as James Dixon did not exist.

MAIRI MACDONALD
Judique, Nova Scotia

AS AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN woman, I take great offense at James Dixon's statement that he speaks for all Americans and that Americans don't care about the plight of the African continent. Based on the various organizations I belong to, such as Save Darfur and the Enough Project, I am personally aware that there are quite a few Americans concerned with the plight of Africans. Are there individuals in the U.S. who are struggling? Sure there are. But are they living in a state of continuous crisis? I don't think so. I suggest the next time Dixon decides to speak for the "vast majority of Americans," he stop and realize that he can speak only for himself.

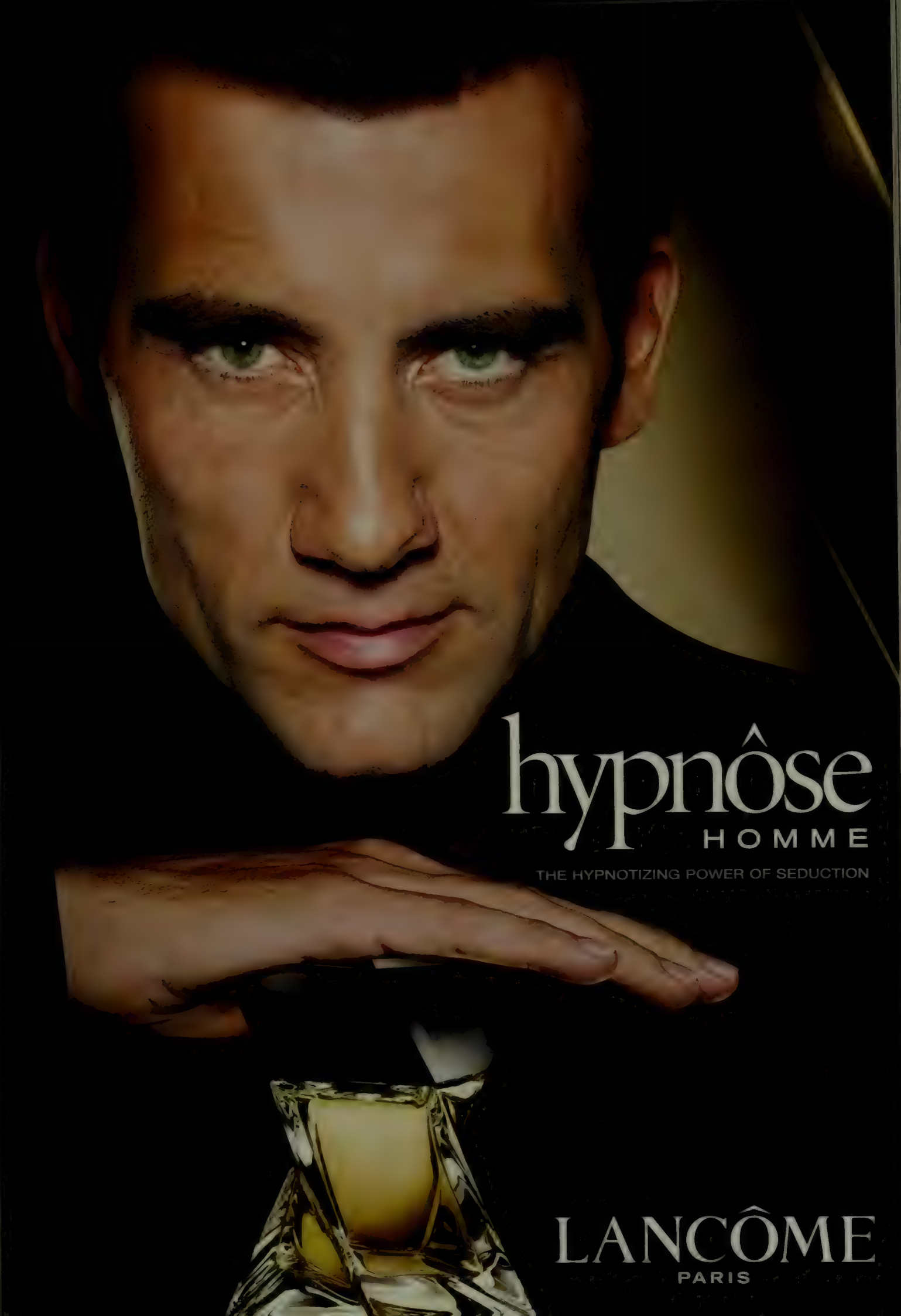
CATHY L. FORD
West Carrollton, Ohio

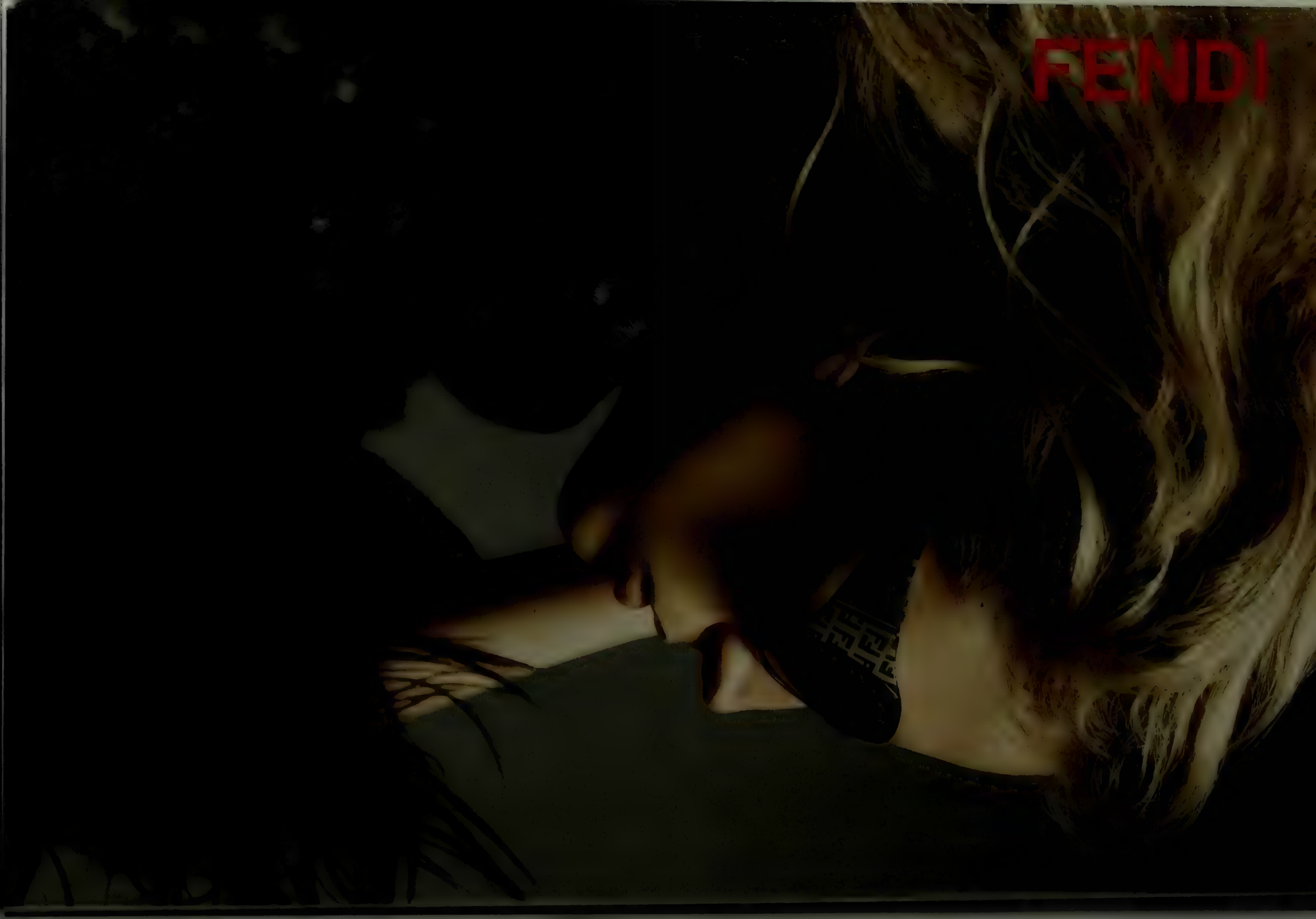
I HAVE TO AGREE with reader James Dixon, among others. The U.S. has many underprivileged children, but celebrities don't seem concerned with helping them; it is not chic enough. They should start adopting American kids instead of African children. My mother always said, "Sweep in front of your own door before all else."

MONA PORTER
Forest Hills, New York

CORRECTION: On page 295 of the September issue ("The 68th Annual International Best-Dressed List"), H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Greece's shoes are misidentified; they are by Christian Louboutin.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.


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FANFAIR

30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE

NOVEMBER 2007



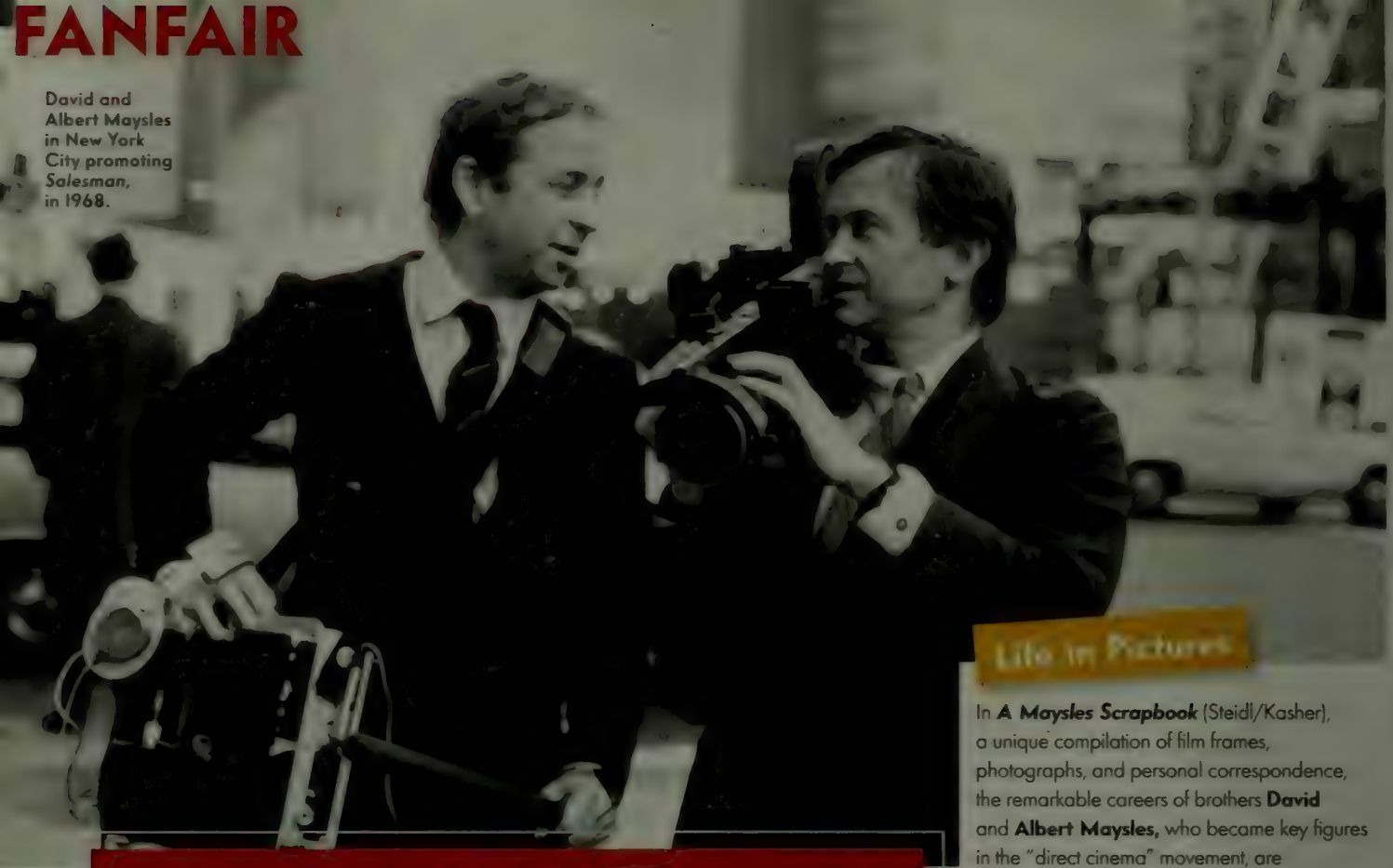
TRANSYLVANIA MANIA

The cast of Mel Brooks and Susan Stroman's Young Frankenstein, opening on Broadway November 8, includes, from left, Megan Mullally as Elizabeth, Roger Bart as Dr. Frederick Frankenstein, Sutton Foster as Inga, and Andrea Martin as Frau Blücher. For more, turn to page 150.

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ART STREIBER

FANFAIR



David and Albert Maysles in New York City promoting *Salesman*, in 1968.

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

November

Life in Pictures

In ***A Maysles Scrapbook*** (Steidl/Kasher), a unique compilation of film frames, photographs, and personal correspondence, the remarkable careers of brothers **David** and **Albert Maysles,** who became key figures in the "direct cinema" movement, are eloquently captured. Their monograph memoir, with an introduction by **Martin Scorsese,** contains images from such films as *Gimme Shelter, Dali,* and *Grey Gardens.* Coinciding with the November pub date will be a show at the Steven Kasher Gallery, in New York's Chelsea.



Handcrafted Luxury

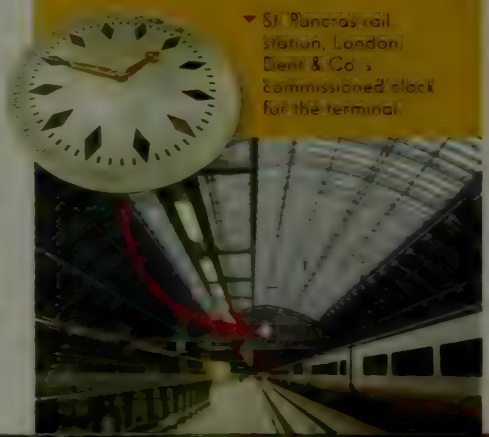
In a season of tailored looks and ladylike accessories, the gloves at **Sermoneta** in N.Y.C. are the perfect finishing touch. The attentive staff will help determine just the right size and look from the more than 50 styles. (sermonetagloves.com)

06

Muffin tops, the Soup Nazi, Yada yada yada—the ***Seinfeld*** DVD box set includes all 180 episodes of the beloved show about, well, not much.

TIME TRAVEL

Dent & Co., the legendary clockmaker and chronographer to the Royal Navy when Britannia ruled the waves and the empire spanned the globe, has installed an impressive new clock high above the platform of the restored **St. Pancras** station, the new terminus for the Eurostar, which has its own dedicated track to the Channel Tunnel. The **Queen of England** will preside over opening-day pomp and circumstance on November 14.



St. Pancras rail station, London; Dent & Co.'s commissioned clock for the terminal.

Café Carlyle



An illustrated inspiration for the newly restored Café Carlyle.

Renowned entertainers **Woody Allen, Eartha Kitt, Barbara Cook, Elaine Stritch, Steve Tyrell,** and **Judy Collins** will be performing at the elegantly refurbished **Café Carlyle,** in New York, from now till March 2008. Against a backdrop of restored Vertes murals, there's a new sound system and an updated menu, featuring the Carlyle's signature Dover sole.

PAS DE DEUX

New York City Ballet corps dancer **Kyle Froman** brings his stage experience to life in his beautifully photographed new book, *In the Wings* (Wiley).

04

The **Ullens Center for Contemporary Art,** opening November 4 in an abandoned factory in Beijing's Dashanzi Art District, will house the most comprehensive collection of contemporary art in all of China. (ullens-center.org)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFFREY [illegible] AND CHRIS [illegible]

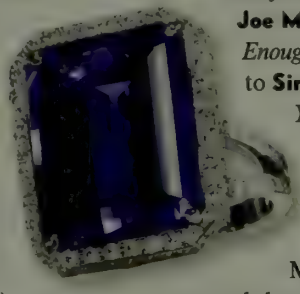

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HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

iberty and justice for all? Ha! That's rich! In *Independents Day* (Viking), **Lou Dobbs** argues that the only way we can regain the civil liberties we've forfeited and win back our souls is to elect new leaders with fresh ideas. Mental note: Elect new administration!

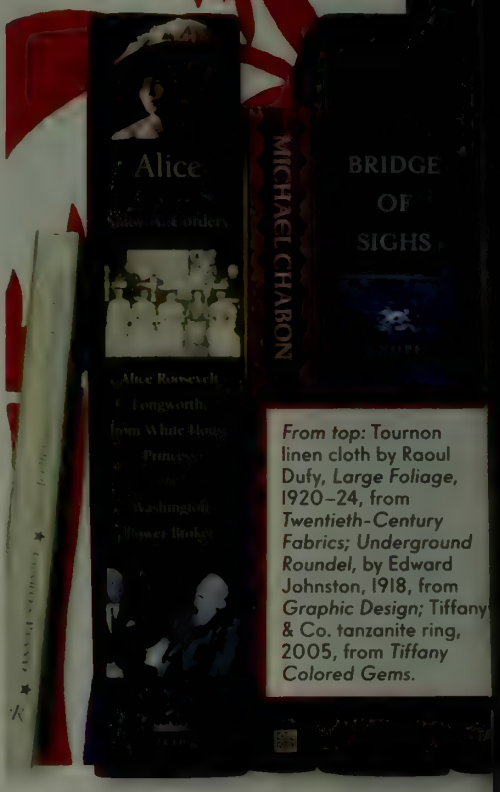
Before First Daughters Amy, Chelsea, and those wild and crazy Bush girls, there was Teddy Roosevelt's *Alice* (Viking); **Stacy A. Cordery** captures the savvy, high-spirited, wickedly smart girl. **Barbara Slavin** pinpoints the power struggles between those *Bitter Friends, Bosom Enemies* (St. Martin's), Iran and the U.S. *Boondocks* creator **Aaron McGruder's** always provocative strip is always *All the Rage* (Crown). **Ken Foster** recounts tales of canine rescue in *Dogs I Have Met* (Lyons). **Michael Ruhlman's** *The Elements of Cooking* (Scribner)—a Strunk and White's *The Elements of Style* for chefs—tutors cooks in such fundamentals as the five essential tools. A moment of silence for the Veg-O-Matic. In *My Last Supper* (Bloomsbury), 50 saucy chefs unveil their farewell menus for **Melanie Dunea.** In *The Rest Is Noise* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), *New Yorker* music critic **Alex Ross** plays the history of the 20th century through the speakers of modern music.



Check into *Legends of the Chelsea Hotel* (Thunder's Mouth), **Ed Hamilton's** chronicle of living in the fabled "rebel mecca." **Sebastião Salgado** presents his most prized shots of *Africa* (Taschen). **Michael Chabon** gallops along the ancient Silk Road with *Gentlemen of the Road* (Del Rey). **Jann Wenner** and **Corey Seymour** shoot off an oral biography of *Gonzo: The Life of Hunter S. Thompson* (Little, Brown). Two beastly brothers meet their untimely end in **Joe McGinnis's** true crime tale, *Never Enough* (Simon & Schuster). According to **Simon Sebag Montefiore,** before *Young Stalin* (Knopf) turned into a mass-murdering beast, he was a talented poet and a Casanova. **Alison Jackson** peeps on Bush and Blair gossiping in a sauna, Mick Jagger doing gymnastics, and the Queen perched on the porcelain throne—or at least their look-alikes—in *Alison Jackson: Confidential* (Taschen).

Unsparingly frank and perceptive, the essays in **Amy Goldwasser's** *Red* (Hudson Street) take on politics, pop culture, and body image—and, oh yeah, they're written by teenage girls. Long underestimated and undervalued by society, they emerge as literature and society's great hope. Oh yes, hope, that thing with wings...

QUICK TAKES: Star snapper **Sam Jones** shoots *The Here and Now* (HarperEntertainment). **John Updike** awards *Due Considerations* (Knopf). **Charles Plante** delights with *A French Alphabet Book of 1814* (Rizzoli). **Richard Russo** builds the *Bridge of Sighs* (Knopf). **William Trevor** enjoys *Cheating at Canasta* (Viking). **Richard Misrach** photographs *On the Beach* (Aperture). **John Loring** showcases *Tiffany Colored Gems* (Abrams). **Doretta Davanzo Poli** adores *Twentieth-Century Fabrics* (Skira). **Stephen J. Eskilson** illuminates *Graphic Design* (Yale).



From top: Tournon linen cloth by Raoul Dufy, *Large Foliage*, 1920–24, from *Twentieth-Century Fabrics; Underground Roundel*, by Edward Johnston, 1918, from *Graphic Design;* Tiffany & Co. tanzanite ring, 2005, from *Tiffany Colored Gems.*



In the 1960s, **Kenneth Koch** and **John Ashbery** dumped classic poetry's favorite muses—subjects like love, death, and gazing toward Ithaca—to embrace, as Ashbery said, "the experience of experience." Under the influence of Abstract Expressionists such as fellow New York School member Jackson Pollock, Ashbery and Koch cherry-bombed form, syntax, and meaning to create a fresh new form, an unadorned style possessed of a beautiful, surreal loopiness. What resonates in both Ashbery's *Notes from the Air* (Ecco), a favorite-hits compilation from the last 20 years, and the posthumous collection of Koch's long poems, *On the Edge* (Knopf), is the constant state of wonder and longing through which these poets see the world. —E.S.




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GENEVE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Best-selling author and Food Network star **Nigella Lawson** launches her fifth cookbook, *Nigella Express: 130 Recipes for Good Food, Fast* (Hyperion), this month. Herewith, a few of the Domestic Goddess's favorite things . . .

MY STUFF
NIGELLA LAWSON

CLOTHES
UNDERWEAR **Hanro boy shorts and Freya bras.** SNEAKERS **Puma.** WATCH **1970s Rolex.** T-SHIRT **Petit Bateau.** DAY BAG **Fratelli Rossetti.** EVENING BAG **Ferragamo.**

INSPIRATIONS
FAVORITE DISCOVERY **That walking is lovely.** WHO INSPIRES YOU **The dead.** FAVORITE PLACE **My bed.** NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE **London black cabs.**

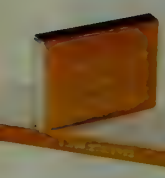


Nigella Lawson in Notting Hill, London.

BEAUTY PRODUCTS
LIPS **By Terry Laque de Rose.** MASCARA **Max Factor Masterpiece Max.** SHAMPOO **Thicker Fuller Hair, by Schwarzkopf.** MOISTURIZER **Vaishaly Night Nourisher and Vaishaly Day Moisturizer.** HAIR PRODUCT **Jo Hansford Leave-In Spray Conditioner.** PERFUME **Coco by Chanel.** TOOTHPASTE **Sensodyne.** SOAP **A Perfect World, by Origins.** NAIL POLISH COLOR **Come to Bed Red, by Butter London.** WHO CUTS YOUR HAIR **Toby Rundle at Jo Hansford Salon, on Mount Street.** WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR BROWS WAXED **Not waxed but threaded, and at Vaishaly, Paddington Street.**

HOME
WHERE DO YOU LIVE **Chelsea, in London.** FAVORITE ART **My children's.** SHEETS **Peter Reed Egyptian Cotton.** CHINA **Wonki Ware.** COFFEE MAKER **La Signora old-fashioned percolator.** FAVORITE COOKING UTENSIL **The Mezzaluna (half-moon-shaped double-handled knife/chopper), from my own Living Kitchen collection.** SWEET OR SAVORY **Savory.** MOST LOVED INGREDIENT **Lemons.** STATIONERY **Postcards.** FAVORITE NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT **Scott's.** FAVORITE DRINK **Tea.**

BARHOPPING



BAR NINETEEN12
THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
9641 SUNSET BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS

WHY NINETEEN12: The bar is named after the year the Beverly Hills Hotel opened.
WAIT, WHERE'S THE POLO LOUNGE: It's still there.
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO BARS: The Polo Lounge is classic. People have been hanging out there since the 40s. Bar Nineteen12 is more modern. It's got a sexy, swingy vibe, and there's lots of table-hopping.
DESIGN: Post-Deco. Lots of mirrors. Color scheme is sunset hues with amber, ivory, and burgundy accents.
WHEN TO GO: Between five P.M. and two A.M.
BEST FEATURES: The booths on the terrace. And bottle service is delivered via old-fashioned bar carts.
BEST SNACKS: The sliders, crispy Asian calamari, and hanger-steak-and-roasted-onion quesadillas.
SIGNATURE COCKTAIL: The "Bite"—a presentation of five jelly shots (yes, jelly): mojito, bubble gum, blueberry, B-52, and pear martini. Looks questionable but tastes good.
BUSIEST NIGHTS: Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Things get hoppin' around 10 P.M.
V.I.P. SEATING: No.
AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE PARTIES: Yes.
WHOM TO KNOW: Bar manager Philip Spee. Or Mitchell Armstrong, at the concierge desk.
PARKING COST: $5 with validation.



The Beverly Hills Hotel; *above*, Bar Nineteen12 matchboxes.

NIGHT-TABLE READING



KEITH OLBERMANN
ANCHOR, MSNBC'S **COUNTDOWN WITH KEITH OLBERMANN**

"I have just finished rereading ***Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*** [Arthur A. Levine Books], after one of J. K. Rowling's confidantes assured me that I wasn't crazy—the subtle undertone about post-9/11 politics really is there, and Rowling intended it to be."



TOM PARKER BOWLES
FOOD WRITER, **TATLER** *AND* **THE MAIL ON SUNDAY;** *AUTHOR,* **THE YEAR OF EATING DANGEROUSLY** *(ST. MARTIN'S)*

"I'm reading Norman Lewis's ***Naples '44*** [Carroll & Graf]. It's Lewis's greatest book. The prose is beautiful, clean, and crisp. And he captures more about this sultry, chaotic city (and the end of the war in Italy) in one sentence than lesser writers could do in a book."



JOHN SLATTERY
ACTOR, **MAD MEN** *(AMC) AND* **CHARLIE WILSON'S WAR** *(UNIVERSAL PICTURES)*

"I just finished ***No Country for Old Men*** [Vintage], by Cormac McCarthy. Each character is so clear and true. From the beginning, you're right there with every one of them. They're all facing some critical moment in very desperate circumstances, and you're hoping like hell they make the right decision."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. P. MASCHIO (LAWSON); JEFFREY [illegible]


euphoria
live the dream
Calvin Klein



INTO THE WILD
Walton Ford's *Nila* and, center, *Avatars—The Birds of India, No. 1*, both from *Pancha Tantra* (Taschen).

Art of Darkness

WALTON FORD'S PROVOCATIVE SYMBOLISM

The matter-of-fact cruelty of the animal kingdom has never seemed more disturbingly beautiful than in the outsize watercolors painted by **Walton Ford.** The pictures collected in *Pancha Tantra,* newly published by Taschen and named for an ancient Indian text of animal fables, brim with predatory violence, much of it humanized. A panther that's escaped from a Swiss zoo prowls in the snow like Frankenstein's monster. A parakeet dies surrounded by



his friends—like Nelson at Trafalgar—as three-masted ships lurk ominously in the bay beyond. A grinning lion strides over Delacroix's corpse. A gorilla clutches the skull of Carl Akeley, the explorer-taxidermist whose dioramas at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, enthralled Ford as a boy. Ford's art riffs ironically on the colonialist naturalism of men like Akeley, Sir Richard Burton, and John James Audubon. Says Walton, "When I became aware I wanted to paint animals, it seemed a perfect opportunity to use the visual language that went along with the colonial enterprise of collecting animals in the 19th century. It wasn't an intellectual lock for me—it just seemed to fit." —GRAHAM FULLER



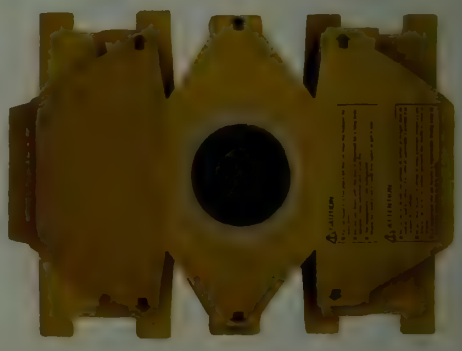
MAD FOR MUJI

Ikea, beware. Martha, take cover! **Muji,** the Japanese manufacturer and retailer of products so basic in their stylishness that they look almost accidentally chic, is coming to America. Muji—the company's original name, Mujirushi Ryohin, means no-brand, quality goods—began marketing its wares in the economically troubled early 1980s. It was Japan's version of American supermarket generics meant to appeal to strapped customers. The company, from the start, has had a strong idealism in its approach, and secured a solid pro-consumer reputation, supported by good design philosophy as well as eco-friendly policies. Over time, Muji gathered so much cheap-chic allure, it became a house brand of the Museum of Modern Art's design store. This month, the first Stateside Muji store will open in New York's SoHo, and another in the new New York Times Building in 2008. The stores are Lilliputian versions of their sister outlets all over Japan, which carry more than 5,000 items from the World of Muji—everything from Muji beds to Muji food, Muji bikes, Muji flowers, even a Muji car. In Japan there are Muji campgrounds you can visit with your Muji tent. Mujification is just starting here. If Muji U.S.A. makes waves, the company plans 25 to 30 more shops in the U.S. later in the decade.

—MATT TYRNAUER



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BOHE
RHAP

The Commune d
firm, clockwise
left: Ramin Sha
Pamela Shamshiri, S
Johanknecht, R
Alonso, and F
Below, from left: bra
design for the Loft
Lofts building, Hollyw
retail design con
Juicy Couture s
Beverly Hills; Yaya A
showroom, New York
room of Lofts reside
Stila's 2005 holi
packaging de

PRIVATE LIVES

COMMUNE

Don't be fooled by the California Regency façade of the new Juicy Couture store on Rodeo Drive. The elongated stone niches and reserved limestone facing is not a sensitive restoration of a Gucci or Giorgio boutique. It's an entirely new construction, an idealized bring-Rodeo-back-to-what-it-used-to-be vision, developed by **Commune,** the Los Angeles design firm run by partners **Pamela Shamshiri, Ramin Shamshiri, Roman Alonso,** and **Steven Johanknecht.** Commune, according to Johanknecht, takes a "holistic approach" to designing diverse projects. One day it may be a Hush Puppies shoe boutique; the next, the interior of the luxurious sex shop Kiki de Montparnasse. "We help clients find their genetic makeup and develop their own language and style," says Alonso, who is also creative director of L.A.'s Greybull Press. The design collective's motto: "We are facilitators not dictators." The group came together in 2002, and in the intervening years has worked with Quiksilver, the Standard Hotels, Barneys New York, and Tod's, as well as Juicy Couture stores worldwide. "We like clients to have an idea of what they want. Maybe they are unable to get their identity out there into the world," Alonso says. "We really make them talk to us. We have almost therapy sessions and bring in totemic objects." And that's why Commune's projects have so many different looks. Juicy Couture swings toward rocking Regency manor house, while their new Oliver Peoples store in Malibu was inspired by a gas station. Commune wants to design everything that has to do with a company's identity: interiors, packaging, logos, stationery, even wallpaper and carpets. "There was a period of retail design we are perhaps reacting against," says Johanknecht. "When everything got so cleaned up and devoid of personality you didn't know whose shop you were walking into. We want you to know, in an instant, where you are."

—MATT TYRNAUER

PHOTOGRAPH, TOP, BY TODD COLL. HAIR

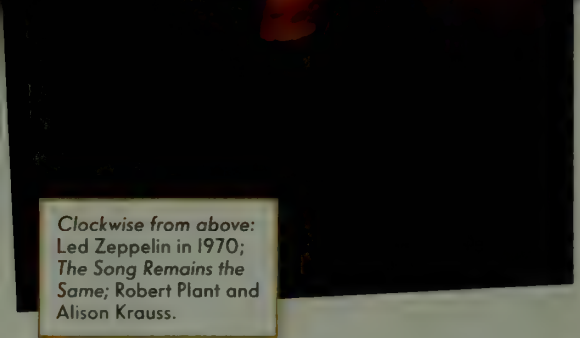



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AKS FIFTH AVENUE
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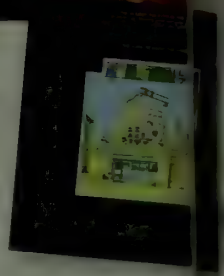


HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON



Clockwise from above: Led Zeppelin in 1970; *The Song Remains the Same*; Robert Plant and Alison Krauss.



The song remains the same . . . again?

What do we learn from the simultaneous releases of **Led Zeppelin's** *Mothership*—two CDs of 24 remastered tracks—and an expanded DVD and accompanying CD of the 1973 Madison Square Garden concert that became the movie *The Song Remains the Same*? A great band is a great band. Frankly, it doesn't matter how many times these guys re-release this stuff; it always sounds better, still sounds modern, and still combines hard rock with blues, acoustic songs, and Eastern influences. We are reminded why they were so important to begin with—and why there is so much excitement about their performance on November 26 at the Ahmet Ertegun tribute concert, in London. Not content, however, to live in the past, **Robert Plant** has collaborated with **Alison Krauss** for an unexpected masterpiece, *Raising Sand,* produced by T Bone Burnett, with songs written by Townes Van Zandt, Tom Waits, Doc Watson, and the Everly Brothers.

There's a lot more remastered, repackaged music coming in the hopes of luring buyers into what record stores are still in business. Top of the list is a two-CD **Aretha Franklin** collection with previously unreleased demos, outtakes, and B sides. *Dreams to Remember: The Legacy of Otis Redding* is a DVD with performances from one of the greatest-ever soul singers. *The Very Best of Mick Jagger* features work from his solo albums, but the highlight is a previously unreleased track Jagger did in the 1990s with a Los Angeles blues band called the Red Devils; one day, he should release that entire album. **Bob Dylan's** *Dylan* is a three-disc greatest hits in a big new box. **Matchbox Twenty** release their greatest hits, *Exile on Mainstream.* The original "Jersey boy," **Frankie Valli,** has *Romancing the 60s,* with classic love songs, and on the four-CD set *A Voice in Time,* that other Jersey boy, **Frank Sinatra,** showcases his early big-band hits with Harry James and Tommy Dorsey.

When you've loved and lost the way Frank has, then you know what life's about.

Rod Stewart had a second career when he segued from rock to standards, but where do rappers go when they've grown up? In the case of **Queen Latifah,** she's right at home with *Trav'lin' Light,* her second CD of jazz, soul, and blues. On *Rock N Roll Jesus,* **Kid Rock** has made a real rock record, reminiscent of Lynyrd Skynyrd, AC/DC, and early Aerosmith. Former punk queen **Siouxsie** releases her solo debut, the beguiling, contrary, mysterious, and rocking *Mantaray.* Evocative of early Siouxsie and the Banshees and a standout in the kid-core scene is the trio of 12-year-old girls **Care Bears on Fire,** who release their second album, *I Stole Your Animal.* The piano-heavy *White Chalk* sounds like nothing **PJ Harvey** has ever done before. **Annie Lennox** is emotional and dramatic on *Songs of Mass Destruction.* The beats and tunes on *Songs About Girls,* the solo debut from **will.i.am,** are bouncy and infectious. After producing Aimee Mann, Solomon Burke, and Elvis Costello, **Joe Henry** has done his best work on his own new album, *Civilians.* The latest from **Duran Duran,** who know whereof they speak, is aptly titled *Red Carpet Massacre.* **Patti Scialfa** has released her third solo album, the soulful *Play It as It Lays,* and her husband, **Bruce Springsteen,** re-unites with **the E Street Band** for some high-energy rock on *Magic.* All is well with country music: **Shooter Jennings's** new one is *The Wolf.* London trio **Some Velvet Morning** release *Silence Will Kill You.* **Wyclef Jean** releases *The Carnival II: Memoirs of an Immigrant.* Rock and Roll Hall of Famer **Levon Helm's** new one is *Dirt Farmer.* And **Dropkick Murphys** are back with the catchy, punk-fueled *The Meanest of Times.*



Left, Queen Latifah; right, Siouxsie.

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D.F.F.
Gossip Girl's Blake Lively, photographed in New York.

Dishy Chicks

THE CW'S GOT GOOD GOSSIP

It's hard to imagine Serena van der Woodsen, **Blake Lively's** sophisticated, sexy, Upper East Side alter ego on the new CW series *Gossip Girl,* batting a single perfect eyelash over something as trivial as a Broadway musical. "I'm a huge *Rent*-head," says Lively. "I met **Adam Pascal** the other night and I got all goofy and weird."

Goofy and weird don't cut it in the *Gossip Girl* milieu. Based on the novels by **Cecily von Ziegesar** and executive-produced by *The OC*'s **Josh Schwartz,** the series dwells on a clique of unbelievably attractive Manhattan girls and boys, their rich-kid problems, and their too-rich parents. It's all a bit rich, but just try prying your daughter away.

It's also a world away from Burbank, where Lively enjoyed a childhood that sounds disturbingly normal for someone with an actor dad, four siblings in the business, and a mom who managed child stars. Lively sang in the high-school choir and, on school-spirit days, dressed head to toe in Bulldog blue and white. She bakes. She still says, "Oh my gosh."

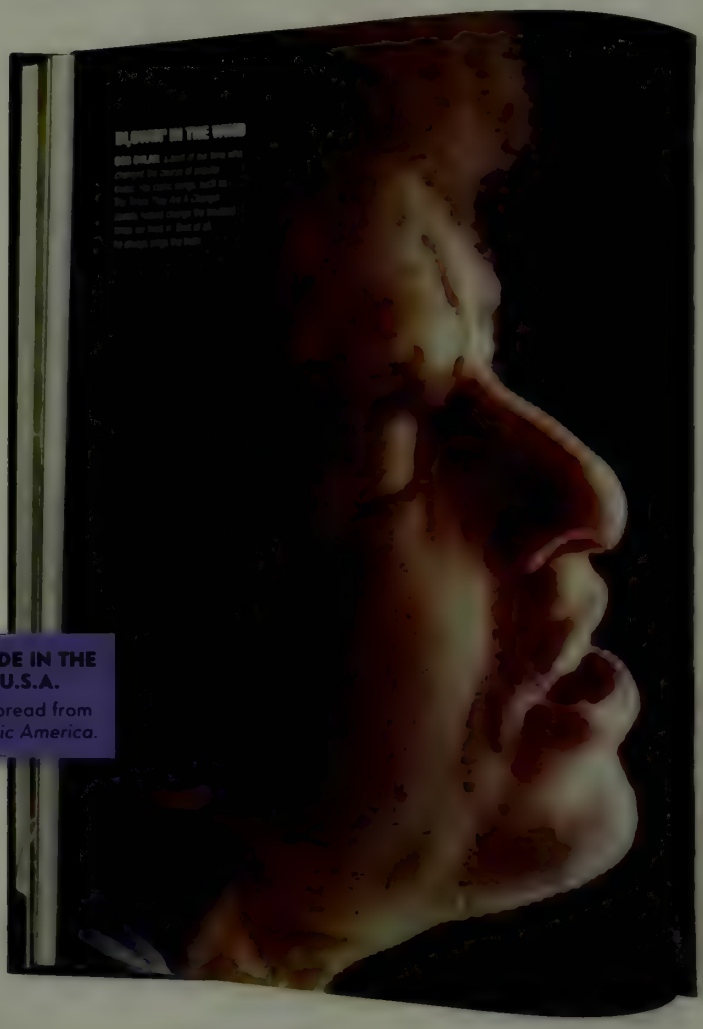
Her first professional acting job was playing the laser-guided soccer vixen Bridget in 2005's *The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants.* The sequel is due out next summer. So what's her plan for not falling into the young-celebrity rabbit hole, the one monitored by TMZ and littered with undergarments, D.U.I.'s, and the residue from **Wilmer Valderrama's** hair products?

"You just behave yourself. How about that?"

How novel. Listening to Lively, you actually believe she will. —JOHN ORTVED

EVERYBODY'S ALL-AMERICAN

Mad magazine, roller coasters, Route 66, and the holy trio of American sports—baseball, basketball, and football—are just some of the more than 400 cultural symbols captured in the latest glossy pop-culture bible, *Iconic America* (Universe), out this month. The compendium of nostalgic favorites that turned American cool into international style has been woven together by fashion designer **Tommy Hilfiger** and advertising pioneer **George Lois,** whose 1960s *Esquire* covers are, as *The New York Times* crowned them, "icons of the age." —PUNCH HUTTON



MADE IN THE U.S.A.
A spread from *Iconic America.*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUIS DEL CONTE (BOOK); JOHN HUBA (LIVELY). LIVELY STYLED BY [illegible]; HAIR BY MOTT MARTIN FOR [illegible]


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A Monster Classic

MEL BROOKS BRINGS FRANKENSTEIN BACK TO LIFE

Even with a résumé that includes *Your Show of Shows, Blazing Saddles, The Producers,* and now the musical of his 1974 film, *Young Frankenstein,* **Mel Brooks** still thinks it's difficult to be funny. "One guy was in the lobby during previews and said to me, 'Mr. Brooks, you have the Midas touch,'" he recalls. "And I said, 'No, no, *no.* It's hard work, with a little inspiration and a small gift for comedy from my ancestors.' I feel more like a farmer, sweating, plowing, and seeding for that row of corn."

In this season's crop of Broadway musicals, *Young Frankenstein* is expected to plow through box-office records and bring in rabid fans who crack up when they hear lines like "Ovaltine?" and "Put . . . ze candle . . . back!" The cast includes **Roger Bart** as Dr. Frederick Frankenstein ("That's *Fronkensteen*"), *Will & Grace*'s **Megan Mullally** as his glacially chaste fiancée, **Sutton Foster** as lusty lab assistant Inga, and *SCTV*'s **Andrea Martin** as "Frau Blücher" (cue terrified horses whinnying).

Brooks works closely with collaborators, such as librettist **Thomas Meehan** and director-choreographer **Susan Stroman,** much like author **Mary Shelley,** whose 1818 gothic novel, *Frankenstein; or, the Modern Prometheus,* came out of a ghost-story writing contest with **Lord Byron** and other 19th-century intellectuals. Brooks thinks Shelley would have loved the musical, and is betting that sight gags, catchy tap numbers, and occasional goose bumps will make *Young Frankenstein* a hit one more time. "Listen," he says, "the reanimation of dead tissue is important philosophical thought—and it's still good for a laugh."

—SUSAN KITTENPLAN

STAGING A BROADWAY SPLASH

Staging a musical that takes place underwater is enough to confound anyone, so the Broadway version of Disney's 1989 animated movie, *The Little Mermaid,* languished for years—until the globe-trotting director **Francesca Zambello** came up with a concept. "No water, no wires," says **Thomas Schumacher,** president of Disney Theatrical Productions. "She had this jewel-box idea for the show, this opalescent, almost Venetian-glass-like setting."

Zambello also had an international reputation for directing major operas and theatrical productions everywhere from the Metropolitan Opera ("She got **Plácido Domingo** to sword-fight in *Cyrano*!" says Schumacher) to Disneyland, where she staged *Aladdin.* At 51, Zambello—an American who grew up in Paris, Vienna, and London, studied in Moscow, and speaks French, Italian, Russian, and German as well as English—has won awards all over the world. "I'm a traveler," she says.

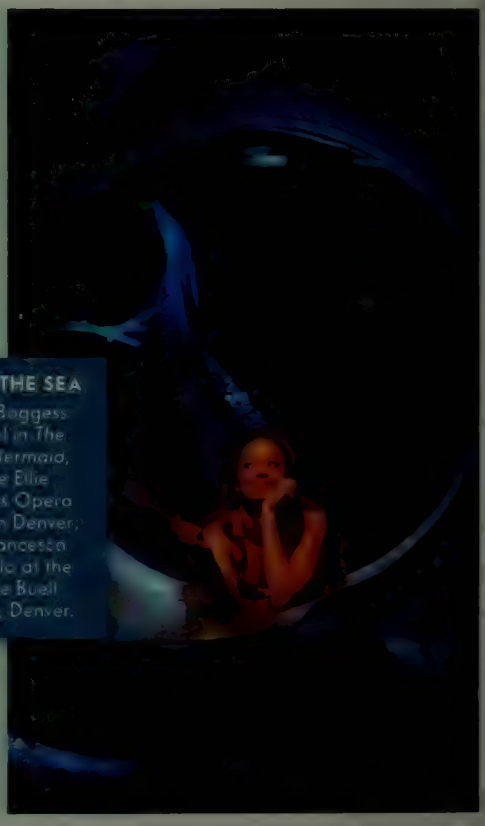
But it was the universal themes in *The Little Mermaid* that hooked her. "It's about a young girl who wants to change herself to become something else," Zambello says. "It's also a metaphor about tolerance—about two worlds that don't like each other but come to embrace each other."



When the $15-million-plus production opens on Broadway, in November, audiences will find an updated plot line. No longer is Ariel the drippy fairy-tale heroine who has to wait for the prince to save her. "She's a rebel, and I thought it important that she not be passive, so I've tried to give it more of a girl-power twist," Zambello explains. "In the movie, the prince destroys Ursula the Sea Witch, but in this version Ariel does it herself. She gets her own voice back, and she saves her father."

There are, however, some things you can always count on. "She's a Disney heroine, so she gets the big pink ball gown," Zambello admits.

—LESLIE BENNETTS



UNDER THE SEA Sierra Boggess as Ariel in *The Little Mermaid,* at the Ellie Caulkins Opera House, in Denver; left, Francesca Zambello at the Temple Buell Theatre, Denver.

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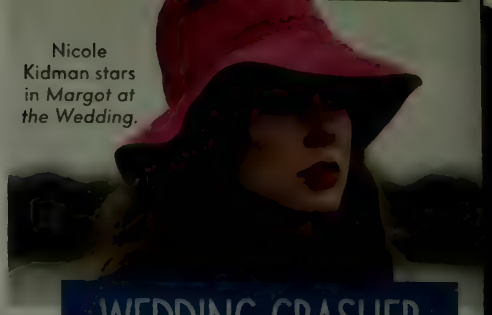


Ahmad Khan Mahmidzai as Hassan and Zekiria Ebrahimi as Amir in *The Kite Runner*.

HOT REELS

Flying High

The Kite Runner is a transcendent journey into an unfamiliar world. Directed by **Marc Forster** and based on **Khaled Hosseini's** 2003 novel—the first published in English by an Afghan author—this lyrical and profound tale explores the power of childhood friendships. Amir is a privileged boy, a storyteller, living with the guilt of having betrayed his best friend, Hassan, the illiterate son of his father's servant. Set against the background of the crumbling Afghan monarchy, the Soviet invasion, and the rise of the Taliban regime, the film is a haunting illustration of the collision of ancient and modern cultures. The personal becomes the political for Hosseini's characters. The dialogue is in English and in Dari (Afghan dialect of Farsi) with English subtitles, a brave choice for Hollywood. Beautiful and horrific, this story brings us into a foreign landscape and offers a rare view of this part of the world—so distant and now so changed. Forster (*Finding Neverland*) is deft in his evocation of the complex emotional relationships between fathers and sons, and best friends. And as the kite contest unfolds with the full cinematic suspense of *Top Gun*–style midair combat, *The Kite Runner* is in the running as one of the year's best films. —A. M. HOMES



Nicole Kidman stars in *Margot at the Wedding*.

WEDDING CRASHER

Margot at the Wedding is writer-director **Noah Baumbach's** follow-up to his remarkable *The Squid and the Whale* of two years ago. Less fully baked than the first film but just as beautifully acted, the new one works some of the same thematic territory: self-absorbed adults of a literary bent fucking up their kids in a droll, funny-sad way that makes such spectacle bearable to watch. The new film also redeems a widely and deservedly despised genre: the estranged-family-members-jammed-together-in-a-house-for-a-funeral/wedding/Christmas film. Unsuccessfully repressing the usual decades' of resentment are Margot (**Nicole Kidman**), a lousy mother as well as a successful short-story writer (there are a handful of these in real life, believe it or not), and her more free-spirited sister, Pauline (**Jennifer Jason Leigh**). Pauline, a better mother, is about to marry Malcolm, who, since he's played by **Jack Black** as a variation on previous Jack Black characters, may well be an unsuitable match. Margot certainly thinks so and, gifted with a borderline personality disorder, says as much. She's a monster, but a conflicted, human, sometimes charming one—just like people you probably know, alas. It's a great role, too, and Kidman, after a five-year dead zone of cruddy commercial vehicles and off-the-rails art films, here reminds us that she's one of her generation's best actresses and not just a former Academy Award winner with dicey management. —BRUCE HANDY

Matched Point



Ewan McGregor and Colin Farrell in *Cassandra's Dream*.

Woody Allen's career has often been seen as swinging between the poles of comedy and his "serious" movies. Two years ago, with *Match Point*, he may have found the perfect equilibrium: a moral thriller brimming with irony and wit if not exactly laughs. His latest, *Cassandra's Dream*, his third consecutive film shot in London, seems aimed at the same sweet spot. If it doesn't quite hit—the plot, about two working-class brothers of varied degrees of dimness drawn into a murder scheme, isn't believable for a second (but, then, neither was *Bananas*)—the film remains gripping and compulsively watchable. It's dryly funny, too, though I'm not sure it was intended to be. (Maybe yes, since the biggest joke here, by Allen's lights, would be the suggestion that there *is* justice in the universe.) Credit should be given to the two leads, **Ewan McGregor** and **Colin Farrell,** along with **Tom Wilkinson,** as the most undeservedly beloved uncle since *Shadow of a Doubt;* they and the rest of the superb cast play it like they mean it, investing Allen's sometimes shaky conceits with fever-dream conviction. But credit Allen, too, of course. Taken together, *Match Point* and *Cassandra's Dream* form a new creative hybrid: Dostoyevsky meets Hitchcock at his winking-est. —B.H.



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Bustling Budapest

MYSTIQUE MEETS CULTURE ON THE DANUBE

TRAVEL
VICTORIA MATHER

There is nothing like immediate history to stir the blood. It is within touching distance in Hungary, which over the centuries has been conquered by Turks, Habsburgs, Nazi Germany, and Soviet Russia. Here, the cultural heartbeat of Eastern Europe forms the modern, inquisitive traveler's triangle: **Budapest,** the city of Liszt, **Prague,** where Mozart lived and wrote *Don Giovanni,* and glorious **Vienna,** which was never behind the Iron Curtain.

But it is Budapest that wrings the soul. On my way to lunch at Menza, the jolliest café in the Liszt Ferenc Tér (square), I pass by gilded youth drinking crisp Hungarian white wine and eating sautéed foie gras under shady trees. I continue down Kertész Utca (street) past a line of perforations in the wall, where a plaque and tiny wreath of flowers have been laid. Jews were lined up here to be executed during World War II. At the great synagogue, there stands the extraordinary metal Tree of Life, the Holocaust Memorial (donated by the actor Tony Curtis, whose father was of Hungarian descent), which has written on it the family names of some of the 400,000 Hungarian victims.

But today's Budapest is kicking up its heels. You'll find sushi at Tom George and White Heaven, wicked restaurants near St. Stephen's Basilica, a Louis Vuitton shop on Andrássy Út, and wonderful Varga statues of women with parasols in Óbuda. There is the vibrant Nagycsarnok food market, brimming with local produce and handsewn linen, and there's the Callas champagne bar by the State Opera House.

The Four Seasons Hotel Gresham Palace, converted from a 1906 luxury apartment building, is the best hotel in Eastern Europe. It is opposite the Chain Bridge, on the Danube, and has just undergone a $110 million restoration. The sinuous curves epitomize the Art Nouveau–Secessionist movement crystallized when independent Hungary was born, at the turn of the century. Some of the pale-green-colored ceramics are from the original building; others were replicated. Zsigmond Quittner, Hungary's leading architect of the era, used the most talented decorative-crafts artisans of the era to create the fantastical designs: Miksa Róth did the mosaics and stained-glass windows; Vilmos Zsolnay crafted the ceramic tiles; Gyula Jungfer designed the three wrought-iron "peacock gates." Later Róth and Jungfer collaborated on the spectacular interiors of the Teatro Nacional, in Mexico City.

In the middle of the Danube, travelers can frolic in the natural hot springs on Margaret Island. And in the hills of Buda, there is the mighty Royal Palace and the magnificent Matthias Church and the Fishermen's Bastion, and on a medieval, cobbled street, there is Café Pierrot, a restaurant that would not disgrace Manhattan. Ah, a New Europe indeed.







HOTEL HOMAGE
Clockwise from above: the lobby of the Four Seasons in Budapest; the exterior; a chic suite.

ILLUSTRATION BY BARRY FOX

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NICKY'S SPACE
Nicky Kinnaird at Space.NK in SoHo.

Beauty Bounty

SOHO GETS ALL DOLLED UP

Space.NK, the hugely successful British beauty emporium, is storming the East Coast. "We've had an amazing reaction … everyone's like, 'Why did it take you so long to come over?'" says founder **Nicky Kinnaird,** a Belfast-born beauty guru who crisscrosses the globe in pursuit of the most innovative, effective products. Her rigorously edited, immaculate apothecaries cater to both men and women and feature familiar favorites (Nars, Frédéric Fekkai) alongside cutting-edge skin care (Ar457, Pro-Ferm), organic lines (SheerinO'kho, Huiles & Baumes), and signature collections ranging from body and spa to home accessories. "You never know where you're going to find the next great product," explains Kinnaird, who can't live without her By Terry Light-Expert Foundation Brush. "I'm always interested in what's latest and greatest." With its list of exclusives including Eve Lom (the cult cleanser flies off shelves) and Zelens (the eye cream's a best-seller), Space.NK is a beauty nut's Nirvana, with fans including **Kirsten Dunst, Renée Zellweger,** and **Keira Knightley.** This fall, with the SoHo flagship flourishing, new stores are opening on the Upper West Side, at the Mall at Short Hills, and in Scarsdale. And with more Stateside stores planned, Kinnaird's brand of beauty is on the march. Watch this Space.

—EMILY POENISCH

Hot Looks

1. *Volumize your lashes with* **Revlon's** *waterproof 3D Extreme Mascara.*... 2. **Clé de Peau Beauté's** *new Eye Color Quad is a glamorous metallic palette.*... 3. **Guerlain's** *Parure Compact Foundation with Crystal Pearls S.P.F.20 is a powder foundation, in delightfully modern packaging, that gives natural-looking coverage.*... 4. *Get a subtle glow with* **Estée Lauder's** *Signature Shimmer Powder.*... 5. **Yves Saint Laurent's** *Fard à Lèvres Rouge Pur No. 137 Red Star is the perfect hue.*... 6. **Lancôme's** *Destiny Cube is a clever eye- and lip-color die.*...



LITERARY SCENTS

Making perfume is "a bridge to my history, but also a way to find my own universe," says **Kilian Hennessy.** A grandson of the founder of the LVMH Group, he grew up frisking around the Cognac barrels in the family cellars, on France's Charente River. Kilian's interest in perfume peaked while he was attending the Sorbonne. He wrote his thesis on the semantics of smells, and, in turn, he studied with some of the great "noses" in the modern world.

After helping to market the fragrances of Dior, Paco Rabanne, Alexander McQueen, and Giorgio Armani, he was ready to create his own blend—L'Oeuvre Noire, or "Black Masterpiece," a collection of 10 scents (men's, women's, and unisex)—which now sells at Bergdorf Goodman, in New York City. The name refers to a Marguerite Yourcenar novel about a medieval alchemist as well as the stark black flagons that contain the "juice," as perfumers call their product.



FRAGRANT FIELD
Kilian Hennessy at the Tuileries Gardens, Paris; *inset,* Hennessy's scents.

The combined shields of Hector and Achilles that adorn the bottle give a nod to Homer's *Iliad.* And in a wink to Kilian's patrimony, there is a $2,500 refillable, Cognac-barrel-shaped fountain, available for all of his fragrances. "It's not so different, after all. Cognac you smell before you taste. The way they speak about Cognac is almost the same as the way we speak about perfume."

—MARIA RICAPITO

Bergdorf Blondes aren't the only ones with access to **John Barrett** anymore. This season, the famed New York City hairstylist, whose eponymous salon occupies the penthouse floor of the Fifth Avenue department store, debuts a new hair-care line, Elementage, which protects your locks from day-to-day weathering and natural aging. The sweetly scented, vitamin-enriched products, ranging from shampoo to styling balm, are definitely cutting-edge.

—JESSICA FLINT



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOSES BERKSON (KINNAIRD); GIACOMO BRIOZZI (HENNESSY); JEFF HARSH



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SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

What a strange turn of events. Just one year ago, you were ferociously fixated on guarding the position you'd coveted for so long. But the minute Saturn moved off your solar midheaven, in September, your attitude toward success changed profoundly. Does your willingness to abdicate the throne mean that you appreciate the need for a private life outside of work? Or is the direct motion of Chiron at the bottom of your solar chart reminding you that, no matter how much money and power you have, you've got family issues up the wazoo?

Vanessa Hudgens



SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

The past eventually catches up with all of us, which means you can expect hairy political situations at work as well as communication breakdowns with siblings and neighbors. An 8th-house passage of Mars can make you passive when it goes retrograde, but it still stirs passions and turns you on. Meanwhile, the Pluto transit that in recent years has often caused you to shut down will soon be over. Can't you feel your vitality returning?

Christy Turlington



CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

There's always some astrological configuration or other to keep a Capricorn up at night staring at the ceiling. If it's not an asteroid in your 2nd house causing you financial angst, it's the transit of your planetary ruler with the south node giving you the willies about everything from global warming to your latest wart. If you spend your life waiting for the other shoe to drop (the bad-news one), you'll never have a moment's peace. Mars in your 7th house has put people in your path who can challenge your pessimism and give you a lift.

Babe Ruth

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18



Even if your 8th house is currently occupied by planetary malefics, what good can come out of living in a state of constant dread? It does nothing for your spirit—or your complexion, for that matter. You can be the master of your destiny, more or less, as long as you remain in control of your mind. Chiron's direct motion in Aquarius can slow you down and weaken your resolve, but you mustn't allow yourself to be plagued or tortured by situations that seem as if they'll go on forever. The good news: Nothing does.

Gordon Brown



PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Like all Pisces who aren't completely oblivious to reality, you are now realizing that you can only benefit from a relationship with someone who connects with you emotionally and keeps you grounded. At the same time—savor the paradox—you can't tolerate what you consider to be petty criticism or manipulative control. Until Chiron finishes its passage through your 12th house, you'll never know whether you're just crazy or whether you actually *are* being targeted behind your back. So if someone offers a reality check, grab it.

Diana Ross

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19



Pay close attention to the people you encounter at work, even if they hassle you and give you the creeps. *You* could be the one with the problem. Although the new moon in your solar 7th house makes you want to be sociable and cooperative with those around you, you are finding it uncomfortable to be in their presence. And no wonder. With Chiron in your solar 11th house and Mars in your 4th heightening your sensitivity to invasions of privacy, even the closest friends can strike you as intrusive. Stop taking everything so personally.

Vince Young



TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Whether you're a romantic fool who's been that way since age 16 or a buttoned-up cynic who's never been hurt, you can't avoid heartbreak during the weeks when your ruler, Venus, is traveling through your solar 5th house and meeting Saturn and the dragon's tail of the moon. Love hurts, as the song says, and nobody passes through this plane of existence without tasting a bittersweet fruit or two. As for work, we all make goofy gaffes now and then, so smile for the camera if you get caught with your hands in a cookie jar.

Michael Chabon

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21



Mercury is retrograde in your solar 6th house, which governs work and health. While that doesn't necessarily mean you'll get sick or be fired, it does suggest that you should keep paying the premium on your health insurance. The parent-child issues you're coping with will take time, effort, and possibly a fortune on therapy to resolve. In the meantime, it's nice to see you socializing and performing as only a Gemini can—family angst be damned.

Lindsay Lohan

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22



What's really fun about the transit of Mars through your sign is the way it lets you bark like an angry dog at people without suffering a guilt spasm and sheepishly apologizing. On second thought, though, don't get too out of control and aggressive. Mars will go retrograde soon enough, forcing you to backpedal on the nastiness. The secret to healthy, long-lasting relationships lies in the ability of both parties to communicate their differences and not say things that can't be taken back, because once it's out of your mouth . . .

Martha Stewart

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22



Whether you sneak off to a tropical island or check yourself into the local loony bin, there is no escape from family dynamics when Mars is in your 12th house. And as fulfilling as personal relationships can be, they can cause you plenty of pain and suffering, too. Fortunately, this month's new moon allows you to sweet-talk your way through most messes. On another note: simple bookkeeping is obviously a task far beneath anything Your Royalness should ever be bothered with, but do you really want a visit from the I.R.S.?

Sean Connery

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22



This is the time to conserve your energy and stick to a regime of consistency and moderation. People may call you selfish, but they have no idea what has transpired in the last couple of months to force you to wall yourself in. If you have anybody working for you, Chiron in your 6th house is giving you trouble there. And the conjunction of Saturn and the south node in your sign is not exactly a recipe for mindless ecstasy. You need to be 100 times more health conscious than ever. Just don't get too nuts about catching cooties.

Tom Petty

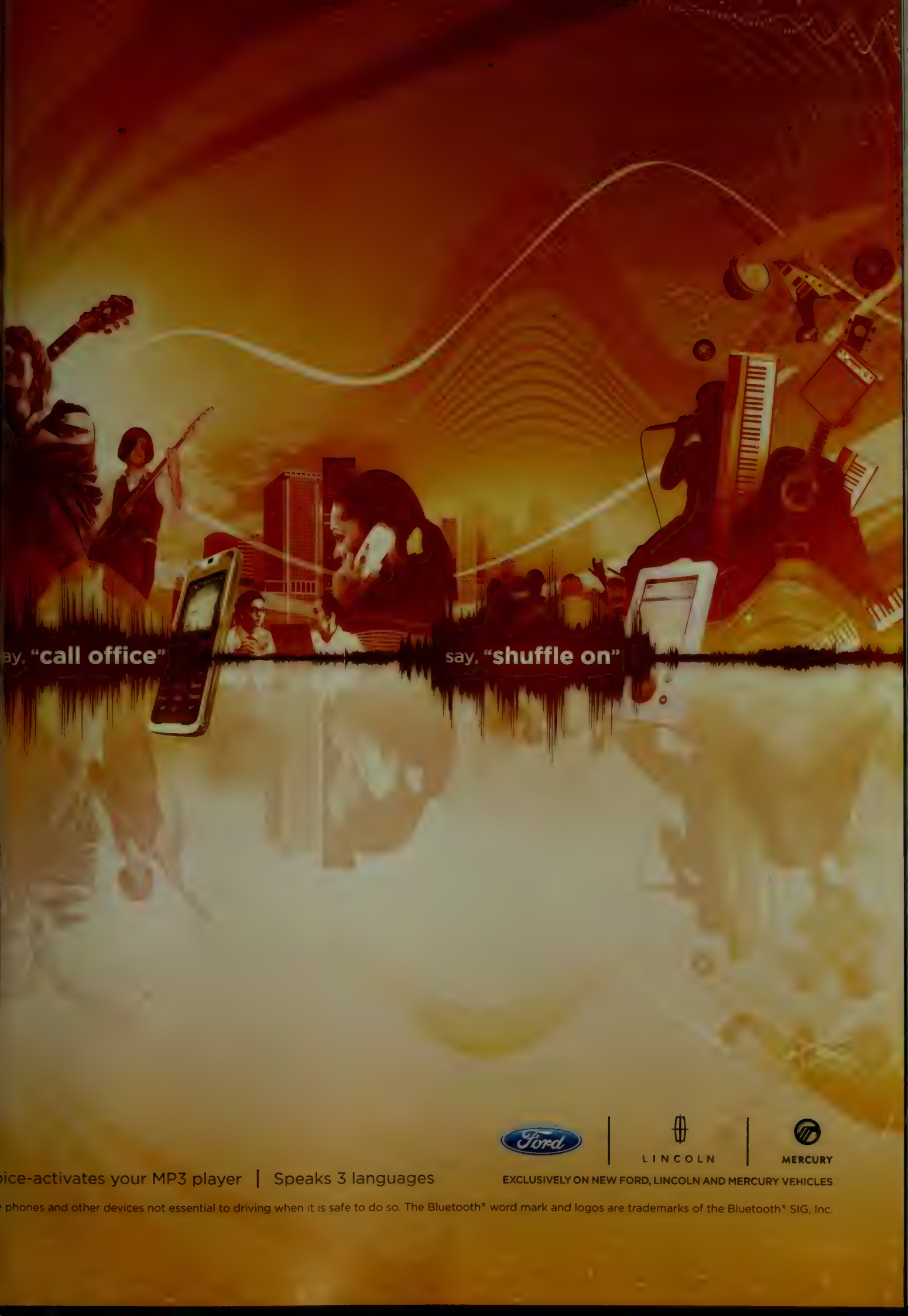
LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23



You'd better behave yourself. Put a lid on your usual ways of acting out, passive-aggressively or otherwise. If you have children, stop trying to control them. They are your teachers. You'll soon see that when you love someone, you never escape pain. That's probably what makes artists artists. As your ruling planet passes through the 12th house and touches the south node and Saturn, your best bet is to forgive and be humble. While you are serving selflessly, try not to grind your teeth and mumble expletives under your breath.


ANGEL
Beware of Angels...
Thierry Mugler
photographer : Thierry Mugler


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AROUND THE WORLD, ONE PARTY AT A TIME

NOVEMBER 2007



OPEN-AIR THEATER Guests at Donna Karan's beach house for a screening of *Crazy Sexy Cancer*, August 24, 2007.

EAST HAMPTON, PAGE 164

Donna Karan hosts a private movie screening on her terrace overlooking the sea. Photographed by Hannah Thomson and Billy Farrell.

MALIBU, PAGE 166.

Ryan Kavanaugh and friends gather for sunset cocktails at the beach. Photographed by Just Loomis.

EAST HAMPTON, PAGE 168

Dinner at Ronald Perelman's Hamptons estate in honor of Jake Paltrow's new film. Photographed by Justin Bishop and Billy Farrell.

NEW YORK CITY, PAGE 170

Another Magazine's Jefferson Hack hosts a swanky Fashion Week soiree. Photographed by Roxanne Lowit.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANNAH THOMSON



RADO
SWITZERLAND

FAIRGROUND



Donna Karan's house.

[EAST HAMPTON]

SUMMER CINEMA

WHAT

Donna Karan and the Cinema Society screen Kris Carr's documentary, *Crazy Sexy Cancer*, under a starry sky.

WHO

Edie Falco, Valesca Guerrand-Hermès, Bob Balaban, Olivia Chantecaille, Fern Mallis, Sandy Brandt, Stefano Tonchi, Rocco DiSpirito, and others.



Kris Carr and Katie Couric



Kelly Klein and Ross Bleckner



Sonja Nuttall and Christy Turlington

Donna Karan

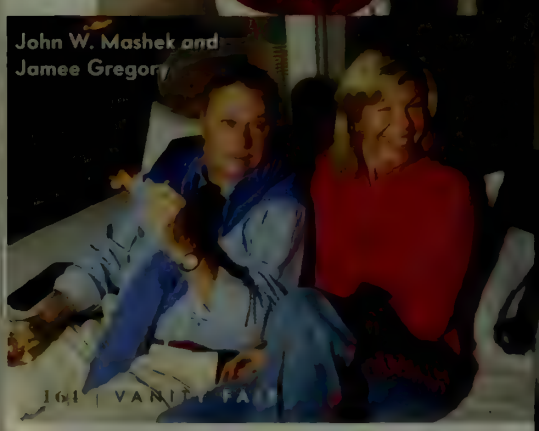
Indoor seating.



Fred Schneider



Betsey Johnson



John W. Mashek and Jamee Gregory



Dick Cavett



RADO
SWITZERLAND

FAIRGROUND

SUMMER CINEMA

Drew Aaron and Hana Soukupova

Marty Richard

John Sykes

Lynn Kohlman and Mark Obenhaus

Gabby Karan de Felice

MALIBU

TOASTING TWILIGHT

WHAT

Ryan Kavanaugh's beach house is the perfect backdrop for a cozy party.

WHO

Jim and Elizabeth Wiatt, Mary Parent, Summer Mann, James Mangold, Cuba Gooding Jr., Dani Janssen, Robert Morton, and more.

Setting the scene.

Rachel Nichols and Scott Stuber

Ryan Kavanaugh

Reggie Miller and Lara Shriftman

Zelda Willia

Michael Mann and Cathy Konr

Vivi Nevo

David Benioff



RADO
SWITZERLAND

EAST HAMPTON

AFTER HOURS

WHAT

The Cinema Society and Ronald Perelman host an intimate dinner in honor of Jake Paltrow's The Good Night

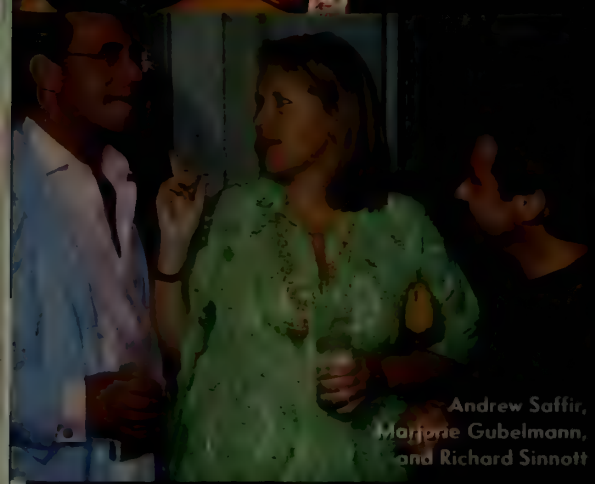
WHO

Blythe Danner, Zani Gugelmann, Katie Lee Joel and Billy Joel, Sandy Gallin, Gabrielle Jones, Candice Bushnell, Larry Gagosian, Dina Merrill and Ted Hartley, and others

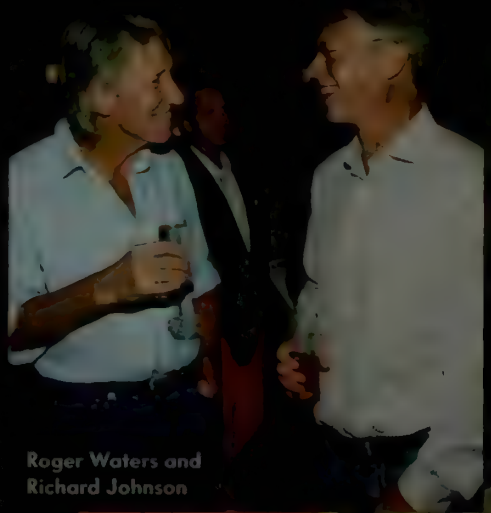


Gwyneth Paltrow with her brother Jake

Molly Sims and Lauren Kucerak



Andrew Saffir, Marjorie Gubelmann, and Richard Sinnott



Roger Waters and Richard Johnson



Rob Wiesenthal and Jon Bon Jovi



Barbara Walters and Ronald Perelman



Olivia Chantecaille



Gwyneth Paltrow with Ronald Perelman and daughter Samantha

André Balazs, Brooke Shields, Desiree Gruber, Kyle MacLachlan, and Christy Turlington



Mariah Carey





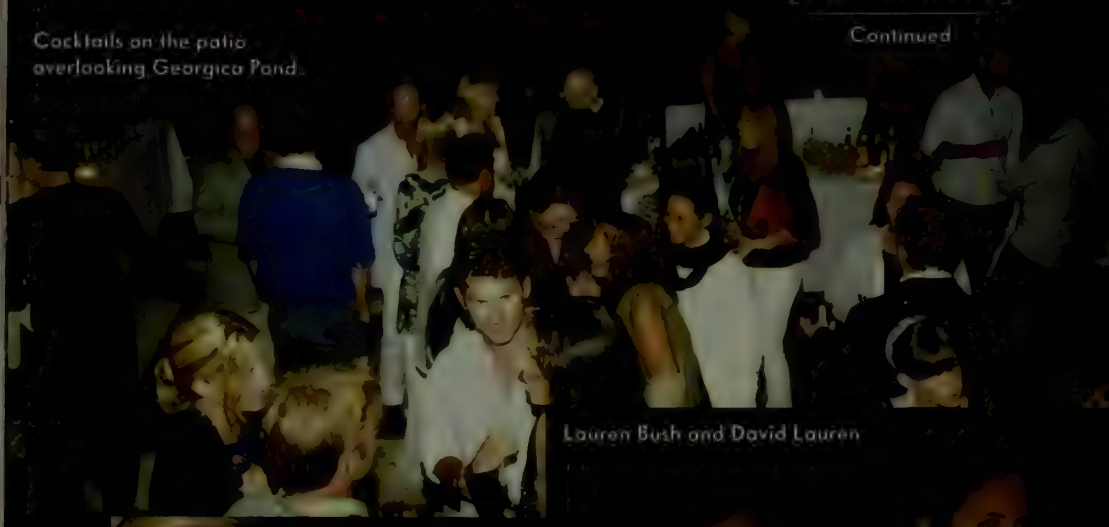
RADO
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FAIRGROUND

[AFTER HOURS]

Continued

Cocktails on the patio overlooking Georgica Pond.

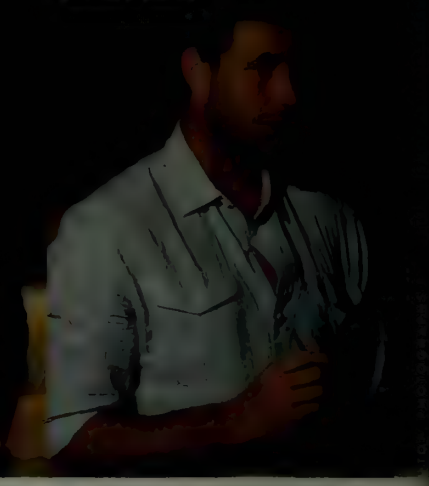


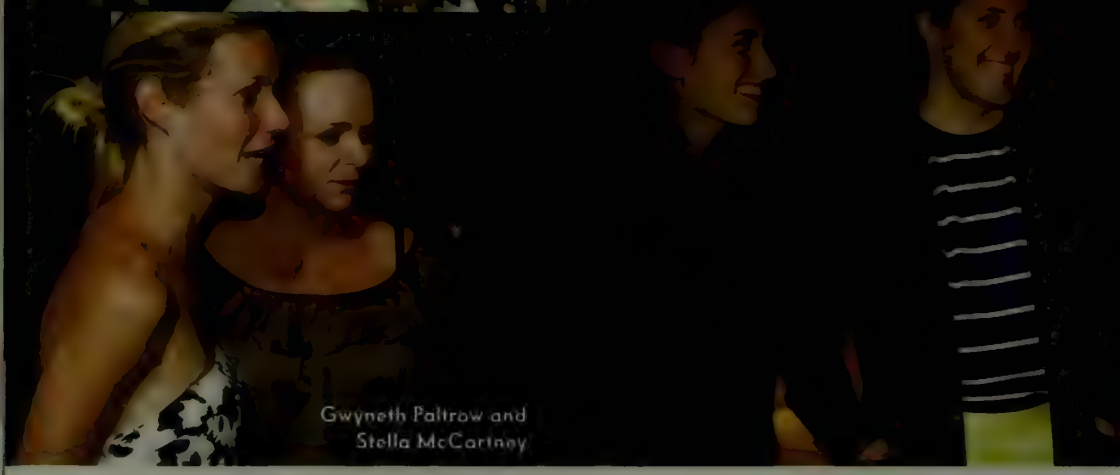
Lauren Bush and David Lauren

Donna Karan and Ingrid Sischy



Edward Burns





Gwyneth Paltrow and Stella McCartney

Neville Wakefield and Rachel Weisz

Helena Christensen and Michael Stipe



Lily Cole and Irina Lazareanu

[NEW YORK]

REVELRY ON THE BOWERY

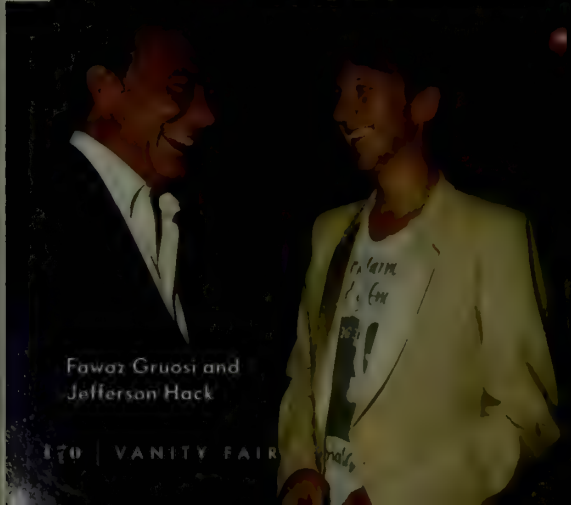
WHAT

Jefferson Hack and de Grisogono's sexy supper party at the Bowery Hotel

WHO

Paz de la Huerta, David Walliams, Lake Bell, Nur Kahn, Alice Temperley, Nick Rhodes, Terry Richardson, Charlotte Tilbury, and others.

Simon Hammerstein



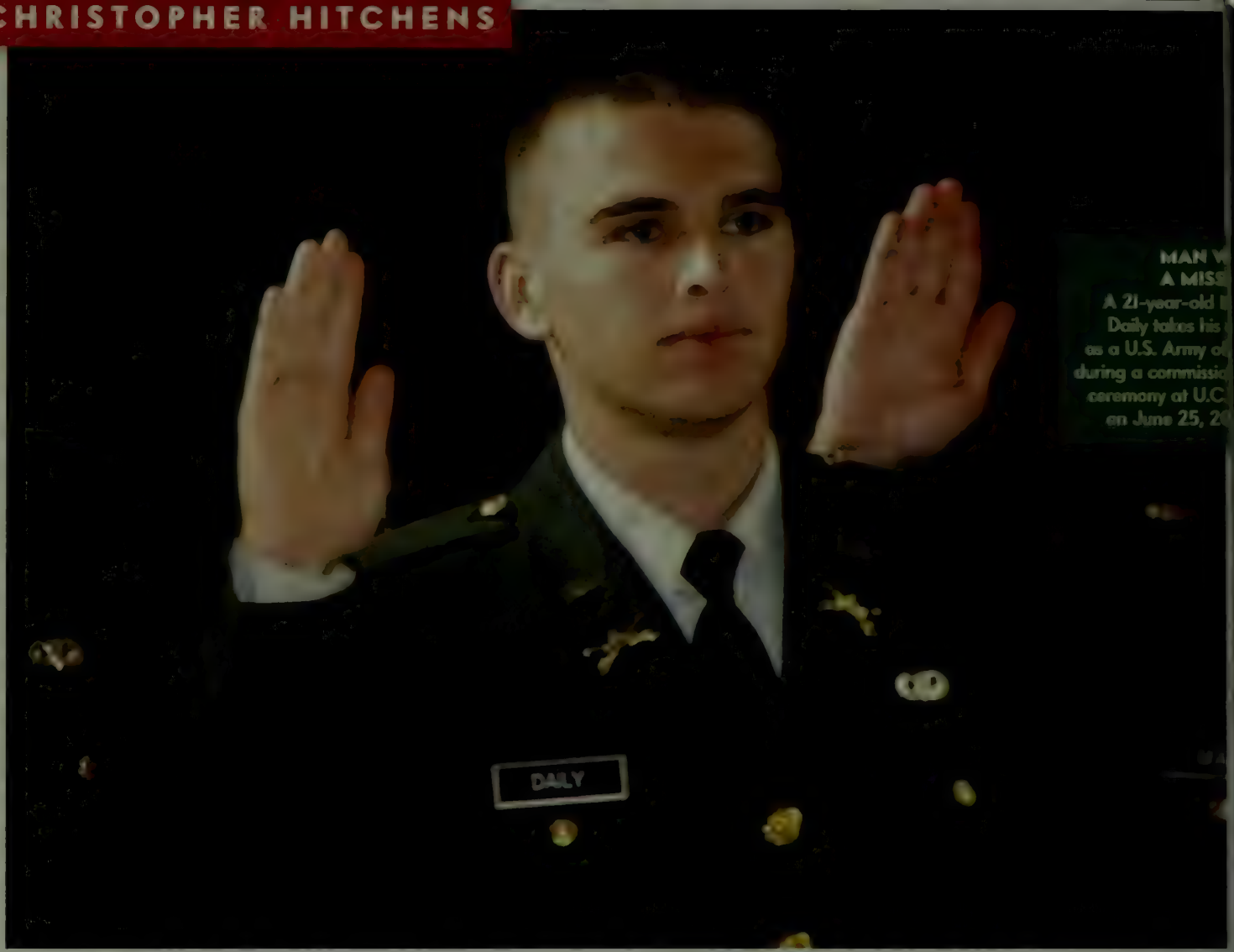
Fawaz Gruosi and Jefferson Hack



Lazaro Hernandez and Jack McCollough



RADO
SWITZERLAND



MAN
A MIS
A 21-year-old
Daily takes his
as a U.S. Army o
during a commissi
ceremony at U.C
on June 25, 2

A Death in the Family

Having volunteered for Iraq, Mark Daily was killed in January by an I.E.D. Dismayed to learn that his pro-war articles helped persuade Daily to enlist, the author measures his words against a family's grief and a young man's sacrifice

I was having an oppressively normal morning a few months ago, flicking through the banality of quotidian e-mail traffic, when I idly clicked on a message from a friend headed "Seen This?" The attached item turned out to be a very well-written story by Teresa Watanabe of the *Los Angeles Times*. It described the death, in Mosul, Iraq, of a young soldier from Irvine, California, named Mark Jennings Daily, and the unusual degree of emotion that his community was undergoing as a consequence. The emotion derived from a very moving statement that the boy had left behind, stating his reasons for having become a volunteer and bravely facing the prospect that his words might have to be read posthumously. In a way, the story was almost too perfect: this handsome lad had been born on the Fourth of July, was a registered Democrat and self-described agnostic, a U.C.L.A. honors graduate, and during his college days had fairly decided reservations about the war in Iraq. I read on, and actually printed the story out, and was turning a page when I saw the following:

"Somewhere along the way, he changed his mind. His family says there was no epiphany. Writings by author and columnist Christopher Hitchens on the moral case for war deeply influenced him . . ."

I don't exaggerate by much when I say that I froze. I certainly felt a very deep pang of cold dismay. I had just returned from a visit to Iraq with my own son (who is 23, as was young Mr. Daily) and had found myself in a deeply pessimistic frame of mind about the war. Was it possible that I had helped persuade someone I had never met to place himself in the path of an I.E.D.? Over-dramatizing myself a bit in the angst of the moment, I found I was thinking of William Butler Yeats, who was chilled to discover that the Irish rebels of 1916 had gone to their deaths quoting his play *Cathleen ni Houlihan*. He tried to cope with the disturbing idea in his poem "Man and the Echo":

> Did that play of mine send out
> Certain men the English shot? . . .
> Could my spoken words have checked
> That whereby a house lay wrecked?

Abruptly dismissing any comparison between myself and one of the greatest poets of the 20th century, I feverishly clicked on all the links from the article and found myself on Lieutenant Daily's MySpace site, where his statement "Why I Joined" was posted. The site also immediately kicked into a skirling noise of Irish revolutionary pugnacity: a song

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from the Dropkick Murphys album *Warrior's Code*. And there, at the top of the page, was a link to a passage from one of my articles, in which I poured scorn on those who were neutral about the battle for Iraq . . . I don't remember ever feeling, in every allowable sense of the word, quite so hollow.

I writhed around in my chair for a bit and decided that I ought to call Ms. Watanabe, who could not have been nicer. She anticipated the question I was too tongue-tied to ask: Would the Daily family—those whose "house lay wrecked"—be contactable? "They'd actually like to hear from you." She kindly gave me the e-mail address and the home number.

I don't intend to make a parade of my own feelings here, but I expect you will believe me when I tell you that I e-mailed first. For one thing, I didn't want to choose a bad time to ring. For another, and as I wrote to his parents, I was quite prepared for them to resent me. So let me introduce you to one of the most generous and decent families in the United States, and allow me to tell you something of their experience.

In the midst of their own grief, to begin with, they took the trouble to try to make me feel better. I wasn't to worry about any "guilt or responsibility": their son had signed up with his eyes wide open and had "assured us that if he knew the possible outcome might be this, he would still go rather than have the option of living to age 50 and never having served his country. Trust us when we tell you that he was quite convincing and persuasive on this point, so that by the end of the conversation we were practically packing his bags and waving him off." This made me relax fractionally, but then they went on to write: "Prior to his deployment he told us he was going to try to contact you from Iraq. He had the idea of being a correspondent from the frontlines through you, and wanted to get your opinion about his journalistic potential. He told us that he had tried to contact you from either Kuwait or Iraq. He thought maybe his e-mail had not reached you . . . " That was a gash in my hide all right: I think of all the junk e-mail I read every day, and then reflect that his precious one never got to me.

Lieutenant Daily crossed from Kuwait to Iraq in November 2006, where he would be deployed with the "C," or "Comanche," Company of the Second Battalion of the Seventh Cavalry Regiment—General Custer's old outfit—in Mosul. On the 15th of January last, he was on patrol and noticed that the Humvee in front of him was not properly "up-armored" against I.E.D.'s. He insisted on changing places and taking a lead position in his own Humvee, and was shortly afterward hit by an enormous buried mine that packed a charge of some 1,500 pounds of high explosive. Yes, that's right. He, and the three other American soldiers and Iraqi interpreter who perished with him, went to war with the army we had. It's some consolation to John and Linda Daily, and to Mark's brother and two sisters, and to his widow (who had been married to him for just 18 months) to know that he couldn't have felt anything.

Was it possible that I had helped persuade someone I had never met to place himself in the path of an I.E.D.?



THE KNOWN SOLDIER Second Lieutenant Mark Daily flanked by his wife, Janet, and his parents, Linda and John, at Fort Bliss, in Texas, October 30, 2006.

Yet what, and how, should *we* feel? People are not on their oath when speaking of the dead, but I have now talked to a good number of those who knew Mark Daily or were related to him, and it's clear that the country lost an exceptional young citizen, whom I shall always wish I had had the chance to meet. He seems to have passed every test of young manhood, and to have been admired and loved and respected by old and young, male and female, family and friends. He could have had any career path he liked (and won a George C. Marshall Award that led to an offer to teach at West Point). Why are we robbed of his contribution? As we got to know one another better, I sent the Daily family a moving statement made by the mother of Michael Kelly, my good friend and the editor-at-large of *The Atlantic Monthly*, who was killed near the Baghdad airport while embedded during the invasion of 2003. Marguerite Kelly was highly stoic about her son's death, but I now think I committed an error of taste in showing this to the Dailys, who very gently responded that Michael had lived long enough to write books, have a career, become a father, and in general make his mark, while their son didn't live long enough to enjoy any of these opportunities. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now . . .

In his brilliant book *What Is History?*, Professor E. H. Carr asked about ultimate causation. Take the case of a man who drinks a bit too much, gets behind the wheel of a car with defective brakes, drives it round a blind corner, and hits another man, who is crossing the road to buy cigarettes. Who is the one responsible? The man who had one drink too many, the lax inspector of brakes, the local authorities who didn't straighten out a dangerous bend, or the smoker who chose to dash across the road to satisfy his bad habit? So, was Mark Daily killed by the Ba'thist and bin Ladenist riffraff who place bombs where they will do the most harm? Or by the Rumsfeld doctrine, which sent American soldiers to Iraq in insufficient numbers and with inadequate equipment? Or by the Bush administration, which thought Iraq would be easily pacified? Or by the previous Bush administration, which left Saddam Hussein in power in 1991 and fatally postponed the time of reckoning?

These grand, overarching questions cannot obscure, at least for me, the plain fact that Mark Daily felt himself to be morally committed. I discovered this in his life story and in his surviving writings. Again, not to romanticize him overmuch, but this is the boy who would not let others be bullied in school, who stuck up for his younger siblings, who was briefly a vegetarian and Green Party member because he couldn't stand cruelty to animals or to the environment, a student who loudly defended Native American rights and who challenged a MySpace neo-Nazi in an online debate in which the swastika-displaying antagonist finally admitted that he needed to rethink things. If I give the impression of a slight nerd here I do an injustice. Everything that Mark wrote was imbued with a great spirit of humor and tough-mindedness. Here's an excerpt from his "Why I Joined" statement:

Anyone who knew me before I joined knows that I am quite aware and at times sympathetic to the arguments against the war in Iraq. If you

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think the only way a person could bring themselves to volunteer for this war is through sheer desperation or blind obedience then consider me the exception (though there are countless like me).... Consider that there are 19 year old soldiers from the Midwest who have never touched a college campus or a protest who have done more to uphold the universal legitimacy of representative government and individual rights by placing themselves between Iraqi voting lines and homicidal religious fanatics.

And here's something from one of his last letters home:

I was having a conversation with a Kurdish man in the city of Dahok (by myself and completely safe) discussing whether or not the insurgents could be viewed as "freedom fighters" or "misguided anti-capitalists." Shaking his head as I attempted to articulate what can only be described as pathetic apologetics, he cut me off and said "the difference between insurgents and American soldiers is that they get paid to take life—to murder, and you get paid to save lives." He looked at me in such a way that made me feel like he was looking through me, into all the moral insecurity that living in a free nation will instill in you. He "oversimplified" the issue, or at least that is what college professors would accuse him of doing.

> As one who used to advocate strongly for the liberation of Iraq, I have grown coarsened and sickened by the degeneration of the struggle.

UP ON A ROOF
Two weeks before he was killed in action, last January, Mark Daily relaxed on the rooftop of Combat Operating Base "Resolve," in Mosul.



In his other e-mails and letters home, which the Daily family very kindly showed me, he asked for extra "care packages" to share with local Iraqis, and said, "I'm not sure if Irvine has a sister-city, but I am going to personally contact the mayor and ask him to extend his hand to Dahok, which has been more than hospitable to this native-son." (I was wrenched yet again to discover that he had got this touching idea from an old article of mine, which had made a proposal for city-twinning that went nowhere.) In the last analysis, it was quite clear, Mark had made up his mind that the United States was a force for good in the world, and that it had a duty to the freedom of others. A video clip of which he was very proud has him being "crowned" by a circle of smiling Iraqi officers. I have a photograph of him, standing bareheaded and contentedly smoking a cigar, on a rooftop in Mosul. He doesn't look like an occupier at all. He looks like a staunch friend and defender. On the photograph is written "We carry a new world in our hearts."

In his last handwritten letter home, posted on the last day of 2006, Mark modestly told his father that he'd been chosen to lead a combat platoon after a grenade attack had killed one of its soldiers and left its leader too shaken to carry on. He had apparently sounded steady enough on the radio on earlier missions for him to be given a leadership position after only a short time "in country." As he put it: "I am now happily doing what I was trained to do, and am fulfilling an obligation that has swelled inside me for years. I am deep in my element ... and I am euphoric." He had no doubts at all about the value of his mission, and was the sort of natural soldier who makes the difference in any war.

At the first chance I got, I invited his family for lunch in California. We ended up spending the entire day together. As soon as they arrived, I knew I had been wrong to be so nervous. They looked too good to be true: like a poster for the American way. John Daily is an aerospace project manager, and his wife, Linda, is an audiologist. Their older daughter, Christine, eagerly awaiting her wedding, is a high-school biology teacher, and the younger sister, Nicole, is in high school. Their son Eric is a bright junior at Berkeley with a very winning and ironic grin. And there was Mark's widow, an agonizingly beautiful girl named Snejana ("Janet") Hristova, the daughter of political refugees from Bulgaria. Her first name can mean "snowflake," and this was his name for her in the letters of fierce tenderness that he sent her from Iraq. These, with your permission, I will not share, except this:

One thing I have learned about myself since I've been out here is that everything I professed to you about what I want for the world and what I am willing to do to achieve it was true....

My desire to "save the world" is really just an extension of trying to make a world fit for you.

If that is all she has left, I hope you will agree that it isn't nothing.

I had already guessed that this was no gung-ho Orange County Republican clan. It was pretty clear that they could have done without the war, and would have been happier if their son had not gone anywhere near Iraq. (Mr. Daily told me that as a young man he had wondered about going to Canada if the Vietnam draft ever caught up with him.) But they had been amazed by the warmth of their neighbors' response, and by the solidarity of his former brothers-in-arms—1,600 people had turned out for Mark's memorial service in Irvine. A sergeant's wife had written a letter to Linda and posted it on Janet's MySpace site on Mother's Day, to tell her that her husband had been in the vehicle with which Mark had insisted on changing places. She had seven children who would have lost their father if it had gone the other way, and she felt both awfully guilty and humbly grateful that her husband had been spared by Mark's heroism. Imagine yourself in that position, if you can, and you will perhaps get a hint of the world in which the Dailys now live: a world that alternates very sharply and steeply between grief and pride.

On a drive to Fort Knox, Kentucky, and again shortly before shipping out from Fort Bliss, Texas, Mark had told his father that he had three wishes in the event of his death. He wanted bagpipes played at the service, and an Irish wake to follow

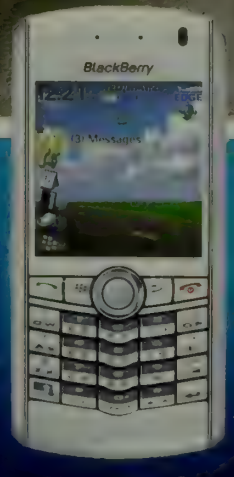


Lise Anne Couture
Co-Principal, Asymptote Architecture

Ask Lise Anne Couture Why She Loves Her BlackBerry

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it. And he wanted to be cremated, with the ashes strewn on the beach at Neskowin, Oregon, the setting for his happiest memories of boyhood vacations. The first two of these conditions had already been fulfilled. The Dailys rather overwhelmed me by asking if I would join them for the third one. So it was that in August I found myself on the dunes by an especially lovely and remote stretch of the Oregon coastline. The extended family was there, including both sets of grandparents, plus some college friends of Mark's and his best comrade from the army, an impressive South Dakotan named Matt Gross. As the sun began to sink on a day that had been devoted to reminiscence and moderate drinking, we took up the tattered Stars and Stripes that had flown outside the family home since Mark's deployment and walked to his favorite spot to plant it. Everyone was supposed to say something, but when John Daily took the first scoop from the urn and spread the ashes on the breeze, there was something so unutterably final in the gesture that tears seemed as natural as breathing and I wasn't at all sure that I could go through with it. My idea had been to quote from the last scene of *Macbeth,* which is the only passage I know that can hope to rise to such an occasion. The tyrant and usurper has been killed, but Ross has to tell old Siward that his boy has perished in the struggle:

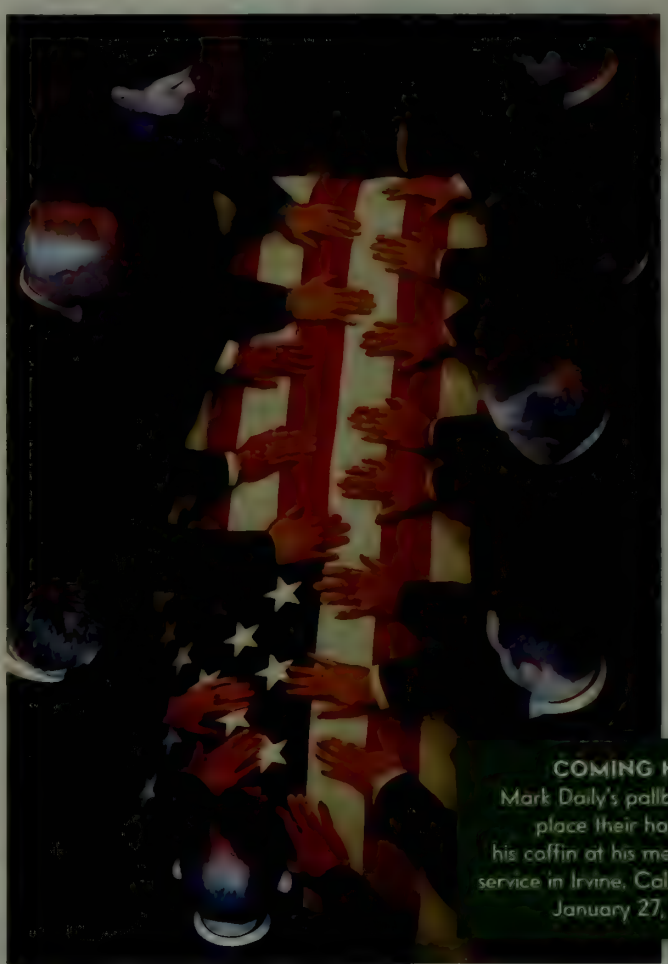
Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt;
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess
confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he
fought,
But like a man he died.

This being Shakespeare, the truly emotional and understated moment follows a beat or two later, when Ross adds:

Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth,
for then
It hath no end.

I became a trifle choked up after that, but everybody else also managed to speak, often reading poems of their own composition, and as the day ebbed in a blaze of glory over the ocean, I thought. Well, here we are to perform the last honors for a warrior and hero, and there are no hysterical ululations, no shrieks for revenge, no insults hurled at the enemy, no firing into the air or bogus hysterics. Instead, an honest, brave, modest family is doing its private best. I hope no fanatical fool could ever mistake this for weakness. It is, instead, a very particular kind of strength. If America can spontaneously produce young men like Mark, and occasions like this one, it has a real homeland security instead of a bureaucratic one. To borrow some words of George Orwell's when he first saw revolutionary Barcelona, "I recognized it immediately as a state of affairs worth fighting for."

If America can spontaneously produce young men like Mark, it has a real homeland security instead of a bureaucratic one.



COMING HOME Mark Daily's pallbearers place their hands on his coffin at his memorial service in Irvine, California, January 27, 2007.

I mention Orwell for a reason, because Mark Daily wasn't yet finished with sending me messages from beyond the grave. He took a pile of books with him to Iraq, which included Thomas Paine's *The Crisis;* *War and Peace;* Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* (well, nobody's perfect); Stephen Hawking's *A Brief History of Time;* John McCain's *Why Courage Matters;* and George Orwell's *Animal Farm* and *1984.* And a family friend of the Dailys', noticing my own book on Orwell on their shelf, had told them that his own father, Harry David Milton, was "the American" mentioned in *Homage to Catalonia,* who had rushed to Orwell's side after he had been shot in the throat by a Fascist sniper. This seemed to verge on the eerie. Orwell thought that the Spanish Civil War was a just war, but he also came to understand that it was a dirty war, where a decent cause was hijacked by goons and thugs, and where betrayal and squalor negated the courage and sacrifice of those who fought on principle. As one who used to advocate strongly for the liberation of Iraq (perhaps more strongly than I knew), I have grown coarsened and sickened by the degeneration of the struggle: by the sordid news of corruption and brutality (Mark Daily told his father how dismayed he was by the failure of leadership at Abu Ghraib) and by the paltry politicians in Washington and Baghdad who squabble for precedence while lifeblood is spent and spilled by young people whose boots they are not fit to clean. It upsets and angers me more than I can safely say, when I reread Mark's letters and poems and see that—as of course he would—he was magically able to find the noble element in all this, and take more comfort and inspiration from a few plain sentences uttered by a Kurdish man than from all the vapid speeches ever given. Orwell had the same experience when encountering a young volunteer in Barcelona, and realizing with a mixture of sadness and shock that for this kid all the tired old slogans about liberty and justice were actually real. He cursed his own cynicism and disillusionment when he wrote:

For the fly-blown words
that make me spew
Still in his ears were holy,
And he was born knowing what I
had learned
Out of books and slowly.

However, after a few more verses about the lying and cruelty and stupidity that accompany war, he was still able to do justice to the young man:

But the thing I saw in your face
No power can disinherit:
No bomb that ever burst
Shatters the crystal spirit.

May it be so, then, and may death be not proud to have taken Mark Daily, whom I never knew but whom you now know, and—I hope—miss. □

MARK RIGHTMIRE

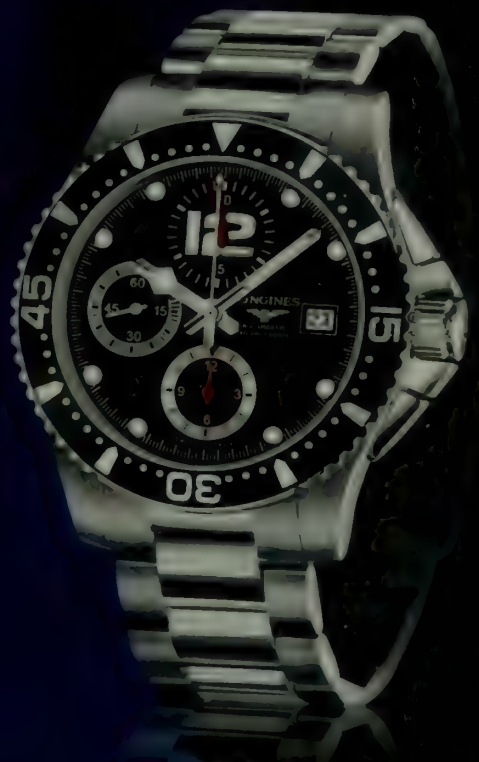


e found generosity. You have given me
shoulders to stand on to reach for my
ns, dreams I could have never reached
ut you... Thank you."

Andre Agassi

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JUST LIKE THIS
Chubby Checker does the Twist in 1970; inset, the 45 of the hit song.

A Twist in Time

Spreading like wildfire from the tiny dance floor of New York's Peppermint Lounge, in 1960, a Harlem teen craze set the era's most glamorous hips gyrating—Norman Mailer and Noël Coward, Marilyn Monroe and Jacqueline Kennedy. Then, almost as suddenly, the Twist was over

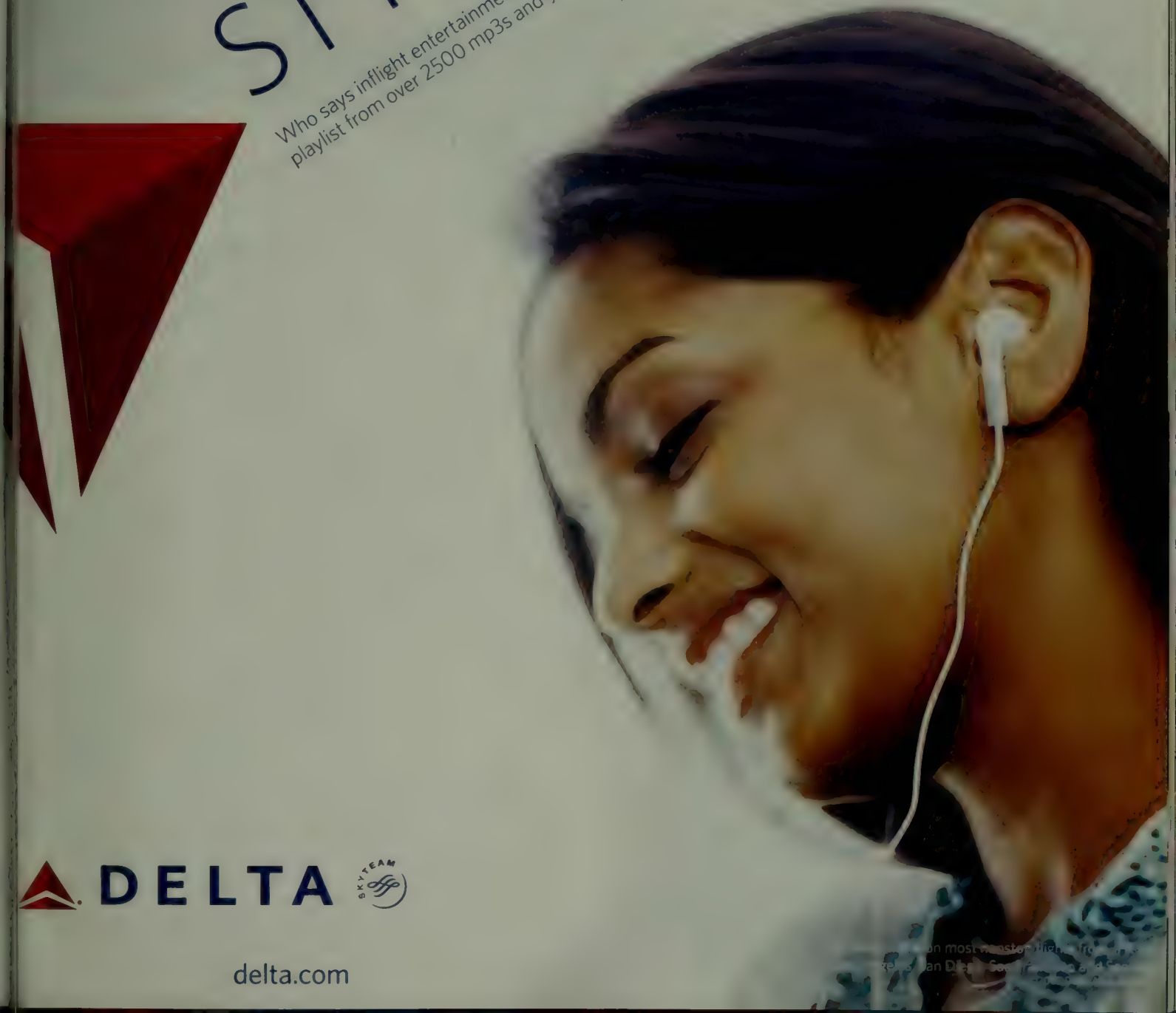
The slick ad executives, their bouffant wives, and the downtown barefoot contessas of AMC's acclaimed series *Mad Men*—they were too submersed inside their murky fishbowls of moody regrets and countless cigarettes to sense what was coming, what was waiting on the horizon to tornado into their pants and send their inhibitions packing. Set in the upper canyons of Madison Avenue in the early months of 1960, *Mad Men* uneasily rides the cusp between two decades, two presidencies. The Eisenhower era is receding into the margins as the presidential race between Richard Nixon and John F. Kennedy gathers pace, the new decade and the upcoming election promising a change of leadership and an infusion of younger energy after two terms of golf putts. On the campaign stump J.F.K. sounded the charge to "get this country moving again," and the country was ready to answer his inspiring booty call. Even the moody cynics on *Mad Men* succumbed.

It was in 1960 that R&B-er Hank Ballard recorded a number called "The Twist" after seeing black teenagers churning away on Baltimore's *Buddy Deane Show* (the program immortalized in *Hairspray* as *The Corny Collins Show* by Baltimore's patron saint of bad taste, writer-director-raconteur John Waters). The ditty didn't do much until it was faithfully re-recorded by Chubby Checker, his name a playful nod to Fats Domino, and given the big push on Dick Clark's *American Bandstand*. With his beaming smile, booming optimism, and teddy-bear huggability, Chubby Checker was the perfect racial-crossover ambassador, making the dance acceptable for Dick Clark's faithful assembly of wholesome white teenagers out there in Archie Comics land. But make no mistake, even milked down, the Twist flicked a switch on the body electric. The unlikely Chubby Checker was the great emancipator of the uptight American groin, according to an even more unlikely analyst, former Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver, who proclaimed in his memoir *Soul on Ice*, "It was Chubby Checker's mission, bearing the Twist as *good news*, to teach the whites, whom history had taught to forget, how to shake their asses again."

Shake them they did. They shook them until they nearly fell off. But even cold white asses (to paraphrase Cleaver) are subject

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to class snobberies and stratifications. Not all bony butts are created equal. The Twist would have died the natural death of other passing sensations if it hadn't been adopted by fairy godparents. It was when the salt-shakers of the Beautiful People began to wiggle that the Twist acquired cachet and splashed into the news, becoming a cosmopolitan rage. "In a curious anomaly, a small wreck of a bar in midtown Manhattan with an occupancy limit of 178 achieved what Clark's nationwide TV show had failed to do: make the dance into a worldwide fad," Bill Brewster and Frank Broughton write in *Last Night a DJ Saved My Life: The History of the Disc Jockey.* Like CBGB's in the 70s, the Peppermint Lounge was an inauspicious dump destined to become a pop landmark. "Adjoined to the Knickerbocker Hotel just off Times Square, the Lounge was essentially a gay hustler joint, frequented by sailors, lowlifes and street toughs in leather jackets [early kin of the Ramones!]," write Brewster and Broughton. "It had a lengthy mahogany bar running along one side, lots of mirrors and a tiny dance floor at the back." The Lounge's house band was Joey Dee and the Starlighters, whose "Peppermint Twist" topped the charts despite yappy vocals and cretinous lyrics that can still produce cavities today, but the chief draw was the scene itself, the traffic jam of nobodies and special guest stars Twisting madly away as if they'd just been released from bondage. Marilyn Monroe! Shelley Winters! Norman Mailer! The 60s don't get any 60er than that! "The Peppermint Lounge!" exclaimed Tom Wolfe in *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby.* "You know about the Peppermint Lounge. One week in October, 1961, a few socialites, riding hard under the crop of a couple of New York columnists, discovered the Peppermint Lounge and by next week all of Jet Set New York was discovering the Twist, after the manner of the first 900 decorators who ever laid eyes on an African mask. Greta Garbo, Elsa Maxwell, Countess Bernadotte, Noel Coward, Tennessee Williams, and the Duke of Bedford—everybody was there, and the hindmost were laying fives, tens, and twenty-dollar bills on cops, doormen and a couple of sets of maitre d's to get within sight of the bandstand and a dance floor the size of somebody's kitchen."

Not everyone was entranced. A disapproving Arthur Gelb of *The New York Times,* descending like an anthropologist into the amoebic bedlam of the Peppermint Lounge, wrote of the club's chic-y clientele, "Cafe society has not gone slumming with such energy since its forays into Harlem in the Twenties." Tack the Harlem reference onto Wolfe's gibe about decorators creaming over the sight of an African mask and the unmistakable inference is that the jet set had gotten jungle fever, this cotillion of pasty faces mimicking pagan rituals in a nightly orgy of the rhythm-impaired, drawn "like converts to a new brand of voodoo" (Gelb again). The voodoo they do was inauthentic doo-doo, suggested Gelb, who depicted the Twist partners at the Peppermint Lounge grinding away "in a joyless frenzy," like condemned sinners in Cecil B. DeMille. For others, the Twist was a disturbing indicator of downward reaching, the older generation feeding off the leaves of the young. In a series of articles on teenage cultural insurgency, Fred Hechinger, the education editor of *The New York Times,* and his wife, Grace, chided, "Those who are determined to find silver linings in every cloud of questionable taste, interpret Noel Coward and foreign nobility rubbing elbows or knees with duck-tailed teenagers as a sign of disappearing social barriers and class differences." Such a silver lining is tarnished, they averred. "Whatever the deep psychological reasons, the example of the Twist and its history points to a new trend of society: Instead of youth growing up, adults are sliding down." They've been sliding ever since, if book-length sermons such as Diana West's *The Death of the Grown-Up* are to be believed. But to the social moralists frowning on the sidelines and clutching their pearls, someone else's fun always looks suspect, shallow, undignified. Didn't these Peppermint Loungers have better things to do than break out in public hives? They should be home, improving their minds and practicing the lute. Instead, as Doug McGrath entertainingly showed in *Infamous,* Babe Paley, Slim Keith, and Truman Capote were trying to learn the dance that was all the talk, a dance that ballerina Maria Tallchief would teach to a dashing Russian defector named Rudolf Nureyev. Even the most reclusive moles weren't immune to the summons Chubby Checker issued. "Even Greta Garbo"—marveled *Time* magazine—"hauled herself out of her myth-lined cocoon and appeared [at the Peppermint Lounge], lank-haired and bone-pale, to snap her fingers and smile." If the Twist could extract a hostage smile from Garbo's ghostly puss, its feel-good potency was not to be denied!







TWISTIN' THE NIGHT AWAY Chubby Checker Twists with Conway Twitty and Dick Clark, September 7, 1961. Uma Thurman and John Travolta in the Twist scene from *Pulp Fiction*; college students Twist on the beach in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, March 20, 1962.

The Twist was an infectious bug that anybody could catch, regardless of age.

What made the Twist special? What was it about the Twist that got everybody's swizzle sticks swizzling?

It was democratic. Unlike dances that came before, such as the Fox-trot and the Mambo, the Twist didn't require professional instruction or a set of floor diagrams for fancy footwork. Unlike dances that came later, such as the whipcracking Cool Jerk and Frug, it posed no threat to the sacroiliac. The Twist was an infectious bug that anybody could catch, regardless of age (Noël Coward amid all

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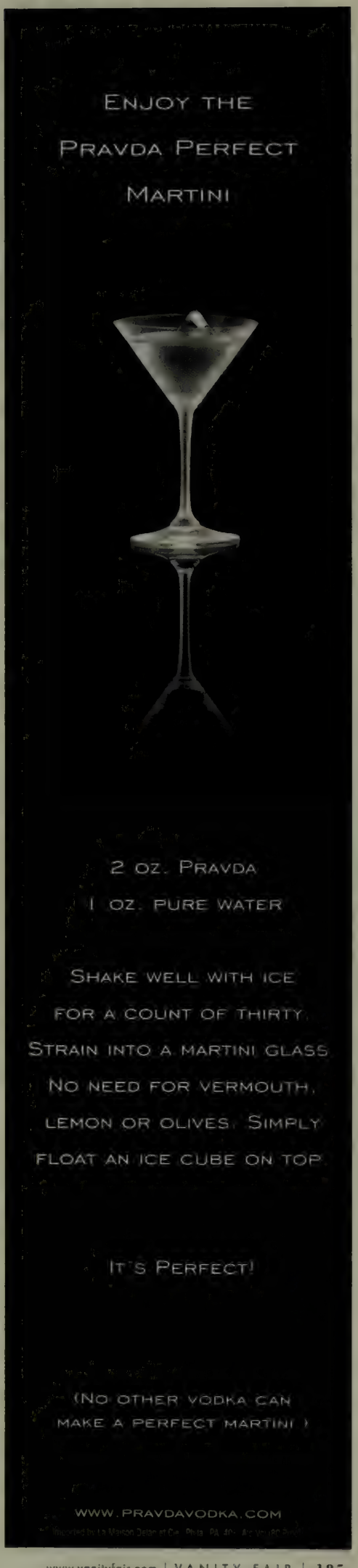
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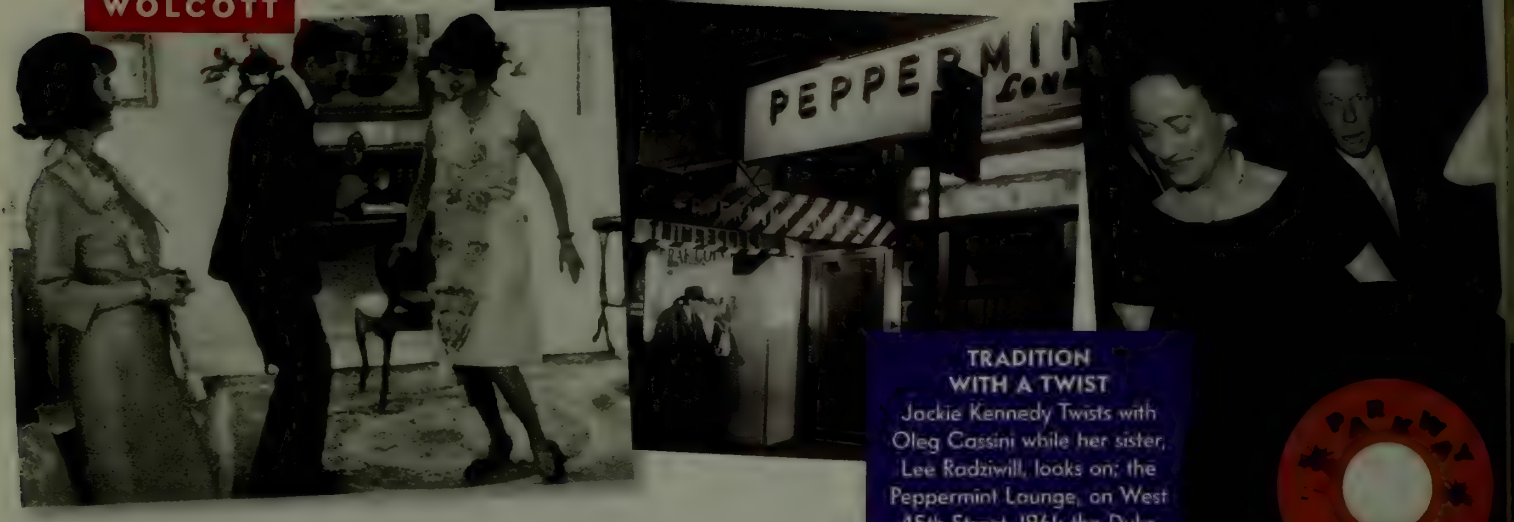
those juvies), innate musicality, or medical condition. "The rhythm is contagious," Earl Blackwell, publisher of the *Celebrity Register,* testified in *The New York Times.* "It makes you want to get up and dance. What's most important is that it's an easy dance to do. Everyone can do it." So easy was it that brand-name dance impresario Arthur Murray said it could be taught in one lesson: "It's nothing but a movement of the pelvis," he said. With a few lariat twirls of the wrist or the hands drooped like dog paws as light flourishes, I would add, while one's feet stubbed out an imaginary cigarette or two into the carpet. It was impossible to put on pretentious airs or adopt a lunar aspect of melancholy while doing the Twist. Its easy accessibility made it a wonder drug of sociability.

It respected personal space. Because the pelvis is tucked back during the Twist, it didn't tote the erotic aggression or encroaching intimacy of the rhythmic stalkings and grope-fests that would come later, once Baby was initiated into the full-body latherings of *Dirty Dancing* and hip-hop became a burlesque palace of humongous backfields in motion. "Since couples neither touch nor even look at each other [while doing the Twist], all the shyness some men and women have about dancing—clammy hands, missing a beat, stepping on feet, etc.—is removed and, as one club owner says, 'Everybody goes off into their own narcissistic bag,'" *Time* magazine noted, sounding awfully Austin Powers. Yeah, baby! The personal space opened up by the Twist created a neutral field that nourished female empowerment. As social critic Susan J. Douglas observed in *Where the Girls Are: Growing Up Female with the Mass Media:* "Chubby Checker's 1960 hit 'The Twist' revolutionized teenage dancing, because it meant that boys and girls didn't have to hold hands anymore, boys didn't have to lead and girls didn't have to follow, so girls had a lot more autonomy and control as they danced. Plus, dancing was one of the things girls usually did much better than boys." Girls and boys may have orbited separately on the dance floor, but that doesn't mean their bodies weren't in satellite communication. It was Marshall McLuhan, the visionary oracle of mass media, who spotted the signal quality of the Twist. "The waltz was a hot, fast mechanical dance suited to the industrial time in its moods of pomp and circumstance," McLuhan intoned in *Understanding Media.* "In contrast, the Twist is a cool, involved and chatty form of improvised gesture." Chatty! Even performed without a partner, McLuhan perceived, the Twist was no exercise in solipsism. The Twister worked his or her hips as if twiddling a radio knob, adjusting volume or frequencies. It was the ideal dance for the transistorized age, converting the body itself into a novelty device—a nifty gadget.

In retrospect, it's still amazing how the Twist's popularity traveled like heat lightning in those pre-Internet, pre-MTV, pre-cell-phone-camera, pre-flash-mob, covered-wagon days. Even Beatlemania took longer to achieve critical mass. Only a month after the Peppermint Lounge lowered the drawbridge to let in the elegant riffraff, Tom Wolfe wrote, "Joey Dee, twenty-two, the bandleader at the Peppermint Lounge, was playing the Twist at the $100-a-plate Party of the Year at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Dee's booking was a rude surprise to the Met's then director, James J. Rorimer, who wigged out when "he saw photographers hastening to photograph the guests doing the Twist in the shrine of Rembrandt and Cezanne," recorded a young reporter named Gay Talese (ah, we were all young then) in *The New York Times.* "Apparently no one had thought it necessary to inform Mr. Rorimer that the Dee troupe, which has played for charity balls this month at the Plaza Hotel and the Four Seasons restaurant, as well as for Mayor Wagner's Victory Ball at the Astor Hotel, had been invited to play." An extra dose of chagrin was the sight of the diminutive Dee being treated as visiting royalty by the local gentry. "Members of cafe society approached him with reverence, and one imperial gentleman, straight-spined in a tuxedo, hesitated before asking, 'Joey, may I please have your autograph?'" The fuddy-duds were some of his biggest fans!

In a blink the Twist went bi-coastal. Hollywood refused to be left out of this rotary movement. As in Manhattan, it was a gossip columnist who performed the missionary work to win over the natives: that battle-hardened veteran Hedda Hopper, who, hailed Wanda Henderson in the *Los Angeles Times* (January 28, 1962), "took her basic training in the Peppermint Lounge and believed enough in her vibrations to insure the dance's acceptance in the inner circles of Hollywood and L.A." Ever helpful, Henderson compiled an honor roll of the 10 best Twisters tearing up the tiles "in the poshy salons of Beverly and Bel Air." Among them were Mrs. Vincente Minnelli ("The celebrated director's Roman beauty, Denise does a slow tempo, seductive version. . . . Action confined from hips to ankle"); Princess Soraya, the former wife of the Shah of Iran, who opted for an unspecified "sophisticated approach to the Twist"; Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale, who set the speed dial on her hips to medium; and, nailing down the coveted No. 1 spot, Mrs.





TRADITION WITH A TWIST
Jackie Kennedy Twists with Oleg Cassini while her sister, Lee Radziwill, looks on; the Peppermint Lounge, on West 45th Street, 1961; the Duke and the Duchess of Windsor Twist at the Club Saint-Hilaire in Paris, 1964; a 45 of Chubby Checker's 1961 hit "Pony Time."

Ray Stark, renowned for her "turbo-jet action" below the equator. Every movement attracts its fundamentalists, and the Twist was no exception. "Some of the purists wear twist pants under their ballgowns," Henderson divulged. The male consorts cited in her article as accomplished Twisters included the actors Cliff Robertson and David Janssen—yes, the future star of TV's *The Fugitive,* was capable of expression from the neck down.

The Council of the Organization of American States will be meeting in the [Pan American Union] building at 10:30 this morning to discuss Cuba. And certain diplomats began protesting early Thursday afternoon when it was learned that former United States chief of protocol Wiley Buchanan had been given permission to turn the premises into a duplicate of New York's famous Peppermint Lounge, where the Twist craze was born.

But the complaints were largely ignored and some of the best-known names in the Social Register and Who's Who watched with great amusement as the urge to participate in the twist seized V.I.P.'s who have never before danced anything more abandoned than the cha-cha.

First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy's mother, Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss . . . Time-Life publisher Henry Luce and his famous wife Clare . . . Senate Foreign Relations chairman J. William Fulbright . . . were among the sideliners enjoying the impromptu floor show when young and old alike began twisting.

—Dorothy McCardle,
"Peppermint Peps Up Party,"
The Washington Post, December 23, 1961.

First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy was more than an interested bystander. It was she who stamped the presidential seal on the Twist and turned the White House and Hickory Hill (a mansion in northern Virginia that was owned by J.F.K. and that he later sold to brother Bobby) into the Peppermint Lounges of the Potomac. Under her aegis, Washington, D.C., joined New York and Los Angeles to form the power triad of the Twist. "Harry Belafonte did the Twist, the social signature of the New Frontier" at one of Hickory Hill's many wingdings, Sarah Bradford states in her biography of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, *America's Queen.* Oleg Cassini, so instrumental in making the Twist the gyre focus of New York nightlife, served as its envoy in the nation's capital, demonstrating it at Kennedy after-parties and introducing a French import called the Hully-Gully. At a shindig for Jacqueline's sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, the guests Twisted to the melodic strains of the Marine Corps Band and Lester Lanin's orchestra, and on another fabled occasion Phil Graham, publisher of *The Washington Post,* split his trousers doing a vigorous Twist. Wherever Jacqueline Kennedy went, the Twist went with her. On a tour of India, chaperoned by the American ambassador to India, that stately beanpole John Kenneth Galbraith, she initiated a roomful of polo players into the delights of the Twist, and, vacationing on the island of Capri, she Twisted at a local nightclub. To some critics, Jacqueline Kennedy's endorsement of the Twist was the fatal kiss of the uncool, like having your uncle show up in a Nehru jacket. As David Haslam would adjudicate in the *London Review of Books,* "When Jacqueline Kennedy was pictured in newspapers dancing the Twist, its street credibility dissolved. Dance halls and discotheques—like pop music in general—gain little energy from the patronage of high society but have always relied on the enthusiasm of the young, the working class and the marginalised." I question such socialist dogma. Did "street credibility" even exist as a concept back then, much less a cultural arbiter? After the Peppermint lost its "in" status and its liquor license, it was supplanted by discotheques that catered to the super-chic and super-freak alike—Ondine, Arthur, Stanley's, Annabel's, Whiskey-a-Go-Go and its copycats, and Il Mio. The nightly influx of famous faces to Studio 54—a collage of *Interview* cover faces come to life—certainly didn't put a damper on disco fever. It wasn't the insectile elegance of Jackie Kennedy performing the Twist that marked its undoing (more embarrassing were the Duke of Windsor's exertions—"It was amusing, but a bit strenuous," he stiff-upper-lipped after his first Twist), or the popcorn explosion of kooky maneuvers (the Swim, the Hitchhike, the idiotic Freddie) that elbowed it into obsolescence. It was a downshift in national mood, an onset of dread.

Marilyn Monroe! Shelley Winters! Norman Mailer! The 60s don't get any 60er than that!

Marilyn Monroe: "I can't remember anything—even words." Once she's finished with lines or "words" she doesn't remember them ever again. She with her small, compact, very pink-tipped (surely rouged) bosoms plain to see through the black lace of the short, skimpy black dress. She is part child, empty-headed, narcissistic—always looking into a wide-awake looking glass deep inside—a sleepwalker, utterly



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SEMISWEET

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defenseless and appealing. . . . "Do you do the Twist?" I asked Marilyn Monroe. "I do the Twister," she murmured, smiling and twitching at her inner image. "I put something else in it."

—An entry dated February 15, 1962, from *The Grand Surprise: The Journals of Leo Lerman.*

Six months later Marilyn Monroe was found sprawled in the bedroom of her home in Brentwood, California, dead of an overdose of sleeping pills. Coming a year after Ernest Hemingway's self-obliteration by shotgun at his home in Ketchum, Idaho, Monroe's probable suicide spoke to a sorrow and despair behind the mask of fame which belied the gospel of progress and fulfillment preached by TV, Hollywood, *Life* magazine, *The Saturday Evening Post,* and sunny-siders such as Norman Vincent Peale and Dale Carnegie. No writer and no sex symbol were more representatively American than Hemingway and Monroe, and if they could do themselves in, it didn't augur well for the bright promise of the 60s. To lose them was to be deprived of two of our presiding deities. "Hemingway and Monroe. Pass lightly over their names," Norman Mailer eulogized in the pages of *Esquire.* "They were two of the people in America most beautiful to us." In October of 1962, the entire world seemed on the edge of its last eyeblink. American U-2 flights over Communist Cuba had discovered the presence of Russian nuclear-missile installations with an offensive-strike capability. On October 22, President Kennedy addressed the nation and announced a naval blockade of the island, which Russian premier Nikita Khrushchev decried as "pirate actions" that could lead to war between the superpowers. For the first time in history the Strategic Air Command went to DEFCON 2 (the second-highest level of military readiness, just below ultra-scary, prepare-to-meet-thy-Maker DEFCON 1), and for 13 fraught days it looked as if *Fail-Safe,* the nuclear-showdown novel by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler, which had been published that very October (later made into a cold-sweat study in brinksmanship by director Sidney Lumet), might become incinerating reality. I remember walking home from grade school those October afternoons, checking the sky to see if anything bad was happening. The crisis ended and Armageddon was averted when the U.S.S.R. agreed to withdraw missiles from Cuba in exchange for a pullback of U.S. missiles from Turkey. Since the second part of this deal was kept secret, Kennedy was perceived to have won the nuclear staredown, but the collective sigh of relief was tempered with a fearful understanding of just how close a shave we had had with World War III. One false move or hasty misstep and the weather forecast would have called for radioactive drizzle forevermore. The country's nerves had been wrung ragged by the Cuban missile crisis, and the initial rush of exuberance and rampant possibility that had greeted Kennedy's inauguration era reached an early exhaustion stage. With so much looming overhead, it had become harder to Twist with that same happy, heedless bumblebee abandon. To celebrate J.F.K.'s 46th birthday, Jacqueline arranged a party on the presidential yacht, the *Sequoia.* It was a boozy, rowdy affair, perhaps the Twist's last hurrah. "Jack, unaware that by 1963 the Twist was going out of fashion, ordered more Chubby Checker tunes every time the band played anything else," Sarah Bradford writes in *America's Queen.* His insistence must have been painful to Jackie, with her impeccable sense of what was au courant. How she must have winced inside her fine-china skin. "The Twist, nowadays, is for squares," *Time* would declare a year later, consigning it to mothballs.

Decades on, the Twist survives as a cultural souvenir, a baby-boomer flashback of jukebox glory. In Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction,* John Travolta and Uma Thurman performed a methodically devoted Twist, a Twist so dreamily self-conscious it practically floated between quotation marks. Although popular dance has rebounded on network TV through shows such as *So You Think You Can Dance* and *Dancing with the Stars,* these contests emphasize sexed-up exhibitionistic displays of acrobatic bombast that nobody at home could emulate without courting traction. We outsource our Dionysian impulses to solid pros. "And yet . . . It does not go away, this ecstatic possibility," Barbara Ehrenreich reflects in her recent history of communal celebration, *Dancing in the Streets.* "The capacity for collective joy is encoded into us almost as deeply as the capacity for the erotic love of one human for another. We can live without it, as most of us do, but only at the risk of succumbing to the solitary nightmare of depression. Why not reclaim our distinctively human heritage as creatures who can generate their own ecstatic pleasures out of music, color, feasting and dance?" Why not indeed? If we can't Twist again, like we did last millennium, that doesn't mean we should embrace soft internment inside our own bodies. At some point the talon grip of the War on Terror will relent out of pure tension fatigue, and perhaps then new excitements will bubble up through the floorboards, pour through the speakers, and set us momentarily but exaltedly free. Because lockstep is no way to go through life, and we've been under marching orders long enough. □

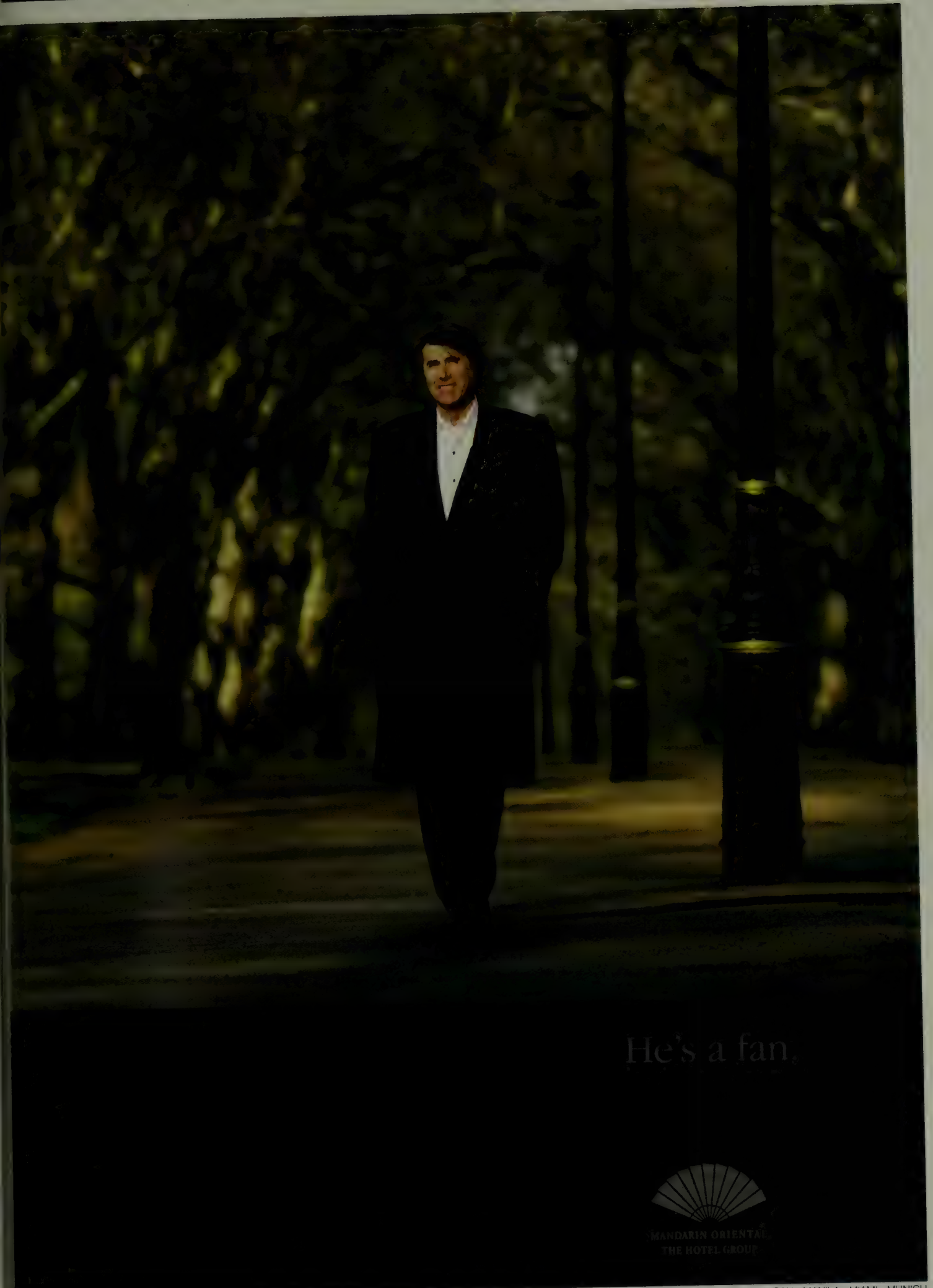




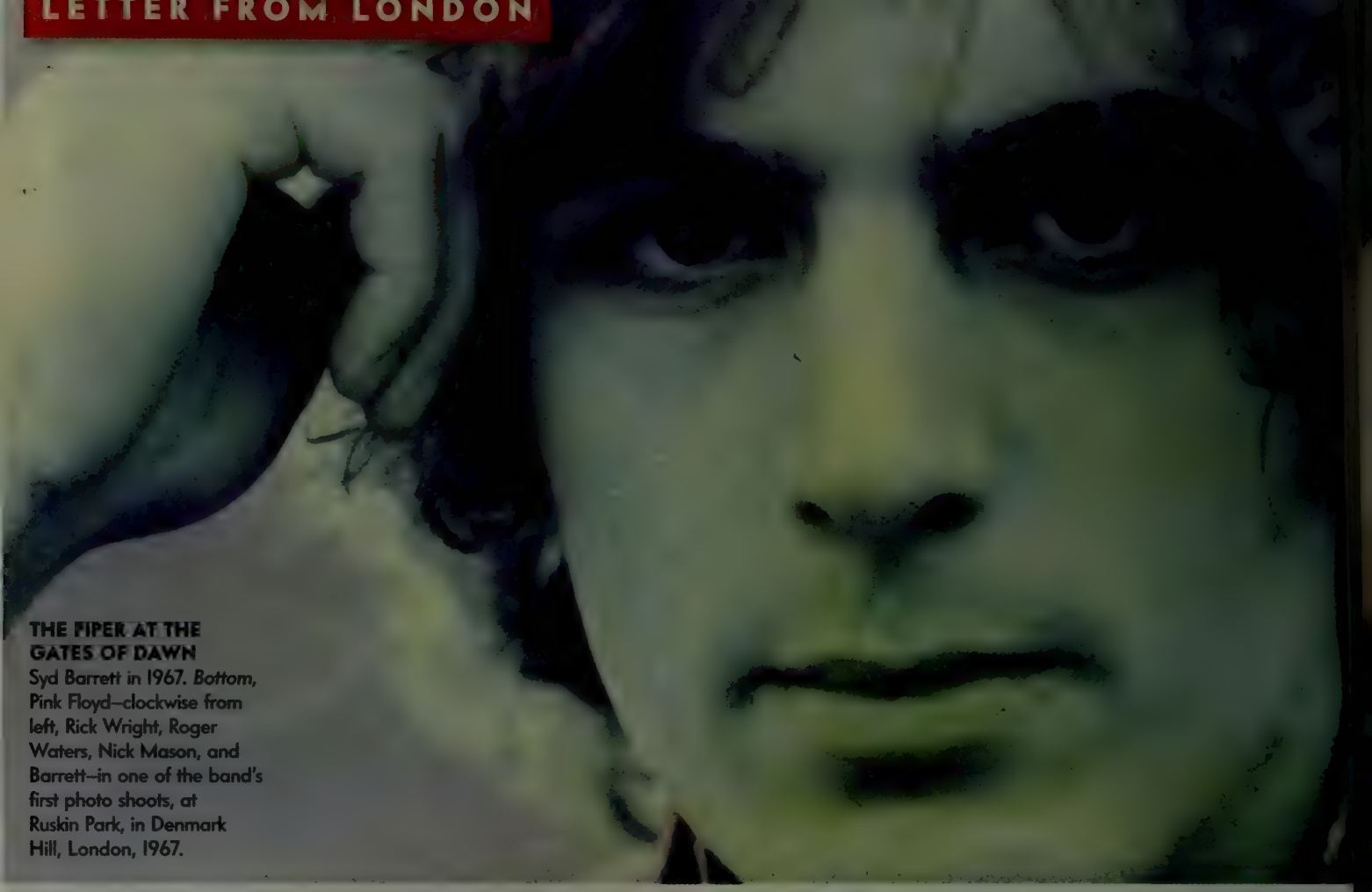


TWIST AND SHOU
After the Beatles' performance on *The Sullivan Show,* Ringo S Twists at the Peppern Lounge; couples Twist on the cross-channel to France, circa 196 Chubby Checker does signature dance mo September 5, 1962

The Twist's easy accessibility made it a wonder drug of sociability.



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THE PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN
Syd Barrett in 1967. *Bottom,* Pink Floyd—clockwise from left, Rick Wright, Roger Waters, Nick Mason, and Barrett—in one of the band's first photo shoots, at Ruskin Park, in Denmark Hill, London, 1967.

Here's Looking at You, Syd

How did one of pop music's epic breakdowns—that of Pink Floyd's dashing, mentally ill, drug-addled front man, Syd Barrett—find a place in a drama about Communist Czechoslovakia? The author recalls the genesis of his most recent play, *Rock 'n' Roll,* a London hit which reaches Broadway this month

By Tom Stoppard

At a certain street junction in Notting Hill in London there is nothing to memorialize what turned out to be one of the defining fractures in the story of rock music. I think about it every time I pass that way. Forty years ago come January, an old Bentley carrying three-quarters of Pink Floyd, plus a new recruit brought in to cover for their hopelessly zonked-out front man Syd Barrett, was en route to their 242nd gig when . . . well, here is Tim Willis telling it again in *Madcap* (2002):



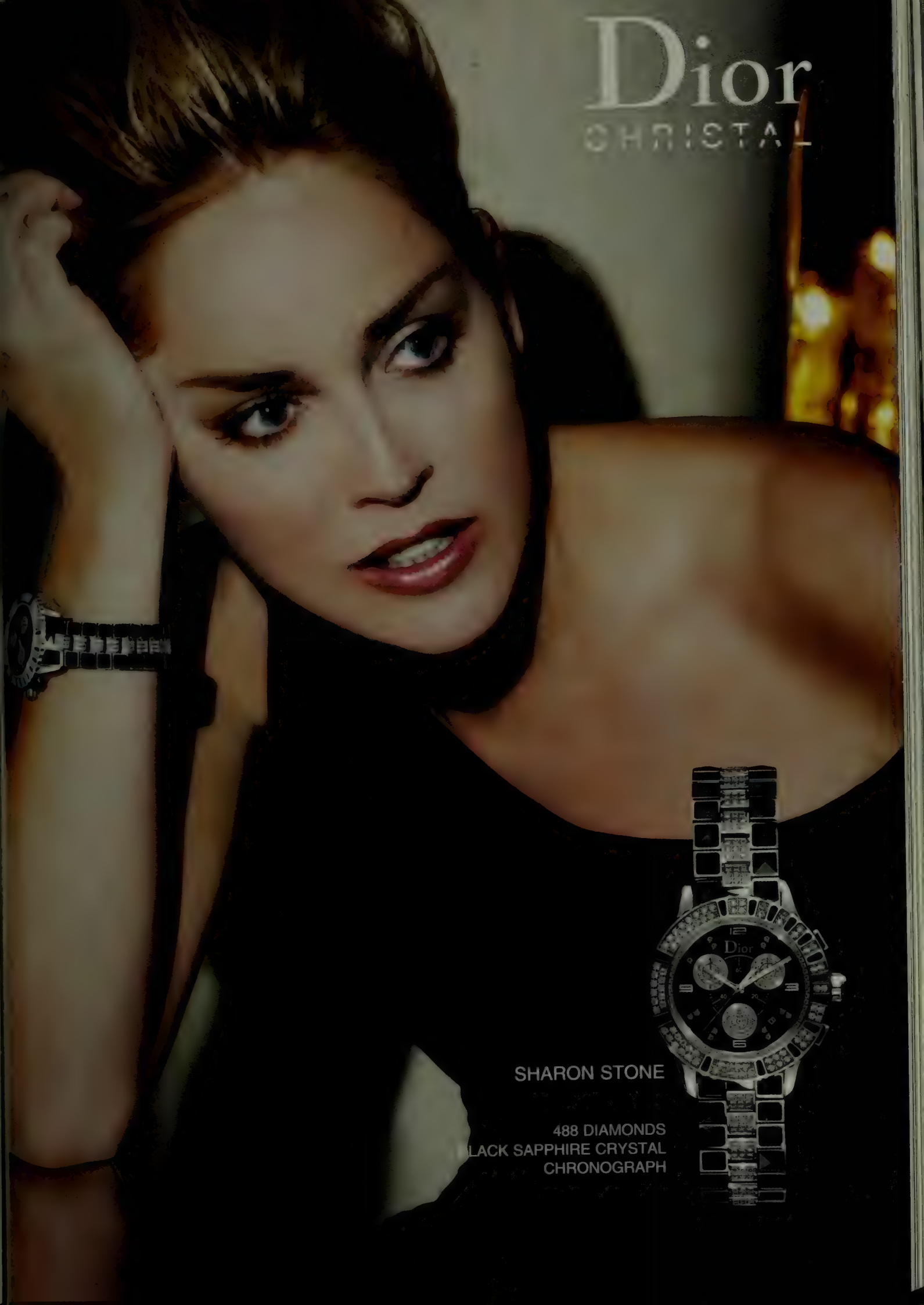
As they crossed the junction of Holland Park Avenue and Ladbroke Grove, one of them—no one remembers who—asked, "Shall we pick up Syd?" "Fuck it," said the others. "Let's not bother."

There are people, says Esme, a 60s-going-on-90s flower child in *Rock 'n' Roll,* "who think Pink Floyd have been rubbish since 1968." Barrett, the voice, words, and spirit of the band's first album and of two solo albums after the split, does that to people, some people, like my friend Charlie, who—years ago now—would groan and shake his head over my constancy to what he called the "lugubrious, pretentious" post-Barrett Floyd and try to convert me to the "lost genius" who'd retired hurt to cultivate his garden in Cambridge.

I didn't get it, but what I got was the shimmer of a play asking to be written. I like pop music (which is a genus; rock is a species) and I could see and hear the ghost of a play set in a suburban semi (which in England means half a house in a street of houses halved as symmetrically as Rorschach blots and occupied by people who are definitely not rock gods), and here, in my play, the reclusive middle-aged "crazy diamond" would . . . er, do what, exactly?

Charlie lent me a couple of books about Barrett, and I got hold of a couple more. Books about Barrett go from acid hell to nerd heaven (engineers' reports detailing overdubs and so on), but as

TOP, BY ADRIAN BOOT. BOTTOM, BY COLIN PRIME


Dior
CHRISTAL
SHARON STONE
488 DIAMONDS
LACK SAPPHIRE CRYSTAL
CHRONOGRAPH

for writing a play about any of it—well, you'd have to have been there.

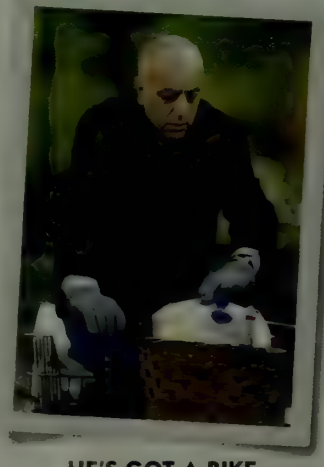
There was another little problem too: I have no understanding of music, none at all. Much as I love the noise it makes, I can stare for hours at a guitar band and never work out which guitar is making which bit of noise. Also, my brain seems incapable of forming a template even for sounds I've heard a hundred times. You know how it is at rock concerts when half the crowd starts to applaud the first few notes of what's coming? My brain is like a two-year-old playing with wooden shapes: sometimes I'm still looking for the right-shaped hole when the lyrics finally kick in, and it turns out to be "Brown Sugar." Me and music. So I put Syd aside, wrote plays about other matters, and listened to a lot of rock and roll as the years went by.

With each play, I tend to become fixated on one particular track and live with it for months, during the writing—my drug of choice, just to get my brain sorted. Then I'd turn off the music and start work. I wrote most of "The Coast of Utopia" between listening to "Comfortably Numb" on repeat. With another play, *Arcadia,* the drug was the Rolling Stones' "You Can't Always Get What You Want," and since that play ends with a couple waltzing to music from an offstage party, I wrote the song into the ending and stayed high on that idea till I'd finished. It was inspiring. When, in rehearsals, it was pointed out to me that "You Can't Always Get What You Want" isn't a waltz and that, therefore, my couple would have to waltz to something else, I was astonished, uncomprehending, and resentful.

These somewhat humiliating confessions do more than enough to explain why the Syd Barrett play never got started. To explain how Syd then got enmeshed in a play, *Rock 'n' Roll,* which is partly about Communism, partly about consciousness, slightly about Sappho, and mainly about Czechoslovakia between 1968 and 1990, is first simple, then difficult. It was because of the photograph of a 55-year-old man wrapped up warm in muffler and gloves, on his bike (below).

When you take away everything plays think they're about, what's left is what all plays—all stories—are really about, and what they're really about is time. Events, things happening—Ophelia drowns! Camille coughs! Somebody has bought the cherry orchard!—are different manifestations of what governs the narratives we make up, just as it governs the narrative we live in: the unceasing ticktock of the universe. There is no stasis, not even in death, which turns into memory.

Barrett died, 60 years old, a month after my play opened, 5 years after that photograph of him cycling home with his shopping from the supermarket. When I first saw the photo—in Willis's book—I found myself staring at it for minutes, at the thickset body supporting the heavy, shaven potato head, comparing it with images of Barrett in his "dark angel" days, like the shot on this story's opening page. "He was beautiful," Esme says. "He was like the guarantee of beauty," and, high-flown though it might be to apply Virgil's untranslatable chord "there are tears of things," *sunt lacrimae rerum,* to a snatched photo of a burly bloke with Colgate and Super Soft toilet paper in his bicycle basket, that's what came into my mind in the long moment when I understood that it was *this* play, the one about Communism, consciousness, Sappho, and, God help us, Czechoslovakia, into which Syd Barrett fitted. The tears of things are in mutability and the governance of time.



HE'S GOT A BIKE
Roger "Syd" Barrett, former member of Pink Floyd, on his way home from the supermarket in 2001.

GEOFF ROBINSON

Perhaps it was because Barrett dropped out of sight for decades that time seemed not merely to connect the two images in the usual commonplace way (he used to look like this, then later he looked like that, so what?), but also to sever them. A person's identity is no mystery to itself. We are each conscious of ourselves and there is only one person in there: the difference between *this* photo of me and *that* one is unmysterious. But everyone else's identity we construct from observable evidence, and the reason I was so fascinated by Barrett on his bicycle was that for a mind-wrenching moment, he was—literally—a different person.

This is not completely fanciful, and barely a paradox. Barrett himself colluded with it when he answered someone who doorstepped him, "Syd can't talk to you now," and long before he was photographed on his bicycle he reverted to his real name, which was Roger. I don't doubt that in the first instance he was just trying to get rid of an unwelcome caller, and in the second instance he was simply putting his old days and ways behind him: it's not necessary to infer a dislocation of his self-consciousness. The collusion was with the way we adjust our idea of who he is, who anyone is. And this is partly how drama works, through constant adjustment of our idea of who people really are under the labels, the "Communist academic," the "Czech rock fanatic," the "wife dying of cancer," and the others.

EVERY STORY, MADE-UP OR OTHERWISE, LIKE SYD BARRETT'S OWN, IS SECRETLY ABOUT TIME.

The realization that this was Syd's play, too, is not as bizarre as it might seem. The lineaments of the unwritten play included a Czech rock fan and an outlaw band, the Plastic People of the Universe, so rock and roll was already part of it. As for the English Communist professor, Cambridge would do nicely for him. Syd's last gig, in 1972 at the local Corn Exchange, was reviewed by *Melody Maker:* "A girl gets up on stage and dances; he sees her, and looks faintly startled." So let's give the professor a daughter who was that very girl, and let's see why Syd looked faintly startled. Willis's short, exemplary book recounts, too, how the student daughter of Syd's first real girlfriend was walking to lectures one day, wearing one of her mother's Barbara Hulanicki coatdresses from 30 years before, when "this bald man on a bike pulled up to the kerb." The man said, "Hello, little Lib." "Hello," said the girl and moved on. It was a few seconds before she realized that the man had called her by her mother's name, and when she turned round, he'd gone. So while Czechoslovakia is going from Prague Spring to Velvet Revolution, let the Cambridge professor's flower-child daughter have a daughter who grows up and . . .

FOR A Q&A WITH TOM STOPPARD, GO TO VF.COM.

And also between the Prague Spring and the Velvet Revolution, in another part of the wood, at some unknown moment, so it seems to us, the beautiful, undamaged young man in velvet and silk who sang, "I've got a bike, you can ride it if you like / It's got a basket, a bell that rings . . . " turned into a very ordinary-looking bloke called Roger, who lived alone, never spoke to the neighbors, tidied his garden, and died from complications of diabetes. In both identities, he stepped out of a stillborn attempt at a play all about himself, and without difficulty entered the dance of made-up characters in a made-up story, which, like every story, made-up or otherwise, like his own, is secretly about time, the disinterested ongoingness of everything, the unconditional mutability that makes every life poignant. □



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Guilty Feelings

By the time the jury began its deliberations in the Spector murder trial, the author had become highly critical of the defense strategy, fascinated by the antics of Phil Spector's family, and close to two main characters—one living, one dead

"The gun went off accidentally. She works at the House of Blues. It was a mistake. I don't understand what the fuck is wrong with you people," said Phil Spector to the police on February 3, 2003, the night aspiring actress Lana Clarkson was found shot to death in the foyer of his castle, in Alhambra, California. He went on talking as the police went about their business, one standing on Spector's back to keep him from getting up. "I'm sorry this happened," he said. "I don't know how it happened. It scared the shit out of me." All this and much more was recorded by the police in the castle after the chauffeur, Adriano De Souza, to whom Phil had allegedly said, "I think I killed somebody," called 911. When the police arrived, 40 minutes after Clarkson's death, Spector was Tasered. There was no word then that Lana Clarkson, lying dead on a white French bergère chair, had committed suicide. He didn't say that to the police officers in his house that night. The suicide version of the story came later, at the Alhambra police station, and became the foundation of his defense. Even if it were true that Lana committed suicide, which I don't believe for a second, the fact is that although Spector, alone with the corpse, allegedly tried to wipe off the blood spilling from her nose and mouth, he never called 911, which should have been a natural reaction. Thank God for the chauffeur, who had a sense of responsibility and called 911 to report the incident.



DINING WITH THE DIARIST Dominick Dunne, photographed at Le Bilboquet restaurant, in Manhattan.

I must confess that, over the five months I have been in Los Angeles covering this trial, I have become haunted by poor, dead Lana Clarkson. I feel the kind of obsession that Dana Andrews, as a detective, felt for Gene Tierney's character in the movie *Laura*, although Laura turned out not to be dead after all, and there was a happy ending. There will be no happy ending for Lana Clarkson. I feel I've gotten to know her over the past few months. I have looked at literally hundreds of photographs of her. Like her idol, Marilyn Monroe, she loved having her picture taken. I watched her film debut in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, in which she plays the wife of a biology teacher. She only has one line, "Hi," but it got her into the Screen Actors Guild. I didn't find her self-made promotional video, *Lana Unleashed*, laughable, as some did. The wife of the defendant snickered in her seat when the defense showed the video in court, greatly angering the prosecution. If she meant to demean the talent of the victim, it backfired. I thought Lana was trying hard to show the variety of roles she thought she was capable of playing. Even when she unfortunately did Little Richard in blackface, there was a niceness about her. I have been to her little cottage in Venice Beach and talked to her landlady, who loved her. I have been to the vault in Hollywood Forever cemetery, on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood, where her ashes lie in an ivory urn, behind glass, in front of a poster for *Lana Unleashed*. It's a peaceful place, where a lot of old-time stars are buried. There is a small but steady stream of visitors.

I would describe Lana Clarkson as gallant. She never stopped trying. She was trying when she went to Phil's house at two in the morning. She couldn't have desired him. He's a tiny guy who wears funny clothes and is bad-tempered when he's drunk, and she was a beautiful blonde, six feet one in heels, who could have beaten him up if she hadn't been shot. She didn't need his liquor. I believe she went there because she thought Phil could open some doors for her. I believe Lana's name will go down in Nathanael West–type Hollywood lore as a great beauty for whom the Hollywood dream had not come true. I spoke with several of her friends, her real friends, who loved her, who were delighted by her presence in their lives. I am not talking about the two "friends," Jennifer Hayes-Riedl and Punkin Pie Laughlin, who professed to be her friends and then became witnesses for Phil Spector, going on about her depression and despair and poverty on the stand, to help prove Spector's point that Lana committed suicide. Punkin Pie said Lana had called her four or five days before she died and said, "I can't take it anymore.... I want out. I'm done. I'm done."

The ladies took the stand for the second time during the surrebuttal and again dumped on Lana shamelessly. This time Punkin Pie's dress was not as flamboyantly revealing as the one she wore during her first appearance. What is so curious about Punkin Pie is that at the time of Lana's death, she was quoted as saying, "Fry that bastard," referring to Spector. (She denied on the stand she'd ever said such a thing.) Much later that same year, in her annual Christmas letter, mailed to "between fifty and a hundred people," she wrote, "My Lana, my best friend, my right arm, my inseparable sister was violently and abruptly taken from me at the hands of Phil Spector."

It makes you wonder what made her change her mind and become a witness for the very man she had vilified. There is a rumor that she was hurt when she was not included in the inner family circle at the funeral, but that seems an unlikely reason. The Backstage Café, the nightclub where Punkin gives weekly Tuesday-night parties, at which Lana used to be a regular, is partially owned by the Kessel brothers, Daniel and David, whose father, Barney Kessel, was a musician who had recorded with Phil. The bro-

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW HRANEK



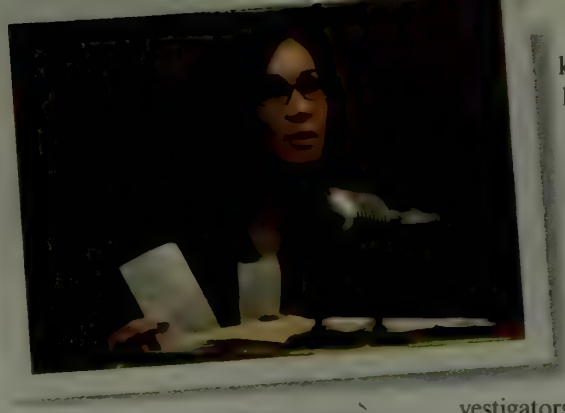
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A MOTHER'S GRIEF
Donna Clarkson holds receipts for shoes she bought for Lana on the last day Donna saw her daughter alive.

thers had served as production coordinators and occasional session guitarists for Phil. In his cross-examination, Alan Jackson suggested Punkin's testimony might be biased because of the Kessel brothers' connection to the Backstage Café (which she denied).

As for Jennifer Hayes-Riedl, Lana's mother, Donna Clarkson, who rarely speaks to anyone, said to me, "I had never heard the name of Jennifer Hayes until this trial." I sit behind Mrs. Clarkson in the courtroom and could often see the hurt in her face when her dead daughter was spoken of so dismissively over and over again. I've never seen trash-the-victim played so blatantly. Mrs. Clarkson's attorney, Rod Lindblom, who will handle the civil trial with John Taylor for Mrs. Clarkson after the criminal trial, added, "I can't even find [Hayes-Riedl's] name on the funeral list."

Speaking of the civil trial, the twin brother of Louis Spector, Gary Spector, whom I had not met at the time, was interviewed on Court TV from Colorado, where he lives, about their father, whom he never sees. He is a more dressed-up version of Louis (whom I have been having lunch with occasionally in the courthouse commissary). What was fascinating was that Gary said his father is convinced that he will be found guilty. He said his father is spending millions on his defense because he does not want the Clarkson family to get any of his money in the civil suit. My spies tell me Phil is furious. Gary also verified the story that Louis had told me at lunch one day, that the twins were occasionally locked in their rooms after school when they were growing up.

After Gary arrived in Los Angeles for the closing arguments, I went with the twins to the Beverly Hills home where they lived from age 5, when they were adopted by Phil, to age 19. The house was used last season in the HBO show *Entourage*. It is beautiful and empty, and we went through every room. They showed me the vent they used to talk to each other through when they were locked in their rooms. It was an emotional experience for the twins.

It is said to bother Phil excessively that no one of importance in the music industry has come forth to stand by him. He is bitter about people whom he claims he helped start and/or influenced, such as Bruce Springsteen, Bono, Mick Jagger, Cher, Tina Turner, Brian Wilson, and others. He says he could understand when, in the beginning, they didn't support him, but now that some of the most formidable and famous forensic scientists have testified on the stand that he is "innocent" and that Lana's death was a suicide, he fails to understand their lack of loyalty. It is interesting that the formidable scientists he names are the expert witnesses whom he has paid so handsomely to testify.

The end is near. My group of media friends and I talk of nothing else besides the trial. The other night Steven Mikulan, who writes a column on the trial for *LA Weekly*, had a group of us to his wonderful house in Echo Park overlooking the Hollywood sign and the Griffith Observatory. We sat in a glass dining room and talked trial. We also watched a 1967 episode of *I Dream of Jeannie*, in which Phil played himself in a scene with Barbara Eden and a rock band she was promoting.

Not surprisingly, Phil waived his right to take the stand in his own defense. It would have been good theater to see Spector cross-examined by Alan Jackson, the prosecutor, who has an uncanny ability to enrage those he quizzes, but the troubled defense team knew that and did not want it to happen. Defense attorney Linda Kenney Baden, who was out sick for two weeks, returned to the trial on August 21, having missed the terrible drubbing her famous husband, forensic pathologist Michael Baden, took on the stand at the hands of Alan Jackson. (The day afterward, Baden was reportedly disinvited from being a principal speaker at a California District Attorney Investigators' Association conference in San Francisco.) Then the mostly absent head of the defense team, Bruce Cutler, left the trial and returned to New York.

Although I'm not one to hang out with defense attorneys, I must admit that I became very fond of Bruce Cutler during his rather disastrous stint as head of the defense team. He didn't work out from the beginning. He had a New York tough-guy style and a Mafia-type reputation that came from his long legal defense of mobster John Gotti. Judge Larry Paul Fidler seemed to dislike him and bawled him out twice in front of the jury, which is a very bad mark. The other lawyers on the team snubbed him. He was the number-one guy, the head of the team, but he had nothing to do. He just sat there at the defense table next to Phil.

Beneath Cutler's boisterousness, there is the heart and soul of a very gentle man. One night we were both chatting on the sidewalk outside the courthouse while waiting for our cars. A terribly crippled older woman was trying to manage a walker while climbing up the stairs from the courthouse doors to the street. Without a word to me, Bruce went down the stairway, picked up her walker in one hand, and helped her up the stairs to the sidewalk with his other hand. He then came back to me and finished his story, without once referring to his good deed.

I confess I have become haunted by poor, dead Lana Clarkson.

Cutler was never asked to have lunch with any of his defense team. I know this for a fact because I often had lunch with him up in Peter Hong's office on the 18th floor of the Criminal Courts Building. Hong is covering the trial for the *Los Angeles Times*. Peter made ham-and-cheese sandwiches on multi-grain bread, with cans of Diet Coke and bags of Fritos. Although Cutler took off from the trial for a long time, he insisted that he would come back to do the closing argument for the defense. As strange as this seemed, as he had formed no real contact with the jury, he maintained that he was determined to see the trial through. But something happened.

On Monday, August 27, as court began, Cutler rose and addressed the judge. He said he was leaving the case. He said, "I've stayed here all these months planning to sum up. If that is not the case, there is nothing else I can do for Mr. Spector."

The judge asked Spector if that was so.

"That is correct," said Spector.

Then Cutler turned and walked out of the courtroom, head held high, stopping only long enough to embrace Phil and receive a farewell kiss from Linda Kenney Baden, a fellow New Yorker, who was chosen to give the defense's final arguments.

I didn't get a chance to say good-bye to Cutler, but I called his cell phone and left a long message. I told him I thought he was classy in his farewell in court. No bitterness. No jabs. I said it was a misalliance from the beginning. Later he called me back. "There was no esprit de corps in the defense team. I haven't had dinner with one of them in the five months I've been here." That really bothered him. He told me, "Phil's not aware of how bad things are. He's

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frightened. He didn't understand how bad [defense pathologist Werner] Spitz was on the stand. The woman was killed instantly."

Alan Jackson, a courtroom orator with a theatrical flair, gave his closing arguments in four hours and 13 minutes. He asked the jury, knowing what they knew after five months of testimony, what they would say to Lana Clarkson on the fatal night when she reluctantly got into Spector's chauffeur-driven Mercedes. Then he answered for them, saying, "Don't go, don't go." He described Spector's defense as a checkbook defense, noting the size of the team and large number of expensive expert witnesses. He said that Lana Clarkson had been murdered twice, once at the hands of Phil Spector and again in the character assassination of the dead actress by the defense team. He showed video clips of the five women who took the stand to tell of their experience with Phil Spector, each saying a single sentence like "He pressed a gun to my head," or "He said he was going to blow my fucking brains out." Jackson brought his summation to a close with 40 seconds of footage from *Lana Unleashed* showing a happy, beautiful woman. Then he showed a still shot of Spector mimicking holding a gun. Below it was a picture of Lana dead in the white French chair in the foyer of Spector's castle.

Linda Kenney Baden, who talked for just short of six hours, implored the jurors to seek the truth. She noted that the Los Angeles County District Attorney's Office was determined to convict a celebrity because of their history of failure to convict in such high-profile cases, alluding to O. J. Simpson and Robert Blake. "Despite the fact that science shows this to be a self-inflicted wound, the government wanted this tragic death to be a murder," she said.

In the prosecution's one-hour-and-39-minute rebuttal, Pat Dixon, head of the Major Crimes Division of the District Attorney's Office, said that Spector's actions revealed consciousness of guilt. "He did not use any of the more than a dozen phones to call the police. He didn't call for help. Why? Because he murdered her. He killed her," he said.

On the morning the jury was to receive their instructions from the judge, Rachelle Spector, Phil Spector's pretty, 27-year-old bride of a year, who has made herself an increasingly vivid and controversial figure in the courtroom, took to the airwaves in the parking lot behind the courthouse on early-morning Court TV. It started lightly enough, with the subject of Phil's wigs; Rachelle claims that they are not wigs but his real hair, and that she arranges it each morning. She is insistent on this point. She had previously confronted Beth Karas, of Court TV, for reporting that Phil wore wigs. Yuki, a long-time-favorite hairdresser of Beverly Hills society women, cut and set the latest wig, which is the best and most natural so far. But Rachelle didn't go on television to talk about wigs. She came to the point of the interview. She said that her husband had been convicted before the trial began, by the government, the media, the public, and the judge. "Judge" is the pertinent word in that sentence.

Judge Fidler, a distinguished and highly respected jurist, was rightly indignant. He admonished her severely in the courtroom. "Mrs. Spector, I want you to hear every comment I am about to make," said the judge. "Ma'am, I am going to do something I have never done before.... You will not talk to the press. If you do, you will be in violation of my order." To the astonishment of the courtroom, she sassed him back. "I'm not a witness," she called out from her seat, in a disrespectful tone of voice. "Is it okay for [Spector's son] Louis and all the other bad people to say stuff?"

"If you violate my order, be prepared for the consequences," the judge said. "You are going to do nothing to upset this trial. If you do, I will hold you in contempt." One of Phil's six defense attorneys, Christopher J. Plourd, rushed from his seat, waving his hands in front of him to signal her to shut up. Later in the day she sent the judge a handwritten letter of apology. After the morning session, when the reporters were all having an end-of-the-trial brisket-of-beef lunch in Peter Hong's office, some of us wondered which of the lawyers had written the letter for her.

On Sunday, September 9, the day before the jury was to go out to deliberate, a long interview with Phil Spector appeared in the magazine section of *The Mail on Sunday,* in London. The article was written by Vikram Jayanti, a highly respected documentary-film maker who is making a film about Phil for the BBC. Within hours, it was posted on the Internet, and all of us covering the trial had read it. Phil's main thrust in the interview was "The judge doesn't like me." A possible strategy for a mistrial went through my mind. Phil told the paper he had a "very interesting, abrupt, good, honest, accurate, truthful story to tell that proves beyond any question, any reasonable possibility of a doubt that it is impossible for me to have been near the deceased when she died." It's too bad he declined to take the stand to deliver this point. Following Rachelle's lead, he said, "When you are accused, you are guilty, and that's just the way it goes." He refers to himself as "the mad genius of rock and roll."

Phil's main thrust in the interview was "The judge doesn't like me."



BE MY BABY
Phil Spector and his wife, Rachelle, arrive at Los Angeles Superior Court on the first day of jury deliberations.

When Phil entered the courtroom the next day, Linda Deutsch of the Associated Press asked him about the quotes he had given in the interview. He denied having said those things. This statement was backed up by Linda Kenney Baden. Vikram Jayanti maintained the quotes came from interviews over the course of many months. Jayanti wrote in *The Mail on Sunday* about his evolving belief in Spector's innocence, but in his denial, Phil was effectively throwing Jayanti under a bus. He is said to be disturbed by Phil's rebuff.

On the same Sunday that Phil's interview appeared in London, Beth Karas and I drove to Phil's castle in Alhambra to check out a rumor that the castle was under police surveillance and that black-and-white police cars were parked at the two entrances to his estate to prevent any possible flight risk. We drove round and round but we didn't see any police cars.

As this story goes to print, the jury has been out for six days. O. J. Simpson has been arrested for armed robbery in Las Vegas. Britney Spears is in a hastily called session in the courthouse next door, where she could possibly lose custody of her children. In this carnival of celebrity justice, everyone is on pins and needles. □

NICK UT


"Where the sun
coaxes you to be a
little less shy."
Elizabeth Arden
Mediterranean

The Mega-Bunker of Baghdad

The new American Embassy in Baghdad will be the largest, least welcoming, and most lavish embassy in the world: a $600 million massively fortified compound with 619 blast-resistant apartments and a food court fit for a shopping mall. Unfortunately, like other similarly constructed U.S. Embassies, it may already be obsolete

By William Langewiesche



WHITE ELEPHANT IN THE GREEN ZONE The new United States Embassy rises above Baghdad—one of the only projects in Iraq being completed within budget and on time.

When the new American Embassy in Baghdad entered the planning stage, more than three years ago, U.S. officials inside the Green Zone were still insisting that great progress was being made in the construction of a new Iraq. I remember a surreal press conference in which a U.S. spokesman named Dan Senor, full of governmental conceits, described the marvelous developments he personally had observed during a recent sortie (under heavy escort) into the city. His idea now was to set the press straight on realities outside the Green Zone gates. Senor was well groomed and precocious, fresh into the world, and he had acquired a taste for appearing on TV. The assembled reporters were by contrast a disheveled and unwashed lot, but they included serious people of deep experience, many of whom lived fully exposed to Iraq, and knew that society there was unraveling fast. Some realized already that the war had been lost, though such were the attitudes of the citizenry back home that they could not yet even imply this in print.

Now they listened to Senor as they increasingly did, setting aside their professional skepticism for attitudes closer to fascination and wonder. Senor's view of Baghdad was so disconnected from the streets that, at least in front of this audience, it would have made for impossibly poor propaganda. Rather, he seemed truly convinced of what he said, which in turn could be explained only as the product of extreme isolation. Progress in the construction of a new Iraq? Industry had stalled, electricity and water were failing, sewage was flooding the streets, the universities were shuttered, the insurgency was expanding, sectarianism was on the rise, and gunfire and explosions now marked the days as well as the nights. Month by month, Baghdad was crumbling back into the earth. Senor apparently had taken heart that shops remained open, selling vegetables, fruits, and household goods. Had he ventured out at night he would have seen that some sidewalk cafés remained crowded as well. But almost the only construction evident in the city was of the Green Zone defenses themselves—erected in a quest for safety at the cost of official interactions with Iraq. Senor went home, married a Washington insider, and became a commentator on Fox News. Eventually he set himself up in the business of "crisis communications," as if even he finally realized that Iraq had gone horribly wrong.

Inside the Green Zone the talk of progress slowed and then died. The first of the nominal Iraqi governments arrived and joined the Americans in their oasis. The rest of Baghdad became the fearsome "Red Zone," and completely off limits to American officials.

DANIEL BERTHOLAK


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although reporters and other unaffiliated Westerners continued to live and work there. Meanwhile, through institutional momentum and without regard to the fundamental mission—the reason for being there in the first place—the Green Zone defenses kept growing, surrounding the residents with ever more layers of checkpoints and blast walls, and forcing American officials to withdraw into their highly defended quarters at the Republican Palace, whereupon even the Green Zone became for them a forbidden land.

That was the process that has led, now, to this—the construction of an extravagant new fortress into which a thousand American officials and their many camp followers are fleeing. The compound, which will be completed by late fall, is the largest and most expensive embassy in the world, a walled expanse the size of Vatican City, containing 21 reinforced buildings on a 104-acre site along the Tigris River, enclosed within an extension of the Green Zone which stretches toward the airport road. The new embassy cost $600 million to build, and is expected to cost another $1.2 billion a year to run—a high price even by the profligate standards of the war in Iraq. The design is the work of an architectural firm in Kansas City named Berger Devine Yaeger, which angered the State Department last May by posting its plans and drawings on the Internet, and then responding to criticism with the suggestion that Google Earth offers better views. Google Earth offers precise distance measurements and geographic coordinates too.

But the location of the compound is well known in Baghdad anyway, where for several years it has been marked by large construction cranes and all-night work lights easily visible from the embattled neighborhoods across the river. It is reasonable to assume that insurgents will soon sit in the privacy of rooms overlooking the site, and use cell phones or radios to adjust the rocket and mortar fire of their companions. Meanwhile, however, they seem to have held off, lobbing most of their ordnance elsewhere into the Green Zone, as if reluctant to slow the completion of such an enticing target.

The construction has proceeded within budget and on time. For the State Department, this is a matter of pride. The prime contractor is First Kuwaiti General Trading & Contracting, which for security reasons was not allowed to employ Iraqi laborers, and instead imported more than a thousand workers from such countries as Bangladesh and Nepal. The importation of Third World laborers is a standard practice in Iraq, where the huge problem of local unemployment is trumped by American fears of the local population, and where it is not unusual, for instance, to find U.S. troops being served in chow halls by Sri Lankans wearing white shirts and bow ties. First Kuwaiti has been accused of holding its workers in captivity by keeping their passports in a safe, as if otherwise they could have blithely exited the Green Zone, caught a ride to the airport, passed through the successive airport checkpoints, overcome the urgent crowds at the airline counters, purchased a ticket, bribed the police to ignore the country's myriad exit requirements (including a recent H.I.V. test), and hopped a flight for Dubai. Whatever the specific allegations, which First Kuwaiti denies, in the larger context of Iraq the accusation is absurd. It is Iraq that holds people captive. Indeed, the U.S government itself is a prisoner, and all the more tightly held because it engineered the prison where it resides. The Green Zone was built by the inmates themselves. The new embassy results from their desire to get their confinement just right.

IN A WILD AND WIRED 21ST CENTURY THE STATIC DIPLOMATIC EMBASSY IS NO LONGER OF MUCH USE

Details remain secret, but the essentials are known. The perimeter walls stand at least nine feet high and are made of reinforced concrete strong enough to deflect the blast from mortars, rockets, and car bombs that might detonate outside. Presumably the walls are watched over by fortified towers and are set back from a perimeter wire by swaths of prohibited free-fire zones. There are five defensible entrance gates, most of which remain closed. There is also a special emergency gate, meant to handle contingencies such as the collapse of the Green Zone or an American rout. Inside the compound, or very near, there is a helipad to serve the ambassador and other top officials as they shuttle around on important business. Implicit in the construction of such a helipad is the hope in the worst case of avoiding the sort of panicked public rooftop departure that marked the American defeat in Vietnam. Never let it be said that the State Department does not learn from history.

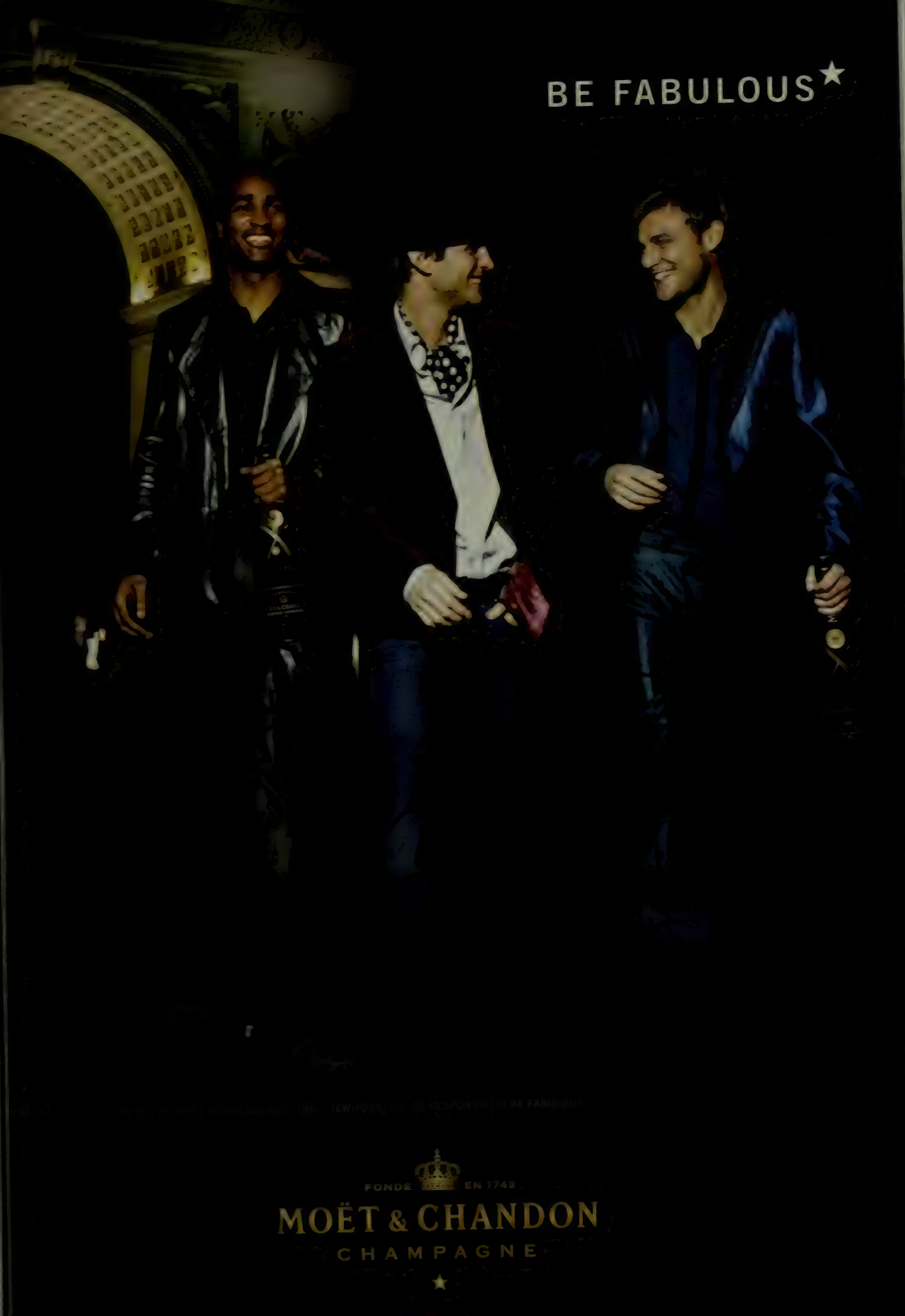
For the most part, however, the new embassy is not about leaving Iraq, but about staying on—for whatever reason, under whatever circumstances, at whatever cost. As a result the compound is largely self-sustaining, and contains its own power generators, water wells, drinking-water treatment plant, sewage plant, fire station, irrigation system, Internet uplink, secure intranet, telephone center (Virginia area code), cell-phone network (New York area code), mail service, fuel depot, food and supply warehouses, vehicle-repair garage, and workshops. At the core stands the embassy itself, a massive exercise in the New American Bunker style, with recessed slits for windows, a filtered and pressurized air-conditioning system against chemical or biological attack, and sufficient office space for hundreds of staff. Both the ambassador and deputy ambassador have been awarded fortified residences grand enough to allow for elegant diplomatic receptions even with the possibility of mortar rounds dropping in from above.

As for the rest of the embassy staff, most of the government employees are moving into 619 blast-resistant apartments, where they will enjoy a new level of privacy that, among its greatest effects, may ease some of the sexual tension that has afflicted Green Zone life. Fine—as a general rule the world would be a better place if American officials concentrated more of their energies on making

GREEN ACRES The so-called International Zone occupies roughly four square miles of central Baghdad. The new U.S. embassy compound takes up 104 acres—nearly 80 football fields.



MAP BY JOYCE PENDOLA


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love. But unfortunately even within the Baghdad embassy, with its romance-inducing isolation, a sexual solution is too much to expect. Instead, the residents fight their frustrations with simulations of home—elements of America in the heart of Baghdad that seem to have been imported from Orange County or the Virginia suburbs. The new embassy has tennis courts, a landscaped swimming pool, a pool house, and a bomb-resistant recreation center with a well-equipped gym. It has a department store with bargain prices, where residents (with appropriate credentials) can spend some of their supplemental hazardous-duty and hardship pay. It has a community center, a beauty salon, a movie theater, and an American Club, where alcohol is served. And it has a food court where third-country workers (themselves ultra-thin) dish up a wealth of choices to please every palate. The food is free. Take-out snacks, fresh fruit and vegetables, sushi rolls, and low-calorie specials. Sandwiches, salads, and hamburgers. American comfort food, and theme cuisines from around the world, though rarely if ever from the Middle East. Ice cream and apple pie. All of it is delivered by armed convoys up the deadly roads from Kuwait. Dread ripples through the embassy's population when, for instance, the yogurt supply runs low. Back home in Washington the State Department is confronting the issue of post-traumatic stress after people return.

SOON OUR EMBASSIES MAY REACH A STATE OF PERFECTION: IMPREGNABLE AND POINTLESS.



ANOTHER WORLD Diplomatic relations the old-fashioned way: the American Embassy in Paris.

America didn't use to be like this. Traditionally it was so indifferent to setting up embassies that after its first 134 years of existence, in 1910, it owned diplomatic properties in only five countries abroad—Morocco, Turkey, Siam, China, and Japan. The United States did not have an income tax at that time. Perhaps as a result, American envoys on public expense occupied rented quarters to keep the costs down. In 1913 the first national income tax was imposed, at rates between 1 and 7 percent, with room for growth in the future. Congress gradually relaxed its squeeze on the State Department's budget. Then the United States won World War II. It emerged into the 1950s as a self-convinced power, locked in a struggle against the Soviet Union.

This was the era of the great diplomatic expansion, when no country was deemed too small or unimportant to merit American attention. The United States embarked on a huge embassy-construction program. The Soviets did, too. The Soviet Embassies were heavy neoclassical things, thousand-year temples built of stone and meant to impress people with the permanence of an insecure state. The new U.S. facilities by contrast were showcases for modernist design, airy structures drawn up in steel and glass, full of light, and accessible to the streets. They were meant to represent a country that is generous, open, and progressive, and to some degree they succeeded—for instance by simultaneously offering access to libraries that were largely uncensored, dispensing visas and money, and arranging for cultural exchanges. A fundamental purpose for these structures at that time remained firmly in mind.

But no matter how sunny they seemed, the U.S. Embassies also embodied darker sides that lay within the very optimism they portrayed—America's excess of certainty, its interventionist urge, its fresh-faced, clear-eyed capacity for killing. These traits have long been apparent to the world, though by definition less to Americans themselves. It would be illuminating to know how many local interventions—overt and covert, large and small—have been directed from behind U.S. Embassy walls. The count must run to the thousands. An early response was delivered on March 30, 1965, when a Vietcong car bomb destroyed the U.S. Embassy in Saigon, killing 22 people and injuring 186. Referring recently to the attack, the former diplomat Charles Hill wrote, "The political shock was that an absolutely fundamental principle of international order—the mutually agreed upon inviolability of diplomats and their missions operating in host countries—was violated." A shock is similar to a surprise. Did it not come to mind that for years the same embassy had been violating Vietnam? Hill is now at Stanford's Hoover Institution and at Yale. Explaining more recent troubles at U.S. Embassies abroad, he wrote, "What the average American tourist needs to know is that the American government is not responsible for these difficulties. It is the rise of terrorist movements, which have set themselves monstrously against the basic foundations of international order, law and established diplomatic practice."

Hill is 71. He was a mission coordinator at the embassy in Saigon, and rose to become the State Department's chief of staff. After decades of service, he seems to equate international order with the schematics of diplomatic design. His "average American tourist" is young, female, and perhaps less grateful than he believes. U.S. Embassies are not pristine diplomatic oases, but full-blown governmental hives, heavy with C.I.A. operatives, and representative of a country that however much it is admired is also despised. The point is not that the C.I.A. should be excluded from hallowed ground, or that U.S. interventions are necessarily counterproductive, but that diplomatic immunity is a flimsy conceit naturally just ignored, especially by guerrillas who expect no special status for themselves and are willing to die in a fight. So it was in Saigon, where a new, fortified embassy was built, and during the suicidal Tet offensive of 1968 nearly overrun.

The violations of diplomatic immunity spread as elsewhere in the world U.S. Embassies and their staffs began to come under attack. High-ranking envoys were assassinated by terrorists in Guatemala City in 1968, Khartoum in 1973, Nicosia in 1974, Beirut in 1976, and Kabul in 1979. Also in 1979 came the hostage-taking at the embassy in Tehran, when the host government itself participated in the violation—though in angry reference to America's earlier installation of an unpopular Shah. In April 1983 it was Beirut again: a van loaded with explosives detonated under the embassy portico,

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collapsing the front half of the building and killing 63 people. Seventeen of the dead were Americans, of whom eight worked for the C.I.A. The embassy was moved to a more secure location, where nonetheless another truck bomb was exploded, in September 1984, with the loss of 22 lives. These were not isolated events. During the 10 years following the loss of Saigon, in 1975, there had been by some estimates nearly 240 attacks or attempted attacks against U.S. diplomats and their facilities worldwide. On October 23, 1983, also in Beirut, terrorists carried out the huge truck-bombing of a U.S. Marine Corps barracks, killing 242 American servicemen in an explosion said to be the largest non-nuclear bomb blast in history. One could argue the merits of American foreign policy in the long run, but in the immediate it seemed that something had to be done.

The State Department set up a panel to study the question of security. It was chaired by a retired admiral named Bobby Inman, who had headed the National Security Agency and been second-in-command at the C.I.A. Ask a security question and you'll get a security answer: in June 1985 the panel issued a report that called predictably for the wholesale and radical fortification of roughly half of the 262 U.S. diplomatic facilities overseas. Modest security improvements were already being made, with the shatterproofing of windows and the sealing of doors, as well as the installation of steel fences, potted-plant vehicle barricades, surveillance cameras, and checkpoints in embassy lobbies. Inman's report went much further, recommending the relocation of embassies and consulates into high-walled compounds, to be built like bunker complexes in remote areas on the outskirts of towns. Equally significant, the report called for the creation of a new bureaucracy, a Diplomatic Security Service to be given responsibility for the safety of overseas personnel.



FORTRESS AMERICA The U.S. Embassy in Saigon, whose walls were breached during the 1968 Tet offensive.

The program was approved and funded by Congress, but it got off to a slow start and had trouble gathering speed. No one joins the foreign service wanting to hunker down in bunkers overseas. The first Inman compound was completed in Mogadishu in 1989, only to be evacuated by helicopter in 1991 as angry gunmen came over the walls and slaughtered the abandoned Somali staff and their families. A half-dozen other compounds were built to better effect—at enormous cost to American taxpayers—but by the late 1990s construction was proceeding at the rate of merely one compound a year. Eager to open new facilities in the former Soviet states, the State Department began putting as much effort into avoiding the Inman standards as into complying with them.

On August 7, 1998, however, al-Qaeda drivers bombed the U.S. Embassies in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam, killing 301 people and wounding about 5,000 more. Both embassies were enlightened center-city designs, and neither had been significantly fortified. Twelve Americans lay dead, as did 39 of the U.S. government's African employees. In frustration, the Clinton administration fired cruise missiles at Sudan and Afghanistan, and back home in Washington engaged another retired admiral, William Crowe, to look into embassy defenses. In 1999, Crowe issued a scathing report, criticizing "the collective failure of the U.S. government" (read Foggy Bottom), and insisting again on the standards that had been set by Inman 14 years earlier. He demanded that safety now be placed before other concerns—whether architectural or diplomatic. The logic was clear, but the message was about means over mission. A chastised State Department vowed to take security seriously this time. When Colin Powell seized the reins in 2001, he gutted and renamed the agency's facilities office (now called Overseas Buildings Operations, or O.B.O.), and in early 2001 brought in a retired Army Corps of Engineers major general named Charles Williams to accelerate and discipline an ambitious $14 billion construction program. The main goal was to build 140 fortified compounds within 10 years. Soon afterward came the attacks of September 11, adding further urgency to the plans.

Williams is a steely but gracious man, with an affinity for elegant suits. Though he retired from the military in 1989, he still likes to be called The General. Sometimes, The Director. He has lots of medals and awards. Beneath his good manners he is obviously very proud. Among his many achievements, he won the Distinguished Flying Cross piloting combat helicopters in Vietnam, and in the early 1990s survived an even more dangerous stint running New York City's public-school construction program. He is an African-American and the chairman of the Mt. Zion United Methodist Church. He has been inducted into the Alabama Engineering Hall of Fame. He is also considered to be one of the most effective executives in the State Department today, praised in Congress for the production-line efficiency he has brought to embassy construction.

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT IS ITSELF A PRISONER—IN A PRISON OF ITS OWN ENGINEERING.

The key lies in offering a single standardized model, the New Embassy Compound, or NEC, which is centered around a building with an atrium, and is available in three sizes—small, medium, and large. There are variations in the configurations, depending on the sites and needs, but most of the variations are superficial and amount to differences in the footprints, landscaping, and color schemes. Architectural critics deplore the uniformity, as if the State Department should still be showcasing brave new work—though such ideas, if ever legitimate, are now hopelessly obsolete. NECs cost between $35 million and $100 million apiece. By current government standards that means they are cheap. Williams has finished 50 so far, and is churning out 14 more each year.

These embassies are the artifacts of fear. They are located away from city centers, wrapped in perimeter walls, set back from the streets, and guarded by Marines. On average they encompass 10 acres. Their reception areas are isolated frontline structures where the security checks are done. These armored chambers are designed not just to repel mobs, as in the past, but to contain indi-

vidual killers and the blast from their bombs. Visitors who pass muster may be let through, but only to proceed directly to their destinations under escort, and while displaying a badge warning that the escort is required. That badge is the chain with which visitors are leashed. It can be broken by trips to the bathrooms, which however temporarily may provide some relief. The bathrooms are strangely graffiti-free, and contain no hint of the in-house commentary a visitor might wish to see. Metaphorically, the same is true of all the interiors, with their immaculate atriums and conference rooms, their artificial light, their pristine blastproof hallways hung with pre-approved art. The occupants sit at their desks hooked up to computers. They display pictures of their families on foreign holidays: skiing in the Alps last year, or swimming in Bali, or standing outside an African lodge. These are the perks of an overseas job. Meanwhile, the embassy clocks show the passage of time, spinning twice around with every duty day gone by. Is it

THE EMBASSY IN BAGHDAD IS THE WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE, AND THE SIZE OF VATICAN CITY.

night yet? The windows are heavy-paned slivers set high in the walls. Is it hot outside, is it cold? The natural air is filtered and conditioned before it is allowed in. People who opt for the uncertainties of the streets may get a better sense for various realities—but so what? Crowe criticized the State Department for not doing enough. The new embassies comply fully with Inman's standards.



CARNAGE IN BEIRUT In April 1983 a bomb that was detonated inside a van killed scores at the American Embassy in Lebanon.

Williams is unnecessarily defensive about this. He is offended by criticism of his NECs as diplomatic bunkers, and as quite the wrong signal to send overseas. In response he points out, correctly, that these are not the brutish fortifications they might have been, and that efforts have gone into reducing the obviousness of their defenses. But then he goes as far as to call the compounds inviting—which by definition they cannot be. It would be better to answer squarely to the criticism, were he in a position to be frank. These embassies are indeed bunkers. They are politely landscaped, minimally intrusive bunkers, placed as far from view as is practical, and dependent as much on discreet technology as on sheer mass—but they are bunkers nonetheless. Those that do not contain official housing (and most do not) increasingly are linked to residential enclaves which themselves are fortified and guarded. And no, this is not how the State Department would choose to conduct itself in an ideal world.

But, again, let's be frank. The NECs may be artifacts of fear, but it is an exaggeration to suggest that they teach the world that America is hostile or afraid—as if the locals were so simpleminded that they did not understand the reason for the diplomats' defenses, or were not already forming independent opinions from close observations of the United States. Those observations are rooted in trade and financial ties, immigration, tourism, television and music, the Internet, and news reports of the superpower's policies and wars—the whole organic mass of globalization that, by the way, has rendered obsolete the role of embassies in providing information of almost any kind. Indeed, the depth and sophistication of foreign views help to explain the fact that ordinary Americans are generally well accepted even where the U.S. government is despised. In any case, Williams's mandate is not to ponder the fundamentals of a changing world order. His task is practical and narrowly defined. For whatever reasons, the United States has come to the stage where it maintains 12,000 foreign-service officers at diplomatic posts abroad. There is no question that these people are targets, and no evidence that reforms in foreign policy will make them safe enough in the near future. As long as the United States insists on their presence, the State Department has no choice but to protect them. The new fortifications are not a perfect solution, particularly since there will always be the next softer target—whether American or allied. In 2003, for instance, after the U.S. Consulate in Istanbul relocated to a bunker 45 minutes from its old center-city location, Islamist terrorists bombed its former neighbors, the British Consulate and the London-based HSBC bank, apparently because they decided that the American defenses were too tough. Thirty-two people died, including Britain's consul general, Roger Short. Nonetheless and however sadly, since no American officials were among the dead, within the closed realms of the U.S. government the shift to the new consulate had succeeded. So yes, Williams is right to be proud of his work. When he is done, the State Department should add to his collection of medals.

But his clients in the embassies are in trouble. Their need for protection has limited their views at the very time when globalization has diminished their roles. Security is their requirement and their curse. I first noticed the predicament years ago, in Khartoum, the capital of Sudan. This was in 1994, nearly a decade after the Inman report, and four years before al-Qaeda's attacks on Nairobi and Dar es Salaam. Sudan at the time was controlled by a revolutionary Islamist regime, upon whose invitation Osama bin Laden had arrived. Perhaps 50 al-Qaeda foot soldiers were staying in my hotel, a run-down establishment where they lived several to a room, squatting late into the night in murmured conversation, without bothering to close the door. We made a wary peace, and over burners on their floors sometimes shared tea. I did not hide my curiosity. These were bearded men dressed in emulation of Muhammad, hardened jihadists who had fought in Bosnia and Afghanistan. Some spoke about their beliefs and their pasts; I did not ask about their plans.

I was in Khartoum for about a month, talking to Islamist revolutionaries and theoreticians, and between appointments walking for hours through the streets. There were hardly any non-Sudanese in sight, though occasionally I saw foreign-aid workers drive by in air-conditioned Land Cruisers, with antennas swaying on the

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roofs. The city was poor. The days were hot. Twice I was detained for being a spy and easily talked my way free. I never felt threatened. One day I walked to the American Embassy, hoping for special insights into the revolutionary scene.

It was one of the old embassies with improvised defenses, standing directly on a street near the city center, and vulnerable to attack. It was visibly sleepy. Inside, a good-humored Marine told me he had pulled the short straw. I met with a foreign-service officer tasked with monitoring political affairs. He was a pleasant man with detailed knowledge of Sudan's formal government but, as it turned out, very little feel for the revolution there. He did not pretend otherwise, and was surprised that I was able to stay in the city without a driver or guards. He had questions that needed to be answered—who really were these Islamists, what was their relationship with the military, how antagonistic were they to American interests, how solid was their popular base, and why had all the jihadists come to town? He was not getting good answers from Sudanese officials, or from the various schemers who showed up at the embassy seeking deals. I could not help him, either. I suggested that he walk around, make friends, hang out in the city at night. He smiled at my naïveté. Khartoum was a hardship post, where the diplomats lived restricted to the embassy and residences, and moved through the city in convoys of armored cars.



CLOSED FOR BUSINESS The embassy complex in Baghdad, a little piece of America behind blast-resistant walls.

THE NEW EMBASSY IS NOT ABOUT LEAVING IRAQ, BUT ABOUT STAYING ON—AT WHATEVER COST.

The original purpose of being there had not been forgotten, but a security plan was in place, and it overwhelmed other concerns.

So too, now, with the construction of the NECs and the launching of the flagship, the mega-bunker of Baghdad. A dynamic is in play, a process paradox, in which the means rise to dominance as the ends recede from view. The United States has worldwide interests, and needs the tools to pursue them, but in a wild and wired 21st century the static diplomatic embassy, a product of the distant past, is no longer of much use. To the government this does not seem to matter. Inman's new bureaucracy, the Diplomatic Security section, has blossomed into an enormous enterprise, employing more than 34,000 people worldwide and engaging thousands of private contractors—all of whom also require security. Its senior representatives sit at hundreds of diplomatic facilities, identifying real security risks and imposing new restrictions which few ambassadors would dare to overrule. Safety comes first, and it is increasingly difficult to achieve. In Baghdad the mortar fire is growing more accurate and intense. After 30 mortar shells hit the Green Zone one afternoon last July, an American diplomat reported that his colleagues were growing angry about being "recklessly exposed to danger"—as if the war should have come with warning labels.

At least the swimming pool has been placed off limits. Embassy staff are required to wear flak jackets and helmets when walking between buildings, or when occupying those that have not been fortified. On the rare occasion when they want to venture a short distance across the Green Zone to talk to Iraqi officials, they generally have to travel in armored S.U.V.'s, often protected by private security details. The ambassador, Ryan Crocker, is distributing a range of new protective gear, and is scattering the landscape with 151 concrete "duck and cover" shelters. Not to be outdone, a Senate report has recommended the installation of a teleconferencing system to "improve interaction" with Iraqis who may be in buildings only a few hundred yards away. So, O.K., the new embassy is not perfect yet, but by State Department standards it's getting there.

What on earth is going on? We have built a fortified America in the middle of a hostile city, peopled it with a thousand officials from every agency of government, and provided them with a budget to hire thousands of contractors to take up the slack. Half of this collective is involved in self-defense. The other half is so isolated from Iraq that, when it is not dispensing funds into the Iraqi ether, it is engaged in nothing more productive than sustaining itself. The isolation is necessary for safety, but again, the process paradox is at play—and not just in Iraq. Faced with the failure of an obsolete idea—the necessity of traditional embassies and all the elaboration they entail—we have not stood back to remember their purpose, but have plunged ahead with closely focused concentration to build them bigger and stronger. One day soon they may reach a state of perfection: impregnable and pointless.

Some months ago I got a call from friend of mine, a U.S. Army general, with long experience in Iraq. He asked me my impression of the situation on the ground, and specifically of the chances that the surge of troops into Baghdad might succeed. I was pessimistic. I said, "Ten times zero is still zero. The patrols don't connect with the streets." I might as well have been speaking of embassies too. He seemed to agree, but rather than surrendering to despair, he proposed a first step in the form of a riddle.

"What do you do when you're digging yourself into a hole?"

I said, "You tell me."

He said, "You stop digging." □

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The People vs. the Profiteers

Americans working in Iraq for Halliburton spin-off KBR have been outraged by the massive fraud they saw there. Dozens are suing the giant military contractor, on the taxpayers' behalf. Whose side is the Justice Department on?

By David Rose

On first meeting him, one might not suspect Alan Grayson of being a crusader against government-contractor fraud. Six feet four in his socks, he likes to dress flamboyantly, on the theory that items such as pink cowboy boots help retain a jury's attention. He and his Filipino wife, Lolita, chose their palm-fringed mansion in Orlando, Florida, partly because the climate alleviates his chronic asthma, and partly because they wanted their five children to have unlimited access to the area's many theme parks.

Grayson likes theme parks, too. Toward the end of two long days of interviews, he insists we break to visit Universal Studios, because it wouldn't be right for me to leave his adopted city without having sampled the rides. Later he sends me an e-mail earnestly inquiring which one I liked best.





SO HELP THEM, GOD Anti-fraud crusader Alan Grayson. *Inset*, the army's Tina Ballard (far left) is sworn in with five contracting executives at a hearing on Capitol Hill, February 7, 2007.

He can be forgiven a little frivolity. In his functional home-office in Orlando, and at the Beltway headquarters of his law firm, Grayson & Kubli, Grayson spends most of his days and many of his evenings on a [illegible] campaign to redress colossal [illegible] American taxpayers by private contractors operating in Iraq. He calls it "the crime of the century."

His obvious adversaries are the contracting corporations themselves—especially Halliburton, the giant oil-services conglomerate where Vice President Dick Cheney spent the latter half of the 1990s as C.E.O., and its former subsidiary Kellogg, Brown & Root, now known simply as KBR. But he says his efforts to take on those organizations have earned him another enemy: the United States Department of Justice.

Over the past 16 years, Grayson has litigated dozens of cases of contractor fraud. In many of these, he has found the Justice Department to be an ally in exposing wrongdoing. But in cases that involve the Iraq war, the D.O.J. has taken extraordinary steps to

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stand in his way. Behind its machinations, he believes, is a scandal of epic proportions—one that may come to haunt the legacy of the Bush administration long after it is gone.

Consider the case of Grayson's client Bud Conyers, a big, bearded 43-year-old who lives with his ex-wife and her nine children, four of them his, in Enid, Oklahoma. Conyers worked in Iraq as a driver for Kellogg, Brown & Root. Spun off by Halliburton as an independent concern in April, KBR is the world's fifth-largest construction company. Before the war started, the Pentagon awarded it two huge contracts: one, now terminated, to restore the Iraqi oil industry, and another, still in effect, to provide a wide array of logistical-support services to the U.S. military.

In the midday heat of June 16, 2003, Conyers was summoned to fix a broken refrigerated truck—a "reefer," in contractor parlance—at Log Base Seitz, on the edge of Baghdad's airport. He and his colleagues had barely begun to inspect the sealed trailer when they found themselves reeling from a nauseating stench. The freezer was powered by the engine, and only after they got it running again, several hours later, did they dare open the doors.

The trailer, unit number R-89, had been lying idle for two weeks, Conyers says, in temperatures that daily reached 120 degrees. "Inside, there were 15 human bodies," he recalls. "A lot of liquid stuff had just seeped out. There were body parts on the floor: eyes, fingers. The goo started seeping toward us. Boom! We shut the doors again." The corpses were Iraqis, who had been placed in the truck by a U.S. Army mortuary unit that was operating in the area. That evening, Conyers's colleague Wallace R. Wynia filed an official report: "On account of the heat the bodies were decomposing rapidly.... The inside of the trailer was awful."

It is not unheard of for trucks in a war zone to perform hearse duty. But both civilian and U.S.-military regulations state that once a trailer has been used to store corpses it can never again be loaded with food or drink intended for human consumption. According to the U.S. Army's Center for Health Promotion and Preventive Medicine, "Contact with whole or part human remains carries potential risks associated with pathogenic microbiological organisms that may be present in human blood and tissue." The diseases that may be communicated include AIDS, hepatitis, tuberculosis, septicemia, meningitis, and Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, the human variant of mad cow.



BODY BAGS Former KBR driver Bud Conyers's photo of a truck carrying beverage ice less than a month after it hauled rotting corpses.

THE ICE WAS "bio-contaminated," Allen wrote. But to his horror, on that day alone, "approx 1,800 pounds [were] used."

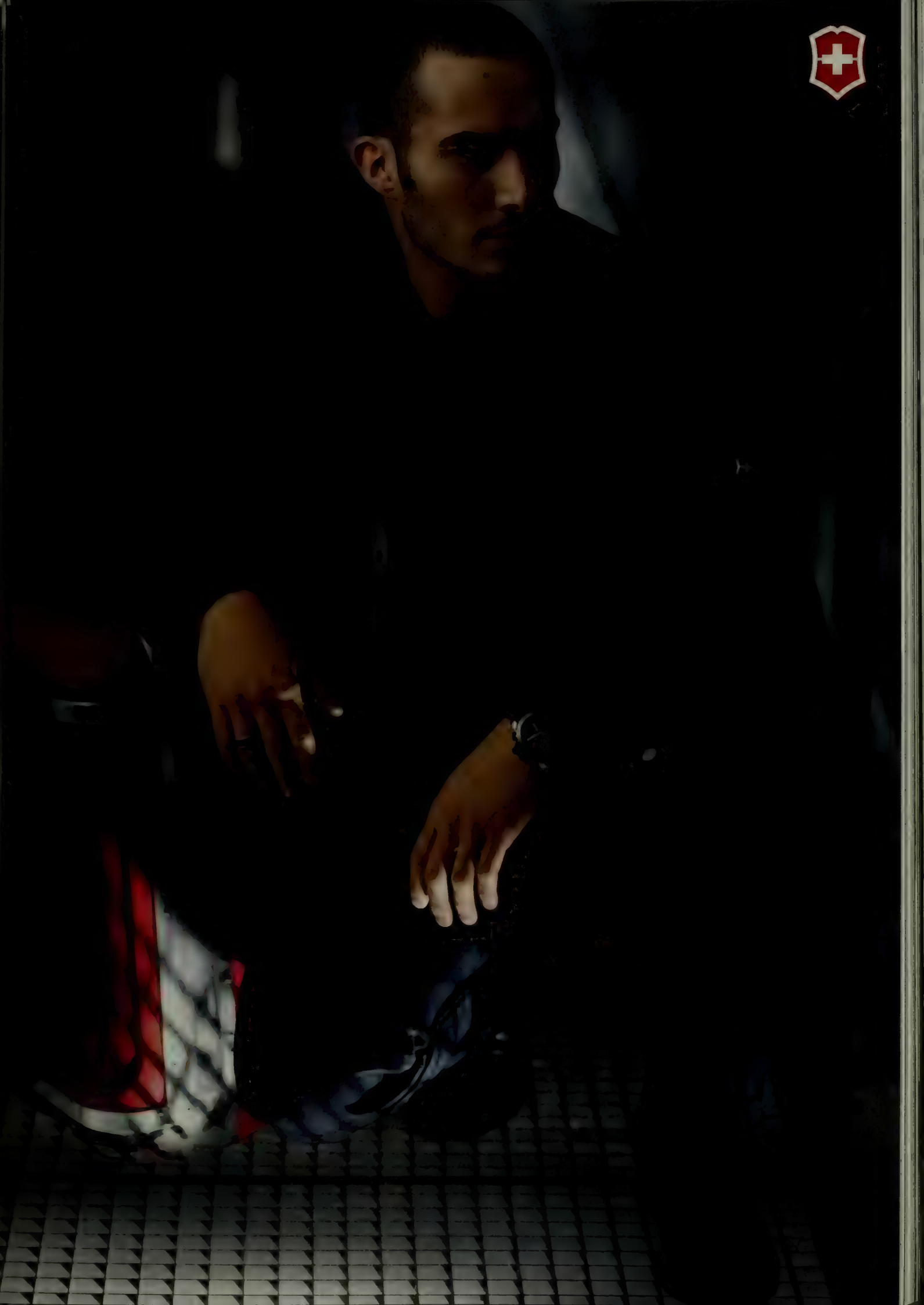
But when Bud Conyers next caught sight of trailer R-89, about a month later, it was packed not with human casualties but with bags of ice—ice that was going into drinks served to American troops. He took photographs, showing the ice bags, the trailer number, and the wooden decking, which appeared to be stained red. Another former KBR employee, James Logsdon, who now works as a police officer near Enid, says he first saw R-89 about a week after Conyers's grisly discovery. "You could still see a little bit of matter from the bodies, stuff that looked kind of pearly, and blood from the stomachs. It hadn't even been hosed down. Afterwards, I saw that truck in the P.W.C.—the public warehouse center—several times. There's nothing there except food and ice. It was backed up to a dock, being loaded."

As late as August 31, 11 weeks after trailer R-89 was emptied of the putrefying bodies, a KBR convoy commander named Jeff Allen filed a mission log stating that it had carried 5,000 pounds of ice that day. This ice, Allen wrote, was "bio-contaminated." But to his horror, on that day alone, "approx 1,800 pounds [were] used."

Conyers and Logsdon say that R-89 was not the only truck that was loaded with ice after being used as a mortuary. They attribute this state of affairs to a chronic shortage of trucks brought about by systemic failures in KBR's operation. The firm had purchased some 200 reefers in Iraq, but only a quarter of them worked. "We had crap-assed trucks they'd bought from local dealers," Logsdon says. "Often you'd be driving one they'd pieced together from several just to get it on the road." He and other former KBR workers say that even new vehicles, some of which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, often broke down because of an absence of affordable spare parts. Instead of paying to repair them, the company often burned disabled trucks in pits or by the side of the road. Conyers tried repeatedly to draw his superiors' attention to these and other alleged abuses, but to no avail. (In an e-mailed statement, KBR denied that it "did or does" order defective vehicles, adding that it disposes of equipment only with "the approval of designated Army personnel.")

Like many of KBR's employees, Conyers was risking his life on the job, which paid about $7,000 a month. He had already lost half a leg in an accident—coincidentally, while working for Halliburton—in 1990. Twice, in August and October 2003, his convoy was hit by roadside bombs, and although he was not seriously injured, his prosthetic leg was damaged. A third attack caused swelling and infection, making it impossible to wear the prosthesis. Then, three days after Christmas of 2003, about three months after he'd reported the contaminated ice, he was fired. His superiors accused him of refusing to work, an allegation he denies. Conyers says he had already been warned by KBR management that he was "not a team player," and he believes that the real reason for his dismissal was


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his refusal to keep quiet. Along with his job went his health insurance. Now confined to a wheelchair, he is still unable to work.

Others in the world of Iraq contracting have fared much better. Halliburton's stock price rose fourfold between the time of the invasion and early 2006, from $10 to $40. And in 2006 alone, according to *Forbes*, Halliburton C.E.O. David Lesar collected nearly $30 million in compensation.

In the fall of 2006, Conyers told me he was planning to file a lawsuit against KBR under the False Claims Act, a law crafted by Abraham Lincoln to punish war profiteers. Under the act's "qui tam," or whistle-blowing, provisions, anyone who comes across a suspected fraud can file a suit on taxpayers' behalf. ("Qui tam" is an abbreviation of a Latin phrase that means "He who sues for the king as well as for himself.") If the government—in the shape of the Department of Justice—decides that the case has merit, it "intervenes," adopting the suit as its own and bearing its costs. The original whistle-blower will get a proportion (usually about 18 percent) of the damages, which can be considerable: when qui tam cases succeed, contractors have to pay back three times as much as they stole.

A suit ordinarily remains sealed for 60 days while the D.O.J. makes up its mind about whether or not to proceed. During this period, anyone who divulged the suit's contents—plaintiff, lawyer, or journalist—would risk prosecution, fines, and imprisonment. According to court precedents, a violation of the seal might also cause the case in question to collapse. But when the seal expires, the lawsuit's contents are made public—whether the D.O.J. intervenes or not.

We must assume that Conyers did file his suit, because he now says he's unable to talk at all about his experiences with KBR in Iraq. This is presumably because the case remains under seal, though neither he nor Grayson can confirm even that. The seal is, in effect, a sweeping gag order, preventing them or anyone else from discussing the case in any way. *Vanity Fair* is able to publish Conyers's story only because he told it before any gag was imposed, to a writer for *Hustler* magazine, and to me. If he spoke about his allegations now, he could go to jail.

So far, Alan Grayson estimates, his efforts to pursue qui tam cases against contractors in Iraq have cost him about $10 million. The severe terms of the False Claims Act mean that he cannot even reveal how many fraud whistle-blowers he represents, but there are dozens. Stuart Bowen is the special inspector general for Iraqi reconstruction (SIGIR), a unique watchdog whose office reports to both the Pentagon and State Department. He reported last year that his office knew of 79 suppressed qui tam cases, some of which have multiple plaintiffs. As of August, 66 are still under seal. There may be many more. (KBR refuses to say how many qui tam cases have been filed against it.)

If some of Grayson's clients win their cases, he could see a return on his investment, in the shape of reimbursed costs and a percentage of any damages. There is also the possibility that he won't see a dime. Fortunately for him, he doesn't need the money. In 1990 he launched a telecommunications company and installed its switching system in a bathroom above a New York funeral home. It grew to become IDT, the world's largest calling-card corporation, nearly half of which was sold in 1998 to AT&T for $1 billion. More recently, Grayson has realized impressive returns in far-flung locations: he is, for example, the third-largest shareholder in Kentucky Fried Chicken Indonesia. "I made all this money in my spare time," he says with a shrug. "I don't quite know how it happens. I'm like Dustin Hoffman in *Rain Man*."

He certainly didn't start with much. Born in 1958, he grew up in the Bronx in a 21st-floor apartment next to an elevated train. His father was the principal of an elementary school where a third-grader once threatened him with a knife. Grayson's mother spent much of her time attending to her son's asthma. "I had a lot of trouble breathing, and needed special injections four times a week," he remembers. "Each time, she had to take me to the hospital. She also made huge efforts to ensure I got a good education."

Those efforts paid off. Admitted as a student at the highly selective Bronx High School of Science, Grayson went on to Harvard and then Harvard Law School. (While still a law student, he somehow managed to obtain a master's degree in public policy and to pass the exam for a Ph.D. in government.) But his struggles weren't over yet. A brief first marriage left him so broke that he once found himself locked out of the motel room where he'd been living.

In 1984, he got a job as a clerk for the D.C. federal appeals court, where he worked for future Supreme Court justices Antonin Scalia and Ruth Bader Ginsburg. The following year, he joined Ginsburg's husband, Marty, at his renowned Washington law firm, Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver & Jacobson. "There," Grayson says, "I learned the smallest details of the law that applies to government contracting." The Federal Acquisition Regulation, 600 small-type pages of rules governing every aspect of commercial relationships between the U.S. government and private business, became his bible.

A cynic might argue that Grayson is hoping for political dividends from his Iraq-fraud campaign. He mounted a run for Congress last year in his local Florida district and, after joining the race very late, came within 2,000 votes of winning the Democratic primary. But he maintains that his emergence as a whistle-blowers' white knight was anything but calculated.

He had, he says, handled a "trickle" of qui tam cases for years, representing both whistle-blowers and contractors. Many of those cases were swiftly adopted by the D.O.J. But when the Bush administration came to power and the "war on terror" began, he quickly came to realize that the scale of fraud spawned in its wake was of a different order of magnitude. More and more would-be plaintiffs began to contact his firm after hearing about it on the informal whistle-blowers' grapevine or through nonprofit organizations such as Taxpayers Against Fraud and the Project on Government Oversight, both based in D.C. "I certainly could be doing a lot of different things in my life," says Grayson. "It's possible that when all is said and done on these cases I will have lost a substantial amount of money. I'm O.K. with that. Some things you do because they're really worthwhile and important."

It is perfectly normal, Grayson says, for the D.O.J. to seek to extend the seal on a qui tam suit for 6 or 12 months while it carries out investigations. But with many of the Iraq cases it has gone back to court time and again, successfully asking judges for extension after extension. As a result, even many suits first filed in 2003 and 2004 remain entirely secret.

"What you have here is a uniform practice that goes across an entire class of cases, something I've never seen before," says Grayson. "They're being treated in a fundamentally different way from normal cases that don't involve fraud in Iraq. They're being bottled up indefinitely."

In fiscal year 2006, according to Taxpay-

WOULD IT BE SO OUTLANDISH to suggest that this Justice Department might be suppressing war-related fraud claims for political purposes?

ers Against Fraud, the D.O.J. won damages in 95 separate qui tam cases in fields ranging from Medicare to homeland security, recovering a total of almost $3.2 billion. Yet not a cent of this sum arose from suits against contracting firms in Iraq. In four years, the total False Claims Act damages from Iraq amount to just $14 million, the result of four cases that were settled out of court, according to the D.O.J.

Nine other cases have been unsealed, but the D.O.J. decided not to intervene in any of them. Five promptly collapsed, because neither the whistle-blowers nor their lawyers were prepared to bear what might have been huge costs. That leaves four suits that are being fought in public, all by Alan Grayson.

Given that the same lawyers who are suppressing the Iraq cases continue to be cooperative on other matters, Grayson suspects that they are following orders from on high. Would it be so outlandish, he wonders, to suggest that the same Justice Department that has been accused of firing U.S. attorneys for political reasons might be suppressing war-related fraud claims for political purposes?

One such purpose might be to shield from view the monumental scale of U.S. military contracting in Iraq and elsewhere, and the size of the flaws associated with it. The Department of Defense is easily the biggest federal agency, with a budget that has ballooned more than 90 percent since 2000, to about $460 billion this year. Much of that increase has been spent on private contracting, which rose from $106 billion in 2000 to $297 billion in 2006.

KBR's Iraq logistics contract was awarded in December 2001, almost a year and a half before the war started. By August 2007 the company had received about $25 billion from the D.O.D., and the funds continue to roll in at a rate of more than $400 million a month. KBR builds America's bases and trucks in soldiers' food, cooks their meals, washes their laundry, and provides their gyms and Internet connections. When the Pentagon decided to outsource the repair of military communications equipment, this too was assigned to KBR. Soon, as Grayson points out, there will be no one left in the U.S. Army who knows how to fix a radio. This profound shift of duties from the military to private companies was supposed to save the government money, and it is an uncomfortable political fact that it has instead triggered a free-for-all of fraud and waste.

At the same time, the Bush administration has special sensitivities to claims concerning KBR and its former parent company, Halliburton. Dick Cheney's deep connection with the firm is well established. It is less widely known that former attorney general Alberto Gonzales, the Cabinet member who headed the Justice Department until August, when he was forced to resign, also has long-standing links with both Halliburton and its legal counsel, the venerable Texas firm of Vinson & Elkins.

Grayson says that all the qui tam suits he has filed against Halliburton and KBR have been defended by attorneys from V&E. In 1982 it was V&E that gave Gonzales his first job as a lawyer. Nine years later he became one of the firm's first minority partners—a promotion that his biographer Bill Minutaglio would single out as "the defining moment of his life." In 2000, Gonzales amassed a record $843,680 war chest to finance a race for the Texas Supreme Court, even though he had no Democratic opponent. V&E, which had already represented Halliburton for many years, was the source of his biggest donation—almost $30,000. Halliburton executives also stepped up, with a gift of $3,000.

The Justice Department declined to answer detailed questions about the qui tam cases, saying, "We cannot comment on the number of cases that are under investigation or under seal." In an e-mail, a spokesman wrote, "We do not agree with any statement that might suggest that the Department is not giving these cases due consideration for political or other improper reasons, and there is no support for such a conclusion." The cases, he added, "arise from allegations of fraud in a war zone, where acquiring evidence is necessarily more time consuming and complex."

Whatever the government's reason for keeping the qui tam cases under seal, its secrecy has so far obscured the true picture of alleged fraud in Iraq. For now, only slivers of the whole are visible—thanks to the handful of cases that have been opened to scrutiny.

"In my mind, one of the basic reasons, maybe even *the* basic reason, why the war has gone badly is war profiteering," says Grayson. "You could say that the only people who have benefited from the invasion of Iraq are al-Qaeda, Iran, and Halliburton. America has spent so much money that we literally could have hired every single adult Iraqi and it would have cost less than what it has cost to conduct this war through U.S. military forces and contractors."

In Grayson's view, a nightmare combination of jacked-up bids, waste, kickbacks, and inflated subcontracts means that as much as

MUCH OF THE REAL WORK IN Iraq is done by "third-country nationals." "Their treatment made me ashamed to be an American," Linda Warren says.







THE WHISTLE-BLOWERS *From left:* Linda Warren, who accused KBR of overbilling at recreation facilities; ex–KBR trucker James Logsdon; Conyers



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half the value of every contract he has seen "ends up being fraudulent in one way or another." He adds, "Cumulatively, the amount that's been spent on contractors in the four-plus years of the war is now over $100 billion. Pick any number between 10 percent and 50 percent—I don't think you can seriously argue that the scale of the fraud is less than 10 percent. Either way, you're talking cumulatively about something between $10 and $50 billion."

Indeed, in February, the House Committee on Oversight and Government Reform got the news from Pentagon auditors that contractors in Iraq had claimed at least $10 billion—three times more than previous official estimates—in expenditures that were either unreasonably high or unsupported by proper documentation. Of this amount, $2.7 billion had been billed to the government by KBR.

KBR's current military-support contract is known as the Logistics Civil Augmentation Program, or LOGCAP. This is the contract's third incarnation, and, like its predecessors, LOGCAP 3 is a "cost-plus" contract: whatever KBR spends, the government agrees to reimburse, with the addition of a fee of about 3 percent. The more the company spends, the more it makes, so it pays to be profligate. All the former employees I spoke to told of KBR's over-ordering equipment such as computers, generators, and vehicles on an epic scale. Millions of dollars' worth of equipment was left to rot in yards in the desert.

LOGCAP is also an "indefinite-delivery, indefinite-quantity" contract, which means that the Pentagon can go on commissioning whatever it wants from KBR whenever it wants. Instead of being subject to competitive bids, fresh items can be added to the contract at will: all officials have to do is issue a "task order." These can be worth hundreds of millions of dollars—even billions, in the case of Task Order 59, which put KBR in charge of supporting the 130,000 U.S. troops in Iraq.

The first LOGCAP contract dates back to 1992, when Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney paid Brown and Root, as KBR was then known, to devise a contract for providing overseas support services to the military. Under federal law, a firm that designs a contract is prohibited from bidding for it, but this regulation was ignored, and B&R bid for and won LOGCAP 1. (More than a decade later, the rules were breached again when Halliburton designed and then won the $2 billion contract to restore Iraq's oil industry.) Three years after LOGCAP 1 was awarded, Cheney, who had no business experience, became C.E.O. of B&R's parent company, Halliburton, where he would collect some $44 million in earnings.

LOGCAP 1 expired in 1997, and Halliburton lost its bid for LOGCAP 2 to DynCorp. By this time, however, B&R was so deeply embedded in Bosnia and Kosovo, where U.S. forces were then concentrated, that the region was exempted from LOGCAP 2 altogether. DynCorp was left fuming on the sidelines while Halliburton remained in the Balkans, reaping a harvest that eventually reached $2.2 billion.

In the April 2005 issue of this magazine, Michael Shnayerson wrote about Bunnatine Greenhouse, a former civilian procurement chief at the Army Corps of Engineers. Greenhouse had been demoted after protesting the decision to give Halliburton the Iraqi-oil-industry contract. In the summer of 2001, she had led a team of Pentagon inspectors sent to Bosnia and Kosovo. The team, she says, found that KBR and its bills were "out of control." The General Accounting Office, now named the Government Accountability Office (G.A.O.), reached similar conclusions, reporting that KBR's Balkans operation was overequipped and overstaffed to the point where "half of these crews had at least 40 percent of their members not engaged in work."

Verdicts such as these should have been devastating, especially since they were deliv-



ered in the fall of 2001, when the Pentagon was about to decide which of several rival corporations should be awarded the new LOGCAP 3. The contract promised to be extremely lucrative: after 9/11, war was looming, and big foreign deployments seemed inevitable. Somehow, KBR's record of wasting government money was overlooked.

One reason may have been KBR's shrewd strategy of employing former government regulators. Tom Quigley, Bunny Greenhouse's predecessor as civilian procurement chief of the Army Corps of Engineers, went on to become KBR's LOGCAP procurement director in Iraq. Still more senior was Chuck Dominy, who had been a three-star general with the Army Corps when Cheney hired him, at Halliburton, in 1996. When it came time to award LOGCAP 3, Dominy was Halliburton's vice president for government affairs and chief Washington lobbyist. (KBR denies courting government favor through its hiring practices.)

Although Cheney was by then vice president, he still owned substantial stock options and was receiving deferred salary payments from Halliburton, which have totaled more than $946,000 during his first five years in office. To date, no hard evidence has surfaced to suggest that he or his staff was directly involved in awarding LOGCAP 3. However, as *Time* first reported, an Army Corps internal e-mail states that the firm's Iraqi oil contract was "coordinated with the VP's [vice president's] office."

The upshot was that KBR's past sins were forgiven in 2001. "What is clear is that they took no heed of what I'd been saying about Halliburton in the Balkans," Greenhouse says. "And they should have. Many of the problems that have become apparent with LOGCAP in Iraq, I had identified years earlier in Kosovo and Bosnia."

And they were apparent almost from the start of the Iraq war. On November 23, 2004, the SIGIR, Stuart Bowen, complained to the Pentagon that it had proved impossible to determine whether KBR was delivering value for money. He wrote in a memo: "The LOGCAP contract was awarded to KBR even though the contractor did not have certified billing or cost and schedule reporting systems." In other words, there was no way to track how money was being spent, and those responsible for awarding the multi-billion-dollar contract hadn't seemed to care.

In the early years of his career, Alan Grayson spent most of his time representing military contractors. "It was the most heavily regulated business in existence anywhere in the world, and the result of that was that it was clean," he says. "There was a tremendous bureaucracy that existed to make sure that contractors stuck to the rules, and also to punish those who did not stick to the rules very severely." In one famous case, he recalls, a uniform manufacturer that had made hundreds of thousands of military garments was investigated because he asked his workers to sew *one* dress as a gift for his daughter.

Today, such stringency is unthinkable. "What has happened is a systematic dismantling of the protections that kept the system honest," says Grayson. Between 1991 and 2005, the size of the staff responsible for managing and auditing Pentagon contracts was cut in half. "What we have seen in recent years is an explosion in contracting, while at the same point in time we have seen a contraction of those engaged in oversight of contracting matters," says Comptroller General David M. Walker, the head of the G.A.O. This, he says, serves "to exacerbate the systemic problems that have existed for years."

G.A.O. reports on contracting in Iraq describe a state of affairs that borders on the surreal. According to one document, issued in December 2006, the Army Materiel Command—the division that assigned LOGCAP and is responsible for cutting KBR's checks—was "unable to readily provide [the G.A.O.] with comprehensive information on the number of contractors



they were using at deployed locations or the services those contractors were providing to U.S. forces."

KBR's performance is supposed to be monitored by another part of the Pentagon bureaucracy, the Defense Contract Management Agency. This, says the G.A.O. report, is so short-staffed that one of its officials, who was supposed to be overseeing LOGCAP at 27 separate locations, "told us that he was unable to visit all these locations during his 6-month tour in Iraq." As a result, the G.A.O. remarks dryly, "he could not effectively monitor the contractor's performance at those sites." Then again, at least he got to the Middle East. Other officials from the agency supposedly overseeing KBR in Iraq are based in Germany and the United States.

The D.O.J.'s stifling of fraud claims against the big contracting companies is all the more curious in light of its willingness to prosecute *individuals* for offenses including bribery and embezzlement. Eight people who worked under LOGCAP are being investigated for such crimes. Two employees of a KBR subcontractor have already pled guilty. In a separate case, a former KBR employee pled guilty in July to participating in a kickback scheme. In August 2007, Bowen reportedly promised that a new task force drawn from several government departments was escalating the fight against fraud and corruption, which he labeled the "second insurgency."

Grayson says that the crackdown on individuals "creates an illusion of activity, but so far they've done nothing against firms such as KBR." When it comes to qui tam cases, he adds, the government isn't just hiding the complaints from view; it also appears to be neglecting its obligation to investigate their claims.

In 2006, Grayson filed the most recent version of a suit on behalf of four former KBR employees: Julie McBride, Linda Warren, Denis Mayer, and Frank Cassaday. Their formal complaint, which was sealed for more than a year, focuses on the fall of 2004, when Marines in Fallujah were daily risking their lives in grim street combat. Meanwhile, KBR managers back at their base outside the city were allegedly telling their staff to record grossly exaggerated numbers of soldiers using the Morale, Welfare, and Recreation (M.W.R.) facility, a two-building complex with a gym, a cinema, a game room, and an Internet café.

"Everyone who came through the doors had to sign in," Warren says, "and that was recorded as a user visit. But if they went from one room to another—say, from the gym to the Internet area—that was supposedly another visit; the same if someone put his backpack down in the movie theater, whether he watched the film or not. If someone wanted a bottle of water, or a towel, the same person who'd already been counted would be counted again. Then there were the hourly counts: everyone using the facility was counted once more as if they'd just arrived. You could easily be counted 12 times in two hours."

According to the complaint, the practice of reporting inflated figures "increases the M.W.R. budget in Iraq, allowing for more KBR facilities, administrators, staff and equipment, and boosting KBR's fee." (At a hearing in June, KBR denied basing its M.W.R. billing on the number of reported users.)

The practice, the suit alleges, was not confined to Fallujah—which might help explain a September 2006 press statement in which KBR boasted of having served "more than 73.5 million patrons in MWR facilities." As the complaint notes, "the number of patrons that KBR says it has hosted at MWR facilities is three times the population of Iraq." Given that Iraqis weren't allowed to use the facilities, it's worth noting that the figure is roughly 565 times the total number of U.S. troops deployed in the country.

Linda Warren, a former Marine who brought up five children as a single mother



in Abilene, Texas, says she "flatly refused" to fill in the bogus head counts. She had gone to Iraq for patriotic reasons, and recoiled at being asked to compile inflated records. Once, she says, "I did the head counts accurately. Next day when I got to work I could see that the sheet had been replaced."

She and her colleague Julie McBride, a former attorney from California, both protested to their KBR bosses. Having filed a formal grievance, Warren was accused of "not getting along with employees" and was fired in January 2005. "They made it clear there was no place for me any longer," she says. "There was no appeal, no accountability."

Two months later, the complaint states, McBride was summoned to the office of Kevin Clarke, KBR's top official at Camp Fallujah. Having repeated her concerns about the M.W.R. head count, she was told she was being fired for "insubordination." Among her offenses: occasionally using a pencil instead of a pen to fill in her time sheets. Shipped by helicopter to Camp Victory South, near Baghdad, she was told by Ted Kowalski, KBR's human-resources supervisor in Iraq, that she was under "house arrest." "KBR guards surrounded McBride," says the complaint. "They made her ride with them in a sports utility vehicle. They did not tell McBride where they were taking her. She feared for her safety.... They required her to stay in an isolated trailer, with no amenities. They stood guard outside the trailer throughout the night." Eventually she was escorted to the Baghdad airport and flown back to America.

Warren and Cassaday both say that neither federal agents nor D.O.J. lawyers have ever made any attempt to ask them about the claims in their suit. Mayer wasn't interviewed, either, according to Grayson. "The [D.O.J.] investigation consisted of asking KBR for an explanation," he says. "Then, without checking into its validity, they declined to prosecute. Having spoken to the firm, the government said, 'Okey-dokey, then we decline the case.'" The suit makes three further allegations, involving overpayments that run into the millions, but the D.O.J. didn't investigate them at all.

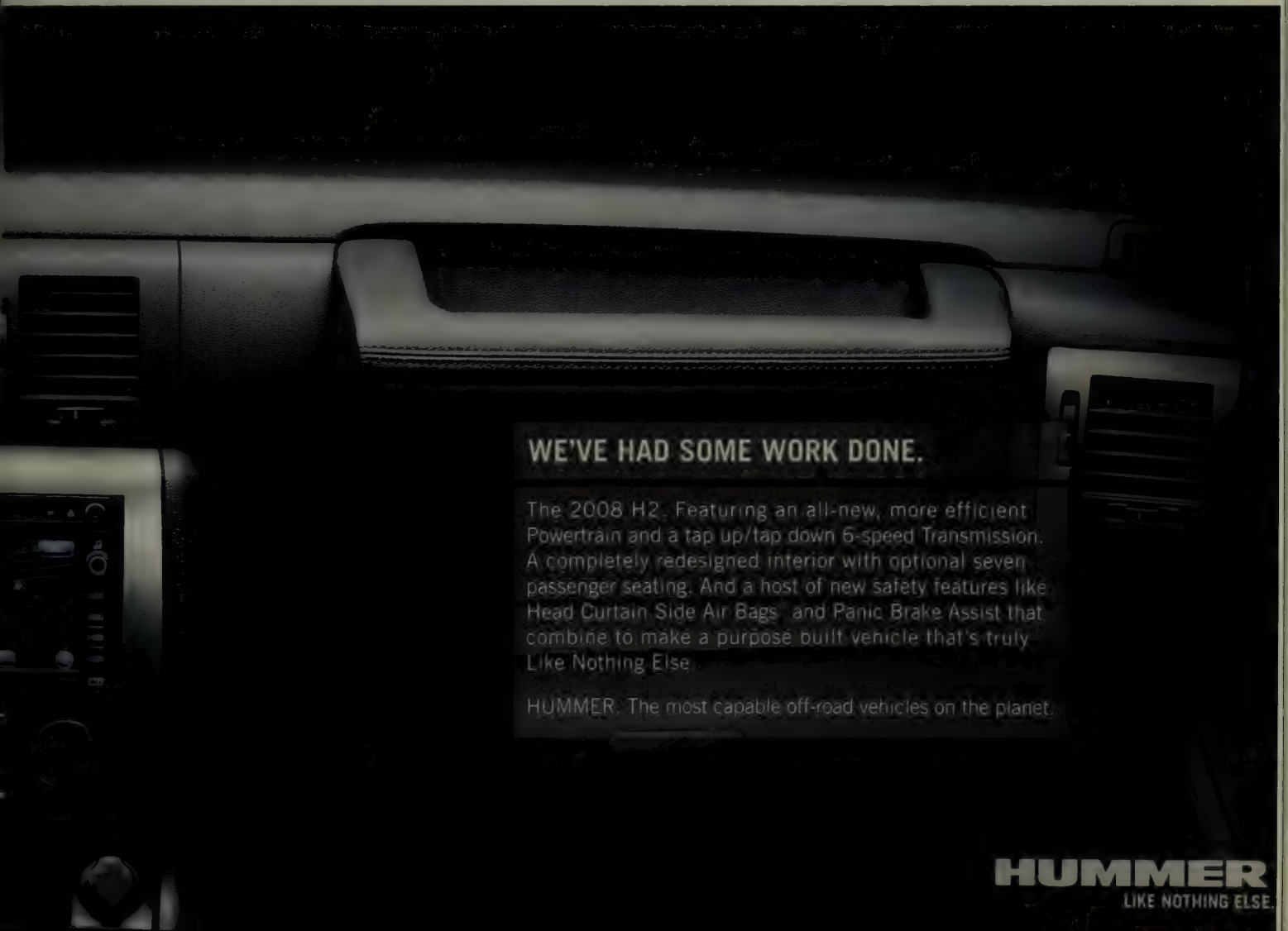
KBR declined to comment on any aspect of the suit's allegations in its statement. Meanwhile, the Justice Department's summary investigation has left the four plaintiffs in a bind. "The way this normally works, in non-Iraq cases, is that, even when the government does decline to prosecute, they subpoena records, they interview witnesses, and they tell you what they are doing," Grayson says. "We could have built on that. Here, too, they screwed us up and put us at a terrible disadvantage."

Qui tam cases from Iraq are investigated by an F.B.I. unit in Rock Island, Illinois. According to Grayson, the unit has a "standing order" to get approval from the attorneys at Vinson & Elkins before questioning anyone at Halliburton or KBR. "F.B.I. agents are not supposed to politely ask permission," he says. "The most common interview technique by the F.B.I. is a knock on your door at nine o'clock at night. They're not allowed to do that when it comes to Halliburton and KBR employees." (In its e-mailed statement, the D.O.J. said it cannot comment on how any Iraq case has been investigated; Vinson & Elkins did not respond to a request for comment.)

Inflated bills are not the only factor driving up the price of LOGCAP. There's also this astounding fact: according to government auditors, 80 percent of the work under contract is being done not by KBR but by a bewildering array of subcontractors. In essence, Grayson says, LOGCAP is not a contract to provide services but "a contract to shop"—to the tune of some $20 billion.

Some of these subcontracting firms are large and well-established companies from countries such as Britain, Kuwait, and Saudi Arabia; others are fly-by-night outfits owned by Iraqis who insist on having their names concealed, owing to well-founded fears of reprisal.

In one place the job of laundering soldiers'



uniforms, for example, might be performed by a company working directly for KBR. But in another a subcontractor will have sub-subcontracted the work to someone else, and sometimes even sub-sub-sub-subcontracted it. "I've come across examples where you get down four or five levels," says a government auditor who spoke on condition of anonymity. "There's the U.S. prime, the subcontractor from the Middle East, then a sub-subcontractor from Pakistan, then a shell corporation with a box number in Michigan, and finally the Iraqis who're actually doing the work—for next to nothing."

This system has created great difficulties for anyone attempting to oversee the process on behalf of American taxpayers. It has also substantially increased the overall costs of the war by creating the conditions for obscene markups between contract levels. "There is an enormous need to get a closer handle on the detail in the field," says the auditor. "If you go ask one of the inspectors general, 'Tell me about the subcontracts,' they can't tell you anything. It's a black hole. What this means for oversight, and basic issues of fairness, is that there is none."

"I WISH I COULD TELL YOU about the [cases] that are under seal," Grayson says, "because some of them really are time bombs."

Establishing LOGCAP as a contract to shop has had a further consequence. Whereas government contracting is bound by a stringent set of rules, the requirements are far more lax when it is KBR or one of its subcontractors that's farming out work. "The government has basically deputized Halliburton to do its contracting for it," says Grayson. "And Halliburton, rather than enforcing the rules of government contracting that have developed since World War II, has generated its own set of rules."

Instead of offering a given job to bidders in an open and public auction, for instance, KBR can approach a few favored subcontractors. And whereas government agencies tend to favor cheaper bids, the fact that LOGCAP is cost-plus means that KBR benefits from accepting the most expensive offer. The higher the subcontract's cost, the higher KBR's "award fee" profit.

For more than three years after the Iraq invasion, matters were further obscured by KBR's insistence that all its contract data was "proprietary"—of potential value to competitors and therefore not subject to disclosure. In October 2006 a stinging report by Stuart Bowen, the SIGIR, found that this was making it almost impossible to determine whether LOGCAP was delivering value for money, and was "an abuse of the procurement system." Since the report, says Bowen, KBR has begun to make more information available.

On one occasion, the secrecy engendered by multiple levels of subcontracting descended to black farce. On September 28, 2006, Tina Ballard, the deputy assistant secretary of the army, testified to the House committee on government reform about one of the watershed moments in the developing Iraqi insurgency, the lynching of four security contractors on March 31, 2004. The men were employed by the North Carolina security firm Blackwater USA, and Army Secretary Francis J. Harvey had denied in a letter that they had been doing work for KBR under LOGCAP. That would have been a breach of contract, Ballard told the House committee, since LOGCAP prohibits KBR from billing the government for private security. The company is supposed to rely on U.S. troops for protection.

On February 7, 2007, Ballard came before the committee again to say that her earlier claims, and Harvey's letter, had been mistaken. After "extensive research," the army had ascertained that the murdered Blackwater guards *were* working for KBR under LOGCAP after all—though not directly. They had been engaged by the Kuwait-registered Regency Hotel & Hospital Company, which in turn had been subcontracted by ESS Support Services. ESS had a subcontract from KBR to build and operate dining facilities for troops. "We understand that these security costs, which were not itemized in the contracts or invoices, were factored into ESS's labor costs under its . . . service contracts with KBR," Ballard said.

KBR had spent an awful lot on these guards it didn't know it had. Blackwater was paying them $500 a day, but billed their services to Regency at a rate of between $815 and $1,075 a day. Regency was adding a markup of $285 to $425 per guard per day when it in turn billed ESS, bringing the annual cost for each individual to between $401,500 and $547,000—about 4 to 10 times higher than an army sergeant's salary. All of this was billed to the government by KBR, which naturally claimed its usual fees on top. (In September, the government of Iraq threatened to expel Blackwater from the country after an incident in which at least eight civilians were killed.)

Before she went to Fallujah, Linda Warren had been supervising a KBR military laundry in Baghdad. She says KBR was billing the government $75 per bag, whereas the Iraqi sub-subcontractor whose staff actually did the work got just $12. The laundry workers themselves, several of whom would be killed by insurgents, were paid just $5 a day.

The dirtiest open secret about contracting in Iraq is that much of the real physical work is done not by Americans but by an army of "third-country nationals"—or T.C.N.'s—from places such as India, Nepal, Sri Lanka, and the Philippines. In 2006, a Pentagon investigation found that T.C.N.'s are often subject to abuses, "some of them considered widespread." In addition to "substandard living conditions" and illegal confiscation of their passports, many workers have had to deal with "deceptive" hiring practices—meaning that they weren't told that their jobs were in Iraq until they'd been shipped there. According to the State Department, T.C.N.'s seeking employment have been forced to pay large "recruitment fees," which are deducted from their future earnings. The effect is to reduce them to a state of "involuntary servitude." (KBR claims to be "an industry leader in implementing a policy in Iraq against trafficking in persons.")

"There were times when their treatment made me ashamed to be an American," says Linda Warren, who became especially close to some Filipino women while posted at Radwaniyah, an installation just outside Baghdad. "They'd come into work with a hard-boiled egg and some tea and offer to share it, while Americans were taking enough to feed five people at the chow halls and throwing most of it away. They were virtually imprisoned, told they would lose all their pay unless they served out their contracts." Several former KBR staff say that the equipment used to protect T.C.N.'s, from blast walls to body armor, was markedly inferior to that of the Americans. As of August, about 1,000 civilian contract workers had been killed in Iraq. Most were T.C.N.'s.

Like many of those who went to work for KBR in Iraq, Barrington Godfrey—a naturalized U.S. citizen who was born in Wales—is a military veteran who applied for the job because he wanted to support the war effort. He, too, is a Grayson client, and his suit was kept under seal for well over a year. When the D.O.J. asked for a further extension in April 2007, its lawyers were so CONTINUED ON PAGE 233

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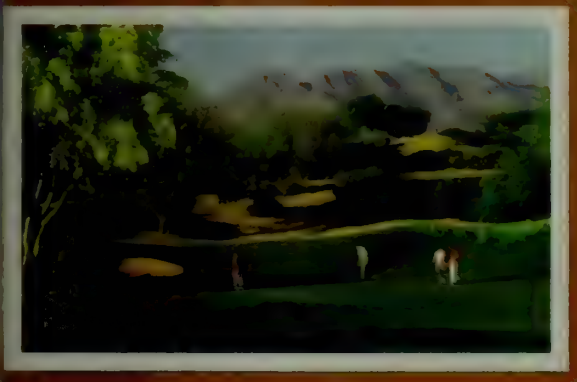
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An open-air lifestyle

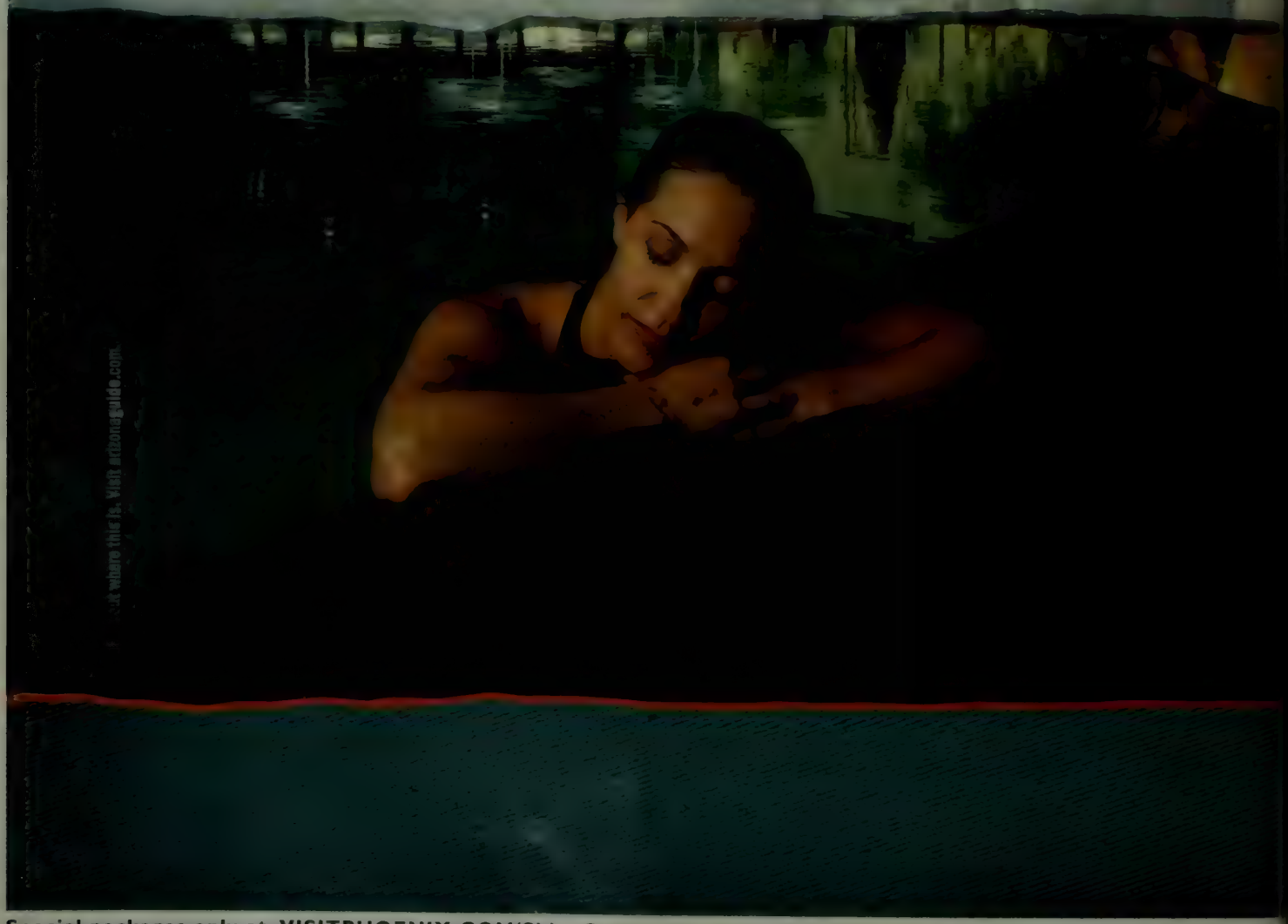
that is as good-natured as its surroundings.

Blessed with perennially sunny skies and a mild climate, Arizona prides itself on a relaxing, open-air lifestyle. A place to recharge your batteries, find inner tranquility and your adventurous side, the Grand Canyon State provides a vibrant variety of natural and cultural experiences any time of year. When the sun rises, it all comes to life: first-rate shopping, esteemed spas, fine outdoor dining and an endless array of outdoor escapes. The options for experiencing Arizona are as wide open as the landscape.

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Shopping here is world-class and abundant. From local boutiques to designer department stores, Arizona's variety of retail would satisfy the most extensive of wish lists. Two upscale examples of the Valley's open-air lifestyle that artfully combines retail shopping, dining and entertainment are Kierland Commons and Biltmore Fashion Park. Smaller specialty boutiques line the streets of Downtown Glendale and Mill Avenue, offering an intimate alternative to larger retail centers.

Venture beyond the greater Phoenix area for a shopping experience uniquely Arizona. Sedona's Tlaquepaque is one of the shopping jewels of the Southwest, with over 40 specialty shops and galleries filled with spectacular ceramics, blown glass and stunning Southwestern art. Nestled in the Catalina Foothills near Tucson, La Encantada sizzles with all the



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enchantment its name suggests. Offering funky boutiques and vintage stores, 4th Avenue, meanwhile, is a splash of retro with a whole lot of style. With so many places to shop, the only thing you could be left desiring is more time.

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DESTINATION PHX PHOENIX

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 226 confident of their chances that they showed up in court with a drafted legal order marked MOTION FOR EXTENSION GRANTED ready to be signed. Instead, Judge Gerald Bruce Lee of the Eastern District of Virginia made a show of crossing out GRANTED and inserting the word DENIED.

Now in his early 60s, Godfrey has 18 years' experience as a contract-management executive in Saudi Arabia's oil industry. When he joined KBR, in the summer of 2004, concerns had already begun to surface in Washington about overcharging from KBR's troop dining facilities—known in the trade as "D-Facs." Hoping to allay those concerns, KBR set up a "tiger team"—a group that operated outside the normal chain of command—and tasked it with negotiating new D-Fac contracts and cleaning up the existing ones. Godfrey was assigned to the unit.

The team's boss, Jill Pettibone, was another beneficiary of KBR's revolving-door relationship with the Pentagon. Until 2000 she had been executive director for operations at the Defense Contract Management Command, which had been responsible for overseeing KBR's very expensive work in the Balkans. (The body has since been renamed the Defense Contract Management Agency.)

Like most service facilities in Iraq, the D-Facs were staffed by T.C.N.'s. They were paid a bit better than the laundry workers observed by Linda Warren. Depending on their skills and seniority, they earned between $300 and $400 a month.

Unlike most qui tam plaintiffs, Godfrey managed to retain documentary records, and they reveal just how huge the margins on subcontracts can be. For example, a Kuwaiti subcontractor named ABC International Group was in charge of providing D-Fac labor at H4, a base near Mosul. Between March and November of 2004, ABC sent KBR monthly bills ranging from $756,000 to $1.38 million. Godfrey discovered that the facility employed precisely 137 people, all of them T.C.N.'s. On the most generous assumption, that they were all making $400 a month, the true amount being paid to the workers was no more than $54,800. The markup, therefore, was between 1,500 and 2,500 percent.

THE DINING FACILITY AT H4 served 1,000 to 2,000 people a day but billed as if there were 5,400—an extra "10,000 meals a day," the complaint states.





PATRIOTIC PLAINTIFFS *Left, qui-tam-suit filer Frank Cassaday; above, Barrington Godfrey, who says his efforts to clean up KBR were thwarted.*

Until February 2004, H4's D-Fac had been staffed by a Turkish company named Serka. Actually, that continued to be the case. The only difference now was that Serka had become a sub-subcontractor to ABC. "All ABC did was take their slice of the profit. There was no change to the operation at all," Godfrey says.

Godfrey's documents show that margins well in excess of 1,000 percent were to be found at other D-Facs, which Grayson says is unexceptional among contractors in Iraq. "A thousand percent is common, 500 percent routine. I have never seen a markup of less than 100 percent." Back in the U.S., "the average markup under government contracts is 10 percent, and anything more than 12 percent will usually be rejected when the government conducts audits. If your profit margin on a government contract conducted outside Iraq is more than 10 percent, you may well be accused of committing fraud."

Huge labor markups were not the only irregularities Godfrey says he found in the ABC invoices he processed. He also came across blatant accounting inflation of the kind Linda Warren had seen in Fallujah. According to his qui tam complaint, there was a period in 2004 when the D-Fac at H4 was serving 1,000 to 2,000 people a day but billing as if there were 5,400: "At three meals a day, this was billing for almost 10,000 meals a day that were not served at H4."

Godfrey made repeated attempts to force ABC to reduce its bills. All of them, he says, were blocked inside KBR. That December, Godfrey went on leave. When he came back, his cell phone and computer had been stolen. Meanwhile, ABC's C.E.O. was writing to Tom Quigley, the KBR chief of Iraq contracts, who had once been Bunnatine Greenhouse's colleague at the Army Corps of Engineers, claiming that Godfrey was "treating ABC unfairly." Godfrey was suspended for 10 days and told by another KBR executive, "We can't have subcontractor C.E.O.'s complaining about subcontract administrators."

As a result of KBR's inaction, his complaint says, "ABC's overbilling continued through the completion of its first contract period in June 2005, and through the filing of this complaint, and beyond. The amount that ABC overbilled to KBR, and KBR overbilled to the government, exceeded $10 million." This figure covered just one of about a hundred D-Facs spread across Iraq.

In December 2004, a suicide-bomb attack on the H4 dining hall killed 22 people, including 14 troops. Afterward, according to Godfrey's complaint, ABC was paid not once but twice for new kitchen equipment and a new $2 million facility. The complaint also alleges that a Saudi firm, Gulf Catering Company, used inflated head counts to overcharge KBR by nearly $5.3 million between February and October 2004. He relayed these findings to Quigley, who promised to "forward the matter for further inquiry." Then, in a separate e-mail, Quigley told Godfrey he felt "submarined" by the disclosures. (KBR refused to comment on the suit to *Vanity Fair*.)

Godfrey left Iraq in February 2005, frustrated that the waste he'd encountered seemed uncontrollable. He had come across officials from the Defense Contract Management Agency, his team leader's former billet, and he had little faith that they would succeed where he had failed. "The ones I met were pathetic," he says. "Some had no experience: they'd just got their degrees. They didn't

ask questions, and they missed the issues that I brought up. They had access to me and my memos, and not once did one ever come to me and say, 'Can we talk, Barry?'"

Apart from its connections in Washington, there is something else that protects KBR: the perception, widespread throughout the military, that it has provided generally good-quality services in war-zone conditions. As Grayson puts it, "Halliburton's philosophy is not to deliver crap. Halliburton's philosophy is to deliver extraordinarily overpriced but adequate services in support of the government."

That these have cost billions of dollars more than they should have is an inconvenient detail, and already the Pentagon is moving on. Officials now accept that the monopoly granted by LOGCAP 3 had its drawbacks, and at the end of June the army announced that the contract will soon be terminated and replaced with a new one, LOGCAP 4. Under this, the largesse will be split among three corporations: DynCorp, Fluor, and KBR. LOGCAP 4 is another cost-plus, indefinite-delivery, indefinite-quantity contract, but at least this time KBR's income, as well as DynCorp's and Fluor's, will be capped. Over the next 10 years, KBR will have to satisfy itself with charging American taxpayers $50 billion for its services under LOGCAP 4.

These improvements may turn out to be little more than cosmetic. According to Bowen, what's needed is full disclosure of all subcontracting arrangements and a substantial increase in the number of officials who spend their time designing and policing contracts.

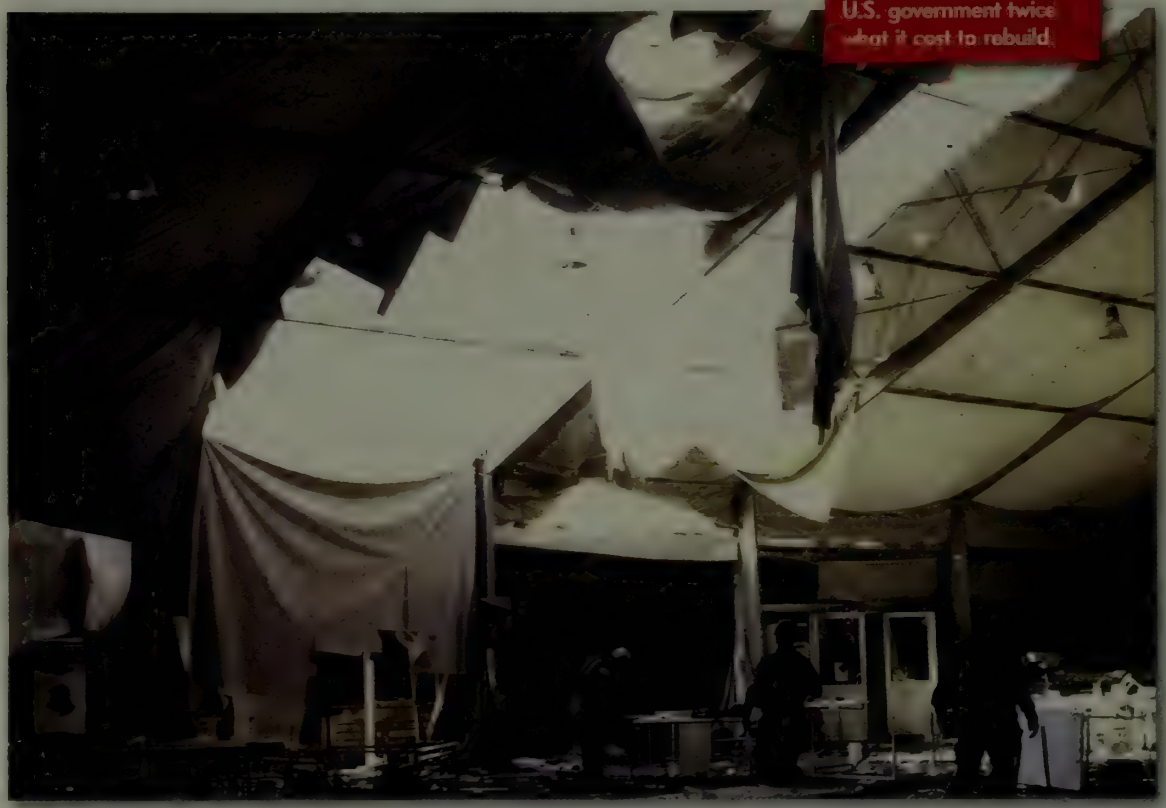
With LOGCAP 4, however, the reverse is about to happen. The government agencies responsible for oversight will be assisted by Serco, a Virginia-based services company that in February was awarded a "planning support contract" worth up to $45 million a year. The Bush administration maintains that hiring Serco to regulate LOGCAP 4 will improve efficiency and counter fraud and waste.

David Walker, of the G.A.O., fears that the weakened state of oversight is poised to get "much worse." Not only is there a large "skills gap," but "a significant percentage of the existing contract workforce is eligible to retire or will be eligible to retire within the next few years." Outsourcing oversight brings still more problems in its wake, he says, starting with conflicts of interest, which arise whenever the company being monitored has other business, existing or potential, with the one doing the monitoring.

False Claims Act suits could help to remedy these deficiencies, if only the Department of Justice weren't suppressing them. One day, though, the seals on the complaints will have to be lifted. "I wish I could tell you about the ones that are under seal," says Grayson, "because some of them really are time bombs. They're literally burying these cases to keep the public from finding out about them, and to keep anything from being done on them. But it *is* a time bomb, because any normal amount of attention on these cases would result in massive amounts of money being recovered for the taxpayers."

There are a few encouraging signs that a day of reckoning is drawing near. Committees in both the House and the Senate have held hearings on contracting in Iraq, and several plan to hold more. Patrick Leahy, the Democratic chairman of the Senate judiciary committee, has introduced a War Profiteering Prevention Act, which would make it much easier to investigate corrupt contractors and call them to account. And in August, the news that tens of thousands of weapons intended for Iraqi security forces had vanished or been stolen prompted the Pentagon to announce that its inspector general, Claude M. Kicklighter, would lead an 18-person team to investigate "contracting practices" in Iraq.

In the more distant future, a Democratic administration might open up the vaults and expose the American public to the scale of what has been looted. "What we have seen up to now is the worst of the worst in terms of a deliberate cover-up," Grayson says. But if and when it comes to an end, he thinks it's entirely possible that Congress will appoint a special prosecutor—one whose targets might one day reach "an extremely high level." □



BOMB SCAM After a suicide attack on this dining hall killed 22 people, the contractor allegedly charged the U.S. government twice what it cost to rebuild.

SPECIALIST BLAIR LARSON

"YOU COULD SAY THAT THE only people who have benefited from the invasion of Iraq," Grayson says, "are al-Qaeda, Iran, and Halliburton."

YOU COULD DRINK THE OTHER VODKA,
JUST LIKE THE PERSON NEXT TO YOU



BELVEDERE
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Becoming Adolf

Hitler's Toothbrush mustache is one of the most powerful symbols of the last century, an inch of hair that represents infinite evil. The author had his reasons for deciding to wear one

By Rich Cohen



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The Toothbr
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I decided to grow a Toothbrush mustache. Well, that's not what I called it. Until I started this story, I had only one name for the thing in mind: a Hitler mustache. An inch of hair that speaks of bottomless evil. A few nights earlier, I had seen Richard Dawkins, the author of *The God Delusion,* interviewed by Bill O'Reilly, who, citing Stalin and Hitler, said he thought atheists, because of their lack of restraining faith, were more susceptible to evil. To which Dawkins (in essence) replied: both Stalin and Hitler wore mustaches—do we therefore think the mustache was the cause of their behavior? I experienced this as an epiphany: *By Jove!* I said to myself. *It was the mustache!* From that moment, I stopped shaving. From that moment, I started reading. From that moment, I became wrapped up in facial hair, and the role it has played in politics. The Toothbrush mustache offered a new way to look at the past. It was a pinprick through which I could see the old story from a fresh angle. It was the history [illegible] retold as the story of the 'stache.

The Toothbrush mustache is the most powerful configuration of facial hair the world has ever known. It overpowers whoever touches it. By merely doodling a Toothbrush mustache on a poster, you make a political statement. Actually wearing a Hitler mustache, as I planned to do—well, that is like yelling racial epithets in a crowded subway. Wasn't Hitler amazing? Whatever he touched turned to ice. His life ended the long and fabled career of the name Adolf, which had included the stories of Adolph Zukor, Adolphe Menjou, Adolph Ochs, and Adolph Coors. Never again will a pregnant mother innocently consider the name for her son, or imagine shouting it across a teeming playground. As for the Toothbrush mustache, it did not only die with the *Führer*—it was embalmed with him. It was his essence, and so it has been relegated to the black book of history.

This is the part where I am supposed to explain just why I decided to write this story now. I might talk about the re-emergence of facial hair on the world stage, or the rise of the "new anti-Semitism," or Holocaust denial in Iran, but, the fact is, my interest in the Hitler mustache never started and never ends. It is always. If you're a Jew, the Hitler mustache exists in the eternal present. I grew it for the same reason Richard Pryor said the word "nigger." I wanted to defuse it. I wanted to own it. I wanted to reclaim it for America and for the Jews. My name is Rich Cohen, and I wear a Hitler mustache.

The Imperial, the Walrus, the Stromboli, the Handlebar, the Horseshoe, the Mustachio (also called the Nosebeard or the Fantastico), the Pencil, also called (by idiots) the Mouthbrow—the catalogue is illustrious. (The history of the razor is longer than the history of the mustache, but only by a few minutes.) Most mustaches lie waiting for some Clark Gable or Tom Selleck to fix them in the mind. The greatest are identified with a single man, a bad man, usually, who so wrapped his identity with a particular configuration of facial hair that the two became inseparable. Like the Fu Manchu, in which long tresses hang to the chin, where they can be stroked as the madman laughs. It is named for Sax

HEINRICH HOFFMANN


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NEIMAN MARCUS
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MEN'S GIFT SET INCLUDES EAU DE TOILET
AND AFTER SHAVE SPRAY



WOMEN'S GIFT SET INCLUDES
EAU DE PARFUM, ENERGIZING BODY WAS
AND REFRESHING BODY LOTION



Rohmer's (racist) villain from the golden age of Hollywood, the bad guy from the B movies who became a symbol for the creeping Asian menace. Or think of the long, droopy Pancho Villa. It was worn by the pistol-flashing Mexican bandito as he chased gringos through the border towns along the Rio Grande. These days, you see it only on Halloween, or at reunion shows of Crosby, Stills & Nash.

The Toothbrush mustache was first introduced in Germany by Americans, who turned up with it at the end of the 19th century the way Americans would turn up with ducktails in the 1950s. It was a bit of modern efficiency, an answer to the ornate mustaches of Europe—pop effluvia that fell into the grip of a bad, bad man.[1] Before that, the most popular mustache in Germany and Austria had been the sort worn by the royals. It was called the Kaiser, and it was elaborate. It was perfumed, styled, teased and trained. It turned up at the ends. It was the old, monarchical world that was about to be crushed by the rising tide of assembly-line America. In other words, in the case of Hitler and his 'stache, America faced an extreme case of blowback.

By the beginning of the century, it had been taken up by enough Germans to draw notice in the foreign press. In 1907, *The New York Times* chronicled a growing distaste for the import under the headline "TOOTHBRUSH" MUSTACHE: GERMAN WOMEN RESENT ITS USURPATION OF THE "KAISERBART."

In the years before the First World War, the Toothbrush was taken up by a German folk hero, which is the moment it became a craze. Before that, it had been an elite fashion shared by the dandies and swells of Berlin and Vienna. After that, it was worn by every yokel who dreamed of greatness. I am imagining young Hitler poring over newspapers in search of any mention of Hans Koeppen, a Prussian lieutenant who had become a pop star in the manner of the solo aviator, the illusionist, or the tightrope walker. Here is how he was described in *The New York Times*: "Lieut. Koeppen is 31 years old and unmarried. Six feet in height, slim and athletic, with a toothbrush mustache characteristic of his class."

The moment he appeared in the press with the Toothbrush mustache is like the moment Michael Jordan appeared on the basketball court in Bermuda-length shorts, changing the look of the game forever. In early 1908, Koeppen was given leave from the Prussian Army to cover a New York–to–Paris motor race for *Zeitung am Mittag*, a German newspaper. When I think of the Hitler who must have followed this race, because it was followed by everyone, I think of the Hitler who loved cars and built the autobahn. (As opposed to the Hitler who killed the Gypsies and the Jews.)

After a disagreement with the German drivers, Koeppen took over. By the time he left Vladivostok, he was a star. The *Times*: "When he dashes across the German frontier from Russia . . . the tall, trim young infantry officer"—with the Toothbrush mustache—"may count upon a greeting hardly less joyful than if he were returning from victorious battle."

By the end of the war, the Toothbrush mustache was being sported even by the defeated royals. A last image of the Old World is captured in pictures taken in November 1918, when William Hohenzollern Jr., the son of the Kaiser, the heir to an office that had ceased to exist, was sent into exile. He stands on the deck of an imperial steamer. He wears shiny boots, a greatcoat, a military cap, and a Toothbrush mustache. When he turns to look at the people crowding the shore, showing them only his Toothbrush mustache, he is showing them a picture of their future.

I search the photos that survive of Hitler before Hitler was famous for the moment the 'stache appears. Because that is the moment the Devil gets his horns. In early photos, he is barefaced. The first shot that captures Hitler being Hitler was taken in August 1914, at the Odeonsplatz, in Munich. It was photographed from high above the square and shows thousands of people. Hitler, who was nothing and nobody, is no bigger than a cigarette burn, yet he jumps out. Once you see him, you can't stop seeing him. He wears the sort of grand mustache you expect to see on a barkeep. His eyes glow. A speaker has just read the declaration of war. I shudder when I see this photo, and remind myself he is dead and I am alive.

Experts disagree on the exact year Hitler began wearing the Toothbrush. Ron Rosenbaum, perhaps the only historian to give the mustache its proper due, fixes its appearance with confidence. "It was Chaplin's first, before Hitler's," he writes in an essay from *The Secret Parts of Fortune*. "Chaplin adopted a little black crepe blot beneath the nose for his Mack Sennett silent comedies after 1915, Hitler didn't adopt his until late 1919, and there's no evidence (though some speculation) that Hitler modeled his 'stache on that other actor's."

But some suggest Hitler began wearing it earlier. According to a recently rediscovered essay by Alexander Moritz Frey, who served with Hitler in the First World War, Hitler wore the mustache in the trenches. Because he had been ordered to. The old bushy mustache did not fit under his equipment. In other words, the mustache that defines Hitler was cut in a shape to fit a gas mask. Which is perfect. Because Hitler was the bastard son of the Great War, conceived in the trenches, born in defeat. He inhaled mustard gas and exhaled Zyklon B. In another memoir, dismissed by some as a fraud, Hitler's sister-in-law Bridget claims she was the cause of the mustache. Bridget Hitler was Irish and lived in Liverpool, where, according to the memoir, the young Adolf spent a lost winter. Bridget (or whoever) says she often bickered with her brother-in-law. Because he was disagreeable, but mostly because she could not stand his unruly 'stache. In one of the great inadvertent summaries of historical character, she writes that in this, as in everything, he went too far.

He was wearing the Toothbrush at the first Nazi meetings, when there were just a few people in a room full of empty chairs. One day, an early financial supporter of the Nazi Party advised Hitler to grow out his mustache. He did this delicately but firmly, in the manner of a man trying to protect an investment. The mustache made the Nazi look freakish. Hitler was advised to grow it at least "to the end of the lips." Hitler was a vain man, and you can almost feel him bristle. Here's what Hitler said: "If it is not the fashion now, it will be later because I wear it."

> "If it is not the fashion now, it will be later because I wear it," Hitler said.

In the coming years, the Toothbrush mustache would belong to just two men, Chaplin and Hitler. The funniest and the scariest. The dialectic of history. For many people, the Toothbrush mustache became no less a symbol of evil than the cloven hoof.

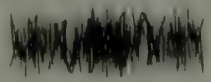
But here's the big question: Did the mustache affect history, or was it just a matter of style? Did it attach itself to a person and drive him crazy? Was the man in charge, or was the mustache calling the shots? Ron Rosenbaum argues that the presence of Chaplin's 'stache on Hitler's face encouraged Western leaders to underestimate the *Führer*. "Chaplin's mustache became a *lens* through which to look at Hitler," he writes. "A glass in which Hitler became *merely* Chaplinesque: a figure to be mocked more than feared, a comic villain whose pretensions would collapse of his own disproportionate weight like the Little Tramp collapsing

1. Of course, some brave, foolhardy man must have been the first—must have asked himself, while trimming his 'stache, "Why stop?" This man, this lost precursor, lived and died without ever knowing his effect on the style of modern tyranny.

on his cane. Someone to be ridiculed rather than resisted."

In 1942, Vidkun Quisling, the premier of Norway, whose name, because of his sellout to the Nazis, became synonymous with treachery, forbade Norwegian actors from mustache wearing. Because thespians had been donning the 'stache to parody the *Führer*. "The purpose of this singular ordinance is . . . to halt 'actor-pranks' that have been 'stopping the show' by affecting a Hitler mustache," *The New York Times* reported. Note how, in this story, the Toothbrush mustache is not identified as the Toothbrush mustache but as the Hitler mustache. From then on, the Toothbrush would belong only to Adolf. Not just a symbol but a totem of the dictator. A voodoo doll. It's not hard to see how you go from here to the plan cooked up by officers of the Office of Strategic Services, the precursor to the C.I.A., to inject estrogen into Hitler's food—female hormone that would make Hitler grow weepy, make Hitler grow breasts, and, crucially, destroy his mustache. A smooth-faced Adolf would lose confidence and fall from power. I mean, without the mustache, is Hitler even Hitler?

If you want to fly coach without being hassled, grow a Toothbrush mustache.



When Hitler died, he took his mustache with him. Not even the most cutting-edge stylist can pry them apart. If you dress like Chaplin, you run the risk of being mistaken for Hitler, as, if you dress like Evel Knievel, as I do when it rains, you run the risk of being mistaken for Elvis. The Vandyke, the Goatee, the Soul Patch, these things can become the objects of nostalgia, but the Hitler mustache is never coming back.

You could not wear a Toothbrush mustache after World War II, obviously. Because if you did, you were Hitler. In fact, you could not wear any kind of mustache after the war, because, running from Hitler, you might run into Stalin. Hitler plus Stalin ended the career of the mustache in Western political life. Before the war, all kinds of American presidents wore a mustache and/or beard. You had John Quincy Adams, with his muttonchops. You had Abe Lincoln, whose facial hair, like his politics, was the opposite of Hitler's: beard full, lip bare. You had James Garfield, who had the sort of vast rabbinical beard into which whole pages of legislation could vanish. You had Rutherford B. Hayes, Grover Cleveland, and Teddy Roosevelt, whose asthma and elephant gun were just a frame for his mustache. You had William Howard Taft—*the man wore a Walrus!*

After the war, the few American politicians who still wore a mustache were those who had made their name before Hitler and so had been grandfathered in. Like Thomas Dewey. Dewey was Eliot Spitzer. He was a prosecutor in New York in the 1930s (and later governor), the only guy with the guts to take on the Mob. For Dewey, the rise of Hitler was a fashion disaster. Because Dewey wore a neat little mustache. Dewey ran for president twice—losing to F.D.R., losing to Truman. In my opinion, without the mustache, the headline in the *Chicago Daily Tribune* (DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN) turns true. One of the few prominent American politicians to wear facial hair in recent memory is Al Gore, who grew a Grizzly Adams beard after he lost to George Bush, in 2000. The appearance of this beard was taken to mean either (1) Gore would never again run for office, or (2) Gore had gone completely mental. The decision to grow a mustache or a beard is all by itself reason to keep a man away from the nuclear trigger.

As a player in political life, the mustache lives on only in the Third World—a conclusion drawn not from any statistical analysis but from my own travels. You see the mustache on politicians in such lands the way you see old Peugeots in the French Antilles. It is the past. It is what we left behind. In the Third World, a portion of voters still go for the sort of hair-growing display that once brought the *Volk* to Hans Koeppen. Until recent events caused me to re-assess, I even entertained a theory—my only stab at a Tom Friedman–like, one-phrase-tells-all formulation—which I call "¿Quien es mas macho?" According to this theory, a country led by a man with a mustache is more likely to start a war, and more likely to lose it.[2] Because such a country is certain to value machismo over the nerdy qualities that actually win wars. A macho leader will counter a tank division with a cavalry charge—or promise, on the eve of battle, to drive his enemies into the sea. Such a leader will make some of the same mistakes as Hitler: he will overvalue physical courage; he will call on supernatural forces; he will consider even the smallest skirmish a "test of wills"; worst of all, he will answer the question "How will we win?" with the question "¿Quien es mas macho?"

I cut my beard on a Friday. I did what everyone who has ever cut a full beard does: I took it through every configuration. Like passing over the stages of man, or watching cultures rise and fall until the face of Hitler emerged. I went to the closet. What would the *Führer* wear on a sunny day? It does not matter, I decided. Because I am Hitler—whatever I wear, Hitler is wearing. A dozen Hitlers passed through my mind: Hitler in a sport coat; Hitler in a lab coat. Hitler in a Speedo; Hitler in a Camaro. I shook myself and said, "Get it together, Hitler—you're losing your mind!"

I went out. In the street, some people looked at me, but most looked away. A few people said things after I passed. One man gave me a kind of *Heil,* but it was lackadaisical, and I am fairly certain he was being ironic. (People can be so mean!) Even friends said nothing until I asked, or else acted embarrassed for me. A woman said, "I think you were more handsome *without* the mustache." I had been worried someone might try to hurt me. I imagined toughs from the Jewish Defense League attacking with throwing stars—Jewish throwing stars! But it turns out, when you shave like Hitler, you follow the same rule you follow with bees: They're more scared of you than you are of them. Because either you really are Hitler, or you're a nut. So people do with little Hitlers what people always do with lunatics in New York, the harmless or dangerous—they ignore, they avert, they move away. If you want to fly coach without being hassled, grow a Toothbrush mustache.

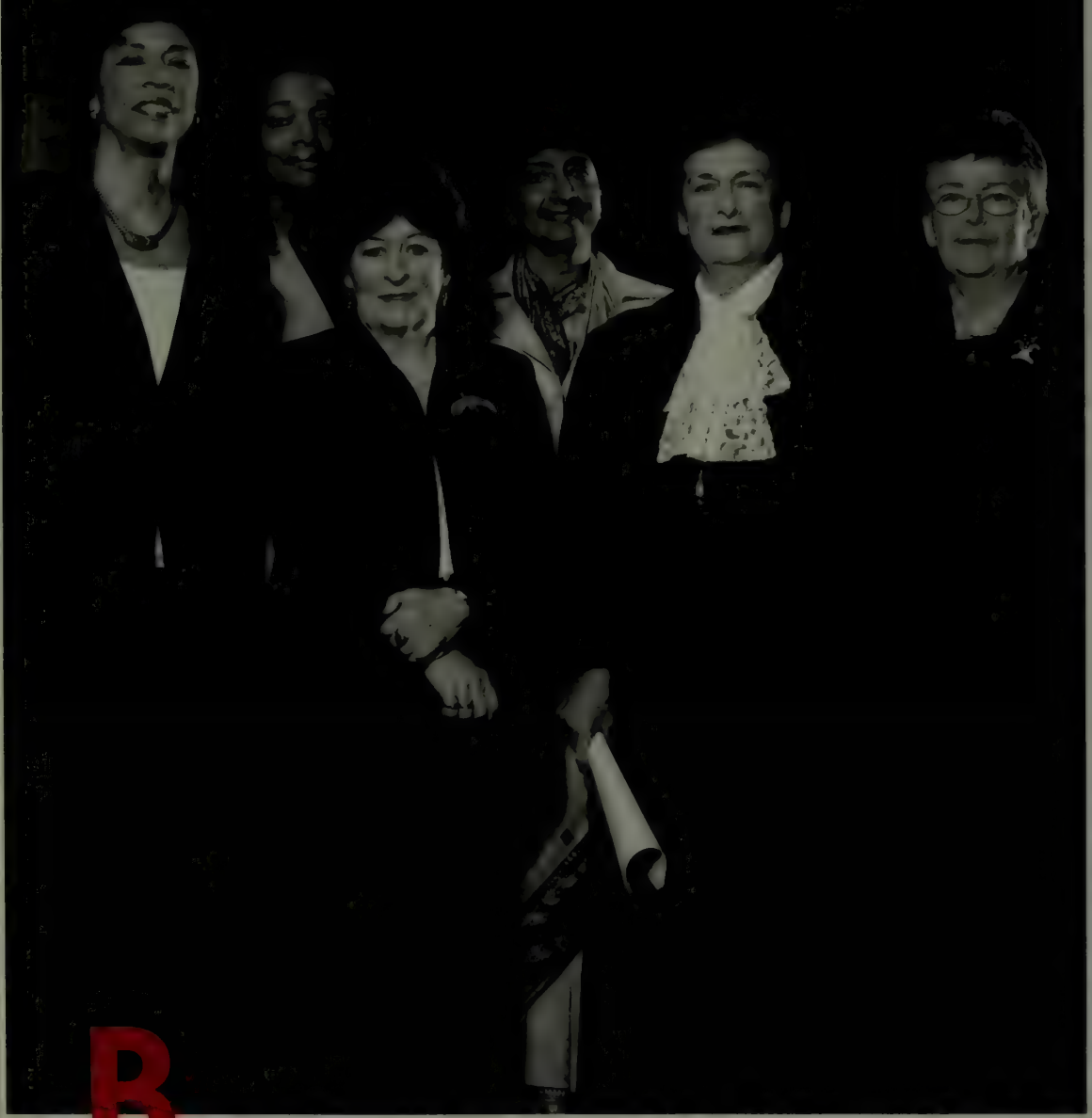
I wore the mustache for about a week. It preceded me into stores and hung in the air after I exited. It sat on my face as I slept. I was Hitler in my dreams. I went to the Jewish Museum. I went to Zabar's. I went to the Met. I went to the modern wing. I said, "All of this art is decadent." I stood on the corner of 82nd and Fifth. I stared into space. When you stare into space with a Toothbrush mustache, you are glowering. You can't help it. You're looking into crowds. You're looking at the names on the census that end in "-berg" and "-stein" while thinking, How do we get all these *Juden* onto trains? But in the end, my project, in its broader aims, was a failure. Because no matter how long, or how casually, or how sarcastically I wore the mustache, it still belonged to Hitler. You cannot claim it, or own it, or clean it as a drug lord cleans money. Because it's too dirty. Because it's soaked up too much history. It's his, and, as far as I'm concerned, he can keep it. When you wear the Toothbrush mustache, you are wearing the worst story in the world right under your nose. □

2. Even though George W. Bush does not have a mustache, I like to imagine he does.


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WOMEN GROUNDBREAKERS IN INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE



IN A JUSTICE LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN
At the Open Society Institute's Women Groundbreakers in International Justice awards in The Hague, U.N. legal adviser Patricia Sellers, second from left, with the honorees, who included Gabrielle Kirk McDonald, Louise Arbour, Navanethem Pillay, Rosalyn Higgins, and Elizabeth Odio Benito.

BECAUSE social justice—even more than technological innovation—provides the truest measure of civilization's progress, and BECAUSE the courage, integrity, and pioneering intellectual contributions of these fearless female judges and prosecutors exemplify the best in all of us, even though they have contended with the worst.

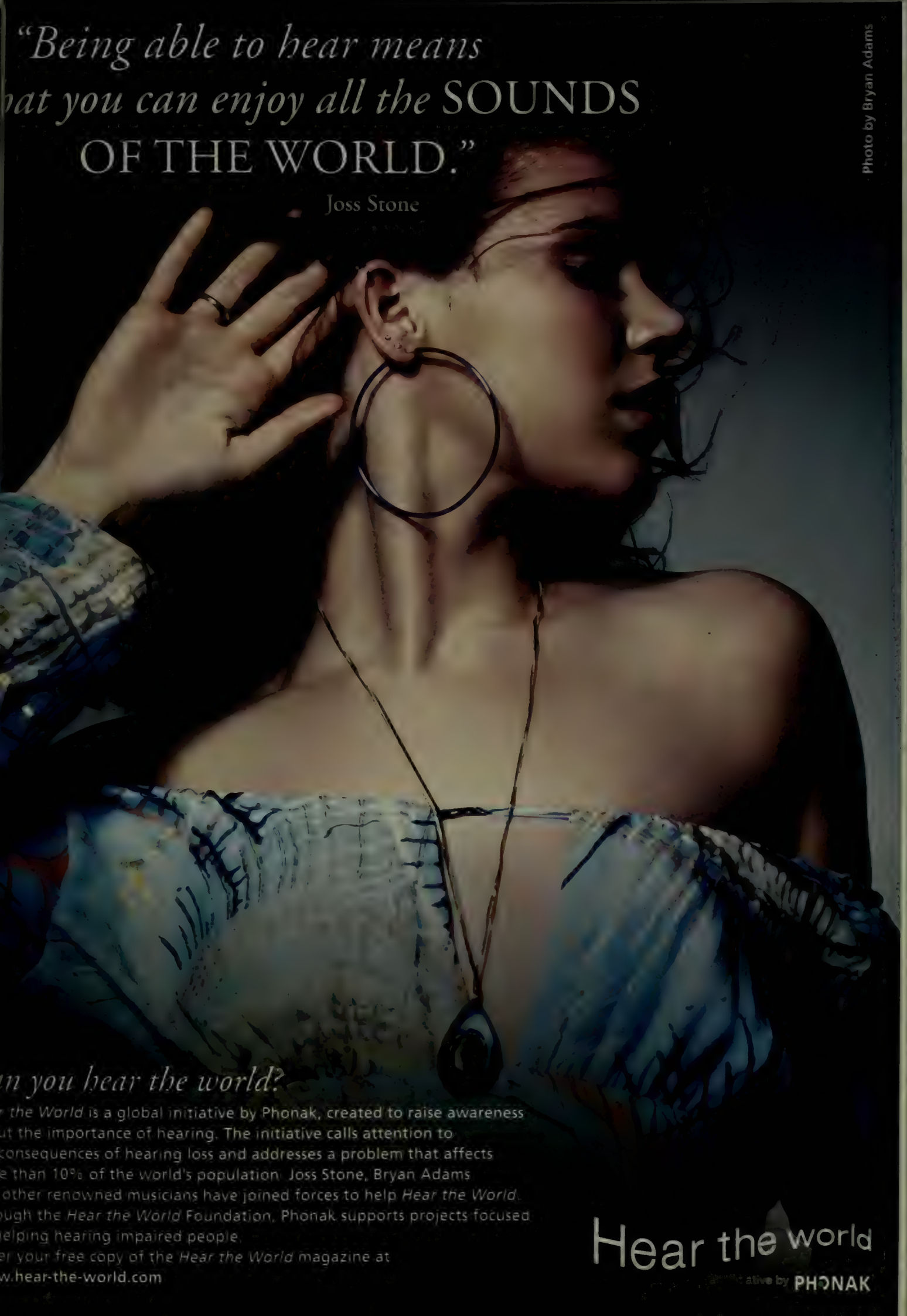
The seven honorees—recipients of the first-ever Women Groundbreakers in International Justice awards from the Open Society Institute, which was created by philanthropist George Soros—were recognized last March in The Hague. **Hon. Louise Arbour,** the first female chief prosecutor for the International Criminal Tribunals for Rwanda and the former Yugoslavia, was the first to indict a sitting head of state, Yugoslav president Slobodan Milošević—for crimes against humanity, war crimes, and genocide; she also made sure that gender crimes were included in investigations and indictments. **Hon. Navanethem Pillay,** who fought for the rights of political prisoners under apartheid in South Africa, became its first woman of color to serve as a judge in the High Court and then the first female president of the International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda, where she revolutionized the legal treatment of sexual violence by recognizing rape as an instrument of genocide and a crime against humanity. **Hon. Elizabeth Odio Benito** was the first female vice president of the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia, where she fought successfully to recognize sexual assault as an act of torture; her innovative interpretation of this issue has become an accepted principle of international law. **Hon. Gabrielle Kirk McDonald,** among the first African-American women to become federal judges in the U.S., was the first female president of the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia. **Hon. Rosalyn Higgins,** a Dame Commander of the British Empire, was the first woman elected president of the International Court of Justice, the principal judicial organ of the United Nations. **Hon. Dorothee de Sampayo Garrido-Nijgh** was the first female Registrar of the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia. **Carla Del Ponte,** chief prosecutor of the war-crimes tribunals in The Hague, was responsible for bringing Milošević (who referred to the Swiss-born firebrand as "the new Gestapo") to trial, and also for prosecuting members of the Rwandan government for genocide.

At the awards ceremony, the importance of a female perspective in positions of power was emphasized in the opening remarks by Patricia Sellers, special legal adviser for the U.N. High Commission for Human Rights and the former legal adviser for gender-related crimes in the Office of the Prosecutor for the International Criminal Tribunals for Rwanda and the former Yugoslavia. "The judges highlighted here are fabulous, the prosecutors are a godsend," Sellers said. "But without people pushing gender issues every step of the way, progress would not be so remarkable."

—LESLIE BENNETTS

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY NADIRA PER SAUD

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILLIAN EDELSTEIN


"Being able to hear means
hat you can enjoy all the SOUNDS
OF THE WORLD."
Joss Stone
Photo by Bryan Adams
n you hear the world?
the World is a global initiative by Phonak, created to raise awareness
ut the importance of hearing. The initiative calls attention to
consequences of hearing loss and addresses a problem that affects
e than 10% of the world's population. Joss Stone, Bryan Adams
other renowned musicians have joined forces to help Hear the World.
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Moms Gone Wild

Sure, mothers always get blamed for everything. But—as a look at the women behind Paris, Lindsay, and Britney reveals—if your child is your meal ticket and career booster, it's hard to be the parent she needs

By Judith Newman



MOMMIES DEAREST
From left: Lynne and Britney Spears; Paris and Kathy Hilton; Lindsay and Dina Lohan

I'm on the phone with Lynne Spears, Britney's mother, when my five-year-old grabs a wad of cash, waves good-bye, and disappears into the elevator.

"See?" says Spears as she listens to me scream at my son. "It's not so easy, is it? You can't even get your *five-year-old* to listen to you."

True, my son had not yet publicly flashed his crotch, vomited in his limo, wiped up dog poop with a $6,700 Zac Posen gown, or accused me of forcing him into rehab. But her point is a good one. Mothers take a lot of hits.

Some are unfair. Some are not.

This year the mothers of Hollywood's wild girls—Paris, Lindsay, and Britney—have found themselves almost as much a part of the tabloid circus as the daughters themselves.

A recent cover of *Life & Style* magazine featured photographs of Britney and Lynne and spewed, I HATE YOU, MAMA! On June 28, Britney reportedly presented her mother with a letter warning her to keep away from Britney's two kids if she was abusing prescription pain medication. Apparently Britney has rethought the premise behind the book she co-authored with Lynne in 2000, *Britney Spears' Heart to Heart,* a mutual lovefest between mother and daughter. Dina Lohan, frequently seen living *la vida loca* with her troubled daughter, has been pitching reality shows, and once told *Star* magazine that Lindsay's friends called her mother "the white Oprah" because they all told her about their problems. And then there is Kathy Hilton, Paris's mother. Kathy sobbed when Paris was sentenced to jail for driving with a suspended license, calling the 23-day stint "Paris-cide." When Paris was released, her mother came to pick her up, seated at the open window of an S.U.V. in full hair and makeup as the cameras flashed. Kathy Hilton appeared ready for her close-up.

"All these crazy daughters and their mothers!" says Janice Min, editor in chief of *Us Weekly.* "These girls have one thing in common: troubled childhoods." (Mysteriously, the stage fathers tend to get more of a free pass: Joe Simpson does not get a lot of criticism for running the lives of daughters Jessica and Ashlee.)

There are plenty of stars whose mothers are their constant companions and succor; Justin Timberlake and Leo DiCaprio, to name two, escort their moms to big events all the time. But they don't make good copy. More intriguing are the parents who seem hell-bent on helping their children realize their dreams. But what dreams? And whose?

If ever there was a woman to make Gypsy Rose Lee look shy and unassuming, it's Kathleen Elizabeth Avanzino Richards Hilton. Hilton was herself the daughter of a stage mother, the pretty, vivacious Kathy Dugan, known to everyone as Big Kathy. Dugan, writes Jerry Oppenheimer in his 2006 book, *House of Hilton,* was an Irish Catholic high-school dropout who grew up in Manhasset, Long Island, eventually marrying four times. She told her daughters again and again that marrying rich wasn't a goal; it was *the* goal.

From the time Big Kathy's children were infants, they were in the spotlight. Little Kathy was only a small child when she started modeling. Eventually Big Kathy moved to L.A. to help boost her daughters' careers. While sisters Kim Richards and Kyle Richards are working as actresses today (Kyle in frequent TV gigs and Kim most recently as Christina Ricci's mother in *Black Snake Moan*), Big Kathy's namesake snared only a few bit parts, on shows such as *The Rockford Files* and *Happy Days.* "Of course Kathy wanted to be a star," says Hollywood party cougar and Hilton friend Nikki Haskell. "Who didn't?"

Kathy never got her big break, but she did find her Prince Charming. According to Oppenheimer, she had known Ricky Hilton—the sixth child of eight born to Barron Hilton—since they were teenagers, and

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they began dating seriously in 1978. Rick was a sweet University of Denver party boy. (Not that the entrepreneurial Hilton spirit was dead within him: he was known for throwing fabulous parties at the Denver Hilton and charging students 20 bucks a head.) Soon he was smitten with Kathy, and the two were married in Beverly Hills on November 24, 1979. They have, by all accounts, a very loving marriage (Rick is known to call his wife "Mommy," the *New York Post* noted in 2005), though whether that love is shared by the extended Hilton family is questionable.

In 1981, Kathy had Paris, whom she nicknamed "Star." From infancy, says Oppenheimer, mother and grandmother told the angelically pretty little girl that she would be bigger than Marilyn Monroe, bigger than Princess Di. All she needed was a little boost. (Kathy Hilton did not respond to *V.F.*'s requests for comment.)

"After my research I came away with sympathy for Paris," says Oppenheimer. "When she was a kid she thought about becoming a veterinarian. But she had no chance to do anything but what she has done." (For her part, Paris once told a reporter that her professional dreams changed when she realized she "could just buy a bunch of animals.")

"Kathy and Rick would host parties at these little clubs in New York, where they'd hand out flyers—something like 'Young and Rich Party hosted by Nicky and Paris Hilton,'" says Suzan Hughes, who was married to Herbalife founder Mark Hughes and is godmother to Kathy's younger son, Conrad IV. "You throw a great party, you get a celeb to show up—or you say that a celeb will show up—and when the camera crews come the celeb may not be there, but there's your gorgeous daughter, dancing on a table. That's how it all began."

Hilton observers all have their favorite story about Kathy's curious lack of appropriateness. For former *Daily News* gossip columnist Lloyd Grove, it was this: "When Paris went on *Saturday Night Live* after the release of her sex tape, in 2003, she did this bit with Jimmy Fallon where he wasn't allowed to discuss the sex scandal, but he asked her all these double-entendre questions about 'the Paris Hilton [Hotel],' like 'Is it hard to get into the Paris Hilton?,' 'I may need to go in the back entrance,' 'I'd love to have my balls held by the Paris Hilton,' etc., etc. And wouldn't you know, Kathy and Rick were there with their two young boys. Afterwards, Kathy was saying, 'Wasn't your sister great? Wasn't she funny?'—and these two boys, who were barely teenagers, had to listen to this whole thing about their sister being in a porn tape.... It was just so awful."

Kathy made a lot of noise about Paris's infamous sex tape with her older boyfriend Rick Salomon: "The Hilton family is greatly saddened at how low human beings will stoop to exploit their daughter Paris, who is sweet-natured, for their own self-promotion as well as profit motives," read the Hiltons' statement. (A few years later Paris told British newspaper *The Guardian* that her parents knew she hadn't done anything wrong, and, after all, making a tape of yourself staring at yourself in a mirror while you have sex is, as she put it, "something everybody does.")

But it was after the tape that the money *really* began to roll in. Paris's showing up and waving became a major source of income. Hilton gets paid anywhere from $50,000 to upwards of $150,000 to appear at an opening, says an executive who books stars for events. (This year, he says, she got $150,000 to host her birthday party at the Hard Rock Hotel in Las Vegas.) Then there are the endorsements for lines of jewelry, makeup, and fragrance; the Club Paris nightclubs; and her reality show, *The Simple Life,* with fellow bad-girl-trying-to-turn-good Nicole Richie. The show was dropped in July; Hilton is reportedly in talks to star in an upcoming season of the British version of *Celebrity Big Brother,* where cameras and mikes follow your every move as you live in a house with a bunch of other famous people—which shouldn't be all that different from how she's living now, except that she'll be paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to do it for a few weeks.

The parent-child relationship can be warped by media attention, and by the sheer power of even the most meager fame.

The manna of stardom was not showered only on Paris. Her parents must be benefiting from her notoriety, and observers have begun to take note. "Take just one example," says Jerry Oppenheimer, "that horrible reality show *I Want to Be a Hilton,*" where people vie for the chance to live the way Kathy Hilton thinks New York socialites do. (Fun fact: upon arrival, contestants were taught the proper way to hold a wineglass—by the stem—and in the last scene everyone is holding the glass correctly, except Kathy Hilton.) "Kathy made a chunk of change as the host, and Rick was [a] producer." She is even staking a claim to the showing-up-and-waving business; right now, says the booking executive, she can bring in around $5,000 or $10,000 for an appearance. (Dina Lohan, he says, can get "a free room and booze.")

More recently, Kathy signed a deal for her own skin-care collection—"reflecting the luxurious Kathy Hilton lifestyle"—which she began selling on the Home Shopping Network on July 31. (While Kathy Hilton declined to be interviewed for this article, the publicist for the beauty products told me she could set us up, as long as I wrote exclusively about the beauty products.)

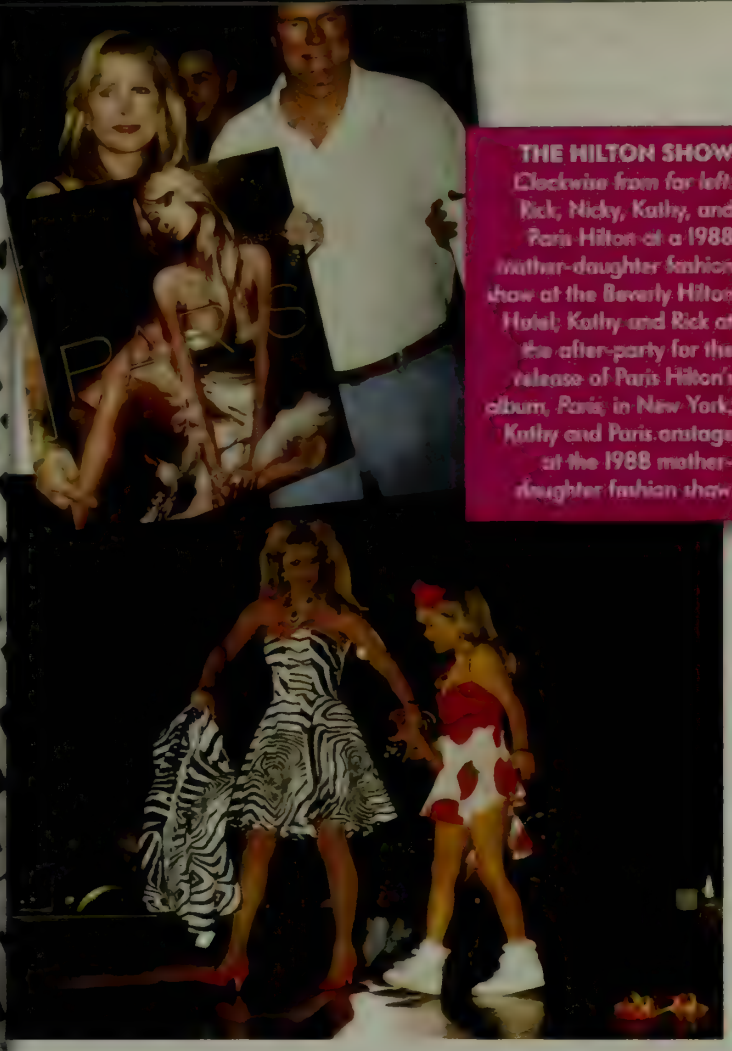
Such moneymaking endeavors seem almost ridiculous when compared with the vast Hilton fortune amassed by the hotel chain's founder, Paris's great-grandfather Conrad Hilton. Conrad believed in a strong work ethic (though he, like his progeny, also enjoyed certain extravagances), and when he died, in 1979, he left his children and grandchildren relatively modest shares in the company. His own, 28 percent stake was to go to his foundation. In his final will, he advised the foundation's directors to "shelter little children with the umbrella of your charity." One of the will's primary beneficiaries was a network of Catholic nuns who have taken a vow of poverty.

But Conrad's son Barron had other plans. As chairman and chief executive officer of the family business, he challenged the will and spent the greater part of the next decade suing the I.R.S. and the Conrad N. Hilton Foundation for the ability to buy back the contested shares at their 1979 stock price, which would have amounted to a little less than $200 million. In the resulting settlement, in 1989, Barron came away with the majority of the shares. (The foundation exists to this day.) The family's stake in Hilton Hotels Corporation is now in a trust, where it provides income to Barron's eight children, including Rick. Assuming that that income, from stock dividends, is equally split, Rick likely receives a little more than $400,000 a year from the family fortune. (All this may soon change once again; the Blackstone Group recently offered $26 billion for Hilton Hotels, and a deal is pending.)

According to Jerry Oppenheimer, Rick Hilton also likely received several million dollars from his mother, Marilyn, who died of multiple sclerosis in 2004.

All of which is nothing to sniff at—and, after all, Rick Hilton does work for a living. (He co-owns Hilton & Hyland, a high-end real-estate business in L.A., which recently handled, among other deals, the sale of Paris's Spanish-style Hollywood Hills home for just under $4 million. His brother-in-law Mauricio Umansky—the husband of Kyle Richards, Kathy's sister—took care of the sale





THE HILTON SHOW Clockwise from far left: Rick, Nicky, Kathy, and Paris Hilton at a 1988 mother-daughter fashion show at the Beverly Hilton Hotel; Kathy and Rick at the after-party for the release of Paris Hilton's album, *Paris*, in New York; Kathy and Paris onstage at the 1988 mother-daughter fashion show.

and pocketed the commission. Might as well keep it in the family.) But, for a family who has inherited wealth, the Hiltons have certainly picked up quite an assortment of odd jobs. Whatever money they have, it's hardly the vast fortune it appears to be.

"Listen, they don't have any real Hilton money there; Rick makes his money as a broker," says a friend and prominent New York real-estate developer. Anderson Cooper devoted an entire episode of his CNN show to a panel discussion of Paris's Larry King interview, and a good amount of time was spent discussing the question, "How much is the Hilton family really worth?" Cooper speculated, "I never believe people have as much money as they say or are portrayed on TV to have," and then invited *Forbes*'s Matthew Miller and others to rattle off a laundry list of Paris's independent enterprises.

The Hiltons' relatively modest means might explain "why they cultivate friends that have jets and yachts," adds another friend—who had a yacht. "They like to hitch rides." Her relationship with Kathy Hilton ended, the friend says, when she and her wealthy husband divorced. Kathy followed the wealthy husband, the new wife . . . and the money. Still, this friend and the Hiltons stayed in touch, until one memorable day about five years ago. "I went to Big Kathy's funeral—she'd died of breast cancer—and afterwards Rick and Kathy had people over to

Kathy Hilton and her mother told Paris she would be bigger than Marilyn Monroe, bigger than Princess Di.

their house. Paris had just turned 21, and the Hiltons had a running loop of footage from Paris's 21st-birthday party up on their big-screen TV. Rick was running around going, 'Look at Paris!' It was a *promotion*."

One might argue, though, that, given her own ambition and sensibilities, Big Kathy would have been proud.

Further questions about the Hiltons' riches abound. For example, do very rich people commonly rent out their homes? The Hiltons have been renting out their seven-bedroom, seven-and-a-half-bath house in Southampton, New York, for years—this year, for approximately $350,000 for the summer. "He has money from his real-estate business, but it's nothing that can cover their lifestyle," says a wealthy New Yorker familiar with the Hiltons' housing situation. She has seen the house. She has heard this summer's renters try desperately to get some of the problems fixed. "Do I have to give you *another* $300,000 to get screens on the windows?" the tenant shouted, according to a mutual friend.

"Usually when people rent [out] a house for the summer, they clean it up," continues the woman. "This house was left exactly the way it was when the renters saw it in November. Everything in it is moldy and filthy. Most of the screens on the windows are broken. Their dogs are obviously not house-trained. But they don't see it. These are people whose daughter has sex on tape, and they think that's *fine*." (Kathy's friend Nikki Haskell, for her part, says Rick and Kathy are "adorable people," "diligent" parents who "love their children" and "want the best.")

And then there was the widely reported recent kerfuffle over Paris's post-jail interview. Barbara Walters and the Hiltons were doing the interview tango, seemingly successfully: Walters had known Kathy Hilton for years; Kathy and Nicky appeared at the celebration for Walters's star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, and the Hiltons gave a party in her honor. The interview seemed to belong to Walters, but the Hiltons were being courted by other networks; Rick is said to have called Walters and told her NBC had made an of-

fer—reportedly close to $1 million, which made ABC's $100,000 seem paltry. It was time for Walters and ABC to pony up.

One Hollywood publicist sees the squabbling over the interview as a betrayal of Walters by Kathy Hilton. "Not only was [Walters] furious at not getting the interview," the publicist says, citing a *Variety* article, "but she also knew how shabby it looked, letting it be known that the networks were paying for these interviews to begin with." The networks scuttled away from the project. Paris Hilton ultimately appeared for free on *Larry King Live,* where America learned that she had spent her jail time reading the Bible, but that she couldn't name her favorite passage. (Barbara Walters would say only, "Kathy seems to be a very nice lady who cares about her daughter.")

But why would people of still-considerable wealth care about being paid for an interview that (a) immediately makes them look morally suspect and (b) inevitably would make their poor daughter look mentally challenged? "Well, why not?" says columnist Lloyd Grove. "I mean, even if they are rich, money's money."

Dina Lohan has none of the pretensions of Kathy Hilton. She is staunchly proud of her Irish-Italian-American, Merrick, Long Island, upbringing. She does not sugarcoat her turbulent marriage (now over) to Lindsay's father, Michael, who racked up a long list of criminal charges and a D.U.I. before discovering God and Larry King. Dina's beauty (she actually looks younger than her daughter in many of their photographs together), her taste for the highlife, and her terror of appearing, God forbid, matronly are well documented. (Lohan, in *Harper's Bazaar,* on why she introduced herself to George Clooney as Lindsay's assistant: "I don't want them to know I'm her mom. It's a whole nother demographic. People just go dark." Someone needs to introduce her to the concept of MILFs.)

And yet Lohan, like Kathy Hilton, does not appear to have a close personal relationship with reality. "Lindsay's no different than any other 20-year-old girl who's doing some experimenting," Dina says to me during our brief phone conversation, which took place several days before Lindsay, fresh out of rehab, got arrested again, this time for D.U.I. and cocaine possession. "It's just that when we did this kind of thing we didn't have cameras turned on us all the time. What were you doing when you were 20, for goodness' sake?" I didn't have the heart to say, Well, not crashing my Mercedes into a tree! But nor was I beautiful, talented, and surrounded by people who couldn't say no to me.

"When Lindsay lost a drastic amount of weight two years ago, Dina Lohan called to arrange a meeting with me," says *Us*'s Min. "She was very nice, very protective of Lindsay, but very willing to look beyond what seemed like obvious problems with food. 'These things happen—she's a girl who lost her baby fat.' She has blind spots. In the end she might not be helping her daughter by not giving her a sense of accountability." Dina insists she does what she can. "Like I don't scream at her for screwing up?" she says. "It's just no one's business."

Given her modest past, perhaps Dina's bids to make a little extra cash off her daughter's fame are more understandable than Kathy Hilton's. Dina says she is currently developing a show for the E! channel about her family. "When she came in to pitch us her TV show, I was predisposed to not like her. But I was wrong," says a network executive who met Dina before she made the deal with E! "She was warm and sincere, but totally deluded. [In Dina's head,] Lindsay's this totally normal kid, a girl like anyone else, who just has the normal problems of youth, only because of the fact that she's in entertainment she finds it hard to make friends and trust people—as if that explains it. [The show was supposed to be] about not being this crazy, partying woman, but just a soccer mom," the executive says.

"My feeling about her," adds the source, "is not so much that she craves fame. I think it's money. I think she is very angry. She's had a tough time in her marriage, and for quite a while Lindsay has been pretty much the sole support of the family."

According to a couple of people close to the situation, Dina fired Endeavor, the talent agency, when Adam Venit, then Lindsay's agent, tried to persuade

LOHAN BEHO
From far left: Lin
and Dina Lohan
2007; Dina, Lind
and Ali Lohan in 20
Michael, Lindsay
Dina at Lindsay's
birthday p



Perhaps more disturbing than wanting to be her daughter's friend, Dina Lohan wants to share the spotlight.

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Dina that her daughter's career depended on her getting her daughter sober. Dina says Lindsay left Endeavor when "it was time for her to do independent films . . . and to work with the Meryl Streeps and the Jane Fondas of the world."

Lindsay started at Endeavor "when she was 14 or 15, and while she was there her career grew exponentially," says a Hollywood executive. "She's really, really talented, no one argues about that. She and the mother moved to L.A., partially to escape the father and his problems. The mother seemed helpful—a little controlling, not that unusual." But as Lindsay's fame grew, so did her problems. She went out on the town a lot. And, according to a number of sources, her mother started going out with her. Dina says she goes out with Lindsay not as a "party mom," but as her manager.

"When Lindsay was doing *Herbie Fully Loaded,* there started to be a lot of issues," continues the executive. "It was a Disney movie about a car, and she was drinking and driving." Part of the problem, too, was that Tommy Mottola, co-owner of Casablanca Records, had signed Lindsay to a record deal, and so she was trying to record the CD, shooting a movie, and going out all the time. Filming was repeatedly shut down when she claimed to be exhausted—but the tabloids and paparazzi were quick to notice that Lindsay continued to travel, shop, and go clubbing in her free time. Dina calls these accusations "completely absurd," and attributes Lindsay's problems at that time to a severe asthma attack, "way, way, way too much pressure," and her breakup with actor Wilmer Valderrama.

After *Herbie* wrapped, Endeavor got her cast in *Just My Luck,* Lohan's first foray into being a lead in a romantic comedy, directed by Donald Petrie (*Miss Congeniality*); it was scheduled to begin filming in January 2005. The Endeavor team was worried. Lindsay was sick and dangerously thin. In order to be insured, she needed a physical. It was December. She repeatedly blew off the physical, the executive recalls. The insurers sent a doctor to her door, who was "literally sitting on her step, and no one is answering the door," says this executive. Just by chance Dina Lohan visited Venit the day a higher-up at the studio producing the film was going ballistic, saying that Lindsay would be replaced if she didn't take the physical.

The source goes on: "Adam was pretty desperate. He told Dina, 'Listen, your daughter's career is on the line. You need to get her to take the physical.'" Adam had sympathy for the mother; after all, Lindsay was her source of income, and even though Lindsay was doing well they were spending a lot of money. "The most Lindsay ever made on a movie at that time was $6 or $7 million—and that was for a movie she hadn't made yet. They were spending money before they made it," says the executive. And Venit was very vocal about genuinely admiring and liking Lindsay, who everyone knew "was a really sweet girl . . . just so messed up."

Exasperated, Venit turned to Dina and said, "Look, I'm not her parent, but there's no slippery slope here. You just fall off the cliff." And Dina got furious and screamed, "Well, maybe *you* should start acting like her father," and then screamed, "Fuck you! I'm leaving! You're fired!" (Dina disputes this account.)

"I mean, her child was basically killing her career," the executive says. "What mother would behave that way?" (Lindsay is now represented by CAA.)

Kathy Hilton is staking a claim to the showing-up-and-waving business; she can bring in around $5,000 or $10,000.

Perhaps more disturbing than wanting to be her daughter's friend, Dina Lohan also wants to share the spotlight—at least according to those who have spent time with the two of them. "This is a woman who jumps into her daughter's makeup chair before the premiere. . . . Her message to everyone is basically 'Lindsay would be nothing without me,'" says a Hollywood producer familiar with the two of them. "And now she's going to do this show where she shows how she's making her other daughter, Ali, a star. It's like she's saying, 'Look, I can do this with any kid.' . . . Her deal isn't 'I want my kid to be rich and famous.' It's 'I want to be my kid.'"

"I can't even comment on that ridiculousness," Dina says, insisting she is Lindsay's manager, not her competitor. "My daughter is gorgeous and 21 and I *so* don't want to be 21 anymore."

But, in fact, it's this tendency that makes some Dina-watchers sympathize with her.

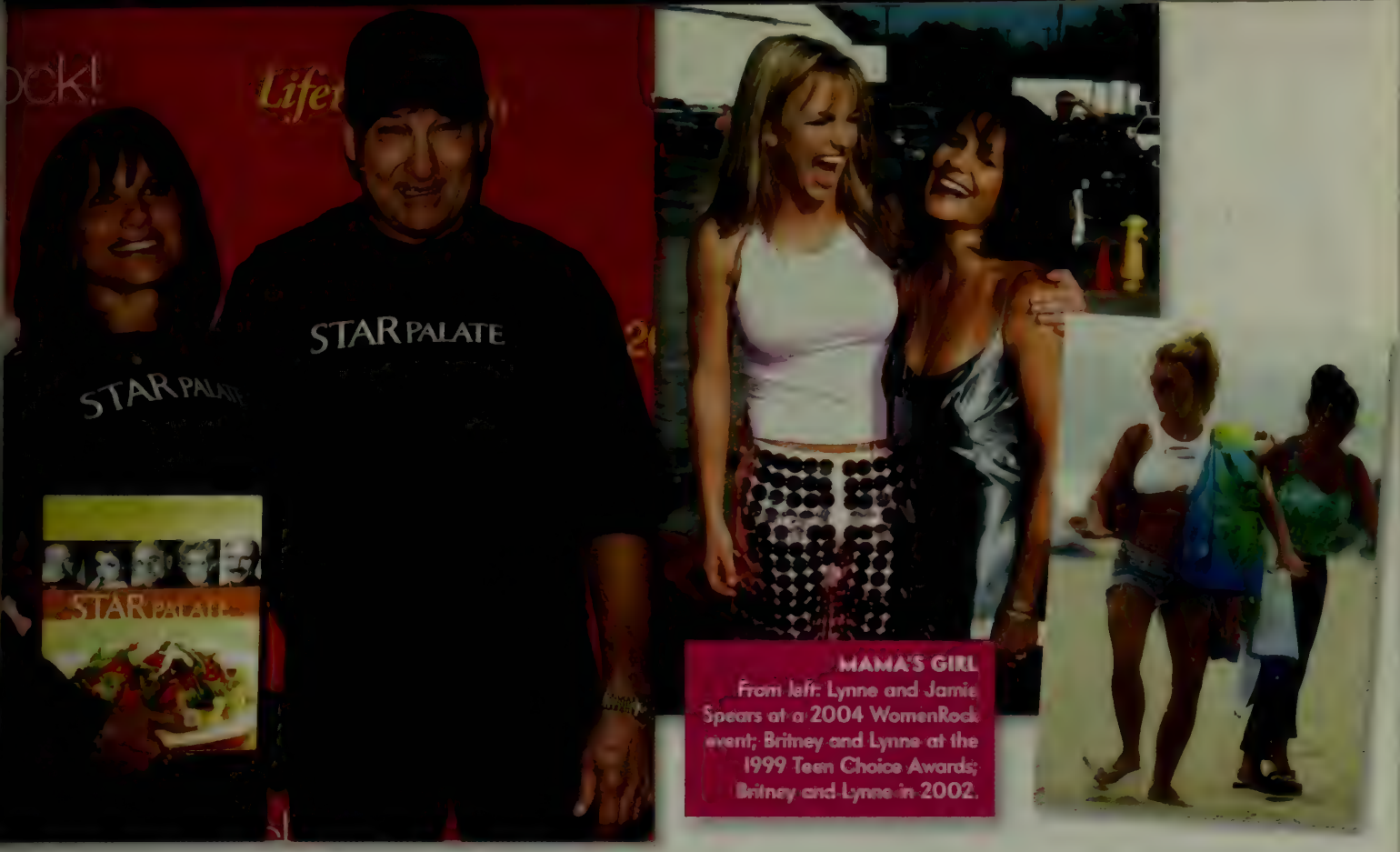
"People on staff here have seen Dina out partying with her daughter," says *Us*'s Min. "But look, she's a woman who spent her 20s [and 30s] raising children in a terrible marriage. In the way that Lindsay and Britney were these child stars who are having a delayed adolescence, she's having a delayed adolescence. Or worse than that: a delayed youth. That stress of scraping by, keeping your family intact when your husband is a ne'er-do-well. . . . Dina is doing what a lot of women in that situation do, which is holding it together as best as she can."

Oddly enough, the child who is perhaps the most unhinged at the moment (see MTV's 2007 Video Music Awards) is the one who may have the most stable mother, a mother who is beside herself about her daughter, who is apparently having a mental breakdown. Britney is no stranger to public feuds, but even Britney's fans were shocked by her June 28 antics, when, to the delight of the paparazzi, she put her two sons in her car and drove an hour to Valencia, California, where she knew she would find Lynne on the set of younger sister Jamie Lynn's Nickelodeon show, *Zoey 101.* It was there that she handed her mother the infamous letter warning her to stay away from her grandsons, Sean and Jayden, if she was taking any medications that cause her to be impaired. "I'm praying for [my mother] right now," Spears told reporters in L.A. over the summer. "I hope she gets all the help she needs."

Recent paparazzi photos of Spears's parents pushing Britney's boys in their red plastic cars outside Kevin Federline's house pretty much say it all. (Britney and Kevin are currently battling over custody of the boys.) When you are Britney Spears's mother and you're looking to your son-in-law, Kevin Federline, to be the responsible, mature one . . . well, if that's not a sign of trouble, what is?

"This isn't a woman who's out partying with her children, or trying to live their lives," says journalist Larry Getlen, who wrote the book *Britney: Not That Innocent* and an article earlier this year about the many entertaining ways Britney's hometown, Kentwood, Louisiana (population 2,600, of which about a third are supposedly related in some way to Britney), tried to cash in on her fame. "Some kids are just driven. When I was talking to people in Kentwood, there were all these stories about how, whenever you saw Britney—even if she was in the dentist's chair—she was singing," says Getlen. "Her mother was definitely not cracking the whip." (Her father was a good ol' boy who once chased away a bunch of teenage girls who had dropped by their house to try to get Britney's autograph with, *The New York Times* wrote, "a pistol in his shorts.")

According to the 2000 census, the median income in Kentwood is less than $18,000. *Star* magazine once reported that the Spearses faced major financial hardship in the late 90s—right before *Baby One More Time* shot to the top of the charts. Getlen notes that if Britney hadn't hit it big when she did, her family "would have had real problems. It was like putting your money on a horse—and winning." This financial boon may well be in the past. While Britney bought them the man-



MAMA'S GIRL From left: Lynne and Jamie Spears at a 2004 WomenRock event; Britney and Lynne at the 1999 Teen Choice Awards; Britney and Lynne in 2002.

Britney Spears is no stranger

to public feuds, but even Britney's fans were shocked by her June 28 antics.

sion she called, ironically enough, Serenity, what are the chances their daughter is funding them while they side with her ex? ("The Spears family loves Kevin," an "insider" told *Life & Style* magazine.) "Lynne Spears is probably suffering financially," adds Getlen, "for taking a principled stand."

Janice Min agrees. Though Lynne Spears, as Min notes, allowed her daughter to perform "in a highly sexualized fashion as a young teenager, that was probably a natural outgrowth of the pageant circuit in the South." Not that Britney was in pageants. "But," Min continues, "maybe having her playact sexy wasn't that weird. And she saw that her daughter had the desire to perform, and the talent. It's very hard to say no to that, wanting more money and a better life."

"I certainly had my dreams that I had to postpone because of my children—but they had nothing to do with show business," Lynne Spears, a former elementary-school teacher, told me in our brief telephone conversation. (She could not be reached for further comment.) "Actually," she says wistfully, "I really wanted to be a college professor."

Lynne Spears, a beauty in her own right, does not have or seem to want her own line of cosmetics.

"A mother-daughter relationship is going to be tested no matter what. It's going to be tested a lot harder if the child's in the entertainment business," says Christine Peters, former wife of film producer Jon Peters and old flame of Sumner Redstone. Peters, who has a production company at Paramount, where she has produced several movies, should know. She was estranged from her own daughter, Caleigh, 18—who has a recording contract with Disney's Hollywood Records and sang songs in *Herbie Fully Loaded* and *Ice Princess*—for more than a year over her relationship with Rod Stewart's son Sean. The younger Stewart, who stars in the A&E reality show *Sons of Hollywood,* was most recently in the news for allegedly punching and throwing rocks at two people outside a Hollywood party. ("He's uneducated, . . . he's been in jail," says Peters. "If you were a mother and you made a list of everything you didn't want your daughter to be with, this would be it.") They're repairing the relationship now, Peters says, but the way the parent-child relationship can be warped by media attention and by the sheer power of even the most meager fame—"you just have no idea."

"With these women we see who are all over the tabloids, if you look at their families you see addiction . . . trauma, and neglect," says Drew Pinsky, M.D., known to many as Dr. Drew of MTV's *Loveline,* an addiction specialist and assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at U.S.C.'s medical school, who has studied the connection between celebrities and narcissism. (Shocker: celebrities really are more narcissistic than the rest of us.) "So to see a mom partying while her daughter is [suffering from] alcoholism . . . it's just terrifying." This fall Pinsky will be hosting a show on VH1 called *Celebrity Rehab with Dr. Drew,* in which—no joke—the cameras of VH1 will follow around eight famous people as they dry out.

"It's not like celebrities have a separate diagnostic manual," Pinsky continues. "The thing is, they spiral into more serious situations because they are often buffered by people who say yes to them. They don't have to face real consequences for their behavior." Ultimately, the profoundly insecure and narcissistic are left with their retinue of stylists, publicists, hairdressers, and yoga instructors; their actual, unpaid friends have taken a hike.

"Unless an enlightened, responsible person is willing to put him- or herself on the line, the behavior will continue," Pinsky adds. In the lives of many young people, that person is a parent. But what if it's not?

What if the whole family is along for the ride, with photographers and TV crews watching from the sidelines? Let's ask Nicky Hilton, Ali Lohan, and Jamie Lynn Spears in five years. □

Additional reporting by Helen Vera.

Mad About the Boys

Until he fled the country in January, accused of embezzling more than $300 million, Lou Pearlman was famous as the impresario behind the Backstreet Boys and 'NSync. Turns out his investors weren't the only victims, colleagues reveal: Pearlman's passion for boy bands was also a passion for boys

By Bryan Burrough



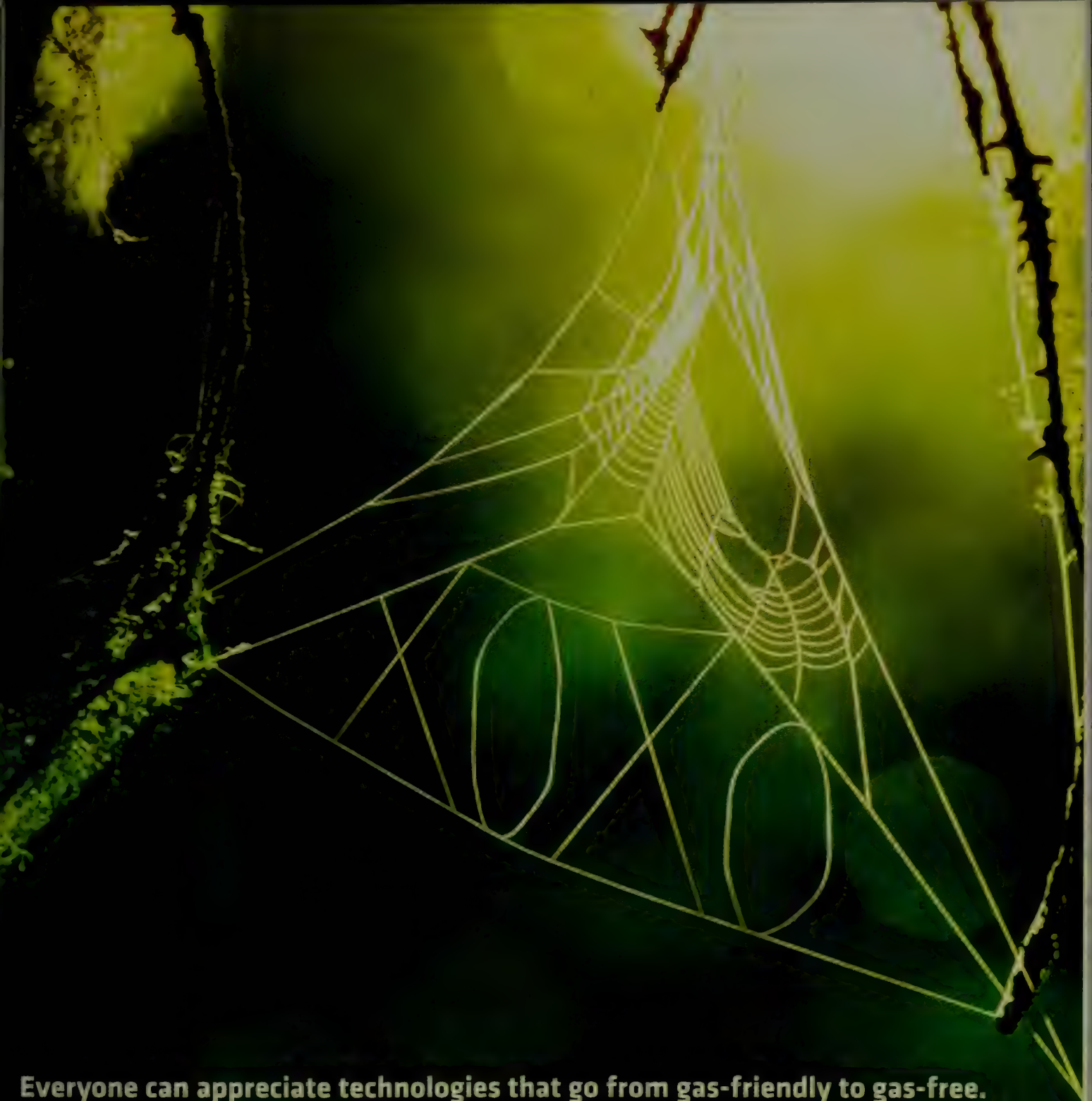
WHEELER-DEALER
US5 band member Richie Stringini and Lou Pearlman at Pearlman's Windermere, Florida, estate. (The photos do not imply improper relations between Pearlman and particular boys.)

The crowds began gathering outside Orlando's Church Street Station complex early on a sweltering June morning, waiting in line to wander through the abandoned offices of the unlikely multimillionaire who had transformed this central Florida city into a music-industry mecca. Lou Pearlman, the rotund impresario who created the Backstreet Boys and 'NSync and guided the early recording careers of Justin Timberlake and scores of other young singers, had been an international celebrity, a popular, easygoing local businessman known as "Big Poppa." In his heyday, 5 to 10 years ago, he was profiled on *60 Minutes II* and *20/20* and produced a hit ABC/MTV series, *Making the Band*.

Pearlman was long gone now, vanished, one step ahead of the F.B.I. and investigators from the state of Florida, who had rocked Orlando months before by accusing him of being a con man. Gone too were Justin and JC and Kevin and all the other young singers he had made into stars. What remained of Pearlman's empire, mostly memorabilia and office furniture, was to be auctioned later that day. Up in his gaudy third-floor corner office, with its rust-colored shag carpet and walls lined with gold and platinum records, would-be bidders poked into his cabinets and rifled through his desk drawers; the only secret they uncovered, alas, was Pearlman's passion for breath mints. At the back, a cavernous storeroom was stacked with framed posters of his bands.

Most of those milling about Pearlman's offices had scant idea what he had done wrong, much less where he had fled to. Some said Israel, or Germany, or Ireland, or Belarus. He had left the country last January, just days before the state sued him, alleging that he had bilked nearly 2,000 investors, many of them elderly Floridia retirees, out of more than $317 million in a Ponzi scheme lasting at least 15 years. A dozen banks also sued for more than $130 million in back loans. Later the indictment would come. Big Poppa, it turned out, had been an accomplished swindler long before he formed his first band. His were scams of jaw-dropping audacity. Pearlman's

FRANCINE DAVETA



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largest company, a colossus he boasted was bringing in $80 million a year, was . . . well, not. For years his investors, starry-eyed after rubbing elbows with 'NSync and the Backstreet Boys, never questioned his promises of forthcoming riches. When they finally did, he fought back with lawsuits, forged documents, and fictitious financial statements. When the truth began to come out, he ran.

That much any reader of the Florida newspapers might know. What no one knows, however, is that Pearlman's sins appear to have been far more sordid than conning kindly grandmothers. What no one knows, because it is described here for the first time, is that while the King of the Boy Bands was smitten with the music industry and the millions he made there, while he adored his gold records and his television appearances, what Lou Pearlman loved at least as much were the attentions of attractive young male singers.

Some, especially the teenagers, shrugged and giggled when he showed them pornographic movies or jumped naked onto their beds in the morning to wrestle and play. Others, it appears, didn't get off so easily. These were the young singers seen emerging from his bedroom late at night, buttoning their pants, sheepish looks on their faces. Some deny anything improper ever happened. But the parents of at least one, a member of the Backstreet Boys, complained. And for any number of young men who sought to join the world's greatest boy bands, Big Poppa's attentions were an open secret, the price some paid for fame.

"Some guys joked about it; I remember [one singer] asking me, 'Have you let Lou blow you yet?'" says Steve Mooney, an aspiring singer who served as Pearlman's assistant and lived in his home for two years. "I would absolutely say the guy was a sexual predator. All the talent knew what Lou's game was. If they say no, they're lying to you."

To a number of his former band members, Pearlman seemed so enamored of his male singers that it called into question his motivations for entering the music business in the first place. "Honestly, I don't think Lou ever thought we would become stars," says Rich Cronin, lead singer of the Pearlman boy band Lyte Funky Ones (LFO). "I just think he wanted cute guys around him; this was all an excuse. And then lightning crazily struck and an empire was created. It was all dumb luck. I think his motives for getting into music were very different."

Pearlman was already the 37-year-old millionaire C.E.O. of a publicly held company when he entered the music business, in 1992. He wasn't raised rich, though. Born in 1954, he grew up in the Mitchell Gardens Apartments, a collection of six-story brick buildings on a tidy street in Flushing, in the northernmost reaches of Queens, New York, below the Whitestone Bridge. His father, Hy, worked in dry cleaning; his mother was a homemaker. His cousin the singer Art Garfunkel was among those who encouraged Pearlman's interest in music. In his 2002 book, *Bands, Brands & Billions,* Pearlman describes an idyllic childhood in which he grew up a kind of miniature Bill Gates, earning money with lemonade stands and paper routes.

His life, Pearlman wrote, changed forever in 1964, when, looking across the Whitestone Expressway from his bedroom window, he spied a Goodyear blimp landing at Flushing Airport for the World's Fair. At the airport, he begged the blimp men to let him take a ride. When they said only special guests and journalists were allowed on board, the 10-year-old wangled an assignment from his school newspaper, presented his "credentials," and was duly lifted into the skies above New York City. A dream was born. The blimps returned to Queens every summer for years, and Pearlman was always there to meet them, helping around the hangars and becoming an unofficial mascot.

> "Lightning crazily struck and an empire was created. It was all dumb luck."

"I was ecstatic," Pearlman wrote in his book. "The airport became my summer playground and my after-school hangout."

But there are other versions of Pearlman's early years one hears at Mitchell Gardens. The most compelling is told by Alan Gross, who for 55 years has lived in Apartment 4C, a narrow space crammed with flotillas of blimp models, blimp posters, blimp photos, blimp key chains, and a cat. "This is the window Lou always talks about," Gross tells me, pointing across the Whitestone Expressway toward the long-closed Flushing Airport. "Lou's apartment is on the other side of the building. He couldn't even see the blimps from there. He saw them here, because I showed him."

After a career in aviation, Gross is now a census worker in poor health, a worn man with a luxuriant gray pompadour, dark circles beneath his eyes, and blue-jean shorts cut off with scissors. Though he has never spoken publicly about his longtime friend, Gross lives in a kind of Pearlman museum, his apartment stacked with boxes bursting with Pearlman correspondence, Pearlman news clippings, Pearlman family photos, even tape recordings of 25-year-old arguments the two had over the telephone. Gross is a kind of ramshackle Inspector Javert to Pearlman's Jean Valjean, a man who has spent years trying to warn investors and government agencies about the kid he first knew as "Fat Louie."

"I remember him in a baby carriage," Gross says, taking a seat on an old couch. "Louie was a very shy kid, didn't have many friends. Wasn't very friendly, a little overweight. He wasn't comfortable with who he was, you know? I'm three years older, but we were the only only children in the building, so we became friends. We went on family outings, to the Statue of Liberty, to Coney Island. I went to their family circles, where I listened to his cousin Artie sing as a kid."

As Gross tells it, it was he, not Pearlman, who first glimpsed the blimps that day in 1964. It was he, not Pearlman, who scurried there to befriend the blimp men; he, not Pearlman, who got the press pass necessary to get a ride; he, not Pearlman, who snagged the job of gofer around the blimp's hangar. "The stories he tells?" Gross says. "They're not about Lou. They're about me. He's taken episodes from my life to make his own. He always has."

Pearlman did join Gross at the hangar, doing odd jobs, but, as Gross tells it, Pearlman did little but sit and stare, which, he says, "made the blimp guys uncomfortable. I had to tell him to stop staring, to come out and talk a little, or they wouldn't let him hang around. That's really when he started coming out of his shell, you know. Sometimes I feel like the Dr. Frankenstein who created a monster."

The two lost touch when Gross left to attend Syracuse University and Pearlman enrolled in accounting classes at Queens College. It was for a class assignment that Pearlman, infatuated with aviation, worked up a business plan for a commuter helicopter service. When the two friends returned to Mitchell Gardens after college, Apartment 4C became the headquarters for Pearlman's first aviation company. He persuaded a small group of Wall Streeters living on Long Island to buy a helicopter, which he leased and flew around New York. In his book, Pearlman

claims he made his first million at 21. This is at best doubtful. (The company was later merged into a competitor.)

Helicopters were fine, but what Pearlman really wanted was a blimp. He had never shaken the bug he caught in 1964; he and Gross were proud members of the airship fraternity who call themselves "balloonatics" and "Helium Heads." Some of the best blimps in the world were built by a German company, headed by an industrialist named Theodor Wüllenkemper. In 1978, when the 24-year-old Pearlman heard that Wüllenkemper would be visiting the U.S. around the time of his 50th birthday, he mailed him a two-foot-high birthday card covered with glitter, along with an invitation to dinner in New York. To Pearlman's amazement, Wüllenkemper accepted. Pearlman picked him up at the airport in a helicopter and ferried him to dinner at, of all places, Apartment 3F, Mitchell Gardens, Flushing, Queens. Pearlman's mother hosted. Wüllenkemper, charmed by Pearlman and his enthusiasm to start a blimp business, invited Pearlman and another Mitchell Gardens friend, Frankie Vazquez Jr., to train at Wüllenkemper's facilities in Germany.

Returning to the U.S. in 1980, Pearlman formed a company he called Airship Enterprises Ltd., and, after making the rounds of potential corporate sponsors, persuaded the owners of Jordache Jeans to lease a blimp for promotional purposes. Unfortunately, Pearlman had neither a blimp nor the money to buy one. According to Alan Gross, who joined Airship as its public-relations manager, Pearlman wangled a used balloon "envelope" from a California man and hired a New Jersey aluminum contractor to build a frame for it. The blimp was assembled at a naval base in Lakehurst, New Jersey, the same one where the German zeppelin *Hindenburg* crashed in flames, in 1937. There were problems from the beginning, among them the fact that the gold paint Jordache demanded tended to turn brown after several days in the sun, making the blimp look, in Gross's words, "like a giant turd." On its inaugural flight, on October 8, 1980, the new Jordache blimp floated into the New Jersey sky on its way to New York Harbor, where it was to circle a promotional party Jordache was throwing. It made it less than a mile, however, before losing altitude and forcing the pilot to crash-land in a garbage dump.

The crash made national headlines. Pearlman blamed the weight of the gold paint. In the airship community, however, there were darker whispers. "Lou never intended to fly that blimp," asserts Gross, who says the airship hadn't flown anywhere near the number of practice runs required under federal law. "He could have been arrested if it had left that base." Pearlman and his insurer ended up in court; seven years later a New York jury awarded Pearlman $2.5 million in damages.

It took years for him to rebound. After moving into a penthouse apartment in Bayside, Queens, however, Pearlman met a Wall Street broker well versed in the market for small, fly-by-night "penny stocks" who proposed a way he could return to the blimp business: Go public. Though he had little to sell but an idea, this was the go-go 1980s, and Pearlman's new company, Airship International, managed to raise $3 million in a 1985 public offering, which he used to purchase a 13-year-old blimp from Wüllenkemper. In short order Pearlman secured a promotional contract with McDonald's, and with his new McDonald's blimp in the air most of the year, he was able to rent office space on Fifth Avenue. In time Pearlman had enough money to begin flying in a rented Learjet. By 1989 he owned a 6,000-square-foot vacation home on a leafy street in Orlando.

> "There was always that fine line where you went, 'Is this all innocent?'"

A large, pale man with thinning red hair and glasses, Pearlman had a style that was enthusiastic, giving, and nonconfrontational. He picked up every check and seldom if ever said no. A big talker and a better listener, Pearlman drew people into his world by deducing their dreams and promising to deliver them. But his soft edges cloaked an unyielding will and the purring persuasions of a televangelist. "You could point your finger in his face and hold a Bible in one hand and tell him your name, and he could tell you you were wrong and make you believe it," recalls Jay Marose, Pearlman's publicist in later years. "He could make you believe anything. Anything at all."

In the late 1980s, Pearlman began to grow restless after he suffered two profound losses: the 1988 death of his mother and the 1989 destruction of his blimp in a San Antonio windstorm. Some suggest he went through an early midlife crisis; maybe, at the age of 35, he was just lonely. Whatever happened, within two years he had moved into new offices on Sand Lake Road in Orlando and begun talking about getting into the music business.

The seeds of Pearlman's rise—and his fall—were laid soon after he relocated Airship International to Florida, in July 1991, when he began attracting a massive inflow of new money, investors, and business partners. One was a suave 22-year-old British heir named Julian Benscher, who met Pearlman when he acquired a replacement blimp from a British company Benscher was negotiating to buy. After touring Airship's U.S. facilities and poring over its financials, Benscher bought into the company, becoming its second-largest shareholder. It seemed a bargain. As Pearlman explained it, his little empire now had two strong legs, the publicly traded Airship and a rapidly growing private company called Trans Continental Airlines, an aircraft-leasing business Pearlman co-owned with Theodor Wüllenkemper. According to Dun & Bradstreet, Trans Con Air operated more than 49 aircraft, including 14 727s, and had annual revenues of $78 million.

Benscher pushed Pearlman to expand Airship, and he did, eventually acquiring four more blimps, which were leased to SeaWorld, Metropolitan Life, Gulf Oil, and others. To raise the needed funds, Pearlman, true to his penny-stock roots, turned to a shady Colorado brokerage house, which in two public offerings helped raise about $17 million selling Airship stock to investors. The firm was what Wall Street calls a "boiler room," that is, it hawked risky, overpriced stock to unsuspecting investors. In 1993, shortly after the Pearlman offerings, the firm, Chatfield Dean & Co., was hit with $2.4 million in fines by the National Association of Securities Dealers for swindling investors; it later agreed to a settlement with the Securities and Exchange Commission (S.E.C.). Among the allegations were charges that Chatfield brokers took investors' orders for one stock but actually bought Airship shares instead.

Pearlman was thrilled with Chatfield's work. When one of its brokers, Anthony DeCamillis, was banned for a year from the securities industry and fined $25,000, Pearlman hired him to help raise still more money for Trans Con Air from banks and private investors. Another Chatfield executive was hired as well and ended up handling merchandising for the Backstreet Boys. "I remember asking Lou, 'You know, do you think it's wise to hire a guy who's been banned from the industry?'" Benscher recalls. "And he said, 'Oh, Tony'll be great for getting us financing!'"

The real problem, Benscher saw, was Pearl-



BOY TROUBLES
(1) Pearlman, right, with childhood friend Alan Gross in Gross's Queens apartment in 1965. (2) A Pearlman-owned blimp after it crash-landed in 1994. (3) 'NSync in 1999. (4) Gross and Pearlman in 1985. (5) The Backstreet Boys in 1998. (6) Pearlman with aspiring boy-band members in Orlando, 2006. (7) Pearlman and Aaron Carter in New York City in 2005.

man's spending. He and his men hired private jets and helicopters for every business trip; every meal seemed to be a dozen people on the company's tab, a habit that drove up not only Pearlman's expenses but his weight, which hit 316 pounds and may have gone as high as 350. ("He was so unbelievably fat—he used to sit down and his middle tire was down to the floor," recalls Jennifer Emanuel, one investor's daughter. "His favorite place was that all-you-could-eat buffet at Olive Garden.") "I remember sitting his guys down and saying, 'Look, at this rate, you'll go through this $17 million in no time,'" Benscher says.

So Pearlman raised more money. He had been gathering small amounts from family and friends, mostly in the New York area, but in the early 1990s he aggressively began soliciting outside investors. Some, such as the late Eric Emanuel, a Wall Street investment banker, were sophisticated; Emanuel ponied up several million dollars and persuaded a Long Island real-estate mogul, Alfonse Fuglioli, to do the same. Many others weren't as savvy. Dr. Joseph Chow, a Chicago engineering professor whose wife ran a successful long-term-care organization, entered Pearlman's orbit when a Chatfield Dean broker cold-called him. Pearlman took it from there, wooing Chow intensely, sitting next to him at his daughter's wedding and, in later years, inviting him to kibitz with the Backstreet Boys and 'NSync. Chow came to consider Pearlman the son he never had and eventually lent him more than $14 million.

At first Pearlman's new investors received Airship stock. Then he began selling small lots of Trans Con Air stock, which paid an annual dividend of about 10 percent. At some point in the early 1990s, Pearlman began offering investors a new option, a chance to participate in Trans Con Air's federally insured employee stock-ownership plan, what he termed an Employee Investment Savings Account, or EISA. Trans Con's EISA, which paid an annual return of about 8 percent, was a rock-solid investment, Pearlman said, guaranteed by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (F.D.I.C.), the giant American International Group (AIG) insurance company, and Lloyd's of London. In time Pearlman began selling EISA investments through a series of small brokerage houses in Florida. Many of his buyers were retirees.

Typical of Pearlman's investors was the Sarin family. Steven, a Manhattan dentist, his brother, Barry, and their parents began investing with Pearlman in the 1980s, after the elder Sarins heard someone in their Florida retirement community speak glowingly of Pearlman. "He constantly sent promotional materials, you know, first on the blimps and the airplanes, then later on boy bands," recalls Steven Sarin, who occasionally stayed in


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Pearlman's home when he visited Orlando. "The company was always doing phenomenal. He kept saying it would all go public. And, you know, we were getting a decent return, so we were happy. Besides, we got to meet 'NSync and the Backstreet Boys." Over a span of 15 years, the Sarins invested more than $12 million with Pearlman.

There was just one problem: neither the Sarins' investments nor those of Dr. Chow or any other Pearlman investor were actually guaranteed by the F.D.I.C. Or AIG. Or Lloyd's of London. It was all a lie. In 1999, Lloyd's caught wind of it and fired off a letter to Pearlman demanding that he stop. He said it was all a misunderstanding. Lloyd's went to the S.E.C.: there is no evidence the agency followed up on the complaint.

For the most part investors simply took Pearlman at his word. When someone did ask to see proof of AIG and F.D.I.C. backing, Pearlman invited them to his office and displayed what appeared to be a massive AIG insurance policy, as well as a letter confirming F.D.I.C. protection. According to Bob Persante, a Tampa lawyer representing 15 Pearlman investors, the AIG policy was unrelated and the F.D.I.C. letter a fake, believed to be dummied up by Pearlman himself.

The bigger lie, though, was the simplest: there is no such thing as an EISA account. There is a legitimate, federally insured vehicle called an ERISA—an Employee Retirement Investment Savings Account—but, according to Persante and others, Pearlman's fictitious EISA accounts were nothing more than a transparent attempt to capitalize on confusion between the two names. It was a startlingly simple, and fabulously successful, con. Between the early 1990s and 2006, Pearlman took in more than $300 million in EISA sales. In fact, the state of Florida alleges, it was a straightforward Ponzi scheme: Pearlman paid old investors with money from new ones. "What he told people was that 'I've got this EISA plan, and normally these plans are restricted to employees, but I've built in a special clause that allows me to give it to friends and family,'" says Persante. "The genius was he promised only a point above prime or so, so people never got suspicious."

There is scant evidence many other than Pearlman knew the extent of his frauds. One way Pearlman protected himself was hiring inexperienced people. In a business that rarely numbered more than a few dozen employees, several top Pearlman aides, including both his general counsel and his last right-hand man, Robert Fischetti, began their careers as Pearlman's driver. Fischetti's earliest duties, one investor recalls, included handing out paper towels in a Trans Con men's room. Pearlman found another of his top men, Paul Russo, working at a convenience store. "None of these guys knew anything," remembers Jay Marose. "If you needed a decision made, they would listen to you and go, 'Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh,' and then go back to Lou."

As he told the story in later years, Pearlman began to think about entering the music business during the late 1980s, when one of his charter planes flew New Kids on the Block to several concerts. His epiphany, Pearlman claimed, came when the band's manager told him New Kids was grossing $100 million a year. Pearlman wanted in.

Julian Benscher says he sensed Pearlman's love of the blimp business waning as early as 1991. "I remember we were in his living room, and I said to him, 'Lou, what is your dream? What do you really want to do?'" Benscher says. "And he said, 'The music business.' He wanted to start a group like New Kids. I said, 'Well, then, let's do it. You put up half, I'll put up half.'"

> "Pearlman could make you believe anything," says former Pearlman publicist Jay Marose.

In early 1992, Pearlman placed an advertisement in the *Orlando Sentinel,* announcing auditions for a band to be composed of teenage boys. Among the first to reply was Denise McLean, whose son, A.J., was an aspiring singer; after A.J. auditioned for Pearlman in his living room, he became the group's first member. The McLeans came with a pair of music managers, Jeanne Tanzy Williams and Sybil Hall, who began working with Pearlman to complete the group. Dozens of teenage boys auditioned for them at Pearlman's home. Eventually, in January 1993, Pearlman held an open casting call in which hundreds of young performers danced and sang at his blimp hangar in Kissimmee, south of Orlando. After several starts and stops, four young men—Brian Littrell, Nick Carter, Kevin Richardson, and Howie Dorough—were selected to fill out the group. Pearlman came up with a name, the Backstreet Boys, after Orlando's Backstreet flea market.

The rest is music history. The group staged its first show, at SeaWorld in May 1993, and soon went on the road, appearing at amusement parks and malls. Pearlman brought in a pair of professional managers, Johnny and Donna Wright, and within a year the Backstreet Boys had a deal with Jive Records. After U.S. radio stations ignored its first single, the band began touring in Europe, where its first album, released in 1995, became a smash hit. Through it all, Pearlman remained a smiling father figure to the boys, paying for everything, the tours, housing, clothes. He preached that they were all a "family" and urged the boys to call him "Big Poppa."

Even though the Backstreet Boys would not find success in America until 1997, Pearlman was soon spending so much time on the music business he all but lost interest in blimps. As a result, Airship International went down in flames. The company posted a $2 million loss in 1992 and a $4 million loss in early 1994; by late 1994 its stock had fallen to 13 cents a share, down from $6. Of its five blimps, only one was still flying in late 1994. The SeaWorld blimp was dismantled after the park declined to renew its lease. Another, leased to promote a Pink Floyd tour, was damaged in a windstorm. Another crashed in North Carolina. Yet another, en route to the U.S. Open tennis tournament in September 1994, crashed into a Long Island man's front yard. The end came when the lease on Pearlman's last blimp expired, in 1995.

Pearlman's investors didn't care much about Airship's death. Most, like Pearlman, were too excited about the music end of the business. But what made many investors feel secure was the knowledge that, even with Airship gone, the second and far larger leg of Pearlman's empire, the $80 million Trans Continental Airlines, was thriving. Its income grew steadily through the 1990s. In fact, almost all Pearlman's ventures became subsidiaries of Trans Con Air—the Backstreet Boys, the Chippendales male-stripper franchise (acquired in 1996), Trans Con Records, Trans Con Studios, even Trans Con Foods, which included a string of TCBY yogurt franchises and a small chain of deli-cum-pizzerias called NYPD Pizza. Pearlman regularly mailed out glowing letters to Trans Con Air shareholders, detailing how the aircraft-leasing and other businesses were doing.

By and large Pearlman's investors owned only tiny lots of Trans Con Air stock; he told people Theodor Wüllenkemper controlled most of it. Only Julian Benscher, after years of pestering Pearlman, was able to buy a significant stake in the company, about 7 percent. It wasn't until the late 1990s, after Benscher began disentangling his affairs from Pearlman's, that he stumbled onto the truth. When Benscher complained that he wasn't receiving dividends on his Trans

Con stock, Pearlman blamed Wüllenkemper, saying the German magnate was refusing to pay out. Irked, Benscher flew to Germany in November 1998 and pleaded his case directly to Wüllenkemper, with whom he had become friendly.

As Benscher remembers their meeting, "Wüllenkemper said, 'What are you talking about?' I said, 'Trans Continental Airlines.' He said, 'What's Trans Continental Airlines got to do with me?' I said, 'You own it. You own 82 percent of it.' He starts laughing. [I said], 'Trans Con Air? Forty-nine airplanes?' He said, 'I have planes, but not this Trans Con Air. Julian, this has nothing to do with me.' I went cold inside. Everything I had believed for eight years was a lie. I didn't know what to do."

There was no Trans Continental Airlines. Stunned, Benscher investigated how many airplanes Pearlman actually owned. He found precisely three, and all appeared to belong not to Trans Con but to a small charter service Pearlman had formed in 1998, Planet Airways. "Trans Con Airlines existed only on paper," Benscher explains. "But it was always so believable. There was always a plane or helicopter there whenever he wanted. When we flew to L.A. on MGM Grand Air, Lou said the jet was one of his. When he said he owned the plane, well, how could you tell he didn't?" But Benscher struck a settlement agreement with Pearlman in which he promised not to publicly disparage him, and he has never revealed his discovery to a soul until now.

When I mention Trans Con Air to Alan Gross, he grins and disappears into another room, then returns with a pair of faded Polaroids. Both show a massive "Trans Continental Airlines" 747 landing at what appears to be New York's La Guardia Airport; they are the same photos, I realize, that adorned the Trans Con Air brochures Pearlman had shown Benscher and other investors for years.

"Look closer," Gross says, eyeing the photos. "You notice you can't see the entire airplane. You can't see the tail numbers. You know why? Because that's where Lou was holding his fingers!"

Gross erupts in gales of laughter.

"It's a model!" he guffaws. "It's one I built for him. Louie was using those fake pictures all the way back in the late 70s to try and raise money. Can you believe it? People thought it was all real!"

By his own estimate, Pearlman sank $3 million into the Backstreet Boys before he saw a penny of profit. Still, the music business thrilled him. Even before the band hit it big, he began planning more groups. The first was 'NSync—composed of Justin Timberlake, JC Chasez, and three other singers—which Pearlman formed and dispatched to tour in Europe in 1995. Other groups were soon in the works, including a five-teen band named Take 5, a three-teen group called LFO, and an all-girl group named Innosense. With money pouring in from investors, Pearlman began work on a state-of-the-art recording studio. When it was finished, artists as varied as Kenny Rogers and the Bee Gees would record there.

From the very beginning, people remarked how odd it was for a blimp-industry executive to be diversifying into boy bands. In fact, insiders raised questions about Pearlman's motivations almost from the moment the Backstreet Boys was formed. The group's initial co-manager Sybil Hall and her partner, a singer named Phoenix Stone—he had been one of the original Backstreet Boys before starting his own company—remained close to Pearlman as co-investors in the band. "Basically this was an excuse for Lou to hang around with five good-looking boys," says Stone, who now runs a record label with Hall in Los Angeles. "He was along for the ride. What he liked to do was take boys out to dinner."

> "Certain things happened," says Nick Carter's mother, "and it almost destroyed our family."

From outward appearances, Pearlman was not gay; in fact, over the years he dated several women, including a nurse. But even in those early years, when Pearlman shepherded the Backstreet Boys to appearances around the U.S. and Europe, members of the group and their families frequently gossiped about his sexual proclivities. "As a mother, you kind of put two and two together," remembers Denise McLean, A. J. McLean's mother. "Yet there was always that fine line where you sat back and went, 'O.K., is this a guy who always wanted to be a father or an uncle? Is this all innocent? Or is it more?' I kind of thought that there might have been some strange things going on. But you just didn't know."

Others felt Pearlman was above reproach. "I spent quite a lot of time with Lou from '90 to '94 and never did he behave inappropriately in any sexual fashion," says Julian Benscher. "Did I a couple of times think that maybe with one of the drivers he had an unusually friendly relationship? Sure. But I spent a lot of time with the boys and Lou, and I can tell you there was no inappropriate behavior. No way."

For Pearlman, and for all the people around him, everything changed in June 1997 when the Backstreet Boys charted their first U.S. hit, "Quit Playing Games (with My Heart)." Overnight the band became an international sensation. Reporters rushed to profile Pearlman as the unlikely impresario—some said "Svengali"—of a new era of boy bands. The success of the Backstreet Boys and later 'NSync created a huge new music scene in Orlando, with thousands of fresh-faced boys, and girls, flocking to audition for Pearlman.

It was during this period, in 1997 and 1998, that the first allegations of inappropriate behavior involving Pearlman appear to have surfaced. One incident centered on the youngest of the Backstreet Boys, Nick Carter, who in 1997 turned 17. Even for many of those closest to the group, what happened remains unclear. "My son did say something about the fact that Nick had been uncomfortable staying [at Pearlman's house]," Denise McLean says. "For a while Nick loved going over to Lou's house. All of a sudden it appeared there was a flip at some point. Then we heard from the Carter camp that there was some kind of inappropriate behavior. It was just odd. I can just say there were odd events that took place."

Neither Nick Carter nor his divorced parents, Robert and Jane Carter, will address what, if anything, happened. But at least two other mothers of Pearlman band members assert Jane termed Pearlman a "sexual predator." Phoenix Stone says he discussed the matter with both Nick and his mother. "With Nick, I got to tell you, this was not something Nick was comfortable talking about," says Stone. "What happened? Well, I just think that he finally, you know, Lou was definitely inappropriate with him, and he just felt that he didn't want anything to do with that anymore. There was a big blowup at that point. From what Jane says, yes, there was a big blowup and they confronted him."

In a telephone interview, Jane Carter stops just short of acknowledging Pearlman made improper overtures to her son. "Certain things happened," she tells me, "and it almost destroyed our family. I tried to warn everyone. I tried to warn all the mothers." Told that this article would detail allegations that Pearlman made overtures to other young men, she replies, "If you're doing that, and

exposing that, I give you a big flag. I tried to expose him for what he was years ago.... I hope you expose him, because the financial [scandal] is the least of his injustices." When I ask why she won't discuss it further, Carter says she doesn't want to jeopardize her relationship with Nick. "I can't say anything more," she says. "These children are fearful, and they want to go on with their careers."

Since Pearlman's financial collapse, a number of his onetime band members have told *Vanity Fair* they experienced behavior that many would consider inappropriate. Much of what is described occurred at Pearlman's two Orlando-area homes, the white house he owned on Ridge Pine Trail and, after 1999, the sprawling Italianate mansion he acquired from Julian Benscher, in suburban Windermere. Tim Christofore, who joined Pearlman's third boy band, Take 5, at the age of 13, remembers one sleepover when he and another boy were dozing and Pearlman appeared at the foot of their bed, clad only in a towel. According to Christofore, who now runs a small entertainment business in St. Paul, Minnesota, Pearlman performed a swan dive onto the bed, wrestling with the boys, at which point his towel came off.

"We were like, 'Ooh, Lou, that's gross,'" Christofore recalls. "What did I know? I was 13."

On a separate occasion, Christofore and another band member telephoned Pearlman to say they were coming to his home to play pool. When they arrived, Pearlman met them at the door naked, explaining he was just getting out of the shower. Another time, Christofore remembers, Pearlman showed him security-camera footage of his girl group, Innosense, sunbathing topless. On still another occasion, Pearlman invited all five band members to watch the movie *Star Wars* in his viewing room. At one point the film switched off and was replaced by a pornographic movie. At the time, Christofore says, "We just thought it was funny. We were kids. We were like, 'Great!'"

"No one ever complained," says Tim's mother, Steffanie. "Most of the stuff, we learned about only after the group broke up [in 2001]. Lou played this game of trying to alienate the parents. Every time he dropped the boys off, it was 'Don't tell the parents anything.' They pretty much had a pact with him and they kept it." Only later did Merrily Goodell, who had two sons in Take 5, learn that Pearlman had taken one to a strip joint. "Did Lou rape my boys? No, he didn't," she says. "But he put them, and a lot of others, in inappropriate situations. I know that. To me, the man is just a sexual predator."

To this day, the question of Pearlman's behavior remains a sensitive topic among former members of his boy bands. For every young man or parent who says he experienced or saw something inappropriate, there are two who won't discuss it and three more who deny hearing anything but rumors. More than a dozen insiders told me they heard stories of Pearlman's behavior while insisting they experienced nothing untoward themselves. Asked who might have been targets of Pearlman's overtures, the names of seven or eight performers are repeatedly mentioned. Only two of these men would talk to me, and while one acknowledges hearing stories from other boys of inappropriate behavior, both strenuously deny experiencing it themselves.

> "The genius was he promised only a point above prime... so people never got suspicious."

"None of these kids will ever admit anything happened," one attorney who has sued Pearlman told me. "They're all too ashamed, and if the truth came out it would ruin their careers."

Among the few who will discuss Pearlman's behavior in detail is one of his former assistants, Steve Mooney. In 1998, Mooney, then a strapping 20-year-old with flowing blond hair, was trying to get started as a singer when a Pearlman aide approached him at an Orlando mall, where he was working at an Abercrombie & Fitch store, and told him, "The big man wants to see you." Mooney visited Pearlman in his Sand Lake Road offices and performed a Michael Jackson song, but instead of a singing job Pearlman offered him a job as his personal assistant. Pearlman explained that JC Chasez of 'NSync had gotten his start this way. Mooney signed on, and Pearlman soon invited him to live in his home. All the time Pearlman held out the chance that Mooney could join one of the groups he was planning, called O-Town. According to Mooney, Pearlman told him, "By this time next year, you'll be a millionaire."

From the outset, Mooney noticed how Pearlman enjoyed hugging him, rubbing his shoulders, and squeezing his arms, usually in conjunction with one of his odd pep talks. "He would say, 'Do you trust me?' [And I would say], 'Of course I trust you, Lou,'" Mooney recalls. "He always said, 'I want to break you down, then build you up, so we can be a team together.' Then he would say, 'Your aura is off,' so he begins rubbing my back. I was like, 'Whoa!' And he's going, 'It's O.K., we've got to get your aura aligned.'" It got to the point, Mooney says, where every time they were alone Pearlman would rub his muscles. "As soon as the elevator doors close, he would grab you and rub your abs," he recalls. "The first few times, it's O.K. But it gets to be too much. It's like you have this creepy friend who's always touching you."

"That was the line, the 'aura,' I definitely heard that aura bullshit," says Rich Cronin, lead singer of the Pearlman band LFO. "It took everything in me not to laugh. He was like, 'I know some mystical fricking ancient massage technique that if I massage you and we bond in a certain way, through these special massages, it will strengthen your aura to the point you are irresistible to people.'

"I swear to God," Cronin goes on, "I had to bite my cheeks to stop from laughing. I mean, I now know what it's like to be a chick.... He was so touchy-feely, always grabbing your shoulders, touching you, rubbing your abs. It was so obvious and disgusting.... He definitely came at people. He came at me. In my situation I avoided him like the plague. If I went to his house, I went with somebody. I would never go with him alone. Because I knew every time I was over there by myself it always led to some weird situation. Like he'd call late at night to come over and talk about a tour, and you'd get there and he'd be sitting there in boxers. The guy was hairy as a bear."

Steve Mooney shared his concerns with his father, who joined the two for dinner. While they ate, Mooney says, Pearlman kept putting his hand on his leg. Finally he asked him to stop. Afterward, he was surprised when his father said Pearlman seemed O.K. "It's weird," Mooney says. "But when you start talking about the money and fame, it's like Lou's got this mind control over people."

Mooney remembers having a heart-to-heart talk with a young man I'll call "Bart," a singer in a second-tier Pearlman band. "I said, '[Bart], does he ever grope you?,' and he said, 'Yeah, all the time,'" Mooney recalls. "'[He said] Lou once grabbed him 'down there.' I said, 'Well, what do you do about it?' [He said], 'Look, if the guy wants to massage me, and I'm getting a million dollars for it, you just go along with it. It's the price you got to pay.'"

On several occasions in the late 1990s,



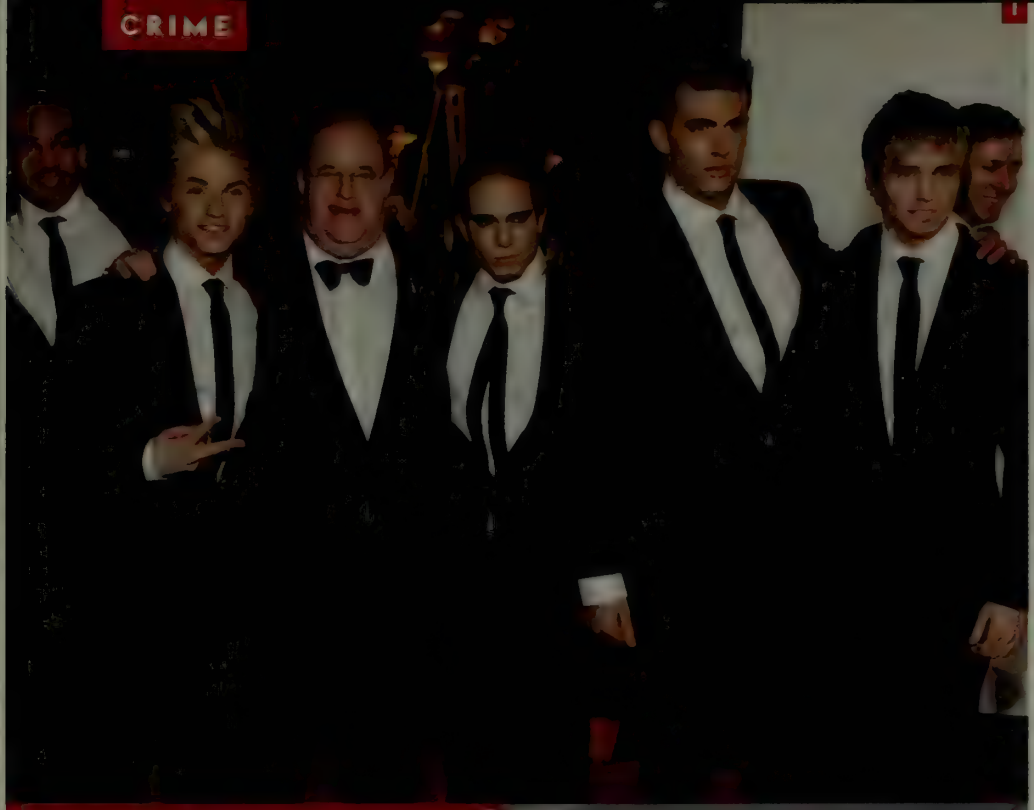
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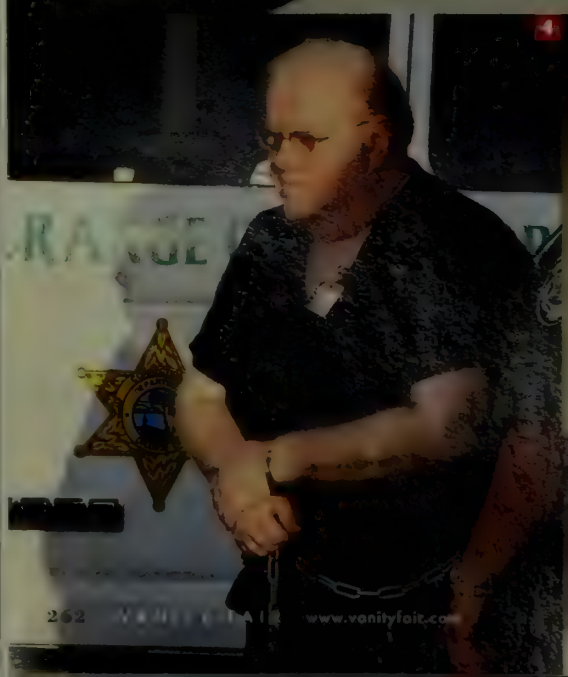
THE ELEMENTS BRAND OF SWAROVSKI





AFTER THE MUSIC STOPS
(1) Pearlman and the members of US5. (2) The Jordache blimp. (3) Pearlman's Orlando compound, in suburban Windermere. (4) Pearlman arrives at court in Orlando on July 11, 2007. (5) Federal agents raid Pearlman's offices at the Trans Continental Building in Orlando, February 15, 2007.







Phoenix Stone says, he felt obliged to confront Pearlman over his behavior. "We were trying to build a company, you know, build a brand, a worldwide brand," says Stone. "And this kind of thing, I mean, it looks bad for your reputation. We didn't want the reputation of Lou as a predator.... So, yeah, I did have a conversation with him. I was worried about the under-aged kids. He never admitted to being gay or anything. I said, 'Look, I know exactly what time it is with you, and I don't care whether you're gay or not, but this is a business, and you can't come on to these guys like this. And if you do, none of them can be under-aged.' He just kind of laughed and said, 'I got it all covered, I got it all covered.' This was still at the height of [his fame]."

"I tried to protect the kids," says the publicist Jay Marose. "You'd see Lou kind of moving in on one of them, and you'd just tell someone, Get that kid away from Lou before it's too late."

Living at Pearlman's home, Steve Mooney believed he saw firsthand the price many young men were paying. Pearlman's bedroom lay behind a pair of double doors, and when they were closed, Mooney knew not to intrude. More than once, he says, he encountered young male singers slipping out of those doors late at night, tucking in their shirts, a sheepish look on their faces. "There was one guy in every band—one sacrifice—one guy in every band who takes it for Lou," says Mooney, echoing a sentiment I heard from several people. "That's just the way it was."

As Mooney tells it, matters came to a head in 2000, during the final stages of the O-Town selection process. Pearlman was resisting his entreaties to join the group. According to Phoenix Stone, who consulted on the selection process, he and Pearlman were at his home late one night discussing Mooney's future when Pearlman telephoned Mooney, explaining he needed someone to take out the garbage.

"It was very clear to me what was going on," Stone recalls. "I stopped it right then and there. When Lou called Steve, they had an argument. Steve got very mad, you know, [saying], 'I'm not coming over.' [I said to Pearlman], 'If it's about the garbage, there's plenty of people who can take out your garbage. If it's not, well, leave the kid alone. It's late.'"

Stone left, believing the matter had been resolved. In fact, Mooney says, there was a second phone call. At Pearlman's insistence he drove to the mansion at two A.M. and found Pearlman in his office, clad in a white terry-cloth bathrobe. A long argument ensued. It climaxed, Mooney says, when he beseeched Pearlman, "What do

I have to do to get in this band?" At that point, Mooney says, Pearlman smiled.

"I'll never forget this as long as I live," Mooney says. "He leaned back in his chair, in his white terry-cloth robe and white underwear, and spread his legs. And then he said, and these were his exact words, 'You're a smart boy. Figure it out.'"

Mooney says he left the house without further incident. He knew, however, that his days with Pearlman were numbered. Afterward, in an effort to protect himself, he says, he returned to Pearlman's office when Pearlman was out. He had perused Pearlman's private files in the past, curious to see what they contained. Now he removed three items he had seen before: a photo of a longtime Pearlman aide posing as a Chippendales dancer; a photo of Pearlman and one of the Backstreet Boys on a ski vacation, apparently alone; and a photo of a young singer naked in Pearlman's sauna, his hands covering his genitals. After making copies of the photos, Mooney says, he contacted the aide who posed as a dancer. "I went to [him] and showed it all to him," he says. "He's like, 'Listen, all you got to do is keep your mouth shut and you're in this company for life. That photo? I'd burn it.'" When Pearlman learned of the theft he confronted him. Mooney says he turned over the copies and resigned. Today he sells real estate in Orlando. "Nobody will talk about this stuff," Mooney says, "but plenty of guys were willing to go along to get what they wanted."

In late 2000, Phoenix Stone and Sybil Hall say, they took an odd phone call from Pearlman: he said he had found a listening device in his home. The two joined Pearlman in an impromptu grilling of an assistant, a young man I'll call "Jeremy," who according to several people had begun an affair with Pearlman. Stone and Hall say Jeremy admitted to placing the device because he was jealous of the attention Pearlman was lavishing on another young man, whom I'll call "Peter," a member of one of Pearlman's bands. "He told me that he and Lou were in a relationship and that he thought Lou was cheating on him with [Peter]," Hall recalls. "He wanted to find out what they were doing." Jeremy couldn't be located for comment, but after his dismissal—Hall and Stone say he received an Escalade to keep quiet—Peter continued to work for Pearlman for years.

Despite innuendo that dogged him for years, Pearlman faced the prospect of public allegations only a handful of times. Once, an unidentified male singer—there may have been more than one—made it clear to Pearlman that he was about to go public. Pearlman's longtime attorney, J. Cheney Mason, of Orlando, confirms that he turned the matter over to the F.B.I. for investigation as a possible extortion. No charges were ever brought, the boy or boys never went public, and Mason, despite filing suit against Pearlman for unpaid legal fees, says he never heard a single reliable account of improper behavior on Pearlman's part.

Almost from the moment Pearlman achieved his first real success in the music industry, in 1997, the foundations of his little empire began to quake. It started when one of the Backstreet Boys, Brian Littrell, couldn't understand why he was seeing so little income from their nonstop touring and European record sales; Littrell hired attorneys who calculated that, while Pearlman had taken in several million dollars in revenue since 1993, the five singers had received barely $300,000, about $12,000 per member each year. Littrell sued, and in May 1998, his bandmates joined the litigation; during discovery they learned that, among other things, Pearlman was paid as the sixth member of the band.

> "We were like, 'Ooh, Lou, that's gross.' What did I know? I was 13."

"He totally deceived me," Kevin Richardson told *Rolling Stone* in 2000. "It's 'We're a family, we're a family,' then you find out 'It's about the money, it's about the money, it's about the money.'" Pearlman and the band eventually reached a series of settlements, details of which were never disclosed. In general, the band got cash and its freedom; Pearlman retained a portion of its future revenues.

In the wake of the Backstreet lawsuit, Pearlman's bands began to realize how much of their income was flowing to Big Poppa. One by one they sued or disbanded. Despite success in Europe and Asia, Take 5 broke up in 2001; LFO, after two top-10 singles, did the same. The biggest loss by far was 'NSync, whose members sued, settled, and broke all ties with Pearlman in 1999, a struggle memorialized by the title of their platinum-selling 2000 album, *No Strings Attached.* None of 'NSync's members would comment for this article, but in a 2006 interview, Justin Timberlake said the band felt it "was being financially raped by a Svengali."

After that, the lawsuits just kept coming. The Backstreet Boys' first managers, Jeanne Williams and Sybil Hall, sued. Phoenix Stone sued. Pearlman ran up $15 million in legal bills with just one lawyer, J. Cheney Mason. Yet even with all the legal fees, Pearlman, who retained royalty interests in both 'NSync and the Backstreet Boys, was still swimming in cash. He bought the 12,000-square-foot lakeside mansion in suburban Windermere, along with two condominiums in Orlando, a waterfront condo in Clearwater, two Las Vegas penthouses, a house in Hollywood, and an apartment in Manhattan. He had at least two Rolls-Royces.

The slowing of the boy-band craze in 2001 and 2002, however, meant Pearlman needed new income streams to keep paying his investors. He signed a slew of new artists, but none, other than Nick Carter's brother, Aaron, a solo act, had any real success. Pearlman tried to break into Hollywood, developing a script titled *Longshot,* written by Tony DeCamillis, the once banned stockbroker. As its stars Pearlman cast one of his singers, a teenager named Joey Sculthorpe, more than a dozen Trans Con artists, and Britney Spears, the Rock, and Justin Timberlake in a series of cameos. Released in 2002, *Longshot* was a complete flop. According to one source, the movie cost $21 million and brought in barely $2 million.

Chastened, Pearlman next attempted to capitalize on his image as a molder of young talent, co-producing the successful *Making the Band* series for ABC and MTV and, in September 2002, acquiring a controversial talent-scouting bureau known as Options Talent. The Options acquisition proved a nightmare; several of its executives had criminal records, and its clients, mostly young people seeking careers in acting and modeling, had filed hundreds of complaints with Better Business Bureaus around the country alleging they had received little in return for fees they paid. Under Pearlman, Options endured a series of name changes, a lengthy Florida state investigation into its methods—Pearlman was never charged with any wrongdoing—and a 2003 bankruptcy before emerging as a new company called Talent Rock, a small and rarely profitable business that held open casting calls for singers, actors, and models at venues around the U.S. and Mexico.

While Pearlman's celebrity dimmed, he remained a star in Orlando, where he was given a key to the city and named an honorary sheriff's deputy. In 2003 he used this goodwill to strike a deal with the city council to assume control of the Church Street Station complex, a clus-

ter of historic buildings in downtown Orlando. Promising to refurbish the complex and create 500 jobs, Pearlman relocated all his businesses there, and, despite construction delays, the opening of several restaurants and stores in the next several years slowly brought Church Street back to life.

Still, by 2004, Pearlman had yet to find anything to replace the income lost from Airship International, 'NSync, and the Backstreet Boys. He continued pumping out new singing groups, including a Latin boy band and a Euro boy band called US5, but none caught fire. Yet his hundreds of investors still needed to be paid. In time he faced the squeeze every Ponzi scheme ultimately confronts—where to find new cash to pay the old investors. In 2003, with his cash crunch growing worse by the month, he began taking out bank loans. In the next three years, in 13 separate loan packages, Pearlman pledged every asset he possessed in return for cash: the condominiums, the mansion, Church Street, his three airplanes, even his shares of band royalties. In return he received about $156 million. Just as important, he gained time.

The mind-boggling thing is that not one of Pearlman's new banks discovered that the emperor had no clothes. Not one realized that his largest asset by far, Trans Con Air, didn't exist. Not one realized that his financial statements and tax returns were a tissue of lies. In hindsight, these deceptions should have been easy to discern. All it would have taken was a single phone call to Harry Milner, the attorney who signed Pearlman's returns. Milner wouldn't have come to the phone.

Because he was a dead man.

For Pearlman, the beginning of the end came in mid-2004, when 72-year-old Joseph Chow succumbed to pancreatic cancer in a Chicago hospital. Over the years Chow had become Pearlman's dream investor, a virtually unlimited source of money with total faith in Pearlman's promises of future riches. The loans, however, were a source of tension within the Chow family. "From the very beginning, my mom was very skeptical of Lou Pearlman," recalls the Chows' 32-year-old daughter, Jennifer. "She didn't trust him. My parents argued about it quite a bit. She had me talk to my father a number of times, to see if we could get some money out. Or slow it down. My father would get very defensive. He just had so much confidence in Lou and everything he told him. He was always promising to expand into TV, movies, recording studios, the charter-airline business. He was always promising there would be an I.P.O."

When Joseph Chow died, his family, faced with a large bill for estate taxes, had an uncle approach Pearlman about repaying the loans. "He told my uncle that he would think about it and try to work out a payment plan," Jennifer says. "My uncle essentially responded, 'What's the situation with the I.P.O.?' Lou sounded skeptical. That's when Lou said to him, 'If anything, Joseph's investments are worth maybe 10 cents on the dollar.' We were pretty stunned. Then Lou comes back and says he could repay a hundred thousand every quarter or so until the full $14 million was paid down. That wasn't really acceptable."

The Chows hired a lawyer. Before they could do more, however, Pearlman sued them, in a Chicago court, seeking to stop the family from demanding repayment. "We get sued and I'm scratching my head: why the hell does this guy want to be in my jurisdiction instead of Florida?" remembers the Chows' attorney, Edwin Brooks. "It turns out the courts down there all have his number. They're all sick of him."

> "Everything I had believed for eight years was a lie," says Pearlman investor Julian Benscher.

Filed in late 2004, the centerpiece of Pearlman's lawsuit was what's called a "forbearance letter," in this case a one-paragraph note signed by Joseph Chow saying, in essence, that his loans could be forgiven if Pearlman didn't feel like repaying. To Brooks the letter made no sense: why would anyone forgive $14 million in loans? "What really got me, late one night, poring over all these documents, was that Joseph Chow's signature looked familiar," Brooks recalls. "And so that's when I started going through the notes my client had signed. Then I saw it. I grabbed one of the old letters, with his signature, held it up to the light, and compared it to the forbearance letter. The signatures were identical. Absolutely identical. You lay them over the top of each other, it's one signature. At that point I realized I was looking at a forgery." It would take another year, however, Brooks says, to gather the original loan documents, hire experts, and prove it.

In the meantime, after a counterclaim against Pearlman was filed, discovery got under way. Needing to study Pearlman's finances, Brooks subpoenaed the accounting firm that had certified his financial statements. The firm's name was Cohen & Siegel; it was the same firm that had been furnishing Pearlman's statements since at least 1990. But when Brooks dispatched a process server to the firm's Coral Gables headquarters, "the process server calls back and tells me, 'There's no accounting firm at this address, just a secretarial service,'" Brooks recalls. "At which point I realized I was onto something."

Brooks deposed the woman who ran the secretarial service. She said Cohen & Siegel had no offices or employees she knew of; Pearlman had simply paid her to take calls on its behalf. When a call came in, she forwarded it to Pearlman himself. "He paid for the whole thing," Brooks says. "I realized there was no accounting firm." Not long after, Brooks discovered a Cohen & Siegel Web site, apparently a new one. "Lou claimed it was a German accounting firm, but it was a joke," Brooks says. "It had no contact information. We hired investigators to find it. It didn't exist."

By the middle of 2005, the Chow family and its attorney had solid evidence Pearlman had perpetrated a massive fraud. Other investors, however, knew nothing of this and continued to shovel money Pearlman's way. He needed it—badly. By 2006 few if any of his remaining businesses—a handful of obscure bands, Talent Rock, Planet Airways, the recording studio, the delis, and a few restaurants—were making money, yet Pearlman, thanks to bank loans, kept mailing interest checks to hundreds of investors. He was able to borrow from an Indiana bank as late as August 2006, but by then he was all but broke.

Soon after, investors stopped receiving their checks. That September, Steven Sarin, the dentist, heard rumors of the Chow family's litigation. Sarin's family had given Pearlman so much money—$12 million—that he still lived in a studio apartment, awaiting the day Pearlman went public. When Sarin telephoned, Pearlman dismissed the Chow litigation as a mix-up. A few weeks later he went to Queens and met Steven Sarin and his brother, Barry, at their usual spot, Ben's Deli, in Bayside. Barry demanded his money back. "Lou said, 'No problem—I can pay you back with one hubcap from my Rolls-Royce,'" Steven recalls. "He showed us a financial statement showing we're doing phenomenal. He told us Trans Con had 60



Jess Jackson, Camelot Highlands Estates, Santa Maria Valley

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jets. It was only after the meeting was over, I remember, I noticed for the first time in 22 years he didn't use a credit card for the meal. He paid in cash."

The Sarins would never see their money again. Nor would many of Pearlman's aides, including Frankie Vazquez Jr., who had been at his side since boyhood; Vazquez's father had been the super at Mitchell Gardens. In early November, when Vazquez sought to withdraw a portion of the $100,000 or so he had with Pearlman, "Lou told him he was on his own, the money was gone," recalls Kim Ridgeway, a friend of Vazquez's. "After all the years Frankie had devoted to Lou, he turned his back on him. Frankie, I knew, felt totally betrayed."

Afterward, Ridgeway says, Vazquez grew distraught. He couldn't sleep. On November 11, a neighbor heard a car running for several hours in his garage. Police were called. Opening the garage, they found Vazquez sitting in his white 1987 Porsche, the motor running, a T-shirt wrapped around his head, dead.

The state of Florida's Office of Financial Regulation began examining Trans Con's EISA program after investors started complaining in the fall of 2006. Pearlman did his best to delay state auditors, but when word of the probe leaked to the press in mid-December, he knew the end was near. According to one report, he attempted to buy an apartment in Berlin, but the purchase fell through. He began selling or giving away his automobiles, including a Rolls, and laying off Trans Con employees. He stopped paying his banks, and they began to sue. Every day last January seemed to bring a new lawsuit. Just days before the state filed its own lawsuit charging Pearlman with operating a Ponzi scheme, a group of banks petitioned an Orlando judge to place Trans Con in bankruptcy. An attorney named Jerry McHale was assigned to begin liquidating Pearlman's assets.

By the time McHale entered Trans Con's offices on February 2, there had been no sign of Pearlman for weeks. "The situation was a disaster," McHale recalls. "There were actually no employees left when I arrived. It appeared that everyone was aware that this thing was falling apart and had just left." That same day, Pearlman wrote an e-mail to the *Orlando Sentinel* from Germany, where the night before he and his band US5 had attended an industry awards show. While declining to comment on the allegations against him, he said, "My executive team and I are working hard to resolve the issues."

It was over. In mid-February the F.B.I. raided Pearlman's mansion, hauling out cartons of documents and quizzing his assistant when he drove up in Pearlman's last Rolls, a bright-blue model with "LP" license plates. At the same time, Jerry McHale gained entrance to Pearlman's office computers and realized the enormity of the scandal. All told, McHale identified $317 million in missing money that was supposed to be in Trans Con's EISA accounts, not to mention the $156 million in vanished bank loans.

There was no money left. McHale got busy selling Pearlman's remaining real estate and his last functioning business, Talent Rock, for next to nothing. His only real success came when he received an anonymous tip that Pearlman, wherever he was, was attempting to transfer $250,000 from an account at the Bank of New York to Germany. McHale managed to get the money frozen before it left the U.S.

By the time McHale wrapped up his work, in April, there had been no reliable sighting of Pearlman for six weeks. There were reports he had been seen in Israel, Belarus, and Brazil. Every day more angry investors thronged to one of several blogs dedicated to the scandal to pour out their rage and hatred. But Big Poppa was gone.

> "Lou said, 'I can pay you back with one hubcap from my Rolls-Royce.'"

Thorsten Iborg, a 32-year-old German computer programmer, arrived on the Indonesian island of Bali on June 9, checking into the five-star Westin Nusa Dua resort for a scuba vacation with his wife. After a day or two, Iborg noticed a pale, overweight American on the terrace. Back in Germany he had seen a newsclip about boy bands, and he was certain the man was Pearlman. Later, Iborg found himself sitting beside the man in the hotel's Internet café. It was him. He was sure.

At breakfast on June 14, Iborg secretly snapped a photo of the man. Scanning the Internet, he found a blog written by a St. Petersburg, Florida, newspaper reporter, Helen Huntley, which was jam-packed with articles and complaints written by people Pearlman had scammed. Iborg uploaded the photo and e-mailed it to Huntley. Huntley turned everything over to the F.B.I. Agents attached to the American Embassy in Jakarta appeared at the Westin the next day and led Pearlman away; he had been registered under the name "A. Incognito Johnson." His passport stamps indicated he had spent time in Panama before arriving in Bali. U.S. marshals loaded him onto a plane to Guam, where he remained in jail for nearly a month before being returned to Orlando in mid-July. At the end of June, federal prosecutors had announced his indictment, on three counts of bank fraud and single counts of mail and wire fraud. More indictments are expected.

Today, Pearlman sits in Orlando's Orange County Jail. Repeated calls to his court-appointed attorney went unreturned. He is scheduled for trial next spring.

A few days after Pearlman was returned to Orlando, I drove through the gates of his sprawling lakeside mansion, amid the steamy walled communities west of the city. The house, which had been on the market for months, was vacant. Weeds grew in the side yards. The pool, housed in a mosquito-proof enclosure out back, remained a brilliant blue. Down by the lakefront, where Spanish moss dripped from towering pines, the water lapped quietly against the shore.

A back door was unlocked, allowing entrance into his wood-paneled office. The house was still. Blueprints lay on a kitchen counter. Pearlman had ambitious plans for his compound, envisioning a massive, 30,000-square-foot edifice complete with indoor and outdoor performance stages and a bowling alley. In the marble foyer, twin staircases curled up to the second floor, like something out of *Sunset Boulevard*. In the master suite, all that remained was a hulking, four-foot steel safe. Wires sprouted from the walls. I could just make out impressions on the carpet where Pearlman's bed had stood.

Outside, the real-estate agent, Cheryl Ahmed, met me in the driveway. She had gotten the listing from Pearlman's assistant but hadn't heard from him since Easter. "You hear a lot of stories about what went on," she says. "Big, big parties. Lots of pretty boys. Lots of boys."

Later, I chatted with the couple who live next door. They never saw much of Pearlman, they say, but he was always polite when they did. Parties? Not many, they say. In fact, the only time they ever wondered about their neighbor was several years ago, when a gardener motioned toward Pearlman's mansion and made what seemed like a strange comment. "If you have a little son," the gardener said, "don't let him go to that house. Bad things happen there." □

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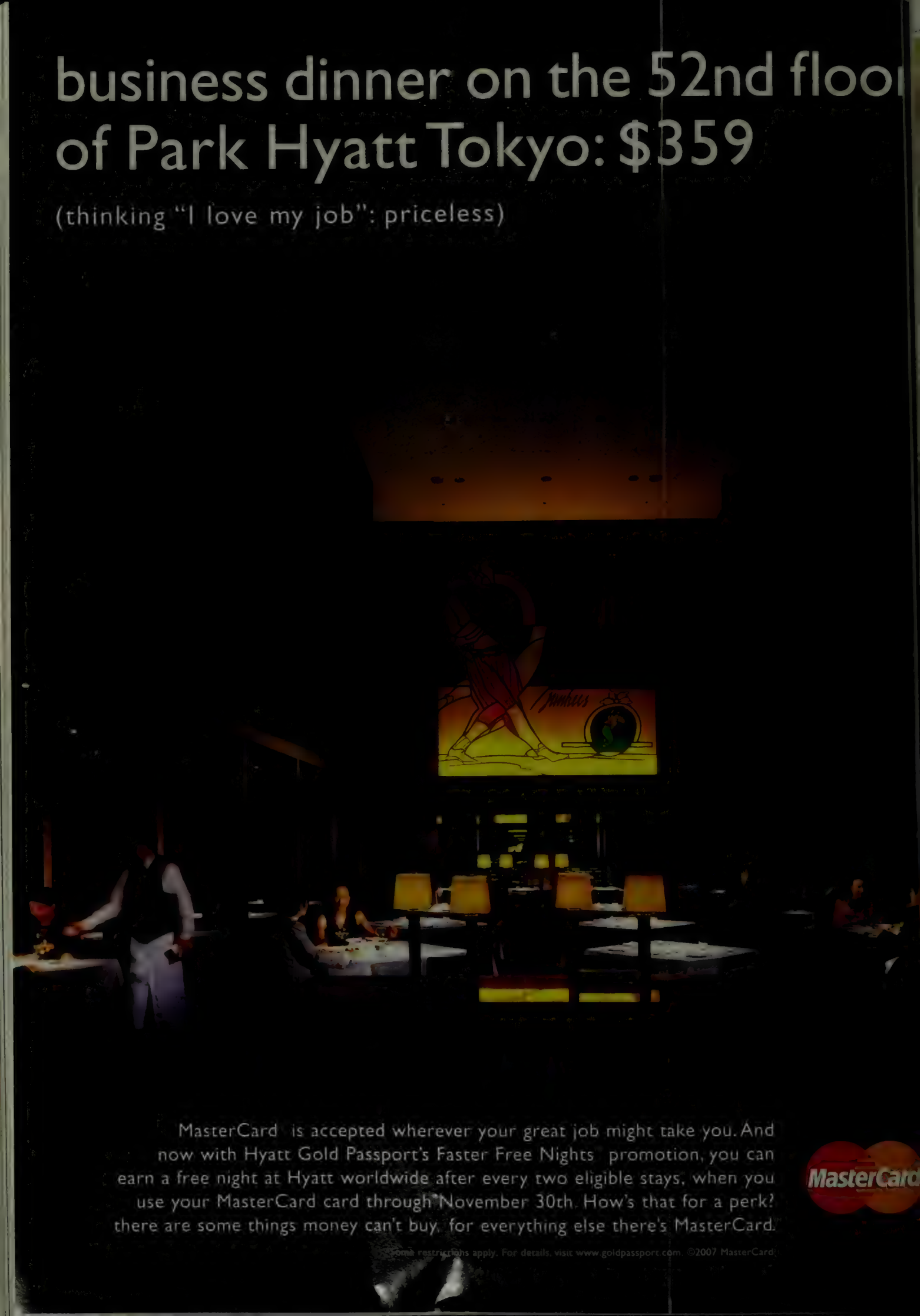
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NOVEMBER VANITIES 2007

Lymari Nadal

AGE: 29. **PROVENANCE:** Ponce, Puerto Rico. **BREAKING THROUGH AS...** Denzel Washington's moll in American Gangster, Ridley Scott's upcoming epic about a 1970s Harlem drug lord. Her very first day on set, Nadal filmed her wedding scene with Washington. "Denzel and I had met before, thank God," she says, "because you know you cannot get married without knowing the guy." **SMOLDERING, LONG-LIMBED, AND EQUIPPED WITH...** a master's degree in chemistry from the University of Puerto Rico. "I do once in a while dream I'm in a big company or teaching university, which was one of the things I really wanted to do and I did as a teacher's assistant during grad school," says Nadal. "But I'm so fascinated by theater that I've found I'm O.K." **AND IF THAT DOESN'T MAKE CHEMISTRY SEXY FOR YOU, CONSIDER...** that Nadal actually sold to ABC her idea for a TV series about "three kids that went to Harvard Graduate School for chemistry, and they were only

CONTINUED on page 274

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Lymari Nadal

CONTINUED from page 271



14, 15 years old. I was in grad school with a kid like that and it fascinated me." The project has languished in development hell but may yet be revived.

NO VAN WILDER–TYPE FLICKS FOR THIS ONE, THEN: Nadal is now developing a film about the Puerto Rican nationalist Lolita Lebrón, who spent 25 years in jail after participating in an armed attack on the U.S. House of Representatives in 1954. (Lebrón was later pardoned by President Jimmy Carter.) "She's a very exciting person, and for 50 years people have wanted to get the legal rights to tell her story," Nadal says. "I've got a wonderful producer-director from Puerto Rico, and we sat with [Lebrón] for four hours in her living room, and she agreed, and signed."

—KRISTA SMITH

OTHER VETERAN CHARACTER ACTORS

What if...



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BY HENRY ALFORD



DEC. '07 Martin Landau's stump speech quotes extensively from Thomas Paine, Uta Hagen.



JULY '08 David Morse tells *The Washington Post* that an early episode of *St. Elsewhere* changed the way he thinks about single-payer health care.



JAN. '08 The Committee to Elect Joe Pesci broadcasts TV ad showing Pesci "whacking" the national debt.



SEPT. '08 Georgia Engel asks campaign manager why everyone keeps asking her about the "electrical college."



MAR. '08 Abe Vigoda buys box of Q-tips: national "listening tour" begins!



JAN. '09 President Obama, in nod to newly powerful character-actor constituency, finds Cabinet slots for Harry Dean Stanton and Luis Guzman.



APR. '08 Amy Sedaris builds national campaign centered on cupcakes, dementia.



JUNE '09 Reduced talent pool forces Westport Playhouse to cast summer production of *The Sunshine Boys* entirely with border collies.



1. You're a politically ambiti[illegible] trying a sensational murder ca[illegible] you've just realized that the de[illegible] witness has given you a huge o[illegible] prove that he's lying.

2. You're an ex-Marine, on the way home from a workout at the gym, suddenly confronted by a knife-wielding mugger. And you're thinking, "This dude has picked the *wrong fookin' guy* to take on."

3. You're watching your son on television in his first Formula One race, moments after his car has hit a wall. Track workers have lifted him out of the tangled wreck as the announcer says, "He doesn't appear to be moving..."


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VANITY FAIR

DOUGLAS STUMPF
DEPUTY EDITOR

September 19, 2007

Graydon:

Expect a note from a cheesed-off Ed Coaster soon. Today I had one of my writers' lunches at Tamarind: me, Sebastian Junger, Bryan Burrough, Michael Wolff, and Ed. The trouble started when Sebastian made a crack about how he hates it when people appropriate his title *The Perfect Storm* for frivolous gossip stories—e.g., "If ex-Timberlake flames Jessica Biel and Cameron Diaz come face-to-face at the V.M.A.'s, it'll be a perfect storm!" Then Bryan mentioned how hack sportswriters always abuse the phrase "barbarians at the gate." Then Wolff joked about clueless people who think that the words "burn rate" have something to do with dieting.

And then Ed chimed in that he hates it when anyone uses the word "anyhoo," because he invented it. "Anyhoo"—as in, the not-so-funny variant of "anyhow" or "anyway." The rest of us just broke out laughing, and Michael said, "Oh, Ed, you're so full of shit!" All of a sudden, Ed got beet red, called Wolff a "bald Jew c–t," and told us he invented the word for sure at Elaine's one night. Then he stormed out of the restaurant, saying he was going to get us all fired. You've been warned!

Doug

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9/20/07

Graydon:

I had the displeasure of breaking bread with your esteemed Herr Schtumpf and his band of merry men—respectively, Mr. Perfect Storm thinks-he's-a-hunk but wouldn't even cut it as a JC Penney Sunday-circular underwear model, that blubberbuss business correspondent, and that unspeakable, slap-headed little Rupert Murdoch bum-kisser. They don't believe that I invented the word "anyhoo." I sure as hell did. I said it for the first time by accident in 1966 at Elaine's with Lewis Lapham and A. E. Hotchner present, and with Elaine herself within earshot. I was tipsy, and the bourbon convoluted my "-how" into a "-hoo." It brought down the fuckin' house, my friend. Lapham said, "You've got to use that in a book," and I did, in my 1967 novel, "Freakout on Sunburst Ave.," as the demning tic of Silas Friedkin, the self-satisfied dermatologist based on Sandy Rivkin, the optometrist who stole my second wife.

Let's put Schtumpf and his toadies in their place. Get one of your fact-checkers to fact-check the hell out of this and prove me right—and put Schtumpf and co. out of work.

Ed

Son—Let's have Ed and get someone in research on this.

G.

The COASTER *Correspondence*

MORE OF THE VERY EXPENSIVE WORDS OF *Edwin John Coaster,* CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

From: Schneidel, Zack <Zachary_Schneidel@condenast.com>
To: Carter, Graydon <canadascoolest@vf.com>
Cc:
Subject: anyhoo
Sent: Wed 9/26/2007 5:45 AM

Dear Graydon:

Hi, my name's Zack Schneidel and I work in the research dept. Pursuant to the issue of Ed Coaster and the word "anyhoo," I called Lewis Lapham, who said he definitely remembers the incident, but thinks that *he* might have said "anyhoo" and then encouraged Ed to use it. A. E. Hotchner more or less corroborated Ed's version, though he thinks it came out more like "any-WOO."

I also called Elaine Kaufman, but when I identified myself as being from *V.F.*, she said, "Tell your boss he don't know how to run a restaurant," and hung up on me. Calling her back a day later, this time using the voice of an inquisitive Southern belle studying at N.Y.U. (I do a nighttime drag show at the bar Lips), I asked Kaufman about the incident, and she said that, to the best of her memory, *George Plimpton* was the one who first said "anyhoo."

Anyhoo, :) it's undoubtedly true that Ed uses the word in question copiously throughout "Freakout on Sunburst Ave." (45 times by my count). I must note, however, that the metaphysical poet Andrew Marvell, in one of his incomplete "Mower" poems from the 17th century, used the couplet "The ox-eye daisies pitch their woo / To bees, but not I, anyhoo . . . "

Hey, because I did this, can you maybe take me off the freelance rolls and promote me to staff?

Zack

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER

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The New V.F. Guide to Jetiquette

HIGH-FLYING TIPS FOR THE NON-RICH AND MERELY PROSPEROUS

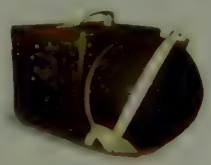
BY NELL SCOVELL

Well done! You've just received an invitation to fly on a wealthy acquaintance's private jet. So now what? First, mention this fact to as many people as possible. Break off telephone chats by saying things like, "Gotta run! Wheels up in two minutes!" Lace your conversations with phrases like "fractional ownership" and "F.B.O. catering." Second, realize that while it's an honor to be invited, it's also an anxiety-inducing minefield of potential faux pas—like being a weekend houseguest but in a confined space 30,000 feet in the air. To prevent your social standing from shifting during flight, just follow these rules.



1. Honor the "Wheels Up" departure time.

The departure time is sacrosanct. It's not a cocktail party, so don't even think of arriving fashionably late or you'll be left waving your arms on the tarmac as the host's Hawker roars down the runway. *NOTE:* A-list actors are exempt from this rule.



2. Don't showboat your hugest and most fabulous luggage.

Most private planes have limited payload and cargo space. *Actual private-flyer tip:* "Forget the hard Vuitton and bring the squishy LV duffel bag."

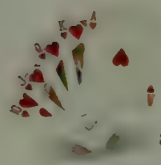
3. Be prepared for onboard pets.

For many extremely wealthy people, the need to be with their pets at all times is the very reason they acquired a private jet. If you have allergies, pack plenty of Claritin and don't complain. *Actual private-flyer comment:* "It's the best way for a cat to travel internationally."



4. Don't take your seat until your host has taken his.

Your host inevitably has a favorite seat, probably outfitted with a special pillow, cashmere throw, and control instruments. Also, never claim the banquette, since it's often used as a conversation spot or as a place for the host to stretch out. *NOTE:* Don't believe that there are no bad seats on a private plane. The Gulfstream 100 properly seats eight passengers, with the lavatory certified as a ninth. Many a nanny has spent the flight from L.A. to Aspen strapped to the head.



5. Defer to your host's behavior.

Take your cues from your host: if he's napping or working on a laptop (yes, they have WiFi in the sky), find something similarly quiet to do. *Actual jet-owner comment:* "Nothing is more irritating than a guest who yaps the entire flight. It's the biggest reason people don't fill up their planes." On the other hand, if you have a "fun" host who insists on playing charades, compliance is compulsory.

6. Hold it in.

Rock bands have long maintained a "Don't dump on the bus" policy and the same holds true for small jets. A flimsy accordion door is often all that separates the lavatory from the cabin.



7. In the event of turbulence or engine trouble, pray to whichever god your host worships.

Their plane, their religion. If things get rocky and you're on John Travolta's jet, start neutralizing your body thetans. If you're with Ronald Perelman, utter a "Sh'ma Yisrael." If you're with Wayne Huizenga Jr., cross yourself and pray to Jesus. *NOTE:* If it's hopeless and you're going to die, make peace with the fact that the headlines won't be about you.

8. Arrange for your own ground transportation.

Actual private-flyer comment: "There's nothing lamer than landing and watching your flight-mates hop into their waiting S.U.V.'s while you ask to use the lounge phone."



9. Send your host a thank-you note, at the very least.

It's unusual to bring a host or hostess gift aboard the plane, but you might send something fabulous later on, such as Asprey's $1,750 purple-leather travel backgammon set.

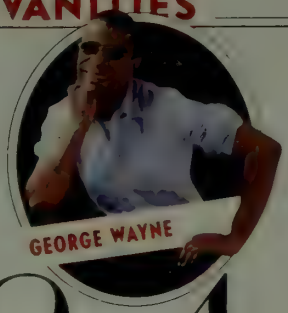


10. Don't be a tourist.

Being overexcited and aglow with childlike wonderment is off-putting to regular private flyers. *Actual comment from an accomplished Hollywood director:* "I once flew on a chartered jet to the Super Bowl with a bunch of celebrities, and when I took out my camera to take pictures of the trip, I was asked to leave the celebrities alone."



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"A child star turned adult superstar, Jason Bateman offers a humble approach to the art of staying alive in Hollywood Babylon."

"Think of it: as a child Jason Bateman started his acting career on the iconic TV show Little House on the Prairie."

"A Golden Globe winner, too, for a critically acclaimed role on television. And now it seems that an Oscar nomination—at the very least—may not be far behind."

"Three decades later his Hollywood career has never been more fecund. Rihanna, the 'It girl' of this past summer, says it best: All you have to do is 'stick with it through the end.'"

Q&A

Growing Up Bateman

Jason Bateman ON ACTING WITH WILL SMITH, AND ON HIS DISCREET HOLLYWOOD-REBEL WAYS

Before Jason Bateman, 38, was the Golden Globe–winning lead on Fox's short-lived series *Arrested Development* and a fringe member of Hollywood's "Frat Pack," he was a 1980s teen idol, courtesy of television's *Little House on the Prairie, Silver Spoons,* and *The Hogan Family.* But now he's becoming a bona fide film star—he can be seen in *The Kingdom,* with Jamie Foxx, and *Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium,* with Natalie Portman, both arriving in theaters this fall. Our correspondent gets cozy with the new, mature Bateman.

George Wayne: *I hear that you showed up at the* Vanity Fair *shoot with a daughter on your lap, where she pretty much stayed the entire time.*

Jason Bateman: We heard that what you guys wanted was a shot of me with a prop—that's the way it was described, so I figured . . .

G.W. *Being a dad has obviously changed your life.*

J.B. Well, I am going to bed now at 10 P.M. instead of getting my nights started at 10 P.M. And I am up at 6:30 A.M. instead of going to bed at 6:30 A.M.

G.W. *That's surprising to hear. Jason Bateman was never really seen as the Hollywood rebel.*

J.B. I was just a lot smarter about not getting caught. Although I never stuck anything in my arm, I certainly enjoyed my youth.

G.W. *And you are married to Paul Anka's daughter.*

J.B. That's right. Her name is Amanda, and I actually met her through an ex-girlfriend of mine. We are now in our sixth year of marriage.

G.W. *Jason Bateman as Mr. Mum—get used to it, America! You seem to have lucked out with a great part in an upcoming movie which has Oscar buzz attached—*The Kingdom, *directed by Peter Berg.*

J.B. I have a bunch of stuff coming up, yeah. I have been pretty fortunate. Not a lot of people watched *Arrested Development,* but it seems that the people out here who hand out jobs were watching. I am also in another Peter Berg film, which just wrapped, with Will Smith, called *Hancock.* Will Smith and Charlize Theron and me.

G.W. *Working with Will Smith is like working with God.*

J.B. And for as huge a star as he is, it is amazing how humble he is. His heart, his smile. He is just great. You know, this is the first time in all my life that I have finally had the chance to make choices. In the past I would take any job I could get.

"I was never Scott Baio."

G.W. *And of course who could forget you in that sitcom* The Hogan Family, *with Valerie Harper? Back then you were the swarthy testosterone-laden teenager. Was there tons of fan mail?*

J.B. I never looked at the fan mail, for some reason. My mother and grandmother would handle my fan mail, though I was never in the stratosphere of a Kirk Cameron or a Scott Baio.

G.W. *The Directors Guild of America still recognizes you as its youngest director ever of sitcom television, for the few episodes you did of* The Hogan Family. *You were 18. Why not more directing?*

J.B. One of these days. I keep getting work as an actor, so one of these days, if I am lucky enough.

G.W. *All right, enough with the humble shtick.*

J.B. George, come on. Actors come and go quicker than some of their scenes. I try to always do the right job and maintain some relevance while trying not to be too precious and too strategic about it.

G.W. *You had surgery to remove polyps from your throat in 2005. Do you still smoke?*

J.B. No, I quit about three years ago. No booze. No cigarettes.

G.W. *Not even a glass of wine?*

J.B. No, not even a little bit. I am just not good at it. Now I run like I am being chased every morning. I don't know what the hell I have become, but it's starting to annoy me.

G.W. *You are well aware, I am sure, that your buddy Will Arnett had a little fun at your expense when I mused about that huge basket of yours.*

J.B. That what?

G.W. *Your basket. The way you fill out a pair of Levi's.*

J.B. Oh, my package?

G.W. *And I have the pictures to prove it. I will send you copies.*

J.B. I have since changed penises.

G.W. *You what? To think about the pain that you must have caused these poor women.*

J.B. My lease came up on that penis.

G.W. *Very well. Thank you, Mr. Bateman.*

Jason Bateman, photographed with his daughter, Francesca Nora Bateman.

PHOTOGRAPH, BOTTOM, BY MICHAEL MULLER. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE.



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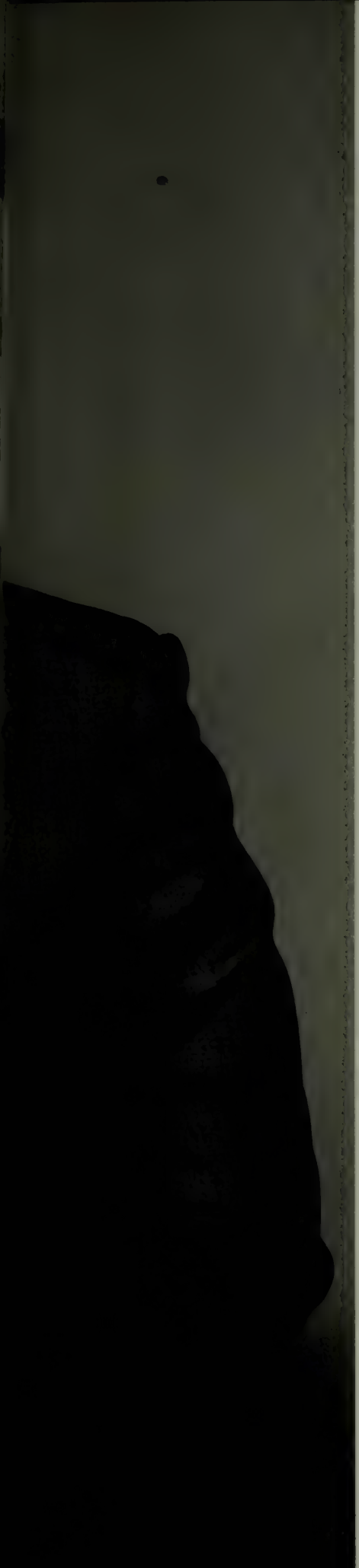
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AN AUGUSTAN AGE

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy and John Fitzgerald Kennedy, photographed by Richard Avedon at the Kennedy's Palm Beach compound on January 7, 1961. The inauguration is still two weeks away. America has not yet heard the words "Ask not . . ."



AS CAMELOT BEGAN

THE UNSEEN PORTRAITS OF THE KENNEDYS BY RICHARD AVEDON

When President-Elect John F. Kennedy and his family posed for Avedon in January 1961, it sent a message of youth, vitality, and confidence. As a new book by Shannon Thomas Perich chronicles the session, biographer ROBERT DALLEK, in this exclusive assessment for *Vanity Fair,* gives the historical backdrop to the photos, many of which appear for the first time here

John F. Kennedy went to bed at 3:30 in the morning on November 9, 1960, uncertain whether he had defeated Richard Nixon for the presidency. He thought he had won, but six states hung in the balance, and after months of exhaustive campaigning he was too tired to stay awake any longer. When he rose, at around 9:30, Ted Sorensen, his Senate aide and speechwriter, gave him the result. Five of the six states had fallen into his column, and Kennedy had gained the prize by the smallest margin in the popular vote since Grover Cleveland won the presidency in 1884.

The narrowness of the margin weighed heavily on Kennedy. "How did I manage to beat a guy like this by only a hundred thousand votes?" he asked Kenny O'Donnell, a member of his Massachusetts inner circle. Henry Brandon, the

Images by Richard Avedon excerpted from *The Kennedys: Portrait of a Family,* with text by Shannon Thomas Perich, foreword by Robert Dallek, to be published this month by Collins Design, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers; © 2007 by Smithsonian Institution.

IN SAFE HANDS

This page, Caroline Bouvier Kennedy, aged three, holding her brother, John F. Kennedy Jr., born on November 25, 1960. *Opposite*, Caroline with her father, in a moment stolen from the president-elect's hectic day of correspondence and transition chores.



"When I'd ask him
to look around,
he'd stop dictating," Avedon
recalled. "But the moment
I finished, he'd start in where
he left off. I've never
seen such a display of mental
control in my life."



British journalist, thought the result had "hurt his self-confidence and pride."

Later that morning, Kennedy held a press conference at the Hyannis Port Armory, on Cape Cod, where his family had a residence and he had spent Election Night. According to one observer, Kennedy's hands trembled as he spoke to the newsmen. Fatigue, nervousness, or medication may have produced the tremors, but it wasn't the first time this had happened. Films at the Kennedy library reveal other instances, and suggest that the variety of ailments Kennedy had struggled with for a long time—spastic colitis, osteoporosis, prostatitis, urethritis, and Addison's disease (a malfunction of the adrenal gland)—may have been the principal contributing factor.

Sorensen recalls that, as late as two weeks after the election, he felt Kennedy had still not recovered from the strains of the campaign. His mind was neither "keen" nor "clear," and he seemed "reluctant to face up to the details of personnel and program selection." Joseph P. Kennedy Sr., the president-elect's father, had a similar impression. On one occasion Jack complained to him, "Jesus Christ, this one wants that, that one wants this. Goddamn it, you can't satisfy any of these people. I don't know what I'm going to do about it all." Joe responded, "Jack, if you don't want the job, you don't have to take it. They're still counting votes up in Cook County."

Kennedy was eager to become president, however wrenching the physical and psychological adjustments. He had 72 days between the election results, on November 9, and the inauguration, on January 20, to complete the transition, and he understood fully that he had to project himself to the world as a self-assured and capable chief executive—a commanding presence. Stirring rhetoric would not be enough. To be sure, Kennedy did not discount the importance of words in rallying the nation to meet its foreign and domestic challenges. Winston Churchill's powerful exhortations during World War II set a standard he had long admired. Kennedy was hardly unmindful of how important a great inaugural address could be. He asked Sorensen to gather suggestions from a variety of people, and to make the address as brief as possible. "I don't want people to think I'm a windbag," he said.

FOR MORE PHOTOS OF THE KENNEDYS, GO TO VF.COM.

But Kennedy intuitively grasped that communicating with the nation visually would be as important as anything he might say. His first televised debate with Richard Nixon had confirmed the importance of physical appearance in a new media age. People who heard the debate on the radio believed that Nixon had bested Kennedy, but, for TV viewers, it was the other way around. Given the well-founded rumors about his health, Kennedy was determined to reassure everyone that he enjoyed the vitality you'd expect from the youngest man (at age 43) ever elected to the White House. It wasn't necessarily going to be easy. Because the steroids he took to control his Addison's disease made him look puffy and overweight, Kennedy was reluctant to take his pills. His secretary Evelyn Lincoln later recalled that, four days before his inauguration, Kennedy said after looking in the mirror, "My God, look at that fat face, if I don't lose five pounds this week we might have to call off the Inauguration."

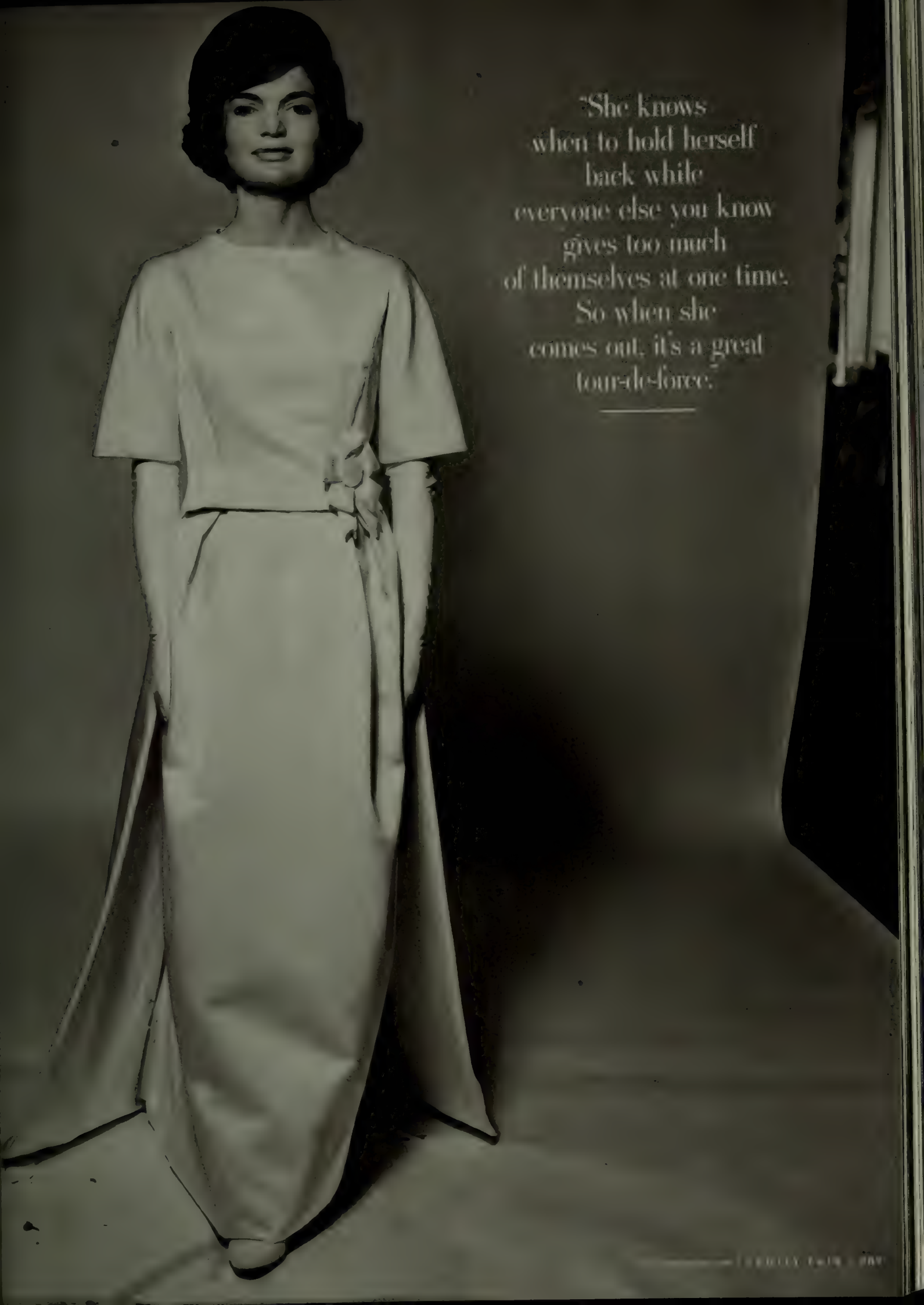
Little wonder, then, that the Kennedys seized upon a request from Richard Avedon, America's most distinguished photo portraitist and fashion photographer, to capture the president-elect and his family—his wife, Jacqueline; their three-year-old daughter, Caroline; and their infant son, John junior—in the weeks before he took the oath of office. Jackie Kennedy was already well known for her astute fashion sense, and Avedon had photographed her before.

Using a president's family to promote positive images of the country's chief executive was not unprecedented. Theodore Roosevelt had drawn public attention to his attractive family in order to create a bond with ordinary Americans. Eleanor Roosevelt had successfully b[illegible]ached the idea that a First Lady could TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE [illegible] PHOTO[illegible]TINUED ON PAGE 288



THE GLASS OF FASHION

Jacqueline Kennedy models the double-satin Oleg Cassini gown she would wear at the pre-inaugural ball in Washington, D.C. The holes in the backdrop paper were made by the heels of her shoes.


"She knows
when to hold herself
back while
everyone else you know
gives too much
of themselves at one time.
So when she
comes out, it's a great
tour-de-force."



BOUNDLESS POSSIBILITY

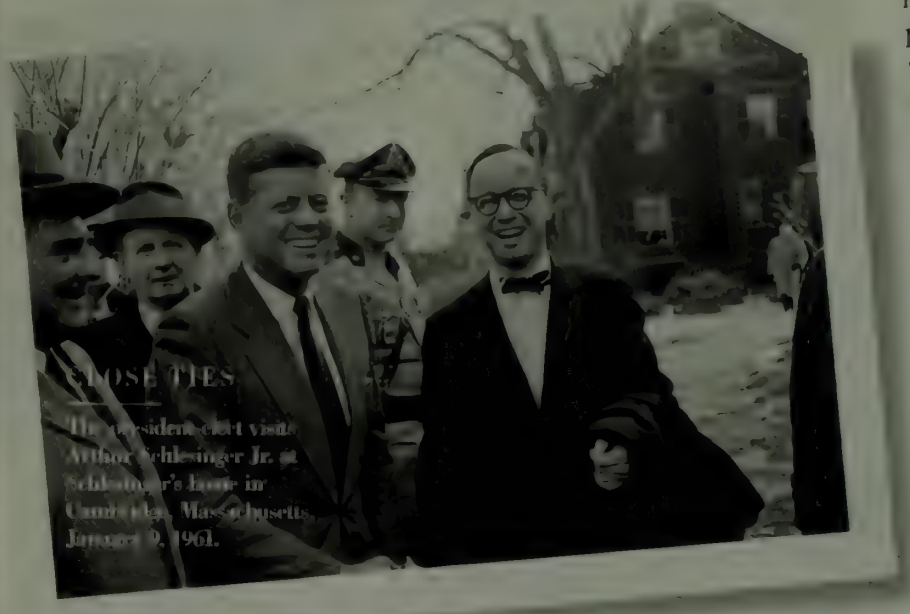
Jacqueline and John F. Kennedy with the infant John junior, six weeks old. "Children have imagination," Jackie wrote in an article for the *Washington Times-Herald*, "a quality that seems to flicker out in so many adults."



"In a very charming way he was ill at ease.... Jacqueline said he always looks his best when he's talking to a crowd, and freezes up when he has his portrait taken."

SCENES FROM A WHITE HOUSE

A HANDFUL OF CAMELOT'S PRIVATE, POIGNANT MOMENTS, FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR.



CLOSE TIES
The president-elect visits Arthur Schlesinger Jr. at Schlesinger's home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 9, 1961.

A Pulitzer Prize–winning historian, presidential confidant, and White House aide, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. was the ultimate Kennedy insider, from campaign to graveside. He left extensive journals when he died earlier this year, to add to his many published works, including A Thousand Days *and* The Imperial Presidency.

July 19, 1959. Hyannis Port.

Jackie Kennedy was the only other person present; and we all drank and talked from about 8 to 12:30.... [Jackie] was lovely but seemed excessively flighty on politics, asking with wide-eyed naïveté questions like: "Jack, why don't you just tell them that you won't go into any of those old primaries?" Jack was in a benign frame of mind and did not blink; but clearly such remarks could, in another cont be irritating. This is all the more so since Jackie, on other subje is intelligent and articulate. She was reading Proust when I arri

March 26, 1960: on the campaign trail. Democratic Governors' Conference, Detroit.

Jack seemed tired but was obviously in good spirits. His l of pretense was refreshing; for example, he kept answering ring phones himself, and when a message was required he sat down a wrote it out. He was quite funny on [Senator] Wayne Morse w had been very affable toward him earlier in the evening. Half time, he said, Morse clapped him on the shoulder and congratul ed him; the other half, he denounced him as a traitor to liberali and an enemy of the working class. It all reminded him, said K nedy, of *City Lights,* and the millionaire who, when drunk, load Charlie Chaplin with gifts and insisted that he spend the night b when sober, couldn't recognize him and threw him out of the hou

August 6, 1960. Hyannis Port.

We embarked shortly after 1—Jack, Jackie, Lee (Jackie's sister) a her husband Prince Radziwill, Marian [Schlesinger], and me. Ja seemed much more relaxed than he has been recently. We broug along several hand-cases of empty coke and tonic bottles; the were to be targets for rifle-shooting. After we got out an approp ate distance, the boat stopped, and Jack tossed the bottl overboard. Several of them sank straight away. Others float for a moment, and Jack and Radziwill shot at them. Jack plainly an excellent shot. All this was carried out agreeab with much banter and laughter. Then we drank Bloo Marys, swam from the boat and finally settled down for a excellent lunch. After lunch, cigars and conversation.

I was struck by the sense that both [Jack] and especial Jackie seem to have about the importance of preservin their private identities; they talked of the Nixons and th Johnsons as people wholly committed to politics, so th their private faces had given way completely to their publ faces, "as if they were on television all the time." Jackie, tr ing to have a friendly and candid exchange with Ladybir [Johnson], said, "And what have you been doing since th convention?" expecting her to reply, "Oh, God, I've bee resting up after that madhouse," or something of the sor Ladybird said, "I've been writing letters to all those goo people who sent congratulations to Lyndon and me."

October 16, 1960. The Carlyle Hotel, New York.

Jack greeted me with his usual affability and started talkin about the [presidential] debates.... After the broadcast, Jack said he had gone over to shake hands with Nixon. They had a momen or so of totally inconsequential talk. While they were chatting, a photographer came by and started to take a picture. As soon as Nixon saw this, without altering the subject of conversation or his tone of voice, he started waving his finger in Jack's face to give the photographic impression that he was telling off Kennedy as he had told off Khrushchev. Jack told this with a mixture of contempt and incredulity. "The man is a shit—a total shit."

November 7, 1960. Boston.

The campaign concluded with an uproaring rally in the Boston Garden.... Jack's speech was pretty much the same one he has giv en for the last week; but he gave it with his usual charm and power and it was all impressive and exciting. Later that night [columnist

Excerpted from *Journals: 1952–2000,* by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., to be published this month by the Penguin Press; © 2007 by the Estate of Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

om Braden (who was staying with us) remarked that he had re-ently seen the tape of Jack's debate with the Houston ministers. What had impressed him most, he said, was not the brilliance of ack's performance but the difference between the intelligent but ill young and anxious figure of September and the supremely pow-ful and confident leader of November.

December 1, 1960. Washington.

I reached Jack's office shortly before noon.... We talked for a moment or two. Then, after an interval, we went down to the car nd to Georgetown. When we arrived, he asked me to come into the ouse and have a drink. I did and we chatted for a time, with Caro-ne, an enchanting little girl, dashing in and out carrying a football. The Kennedys apparently believe in breaking them in early.)

eptember 20, 1961. The White House.

Dinner at the White House with Joe [Alsop, the columnist] and usan Mary Alsop [his wife, a prominent Washington hostess]. The President was in excellent form—very lively, pungent, and vigorous. was delighted to see that he was particularly concerned with the ole of the business community. He began by saying that he was truck by the paradox that, while labor leaders individually were ften mediocre and selfish, labor as a body took generally enlight-ned positions on the great issues; while businessmen were often nlightened as individuals but invariably took hopeless positions n public issues. He said several times that he now understood FDR's attitude toward the business community.

January 14, 1962. The White House.

I went to the White House to join Ted [Sorensen] and Mac Bundy] for a final review of the [State of the Union] speech with he President.... The Bradlees [Ben, a *Washington Post* editor, and is wife, Toni] had been dining with the Kennedys, and Jackie ow asked us in to hear the Jimmy Dean recording of "PT 109" ..and have a glass of champagne. Jackie and Toni Bradlee both ssayed the twist with great and lady-like charm. Jackie does an bsolutely enchanting combined twist-and-Charleston. As she fin-shed, she said, "I will bet that Mary McCarthy can't do this."

March 31, 1962. The White House.

The issue of raising children came up. The President, probably in order to provoke Marian and [society hostess] Martha Bartlett, said hat he did not see why children should not be brought up in com-munity nurseries. This led to a discussion of the role of the family. I asked why the Kennedys had turned out so well and the Churchills and Roosevelt[s] so badly. JFK said, "Well, no one can say it was due to my mother. It was due to my father. He wasn't around as much as some fathers; but, when he was around, he made his chil-dren feel that they were the most important things in the world to him. He seemed terribly interested in everything we were doing. He held up standards for us, and he was very tough when we failed to meet his standards. This toughness was important. If it hadn't been for that, Teddy might be just a playboy today."

May 14, 1962. The White House.

I forgot to record a remark of the President's last Friday. He was commenting on the Eisenhower press conference the day before. "The thing I liked best," he said, "was the picture of Eisenhower at-tacking medical care for the old under Social Security as 'socialized medicine'—and then getting into his government limousine and head-ing out to Walter Reed."

December 25, 1962. The White House.

The President called me on Sunday morning, the 16th, and, among other things, discussed the Khrushchev speech. He ex-pressed, as he has before, his wonder that Khrushchev makes much the same set of charges against the West that the West makes against him; he credits Nikita S. Khrushchev with sincerity in this, and the mirror effect reinforces his own detachment and his refusal to regard the world contest as a holy war. He read two sentences aloud with admiration and said, "Khrushchev certainly has some good writers!" The sentences were: "Those militarists who boast that they have submarines with Polaris rockets on board, and other surprises, as they put it, against the Soviet Union, would do well to remember that we are not living in mud huts either" and "At the climax of events around Cuba, when there began to be a smell of burning in the air..." (I said that we could do as well for him if he would only give some two-hour speeches.)

January 10, 1963. The White House.

The President was amusing on the subject of the candor of wives. He said, "Whenever a wife says something, everyone in this town assumes that she is saying what her husband really thinks. Last night I suddenly heard Jackie telling [André] Malraux that she thought [German chancellor Konrad] Adenauer was 'un peu gaga.' I am sure this has already been reported to Paris as my opinion."

October 2, 1963. The White House.

On Monday, when [Ambassador] Philip Kaiser and I were walk-ing over to the West Wing for luncheon, we ran into the Kennedy family. Caroline, at her mother's bidding, shook our hands and curtsied. Young John, delighted at this, rushed up, put out his hand and, as he shook ours, curtsied too. Jackie said, "I think there is something ominous about John curtsying." John said indignantly, "Mummy, I wasn't curtsying, I was bowing."

October 13, 1963. The White House.

When I came in, the President was looking at some books on his desk. "No, these are not right," he was saying to [his secretary] Evelyn Lincoln. "I wanted Peter Quennell's *Lord Byron in Ven-ice*." As I was leaving, he called after me, almost a little wistfully, "What are you doing tonight?" I told him that we were going to a dance at the Walter Ridders'. The President gossiped for a moment or two. I hate to repeat the cliché about the loneliness of the job, but it *is* a lonely job.

November 23, 1963: the day after Kennedy's assassination. The White House.

Bobby came down in a few minutes and disappeared into the East Room with Bob McNamara. After a time, he came out and asked Nancy Tuckerman and me to go in, look at the bier and give our opinion whether the casket should be open or shut. And so I went in, with the candles fitfully burning, three priests on their knees praying in the background, and took a last look at my be-loved President, my beloved friend. For a moment, I was shattered. But it is not a good job; probably it could not have been with half his head blasted away. It was too waxen, too made up. It did not really look like him. Nancy and I told this to Bobby and voted to keep the casket closed.... Bobby gave instructions that it should be closed. He told me that Jackie preferred to have it closed, and I reassured him about the precedent by remembering that Roos-evelt's casket had been closed.

After this we quietly dispersed into the mild night. □

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 286 be nearly as much a public figure as her husband. But neither Bess Truman nor Mamie Eisenhower had followed in Eleanor's footsteps, and neither Harry Truman nor Dwight Eisenhower made special efforts to cultivate positive stories about their families.

Kennedy, however, apparently believed that he could make a constructive statement about himself and his character by allowing Avedon into his private life. The photographs would encourage people to think of him as a reliable family man who had not the slightest qualms about becoming president. (And one may ask: given Kennedy's history of womanizing, was this also a way to insulate himself from public speculation?) At a time when millions of Americans and people all over the world were worried about the threat of a nuclear war, the image of a young family looking ahead to a bright future was meant to send a reassuring message. Kennedy would strike similar notes in his inaugural address, emphasizing that, although America would "never negotiate out of fear," it would "never fear to negotiate."

The photographs, from two sessions on January 3, 1961, were intended for February issues of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Look*. All told, 17 Avedon photos were published in the two magazines. A selection would also be released to the Associated Press. But Avedon took hundreds of pictures in the course of that January day, and most of the ones on these pages are being published for the first time. As Shannon Thomas Perich recounts in *The Kennedys: Portraits of a Family,* the sessions took place at the Mediterranean-style oceanfront villa in Palm Beach, Florida, where the Kennedys had just spent Christmas and New Year's. Jacqueline was still convalescing after the birth of John junior, who had been delivered by Cesarean section on November 25. Between rounds of golf, President-Elect Kennedy was continuing to put together his Cabinet and plan his inauguration. There was also pressing news to absorb: on the same day as Avedon's session in Palm Beach, the United States severed diplomatic relations with Castro's Cuba, which loomed as an increasingly troublesome foreign-policy problem. Avedon would tell a writer for *Newsweek* in an interview shortly after the photographs were published, "When I took Caroline's picture with her father, he was dictating memos to his secretary. When I'd ask him to look around, he'd stop dictating. But the moment I finished, he'd start in where he left off."

Unfortunately, many details about the actual photo shoots are lost and no longer accessible. *Harper's Bazaar* did not keep a relevant archive, and correspondence about the assignment does not appear in the archived files of *Look,* which folded in 1971. Of the members of the Kennedy family photographed by Avedon that day, Caroline alone is still alive, but she was only a child at the time. Avedon himself died in 2004, leaving very little record of this pre-inauguration encounter. We know that Avedon arrived at the Palm Beach estate in the morning with his assistants. Also on the scene were Kenneth Battelle, the New York hairstylist, and a fitter from Oleg Cassini, who brought down the dresses, still unfinished, that Jackie would be wearing to the inaugural events. Aides and secretaries bustled everywhere. The weather was balmy.

The most important testimony is that embodied in the images themselves. They tell the story of an American family—warm, close, confident—about to embrace a remarkable destiny for which it is fully prepared. John F. Kennedy was a prince who had been schooled from early in life to become a king. In Avedon's photos there are no gilded crowns or ermine robes, but there is a palpable sense of his subjects as a natural aristocracy, and of Jack and Jackie as lovely human but also above and apart. The words of Robert Frost would complement the message that Avedon's photos convey. In a poem titled "Dedication," which he wrote for the inauguration, Frost proclaimed "the glory of a next Augustan age." □



NO ERMINE ROBES

Detail of one of the contact sheets from Avedon's January 3 shoot in Palm Beach. Kennedy's artistic judgment was not infallible: "Well, that was certainly a morning wasted," he would later tell a friend.


"I make as
many as sixty prints
of a picture
would make a hundred
if it would mean
a fraction's improvement
help show the invisible
the inside out."



RUNNING MATES

Bill and Hillary Clinton and Al and Tipper Gore on the campaign trail in New Jersey, July 1992

White Hous

Promised real power as Bill Clinton's vice president, Al Gore found he had a rival for that role: the First Lady. And when Hillary decided to run for the Senate, a tense competition got ugly. In an excerpt from her new book about the Clinton White House years, SALLY BEDELL SMITH reveals how conflicting agendas–the triangle of a scandal-ridden lame-duck president, the wife he'd betrayed, and his designated successor–sapped Gore's 2000 campaign as the bond between two couples dissolved into distrust, anger, and resentment



e Civil War

During the 1992 campaign, Bill and Hillary Clinton took several successful bus trips with vice-presidential candidate Al Gore and his wife, Tipper, where they bonded to such an extent that Tipper called Hillary her "long-lost sister." "If there is a subject under the sun that we haven't discussed, I don't know what it might be," said Al. So it seemed fitting that the four of them again boarded a bus three days before Bill Clinton's inauguration, this time for a 120-mile ride from Charlottesville, Virginia, to Washington, re-enacting the trip that Thomas Jefferson had made in 1801.

After conducting an interview with Bill and Hillary, *NBC Nightly News* anchor Tom Brokaw lingered while the two couples sat around a table in the kitchenette in the front of the bus. "It struck me like a college-dorm bull session rather than an incoming administration," Brokaw recalled. "Hillary was not leading, but she was like a junior partner. It was Gore to Bill Clinton, and Hillary was gracefully part of the conversation."

Eight days later, Bill appointed Hillary head of the health-care task force, which was charged with developing a plan to restructure the health-insurance system. The move took nearly all his top officials by surprise, including Al Gore. Bill had invested Gore with considerable responsibility, but his failure to confide in his vice president was a telling sign of the real pecking order.

Bill and Hillary's joint decision-making at the beginning of his presidency was as overt as it would ever be in the White House. "He would say, 'Hillary thinks this. What do you think?'" said White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum. "They really were a partnership. She was the absolutely necessary person he had to have to bounce things up against, and he was that for her. I sensed a tremendous need for each other. They didn't have to see each other, but they would talk continually every day." In deference to her continuing role as Bill's "closer," staff members called Hillary "the Supreme Court." "We would always say, 'Has the Supreme Court been consulted?'" recalled Dee Dee Myers, the president's press secretary for two years, now a *V.F.* contributing editor. Whenever Bill said, "Let me think about it," aides knew he intended to call Hillary.

Gore was the one most affected by Bill's reliance on his wife. It was a given in the White House, as Chief of Staff Mack McLarty said, that everyone would "just have to get used to" the fact that Hillary, along with Bill and Gore, had to "sign off on big decisions." But having what Clinton domestic-policy adviser Bruce Reed called "three forces to be reckoned with" added yet another layer of perplexity and rivalry to the West Wing, where advisers and Cabinet officers knew they could lobby either the First Lady or the vice president to reverse decisions by the president. David Gergen, counselor to the president in 1993 and 1994, called the "three-headed system" a "rolling disaster."

The early conventional wisdom about the relationship between the president and vice president shifted from adoring descriptions of generational bonding to the prevailing media view that Gore's influence would "inevitably diminish" now that his "Dudley Do-Right" image was no longer necessary to take the curse off "Slick Willie." An account in *The New York Times Magazine* shortly before the inauguration set out the new interpretation, noting that "Al Gore hasn't yet realized there is going to be a co-presidency but he's not going to be part of the co," and that, according to the Clintons' close friend and adviser Susan Thomases, Gore "would have to adjust to a smaller role." The article came out of the blue, and the Gore camp detected the veiled handiwork of Hillary in its slant. It was an open secret that some of Hillary's advisers, Thomases in particular, nurtured dreams that Hillary, not Gore, would follow Bill in the presidency. "There are a great many people talking very seriously about her succeeding him," Betsey Wright, Bill's chief of staff in Arkansas, admitted during her former boss's first year as president.

"Of course there were tensions," said one of the Clintons' longtime friends, who recalled private meetings in which Hillary encouraged her husband to discount Gore's advice by saying, "Bill, you are president. This is your administration." The threesome "at times had the feeling of a brother and sister trying to win the affection not of the father but of another, more powerful older brother," said this friend. Hillary ha an obvious advantage over Gore, becau she and Bill had been on the same wav length for so long that they communicat almost by telepathy. But Gore operated u der the assumption that Bill took Hillary advice only when she claimed an issue her own, and only when Bill would suff emotional consequences if he ignored he

The Clintons resented the Gores becau they were products of Washington's pres gious private schools and its social networ on the A-list for elite Georgetown gathe ings such as the annual New Year's E party hosted by former *Washington Post* ed tor Ben Bradlee and his wife, Sally Quin A friend of the Clintons' noted in a journ that Hillary once said with some bitterne "Gore gets credit because he's a Washin ton insider and can play the game. Gore not 'from someplace called Arkansas.'"

Hillary Rising

While Hillary hel unique sway wit Bill, he neverthe less had a clos and effective pro fessional relation ship with his vice president. "Gore ha more of an ability to influence the pres dent than was acknowledged," said a Clin ton adviser. Before taking office, the tw men signed a written agreement setting ou Gore's responsibilities for environmenta foreign-affairs, national-security, science and communications policies, as well as general advisory role. Bill also committe to a private lunch with Gore every Thurs day. Gore was particularly insistent o the lunches, held in the small dining room off the Oval Office, where he would ar rive each week with a stack of material t cover. Gore knew "if the relationship wa not nurtured, it would become vulnerable," said one top White House official.

Bill's panoramic but haphazard intelli gence often benefited from Gore's more rig orous and linear thinking. In some respects Gore's cast of mind was similar to Hillary's in his quest for synthesis, his empirical thought processes, and his effectiveness in meetings, prompting one staff member to liken him to a "piece of artillery." But Gore and Hillary had dissimilar personalities. Most obviously, Gore had an ironic sensibility and appreciation for the absurd that both Bill and Hillary lacked. Asked how his routine had changed when he was forced to use crutches after injuring his Achilles tendon, he deadpanned, "It takes me twice as long to walk Socks," the Clintons' cat.

Bill and Tipper, who shared the same birthday, were more outgoing than Al and

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Excerpted from *For Love of Politics—Bill and Hillary Clinton: The White House Years*, by Sally Bedell Smith, to be published this month by Random House, Inc.; © 2007 by the author.

LE SHIFTS

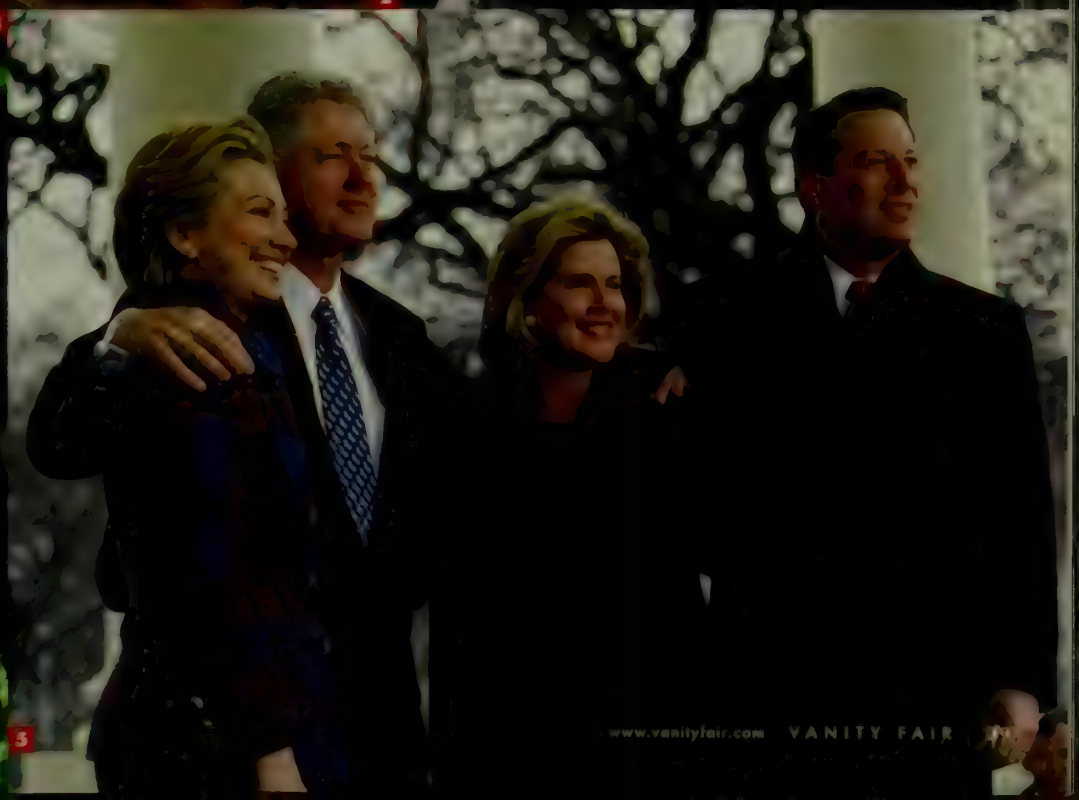
The First and cond Couples on the uth Lawn of the White use at a reception 1,400 campaign unteers, 1993. (2) per and Hillary in rt Worth, Texas, like ng-lost sisters" the k of the 1992 election. Triumphant newcomers he Oval Office, 1993. Clinton and Gore at White House ceremony the signing of an i-terrorism bill, 1996. The Clintons and the res, older, sadder, l wiser, outside the hite House on Clinton's t day in office, nuary 20, 2001.











Hillary. As a foursome, they got together for bowling and movies at the White House, dinners and concerts, and nights at Camp David. Tipper quietly went out of her way to help Hillary with suggestions about doctors, dentists, and other domestic matters. She introduced her to her friend Dana Buchman, a designer from Memphis, and immediately stopped wearing Buchman's clothes because Hillary wanted those styles to be "her look." When Hillary was upset over press coverage, Tipper would invite her to lunch at the vice-presidential mansion to commiserate. Tipper had a master's degree in psychology, and she frequently appeared at Hillary's side to discuss mental-health issues. Her presence, *The Washington Post* noted, "reinforces Hillary as a caring person."

Yet Hillary always had an undercurrent of competition with Al Gore that burst into the open from time to time. One day, when Gore and his team presented their plans for improving government efficiency, Bill asked so many questions that the meeting ran a half-hour too long. As a result, Bill was late for a session in the White House Residence with Hillary and her health-care advisers. Feeling snubbed, Hillary lectured her husband on the importance of health care. Bill "retreated a bit," recalled a participant. "It took five minutes to get through that situation.... She was not pleased."

The turning point in Hillary's political life came on November 6, 1998, when New York senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan said he would not run for a fifth term. New York congressman Charles Rangel, who had already been pushing Hillary to enter the race, called that evening and said, "I sure hope you'll consider running, because I think you could win." Bill later wrote that he thought it "sounded like a pretty good idea," although Hillary said she told Rangel that she was "honored" but "not interested" and that she considered the idea "absurd." Yet the same day, Mandy Grunwald, a key adviser to Hillary, called the Moynihans to assess their reaction to a Senate bid by Hillary. They both thought it was a bad idea, because she didn't know the state and hadn't shown any interest in its issues or needs.

The Moynihan seat had in fact been on the Clintons' radar for months. Shortly after the midterm election, Hillary and her longtime adviser Harold Ickes signaled that interest by inviting a group of friends to have dinner and talk about her prospects. "It was a very pragmatic political discussion," recalled Secretary of Health and Human Services Donna Shalala. "I told her not to run, that she was an outsider, had never lived in New York. We talked about the Bobby Kennedy thing, and her response was that she was looking at the polls. She said that, based on Kennedy's experience [winning a Senate seat as a newcomer to the state in 1964, after he had served as attorney general for John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson], New Yorkers were welcoming." By Bill's account, Hillary made up her mind only days after Moynihan announced his retirement. Once she had spent time "looking around and talking to people," she said, "Okay, I want to do it. So here we go."

In his practical and optimistic way, Bill saw the Senate candidacy as a prize for Hillary, a lifeline for him, and a salve for their marriage after her humiliation over his sexual affair with White House intern Monica Lewinsky, which had been sensationally revealed the previous January. He was impeached in December 1998 by the Republican-controlled House, for lying to a grand jury about Lewinsky and obstructing an investigation by Special Prosecutor Kenneth Starr into the affair. Even before Bill's lawyers succeeded in blocking his conviction by the Senate on February 12, he was learning to assume an unaccustomed secondary role and to serve Hillary as directly as she had served him for so long—in some sense, the ultimate penance for his habitual womanizing.

"It looks to me like it is highly likely that I will increasingly be known as the person who comes with Hillary to New York," he told a group of well-heeled donors at Le Cirque in Manhattan on February 2, 1999, adding that he was "getting ready for my next life. I'm going to be the comic that closes the show—my stand-up life."

Bill had his own purposes behind his slightly uneasy jocularity. "For Bill Clinton, there was no way for his popularity to be tested," said one of Hillary's advisers. "She would carry the burden of his behavior. Politicians are always looking for signs that they have been forgiven—or at least that the public has gone past it. She was a surrogate for him on that." Madeleine Albright told a friend she was "impressed that Clinton was eager for Hillary to win the Senate race to recompense her for all she had to put up with and also a way for him to get back into campaigning." Bill's friend Tom Siebert, who was to raise money for Hillary, recognized that "the Senate race kept them in public life.... They grabbed the brass ring early in their lives, and running for elective office was in her [illegible] as much as his."

The prospect of teaming up in another race had a salutary effect on the Clintons' relationship by shifting their conversation to safe ground, away from the personal issues they had been grappling with in couples therapy. "Bill and I were talking again about matters other than the future of our relationship," Hillary later wrote. "We both began to relax. He was anxious to be helpful, and I welcomed his expertise." Susan Thomases observed, "She always had enormous respect and affection for him in the political context. He was always the strategist for himself and for her."

Rival Campaigns

Bill and Hillary's seventh year in the White House brought a dramatic shift in their relationship, with the center of gravity moving from his realm to hers. He was the lame duck, crippled by scandal, and she was the rising political star. Having saved his presidency by publicly standing by her man after the revelations about Lewinsky (first by proclaiming his innocence and then by attacking the enemies who sought to punish him), Hillary now had the upper hand, and his legacy was tied to her political fortunes. At the same time, Hillary's ascendancy had a significant impact on the presidential prospects of Al Gore, diverting attention and resources from his candidacy and adding to the growing tension between the Gores and the Clintons over Bill's involvement with Lewinsky.

Gore had always been a determined campaigner and a skilled debater. But with his sometimes preachy delivery and stiff demeanor, he was not a natural on the stump like his boss. As the 2000 campaign drew closer, Bill seized on those apparent weaknesses in private critiques to influential Democratic supporters. When San Francisco investment banker Sandy Robertson was spending the night in the Lincoln Bedroom after the state dinner for Chinese premier Zhu Rongji, on April 8, 1999, Bill invited him to the Treaty Room for a late-night conversation. The president propped his feet on a table and unloaded on Gore's political deficiencies. "He said he was trying to get Gore to be a better campaigner," Robertson recalled. "He was worried." Bill told Robertson, "I've been working with him to get him to loosen up."

A month later, Bill went public with his concerns in an interview that *The New York Times* put on its front page. Those misgivings, plus some early missteps by Gore, led to a *Newsweek* cover

CONTINUED ON PAGE 351

UNEASY PARTNERS

Clinton and Gore, photographed by Annie Leibovitz for *Vanity Fair* in August 1997, five months before the Monica Lewinsky scandal broke.


During the
2000 campaign,
Clinton and Gore stopped
having lunch.



CAMISOLE AND BRIEFS BY MIU MIU. JEWELRY BY MONTBLANC. HAIR PRODUCTS BY

GREEN GODDESS

French-born actress Eva Green, photographed at Sunbeam Studios, London.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER • STYLED BY MICHAEL ROBERTS

SOME ENCHANTING EVA

When director Chris Weitz was casting his adaptation of Philip Pullman's metaphysical novel *The Golden Compass,* actress Eva Green was his immediate choice for the part of the benevolent, 300-year-old witch, rafina Pekkala. "There's not any coltishness to Eva, even though e's young," says Weitz. "She's not the girl who just got off the bus m Wisconsin." Green's most recent public performance was at an travagant Paris event "celebrating the birth of" Dior's new Midght Poison scent, of which Green is the commercial face. "It was mpletely mad," says the 27-year-old Paris native. "In a good way, ough!" Mlle. Green appears to have little time for standard youngtress notions about "keeping it real": "I love photo shoots where I can be like a pinup, not myself," she says. "I hate it when you go in and they want you to be 'natural.'" Green was extremely natural in her big-screen debut in Bernardo Bertolucci's 2003 kinkfest, *The Dreamers,* with many scenes that didn't require her to visit the wardrobe department. She went to the opposite end of the spectrum with last year's Bond movie, *Casino Royale,* earning critical plaudits for her role as the buttoned-up British Treasury agent Vesper Lynd. Starring in a high-tech blockbuster only made Green yearn for the Hollywood studio system of the 1930s and 40s. "Back then the studios built an image for you," she says. "It was more controlled. For the Bond movie you had to do interviews for shitty magazines, and they ask you all these personal questions. I don't like it—it kills the dream."

—STEVEN DALY



PHOTOGRAPHS CONTINUED OVERLEAF. FOR AN EXTENDED INTERVIEW WITH EVA GREEN AND MORE OF PATRICK DEMARCHELIER'S PHOTOS, GO TO **VF.COM.**



FAIREST OF THEM ALL

Green, who plays a witch in *The Golden Compass*, channels her dark side.



"I LOVE PHOTO SHOOTS WHERE I CAN BE LIKE A PINUP, NOT MYSELF."



SLOWHAND

Eric Clapton, photographed in New York City.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER

Eric Clapton's Salvation Road

The birth of his son, Conor, in 1986, was a wake-up call for ERIC CLAPTON: his drinking, resumed during the breakup of both his marriage and his affair with the baby's mother, had to stop. Back in rehab, on his knees, he finally found the help he needed. In an excerpt from his autobiography, the rock 'n' roll master recalls the tragedy of four-year-old Conor's death—and the sobriety and the music that kept him sane

For most of 1985, apart from August and September, I was out on the road promoting *Behind the Sun.* In the early part of that summer I got a phone call from Pete Townshend, asking if I would play in a charity event being organized by Bob Geldof to raise money for the victims of famine in Africa. It was to be called "Live Aid" and to consist mainly of two concerts played simultaneously in London and Philadelphia on July 13 and broadcast live on TV across the world. As it happened, on that date my band and I were to be in the middle of a North American tour. We were booked to play Las Vegas the night before, with shows in Denver on either side, so there were some pretty big leaps involved. I told my manager, Roger Forrester, to cancel the Las Vegas show, and called Pete to say we'd do it. Thank God

Excerpted from *Clapton: The Autobiography,* by Eric Clapton, to be published this month by Broadway Books, a division of Random House, Inc.; © 2007 by E.C. Music Limited; reprinted with permission.

we were in good shape, with the band playing really well, because had we just started our tour, I might have had second thoughts.

Landing in Philadelphia the day before the show, one couldn't help but get swept up in the atmosphere. The place was just buzzing. The moment we landed, you could feel music everywhere. We checked into the Four Seasons Hotel, every room of which was filled with musicians. It was Music City, and, like most people, I was awake most of the night before the concert. I couldn't sleep due to nerves. We were scheduled to go onstage in the evening, and I sat watching the performances of the other acts on TV during most of the day, which was probably a psychological mistake, as seeing all these great artists giving their best made me a hundred times more psyched out than I would have been for a regular gig. How could I ever match the performance of a band like the Four Tops, with their fantastic big Motown orchestra and all their energy?

By the time we got out to the stadium, I was tongue-tied. It was also boiling hot, and the whole band felt faint. In fact, bassist Duck Dunn and I later confessed to each other that we'd been close to passing out. The tunnel that we had to walk through from the dressing rooms to the stage was crowded with security, which was unnerving in itself, and things weren't helped by the fact that we had been given different guitar amps from those specified by my roadie, who was subsequently screaming bloody murder as we reached the stage. To say the whole band was jumpy would be an understatement. As I climbed onstage, I luckily saw the reassuring presence of my old mentor, Ahmet Ertegun, who was standing in the wings, smiling broadly at me, and giving me a big thumbs-up sign.

Things got off to a shaky start. When I moved up to the microphone to sing the first line of "White Room," I got a great big shock off it, further unnerving me, and meaning that I had to sing the rest of the show with my mouth not quite touching the mike but still close enough to hear myself, since the monitors weren't very good. We played two more songs, "She's Waiting," from *Behind the Sun,* and "Layla," and then we were off and it was all over. Phil Collins came on, followed by Led Zeppelin, then Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young. I remember very little after that, other than being herded back onstage at the end to join in the finale, singing "We Are the World." I think I was just in a state of shock.

The autumn of 1985 found us touring Italy. From my initial visit there, a few years earlier, when I was first exposed to its architecture, fashion, cars, and food, I had had a fascination with the country and its lifestyle in general, but I had never dated an Italian woman. I was explaining this to the Italian promoter, who told me that he knew a really interesting girl and would introduce us. (I was still married to Pattie Boyd then, but things were rocky.) We were playing a couple of shows in Milan, and after one of them, he brought along a strikingly attractive girl named Lori del Santo to dinner. Born in Verona, Lori was the second daughter in a poor Catholic family. When her father died young, she was sent to a convent school while her mother worked all hours to make ends meet.

As soon as she left school, she made the decision that she would never be poor again. She went to Rome with the intention of making a career in modeling and TV, and by the age of 20 had gotten parts in various television programs. She had also become the girlfriend of the Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi. By the time I met her, seven years later, she was famous throughout Italy as one of the stars of a popular T show called *Drive-In,* which was the Italian equivalent of *Rowa & Martin's Laugh-In.* With her long, rich, dark, curly hair, stro bone structure, and voluptuous figure, she was a real Southe Italian–style beauty, and I was immediately smitten.

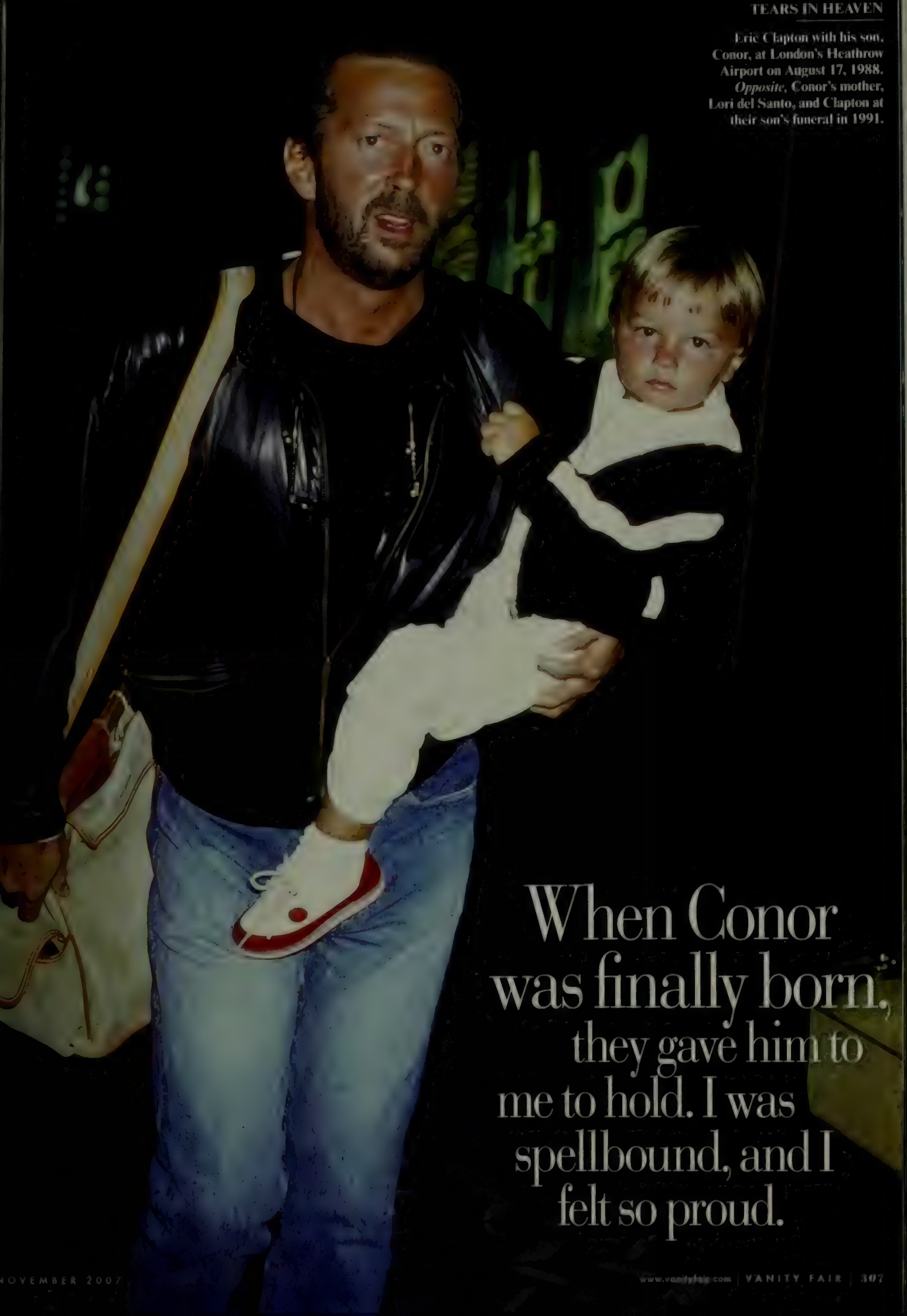
Lori had a powerful personality, very confident and flirtatio and I was flattered by her interest in me. Indeed, the energy betwe us was very strong, the kind that exists only when you meet sor one for the first time. It was also very playful, a quality that had d appeared from my relationship with Pattie. When the tour end and I went back home to her, we made yet another halfhearted tempt to rekindle our marriage, but it didn't really catch. I realiz that my attentions had shifted. I had been home just a few da when I suddenly told Pattie I was leaving—I had met somebody Italy and I was going to go and stay with her. I was like a flame the wind, being blown all over the place, with no concern for oth people's feelings or for the consequences of my actions. I had p suaded myself that, since I had just turned 40, I was going throu a midlife crisis and that that was the explanation for everythin

I turned up on Lori's doorstep in Milan, right out of the blu and told her I'd left Pattie and was coming to live with her. In a odd way, it was almost as if she were living an existential life he self, because she didn't bat an eye. Her attitude was "Come an live here and we'll see where it takes us." It was an extraordinar moment for me. I just thought to myself, I'm going to start my li again from scratch here in Italy, without any idea at all of wher it is going to go.

We lived in Milan for a while, where Lori was starting a ne career as a fashion photographer. She was doing work for the b fashion houses that were going strong then, and it was throug her that I became friendly with the Versace family, particularl with Donatella's husband, Paul Beck. I was already a huge fa of Gianni's. I had been buying his things and thought of him a the best designer in CONTINUED ON PAGE 357



Eric Clapton with his son, Conor, at London's Heathrow Airport on August 17, 1988. *Opposite*, Conor's mother, Lori del Santo, and Clapton at their son's funeral in 1991.



When Conor was finally born, they gave him to me to hold. I was spellbound, and I felt so proud.



TAKE TWO!

Tom Hanks breaks up his co-star Julia Roberts during the filming of *Charlie Wilson's War* in Los Angeles.



Spotlight

THE WILSON DOCTRINE

Given the current Congress's utter inability to end the war in Iraq, it's hard to imagine that a lone representative—let alone one as fond of boozing and womanizing as Charlie Wilson was in his day—could have waged a secret war against a superpower. Yet that's what the Texas Democrat (played by Tom Hanks in a Christmas release from Universal) did in the early 1980s, when, with the help of ultra-right-wing socialite Joanne Herring (Julia Roberts), renegade C.I.A. operative Gust Avrakotos (Philip Seymour Hoffman), and collaborators in Israel, Egypt, and Pakistan, he boosted the annual funding for anti-Soviet mujahideen in Afghanistan from $5 million to $1 billion. Sure, the scheme was crazy—but it worked: the Russians lost the war and, eventually, their empire.

If the whole thing hadn't backfired when Islamists based in Afghanistan pulled off 9/11, Wilson and his pals would be Cold War heroes.

Instead they are the walking ironies on display in Mike Nichols's *Charlie Wilson's War*, based on the 2003 nonfiction best-seller by the late *60 Minutes* producer George Crile. Hanks captures the title character's hedonistic charm without neglecting his inner patriot, and Roberts plays Wilson's lover and political muse as a Houstonian Arianna Huffington (the pre-liberal version). "They are idealists, and literally strange bedfellows," says Aaron Sorkin, who wrote the screenplay. "After witnessing both the incredible suffering and the incredible courage of the Afghan people, they felt they simply had to help somehow. And it just snowballed into the biggest covert war in history."

—MICHAEL HOGAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE

Va Va von Furstenberg

Like her husband, Barry Diller, Diane von Furstenberg has built a showstopping New York headquarters for her business—now a $200 million fashion empire, rivaling the splash she and her wrap dress made in the 70s. From the crystal staircase to the "green roof," INGRID SISCHY explores a kaleidoscope of light, color, and curves as dynamic as its creator



STYLED BY JESSICA DIEHL. VON FURSTENBERG'S MAKEUP BY HEIDI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WALDRON



IN LIVING COLOR

The second-floor conference room of von Furstenberg's new Manhattan headquarters, with Warhol portraits of the designer. *Opposite*, von Furstenberg on her five-floor stairway with models Alek Wek, Lisa Cant, and Lily Cole. All are wearing Diane von Furstenberg.

EVERYTHIN
ILLUMINA

Clockwise from top von Furstenberg with creative director, Na Jenden; the exterior, on 14th Street; the dian ring that inspire building's glass dome library, with a F Gehry table; the si area in von Furstenb office, with r Warhols; her desk main lobby, with furn by Damien H

A decade ago, when Diane von Furstenberg wrote her autobiography, she rather woefully noted, "It will probably be on my tombstone: 'Here Lies the Woman Who Designed the Wrap Dress.'" Not so fast, fellas. Hold the chisel. The latest chapter in her ongoing tale of self-invention, re-invention, and re-re-invention is triumphant and far-reaching enough to make Coco Chanel, who knew something about comebacks, shout "Bitch" from the grave. Von Furstenberg's story is also a lesson in knowing when to let go, and when to grab the moment. She is someone who understands these things innately. She might say it's because she's the daughter of Lily Nahmias, a survivor of the Holocaust.

However she got them, von Furstenberg's survival instincts have served her since her childhood in Brussels. When she became a princess in 1969 by marrying Prince Egon von Fürstenberg, the 22-year-old Diane ignored the snubs of the snooty Europeans who thought the Jewish girl with "nothing" wasn't good enough for such a dashing catch. Soon after arriving in New York, she had an audience with the then most important person in fashion, *Vogue* editor Diana Vreeland—part nut, part genius—who oohed and aa[illegible]d over a handful of prototype dresses von Furstenberg pulled out of a suitcase. With the right forces behind her, sh[illegible] soon nailed the *Zeitgeist* with her no-zipper, n[illegible] button, simple-to-wash, easy-to-put-on, even-easier-to-take-off wrap dress. Her colleagues may have pooh-poohed her ("She's not really a designer"), but by 1976 the cult of her $100-or-less wrap dress





was so sweeping and impossible to ignore that *Newsweek* heralded the 29-year-old designer on its cover. Then came the backlash, and the unsold inventory mounted. By 1983 the now divorced von Furstenberg, a mother of two, had gauged the changing winds, unloaded her dress and cosmetics companies, and eventually went off to Paris, where she started a small publishing house and found new romance. (Von Furstenberg's amours could rival Colette's.)

In the early 90s, New York became home base for von Furstenberg again, and she started a slow entry back into the game, designing silk trousers, skirts, and tops, and keeping her antennae attuned to the call of fashionistas. The rumbles started getting louder for a von Furstenberg revival, led by a new generation of socialites buying vintage wrap dresses. The designer took the ball and ran with it, launching a new dress line in 1997. In 2006, von Furstenberg's reborn fashion empire had net sales of $104 million. She sells her brand across 56 countries, with stand-alone DVF stores in Paris, Moscow, Brussels, and other destination cities, with plans to have a total of 22 stores by January 2008. In addition to dresses, the Diane von Furstenberg label now includes sportswear, swimwear, accessories, fragrances, cosmetics, jewelry, handbags, and luggage.

FOR EXCLUSIVE VIDEO OF DIANE VON FURSTENBERG'S NEW STUDIO, GO TO **VF.COM.**

As even people who live under rocks know, in 2001 she made a respectable man out of the guy she'd first fallen for in 1975, Barry Diller. (He gave her 26 wedding bands: one each for the years they weren't married.) Between the two of them, they have recently given downtown Manhattan's architecture a beautiful double jolt of contempora-

Von Furstenberg's bed sits in a luxe version of a military tent.





neity. Diller's Frank Gehry–designed IAC headquarters, on the West Side Highway, reminds me of an iceberg that floated down from Alaska, and now von Furstenberg makes her mark with a dynamic new headquarters in the Meatpacking District—corner of Washington Street and 14th Street—designed by the Work Architecture Company, whose chief architects, Dan Wood and Amale Andraos, cut their roof-raising teeth in Rem Koolhaas's Office for Metropolitan Architecture.

The new von Furstenberg complex is situated in a pair of adjacent 19th-century buildings—former butcher shops that have been gutted while their façades were maintained. (There's a third building next door that von Furstenberg plans eventually to turn into a theater.) The compound has state-of-the-art technology and is ecologically minded. It houses the flagship von Furstenberg store, offices, design studios, a showroom, and, on top of it all, work and living spaces for the designer that would make Buckminster Fuller smile. (There's even a "green roof," replete with grasses, mosses, and killer views.)

From exterior to interiors, this is a project where light, glass, and reflection are the names of the game. Just like the Empire State Building, von Furstenberg's façade is programmed for a changing light show—initially the palette of lipsticks, from pink to yellow to orange. One then enters into a spectacle of light as vibrant as any fireworks display. On the first floor, circular mirrors that remind me of makeup compacts, or those ubiquitous small disks on Indian blouses, are omnipresent. A sort of "stairway to heaven," with a guardrail made of crystal prisms (3,000 of them, courtesy of Swarovski), ascends from the ground floor to the fifth, and adds to the sense of anti-gravity that seems to lift each floor.

Throughout the store and continuing on through the other spaces are recurring visual themes, signatures of the designer: animal prints, geometric patterns, black-and-white graphics. This is not a house of straight walls—from the retail space to von Furstenberg's bathroom in her "diamond" penthouse, surfaces curve and undulate. There are intense passages of pure pink that wake up the senses; the inspiration for this, and for von Furstenberg's having incorporated pools of water in her environments, came from the work of the Mexican architect Luis Barragán. A tour of the building rewards eyes hungry for art and modern design. One finds chairs by Charles Eames, Fritz Hansen, Knoll, Michael Graves, and Damien Hirst; larger-than-life tables by Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann and Frank Gehry; and knockout lamps and screens by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings. Portraits of von Furstenberg by Andy Warhol, Francesco Clemente, Anh Duong, and François-Marie Banier reinforce the iconic status of the lady of the house.

Perhaps it should not be a surprise that up in the penthouse bedroom von Furstenberg's bed has been installed in a luxe version of a military tent. The practical reason is to keep the light out so she can sleep. But it also serves as an apt metaphor for the way she has kept moving through her life with a sense of mission and fearlessness. In light of what's happened to von Furstenberg since the 21st century began—the explosion of her business, her influence as president of the Council of Fashion Designers of America, and the serious power she now wields as Mrs. Barry Diller—it may be tempting to assume she's undergone a wholesale re-invention. But that's not right. Looking at snapshots of her when she was 17, I thought it's almost eerie how little she has changed physically. When I asked her if she's a different woman from the one who was once a favorite subject of the paparazzi at Studio 54, she answered, "I feel like the same person, without the pot." □

DOROTHY PARKER'S WEEKEND GETAWAY

Dorothy Parker always had an unkind word for everyone. Her friend George S. Kaufman was no exception—especially after he won two Pulitzers, made the cover of *Time* in 1939, and had two hits running concurrently on Broadway. "So much kudos for so little talent," she had once noted in a review of the plays Kaufman had written with Moss Hart.

The playwright apparently never got wind of it, since he subsequently invited "Dottie" and her friend Lillian Hellman for a weekend with other guests at his Bucks County summer home. Over the weekend, though, Parker received a phone call from a friend warning her that her put-down would be quoted in that Sunday's *New York Times Book Review*. Panicked, Parker and Hellman devised a plan: get up early the next morning, retrieve the *Book Review*, and leave a note that they were going for a long walk. Perhaps they would be lucky; perhaps it would be assumed that the *Book Review* had been omitted inadvertently.

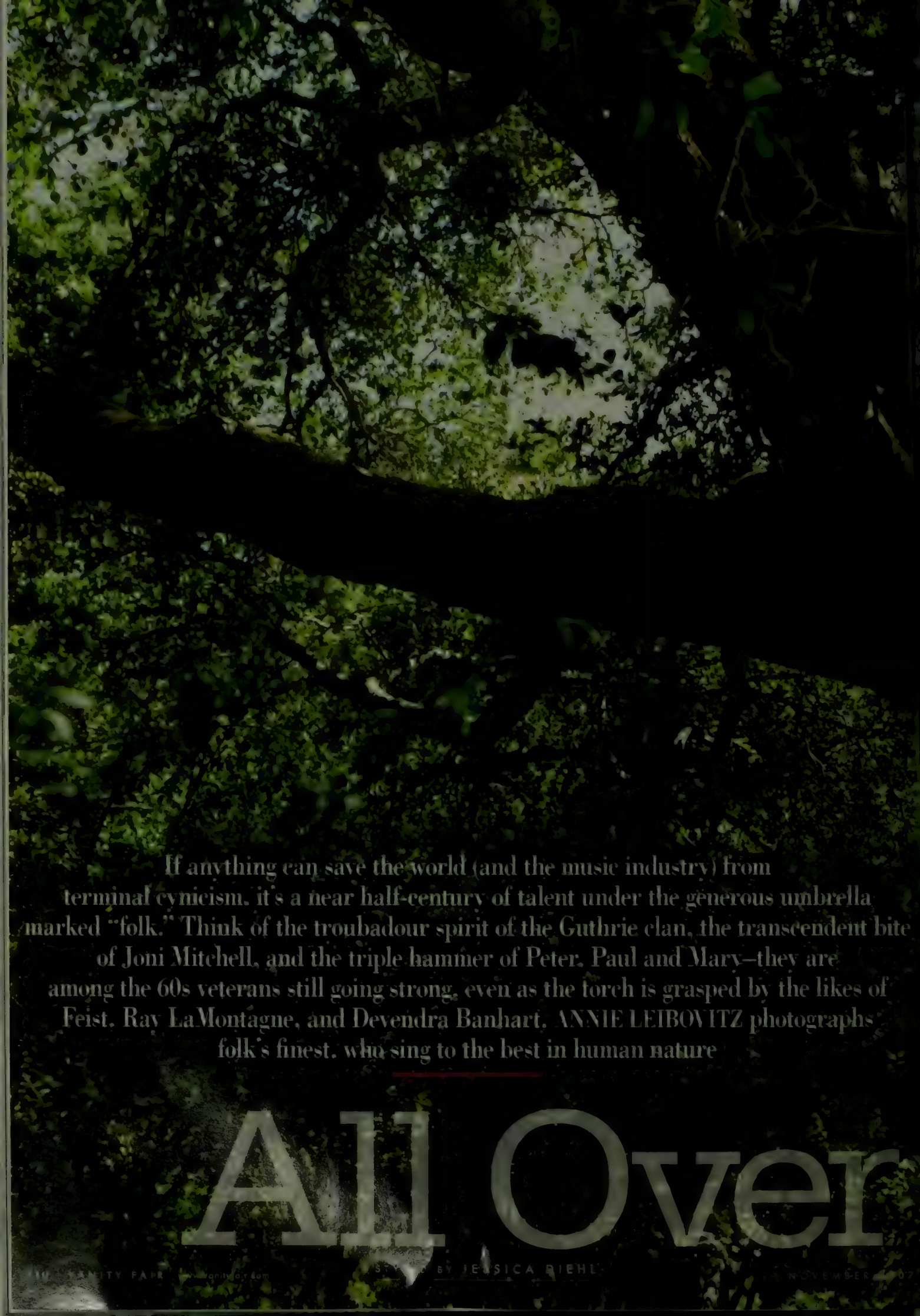
Returning from their walk, they found Kaufman engrossed in a bridge game. With no apparent change in Beatrice Kaufman's warm hospitality, they rushed to pack while escape seemed still possible. Creeping downstairs, they thanked their hostess for a lovely time and asked her to say their good-byes to George so as not to interrupt his card game. That game, however, had already been interrupted by a phone call from Moss Hart. George glanced at the two women sneaking out, put down his cards, and, with a great pretense of innocence, called out, "Dottie, did you take the real-estate section?"

GAME OVER

Lillian Hellman and Parker are caught at the door as George S. Kaufman plays a trump card.

ILLUSTRATION AND TEXT BY EDWARD SOREL


Edward Gorey



If anything can save the world (and the music industry) from terminal cynicism, it's a near half-century of talent under the generous umbrella marked "folk." Think of the troubadour spirit of the Guthrie clan, the transcendent bite of Joni Mitchell, and the triple hammer of Peter, Paul and Mary—they are among the 60s veterans still going strong, even as the torch is grasped by the likes of Feist, Ray LaMontagne, and Devendra Banhart. ANNIE LEIBOVITZ photographs folk's finest, who sing to the best in human nature

All Over

STYLED BY JESSICA DIEHL



This Land

THE TRUE BELIEVER

JOAN BAEZ

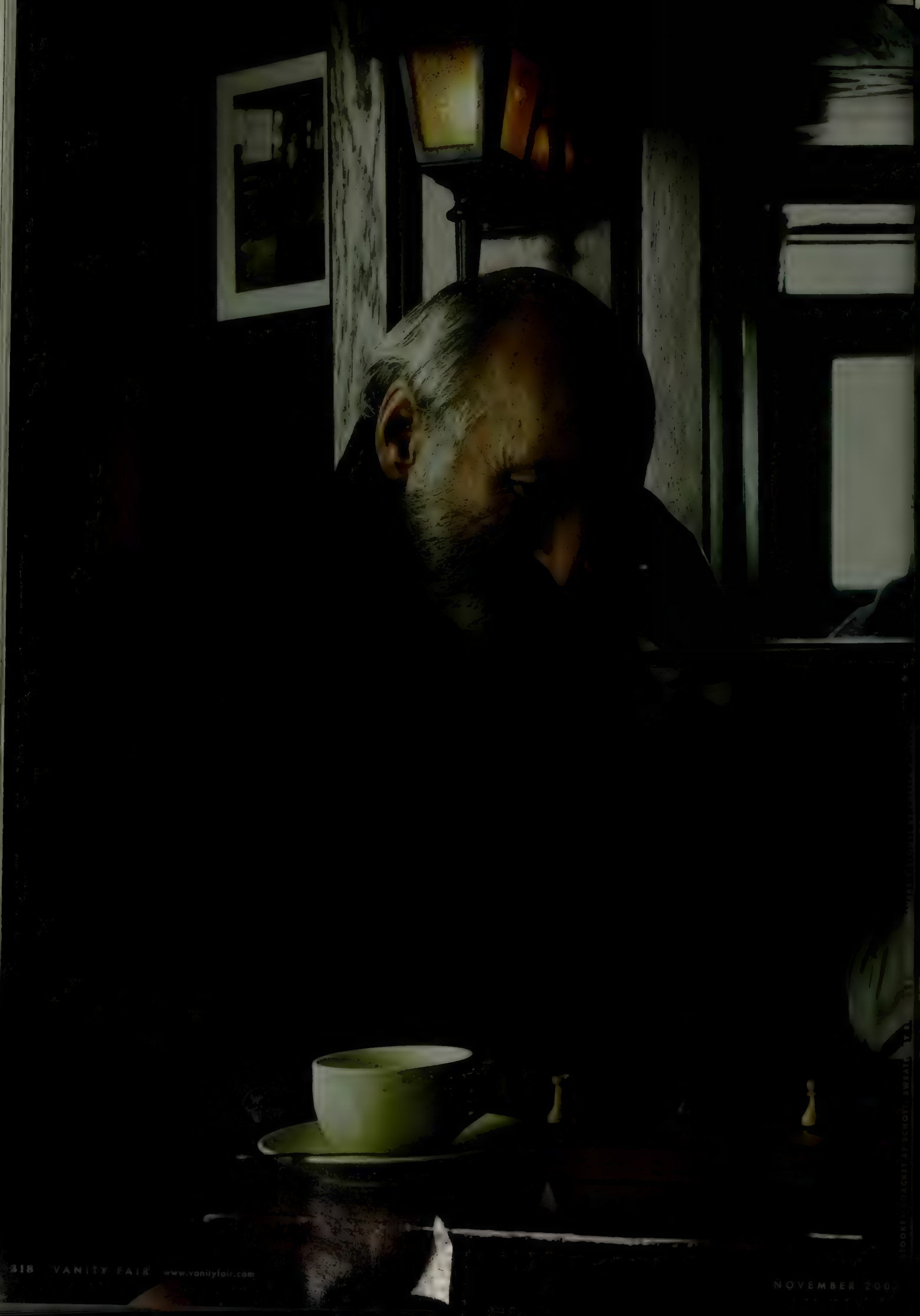
Singer, songwriter, guitarist, activist

Thirty-six albums (eight gold); one gold single; one Lifetime Achievement Grammy Award (2007)

The great poet Langston Hughes called her voice "cool as rippling water, clear as a mountain stream." Blessed with a three-octave range and a musical intelligence that made her one of the greatest interpretive singers, Joan Baez, still radiant at 66, could have made a career of displaying her gifts in concert halls for the amusement of music aficionados. Instead, like Pete Seeger, she has taken the rougher path of singing in service of something, lending her soaring soprano to those who have no voice.

Following a flurry of gold albums that made her the public face of folk music, Baez stood beside Martin Luther King Jr. during the 1963 March on Washington to lead a throng of 250,000 in singing "We Shall Overcome." More than 40 years later, she sang out against the ongoing war in Iraq, protesting alongside Cindy Sheehan near President George W. Bush's ranch, in Crawford, Texas. Her voice, once sharp and sure of itself, has lately taken on the depth of experience. Her recent albums and performances—featuring songs by Steve Earle, Gillian Welch, Elvis Costello, Joe Henry, and Natalie Merchant—make it clear that she's no stuck-in-the-past curmudgeon. Through it all, she has never abandoned the sturdy folk ballads she sang all those years ago, when she was starting out in the coffeehouses of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Photographed at her home in Woodside, California





THE MESSENGERS
PETER, PAUL and MARY

Noel Paul Stookey, Mary Travers, Peter Yarrow.

Singers, activists.

Twenty-four albums (five platinum, eight gold); five Grammys.

They had the preternatural vocal blend. They had the austere but sophisticated arrangements and the earnest yet snappy name. They had the hits, the platform, the palpable sense of commitment, both to justice and to their art. They really did have a hammer, of sorts, and a bell and a song to sing (not to mention "Puff, the Magic Dragon"). Plus, in Mary Travers, with her pencil skirts and Bardot-blond hairdo, they had the sex appeal, which, let's be honest, helps get your message across whether at a Village hootenanny or a protest march on the National Mall. (Peter and Paul had their own style thing going on, with the Vandykes and Brooks Brothers–suit look.) They were folk to the core, but with the gentlest dusting of showbiz magic. Maybe real magic too: 45 years after their debut they're still going strong, as their 2004 album, *In These Times*, shows. It might be difficult for children of the age of irony to understand their unabashed sincerity, but listen to the yearning, often melancholy current in their voices and you realize that their songs of hope and resistance come not from some arid moral high ground but rather from the beating of human hearts.

Photographed at the White Horse Tavern in New York City.



THE GUTHRIES

Musicians

Serena, Abe, Lisa, Jackie, ShivaDos, Arlo, Krishna, Marjorie, Cathyaliza, Annie, Jacklyn, Olivia, Sarah Lee, Johnny Irion

For the Guthries, making music is as natural and necessary a part of life as breathing. In the tradition of their ancestral patriarch, Woody Guthrie, they would be singing and playing even if it didn't pay the bills and win them worldwide acclaim. Forty years after capturing the hearts of his generation with "Alice's Restaurant Massacree," Arlo has just put out *In Times Like These*, a fantastic disc of songs he holds dear, recorded live with the University of Kentucky Symphony Orchestra. He still tours 10 months a year, almost always accompanied by his right-hand man, his charming instrumentalist son, Abe. Daughter Sarah Lee is a darling of the *No Depression* set, thanks largely to her work with her husband, Johnny Irion, who fits right in with the clan. When not making music themselves, daughters Cathyaliza and Annie run the family business, attending to the Rising Son record label and the Guthrie Center, a nonprofit foundation based in the Housatonic, Massachusetts, church that was once home to Alice Brock (of "Alice's Restaurant" fame). Starting with a 2005 ensemble tour, the Guthries have raised more than $150,000 for victims of Hurricane Katrina. They're the first family of American folk. They practice what Woody preached.

Photographed at the Guthrie farm in Washington, Massachusetts


NOVEMBER 2007



THE REAL DEAL
RAY LAMONTAGNE

Singer, songwriter, musician

Two albums (one platinum)

It happens only a few times each decade: a new song stops you dead. While you're listening, nothing else exists. That's the reaction produced by "Trouble," the calling-card song from the mysterious Ray LaMontagne, who was working in a shoe factory before he started playing his stuff in New England folk clubs. It happened like this: one workday morning at four, the clock radio woke him with the Stephen Stills song "Treetop Flyer," and he felt suddenly compelled to devote himself to music. He didn't go to work that day and spent the next six years honing his craft while working as a carpenter. At age 30, he saw his first album, *Trouble*, become the most noteworthy debut—critically and commercially—of 2004. He sings like he has a wild animal trapped in his chest. He sings like he doesn't realize he's in show business. While he was busy becoming a star of the alternative-folk scene, *American Idol* winners Taylor Hicks and Kelly Clarkson gave his songs considerable mainstream exposure. Not one to glad-hand, schmooze, or wear the jester's cap, LaMontagne, a resident of Maine, entered the public sphere over the objections of a deeply reserved nature. Now he's trying to work around the next, perhaps even more formidable, obstacle: success. His assured and sonically varied second release, *Till the Sun Turns Black* (2006), suggests he's winning the fight. In a culture of disposable celebrity, where a cat playing a piano can become a YouTube star, LaMontagne is a refreshing reminder that the genuine artist is not yet an extinct species.

Photographed in Montauk, New York.





THE OBSERVER

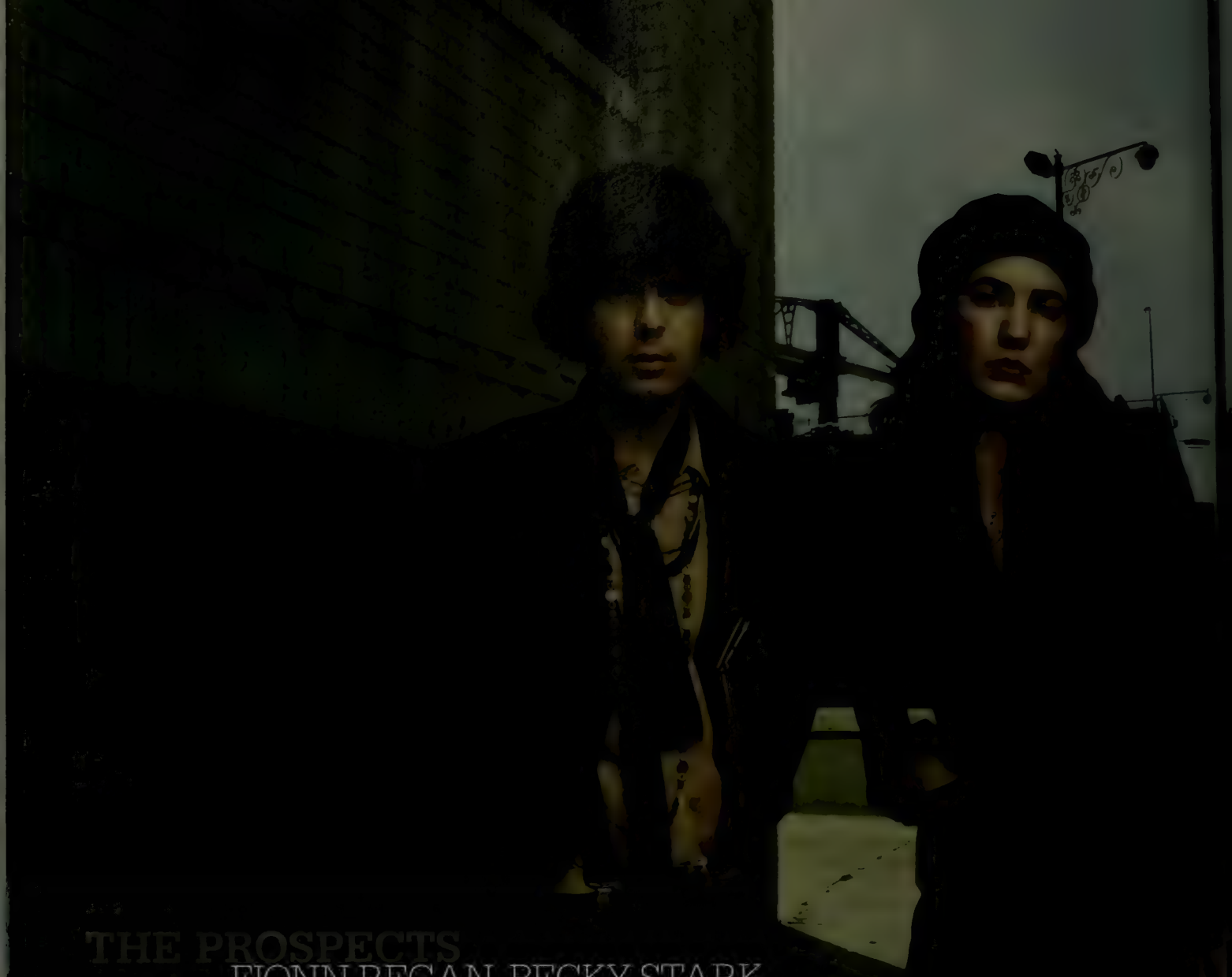
JONI MITCHELL

Singer, songwriter, musician, painter.

Twenty-one albums (one multi-platinum, two platinum, six gold); one Billboard Century award; member, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame; member, Canadian Music Hall of Fame.

Of all the singer-songwriters in the 1960s who set out to change the world armed only with acoustic guitars, Joni Mitchell has been the most musically adventurous. Even on her earliest compositions, she was not content to strum away at hoary old chord changes, but found her own guitar tunings, her own sound, her own rhythmic pulsings. Her fans include Prince, Robert Plant, Mandy Moore, Tori Amos, Herbie Hancock, Q-Tip, Diana Krall, Elvis Costello, novelist Nick Hornby, Neil Young, and any music critic with taste. Mitchell's richly layered lyrics, whether confessional or looking outward with a satirical eye at a world gone to hell, are rooted in the straightforward poetry of Rudyard Kipling and Carl Sandburg. Her paintings, too, find their antecedents in the works of van Gogh and early Picasso, rather than the abstract stuff that came later. Mitchell was never the ethereal waif presented to the public circa 1970: she has been an inveterate cigarette smoker since age nine, shoots a mean game of pool, and is a blunt social critic. Her new album, the second from the Starbucks-connected Hear Music label, is just out: *Shine*, a 10-song collection marking her first release of new material since *Taming the Tiger* (1998). It's great to have her back. We need her now more than ever.

Photographed at the Chateau Marmont in Hollywood, California.



THE PROSPECTS

FIONN REGAN, BECKY STARK, ADAM GREEN, and BEN KWELLER

Singers, songwriters, musicians.

These four distinctive songwriters have arrived on the scene just in time to rescue the world from a rising tide of cynical, overproduced music. After having spent his precocious teenage years as a rock-star-in-training with the band Radish, the Texas-bred Ben Kweller, 26, is now a husband and father living in Brooklyn. On his latest disc, *Ben Kweller*, he plays every instrument himself. The album is at once sunny, confessional, and sweetly naive—Kwellerian, in a word. Adam Green, 26, a friend of Kweller's, came out of the so-called anti-folk scene of New York's Lower East Side as part of the band Moldy Peaches, which was like a raunchy version of the Banana Splits. On his fourth and latest solo work, *Jacket Full of Danger*, he has become something of a crooner, putting across his often absurd, sometimes naughty lyrics with real elegance. Fionn Regan, at age 26 Ireland's great musical hope, joins a lovely fingerpicking guitar style with a torrent of surrealistic lyrics, all served up with a pleasingly stoic delivery that brings to mind Leonard Cohen (before his voice dropped an octave). His rustic debut, *The End of History*, was recorded in an abandoned stone barn, and it sounds like it, which is a good thing. The ebullient Becky Stark, 30, a classically trained soprano from Maryland who fronts the Los Angeles foursome Lavender Diamond, is determined to bring peace and love to a war-torn world—seriously. The vibe is captured wonderfully on the band's musically sophisticated (but fun!) debut, *Imagine Our Love*. Music critics trying to get a handle on Stark have compared her to Karen Carpenter, Joan Baez, Tori Amos, Lucille Ball, and Tinkerbell. Here's hoping she succeeds in her mission.

Photographed in Brooklyn, New York.



THE VOICE

JUDY COLLINS

Singer, songwriter, musician, memoirist, novelist, documentary-film m—

Forty-four albums; one Grammy.

The voice was as pure, piercing, and otherworldly as her famously cerulean eyes (she was *that* "Judy Blue Eyes," of Crosby, Stills & Nash fam— it remains so today, an astonishing instrument, even as she approach— her sixth decade as a performer. And as she showed during a recent run at the Café Carlyle, in New York, she can command a swanky cabaret room as effortlessly as she can a Bleecker Street club or a summer-festival stage. A peerless interpreter with impeccable taste and a gift for subtle phrasing, she is contemporary folk's Frank Sinatra. Like him, she is also an implicit curator of song, a canon-maker—in her case, as an early champion of writers such as Joni Mitchell, Leonard Cohen, Randy Newman, Harry Chapin and Jimmy Webb, and as the adventurous singer who brought Jacques Brel a— Kurt Weill into the folk orbit. Like Sinatra, too, she has seen her artistry deepen as it— of personal pain and struggle. But here's where she goes the original Ol' Blue Eyes one better: as far as we know, she's never worked anyone over, except when she's singing "Cat's in the Cradle."

Photographed in Montauk, New York.





THE SHAMAN
DEVENDRA BANHART

Singer, songwriter, musician.

Five albums; five art books.

You'd expect eclecticism—or maybe "bagginess" is the apter word here, meant in a good way—from a songwriter born in Texas, raised in Venezuela, named (by his parents' guru) in Hindi, and educated (briefly) in San Francisco. Like all great songwriters, Banhart is both a sponge and an original. He knows his geography, too: he recorded his sprawling 2005 album, *Cripple Crow*, in Woodstock, New York, not far from where Bob Dylan and the Band made *The Basement Tapes*; he recorded his playful but relatively disciplined new CD, *Smokey Rolls Down Thunder Canyon*, out on L.A.'s untamed fringes, in Topanga Canyon, near the house where Neil Young made *After the Gold Rush*. Talent and charisma have put him at the center of a loose-limbed, adventurous group of mostly acoustic musicians whose work has been saddled with the unfortunate name "freak folk," or sometimes "psych folk." As the labels imply, it's not always easy to parse what Banhart is getting at in his lyrics, although he clearly loves nature, children, innocence in general, and Donovan. The real message is in the voice, a cracked warble both seductive and electric, and in the embracing spirit of the music.

Photographed at his house in Topanga Canyon, California.

THE BREAKTHROUGH

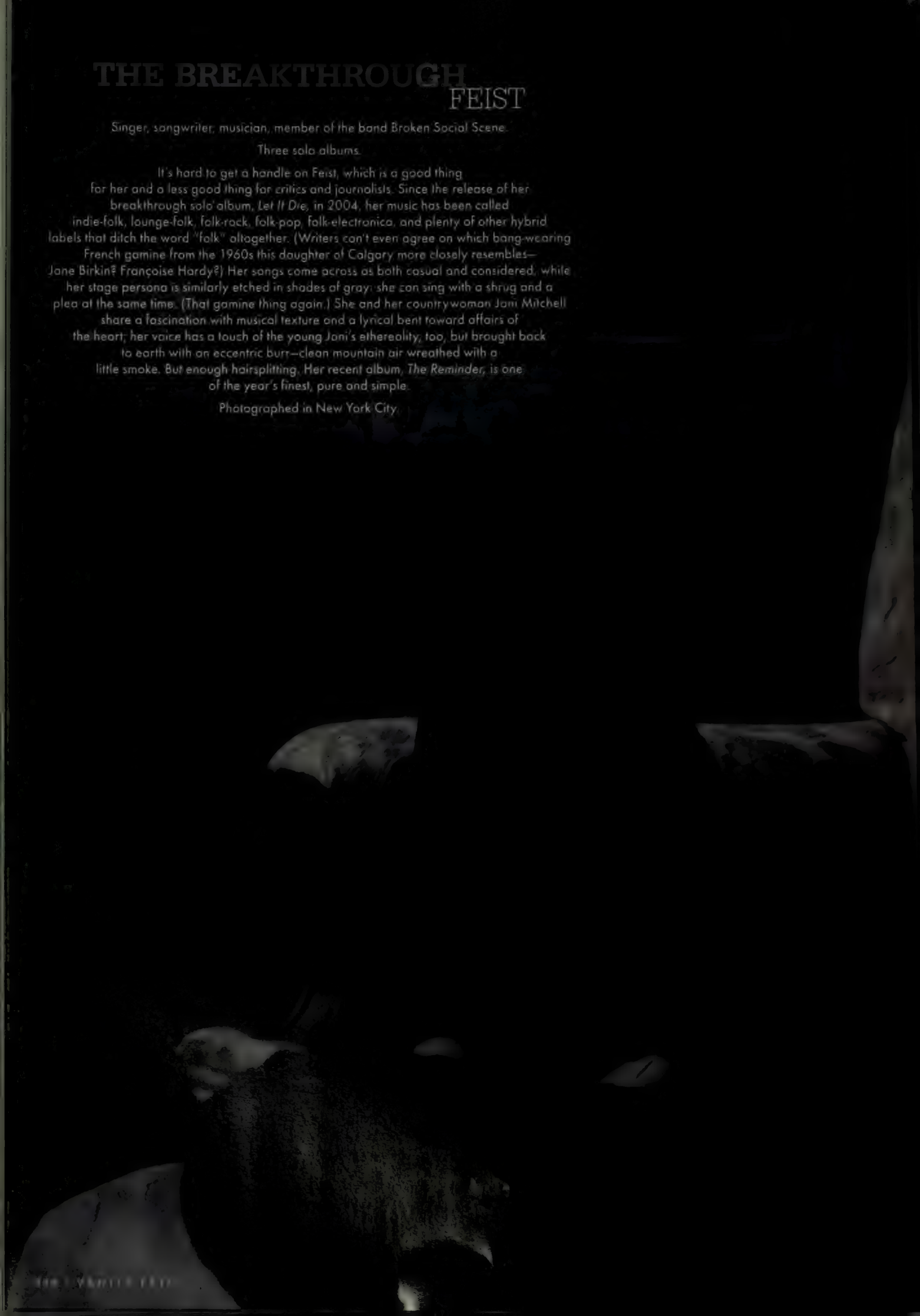
FEIST

Singer, songwriter, musician, member of the band Broken Social Scene

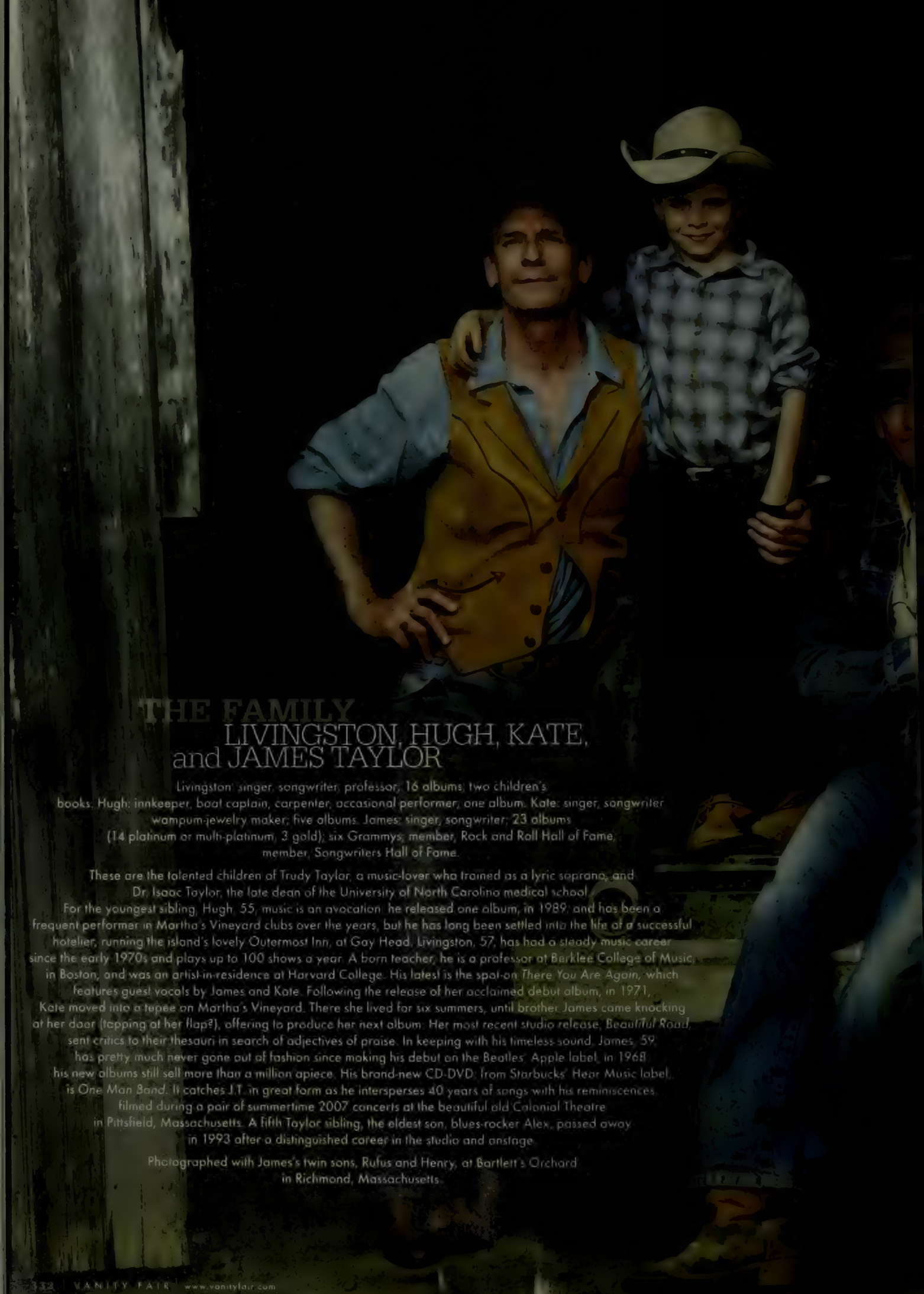
Three solo albums

It's hard to get a handle on Feist, which is a good thing for her and a less good thing for critics and journalists. Since the release of her breakthrough solo album, *Let It Die*, in 2004, her music has been called indie-folk, lounge-folk, folk-rock, folk-pop, folk-electronica, and plenty of other hybrid labels that ditch the word "folk" altogether. (Writers can't even agree on which bang-wearing French gamine from the 1960s this daughter of Calgary more closely resembles—Jane Birkin? Françoise Hardy?) Her songs come across as both casual and considered, while her stage persona is similarly etched in shades of gray: she can sing with a shrug and a plea at the same time. (That gamine thing again.) She and her countrywoman Joni Mitchell share a fascination with musical texture and a lyrical bent toward affairs of the heart; her voice has a touch of the young Joni's ethereality, too, but brought back to earth with an eccentric burr—clean mountain air wreathed with a little smoke. But enough hairsplitting. Her recent album, *The Reminder*, is one of the year's finest, pure and simple.

Photographed in New York City





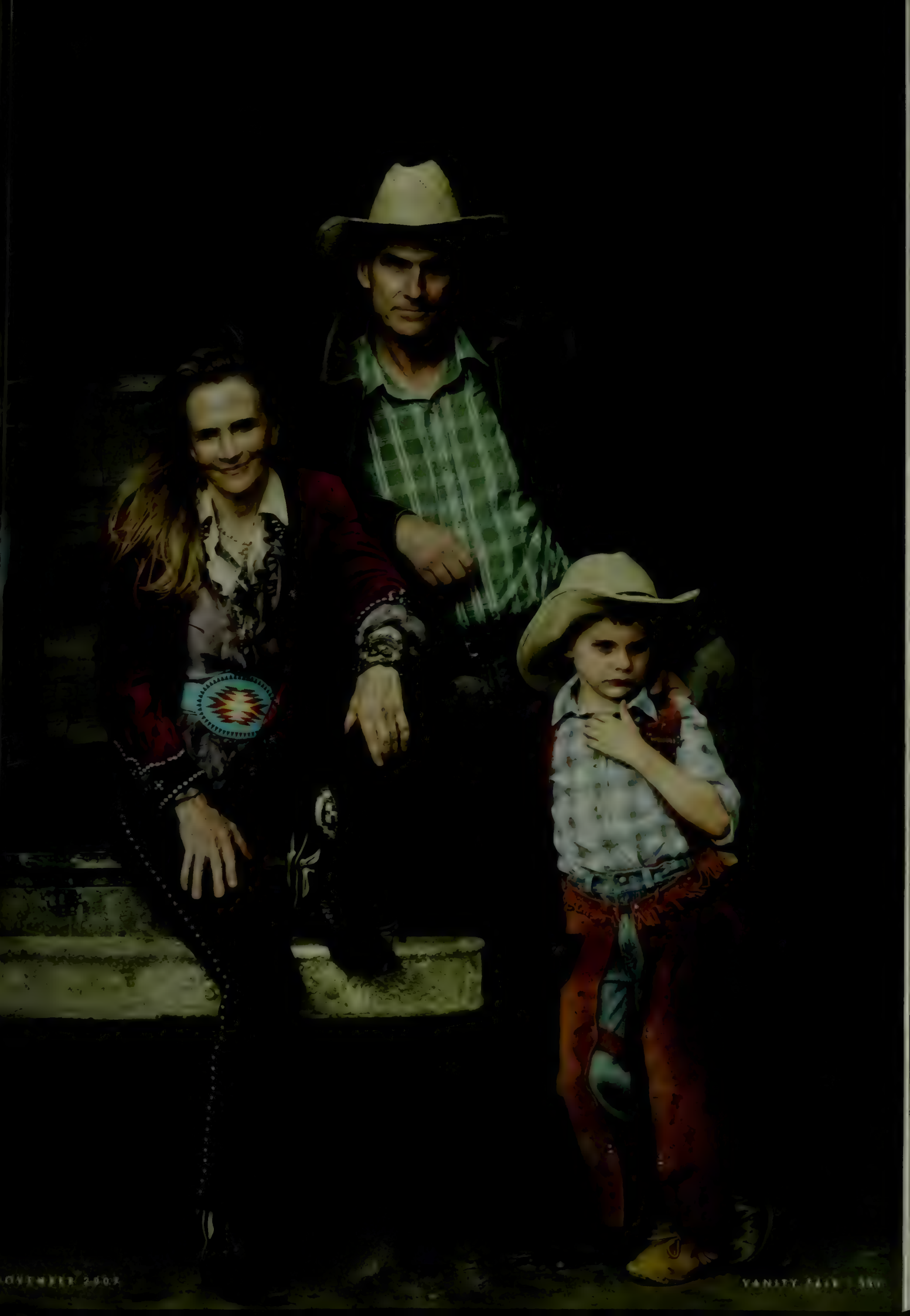


THE FAMILY
LIVINGSTON, HUGH, KATE, and JAMES TAYLOR

Livingston: singer, songwriter, professor, 16 albums, two children's books. Hugh: innkeeper, boat captain, carpenter, occasional performer, one album. Kate: singer, songwriter, wampum-jewelry maker; five albums. James: singer, songwriter; 23 albums (14 platinum or multi-platinum, 3 gold); six Grammys; member, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame; member, Songwriters Hall of Fame.

These are the talented children of Trudy Taylor, a music-lover who trained as a lyric soprano, and Dr. Isaac Taylor, the late dean of the University of North Carolina medical school. For the youngest sibling, Hugh, 55, music is an avocation: he released one album, in 1989, and has been a frequent performer in Martha's Vineyard clubs over the years, but he has long been settled into the life of a successful hotelier, running the island's lovely Outermost Inn, at Gay Head. Livingston, 57, has had a steady music career since the early 1970s and plays up to 100 shows a year. A born teacher, he is a professor at Berklee College of Music, in Boston, and was an artist-in-residence at Harvard College. His latest is the spot-on *There You Are Again*, which features guest vocals by James and Kate. Following the release of her acclaimed debut album, in 1971, Kate moved into a tepee on Martha's Vineyard. There she lived for six summers, until brother James came knocking at her door (tapping at her flap?), offering to produce her next album. Her most recent studio release, *Beautiful Road*, sent critics to their thesauri in search of adjectives of praise. In keeping with his timeless sound, James, 59, has pretty much never gone out of fashion since making his debut on the Beatles' Apple label, in 1968; his new albums still sell more than a million apiece. His brand-new CD-DVD, from Starbucks' Hear Music label, is *One Man Band*. It catches J.T. in great form as he intersperses 40 years of songs with his reminiscences, filmed during a pair of summertime 2007 concerts at the beautiful old Colonial Theatre in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. A fifth Taylor sibling, the eldest son, blues-rocker Alex, passed away in 1993 after a distinguished career in the studio and onstage.

Photographed with James's twin sons, Rufus and Henry, at Bartlett's Orchard in Richmond, Massachusetts.





FOR EXCLUSIVE VIDEO FROM ANNIE LEIBOVITZ'S FOLK-PORTFOLIO SHOOTS, GO TO VF.COM.



THE TRAILBLAZERS
BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE and RICHIE HAVENS

Singers, songwriters, musicians, activists.

Sainte-Marie: 17 albums; one Academy Award (for co-writing "Up Where We Belong," theme from *An Officer and a Gentleman*). Havens: 29 albums.

She was born on a Cree reservation in the Qu'Appelle Valley of Saskatchewan. He grew up in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood, where he sang doo-wop on street corners as a teenager in the 1950s. Both ended up making names for themselves in the Greenwich Village folk scene of the 1960s. Early in her career, Buffy Sainte-Marie saw songs she had written—"Universal Soldier" and "Until It's Time for You to Go" among them—covered by Barbra Streisand, Chet Atkins, Donovan, Sonny & Cher, Elvis Presley, Neil Diamond, Janis Joplin, and Carmen McRae. In 1976 she became a regular on *Sesame Street*, helping to educate children about the realities of Native North Americans before the myths had taken hold (and once explaining breast-feeding to Big Bird in a particularly memorable episode). A longtime activist, Sainte-Marie has more recently developed an online school curriculum, the Cradleboard Teaching Project, to educate kids about aboriginal peoples. Havens debuted his signature song, "Freedom," while serving as the opening performer at Woodstock: incredibly, he made it up on the spot after having run out of material when called back to the stage for a seventh encore. At age 66 he still makes great recordings and tours extensively, his left foot banging out the rhythms as he goes at the guitar in his funky and idiosyncratic style. Hear him giving it his all on Bob Dylan's "Tombstone Blues" on the soundtrack of Todd Haynes's fractured Dylan biopic, *I'm Not There*.

Photographed at the William H. Pouch Scout Camp on Staten Island, New York.



REMEMBRANCE OF THONGS PAST

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER • STYLED BY MICHAEL ROBERTS



NOTHING TO HIDE

From left: Victoria's Secret models Miranda Kerr, Alessandra Ambrosio, Karolina Kurkova, Izabel Goulart, Selita Ebanks, and Adriana Lima slip out of their trademark lingerie and into something a little less comfortable—stiletto heels and several million dollars' worth of diamonds. They will be joined by Heidi Klum and Marisa Miller at the annual Victoria's Secret Fashion Show, which CBS will air on December 4.

FOR EXCLUSIVE VIDEO FROM THE VICTORIA'S SECRET PHOTO SESSION, GO TO **VF.COM.**

BY YUNA PARK. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

THE SECRET WORLD OF
SERGE GA



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is daughter, the
nger and movie star
harlotte Gainsbourg,
ves LISA ROBINSON
n exclusive tour
the idol's retreat



OVE ON THE BEAT

ane Birkin and Serge
ainsbourg on the
t of the movie *Slogan*,
ne 1968.

Paris, May 23, 2007: Carefully avoiding eye contact with the tourists in the street, Charlotte Gainsbourg quickly lets me into the small, graffiti-covered house at 5 bis Rue de Verneuil. Two blocks from Boulevard Saint-Germain in the Seventh Arrondissement, the house is where her father, Serge Gainsbourg, lived and, on March 2, 1991, died at the age of 62. In the days following his death, France went into mourning, fans crowded the tiny street singing his songs, and the women closest to him sat in his bedroom with his body for four days because Charlotte didn't want to let him go. For 16 years this house has been shuttered and locked, with only the housekeeper or occasional family member allowed inside. Charlotte, an actress and a huge star in France, is now the owner of the house and wants, with the help of architect Jean Nouvel, to turn it into a museum. For the first time since Serge Gainsbourg's death, she has agreed to reveal the private world of France's most beloved and important songwriter.

Except for two pianos which have been removed, the house remains exactly the way it was on the day he died. The walls are covered with black fabric. The floor of the main drawing room is black and white marble. "Cluttered" is an understatement, but each thing is precisely in the place that Serge put it—and there are hundreds of things. Every surface is covered with ashtrays, photographs, and collections: toy monkeys, medals from various branches of the armed services, cameras, guns, bullets, police badges from all over France, pictures of the women who sang his songs—Brigitte Bardot, Anna Karina, Petula Clark, Juliette Gréco, Catherine Deneuve, Isabelle Adjani, Marianne Faithfull, Françoise Hardy, Vanessa Paradis—and, most prominently, his lover of 13 years and Charlotte's mother, the British actress Jane Birkin. There is a larger-than-life-size poster of international sex kitten Bardot, whom Serge first met on the set of a movie in 1959. Later, they carried on a clandestine affair while she was married to playboy Gunther Sachs, and recorded the steamy duet, written by Gainsbourg, "Je T'Aime . . . Moi Non Plus." Framed gold records—for albums featuring songs such as "La Javanaise," "Ballade de Melody Nelson," and "Love on the Beat"—are on the walls and the mantel above the fireplace. There is a bronze sculpture of a headless nude that Charlotte tells me was modeled on her mother, a statue of the Man with a Cabbage Head (the title of one of Gainsbourg's greatest albums), Gainsbourg puppet dolls, tape recorders, a black lacquered bar with a cocktail shaker and glasses, a Jimi Hendrix cassette, framed newspaper stories, and empty red jewelry boxes from Cartier—"He loved the boxes," says Charlot There are photos of Serge with Ray Charles, with Dirk Bogar with his last girlfriend, Bambou, and their son, Lulu. The sm kitchen at the back of the first floor has a 15-inch black-and-wh television set, candy bars and two cans of tomato juice in the refr erator, opened wine bottles, and, in the cupboard, cans of food fr 1991—except, says Charlotte, "the ones that exploded."

Upstairs, on the second floor, in Serge's skylit study, there is IBM electric typewriter even though he never typed, books ab Chopin, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Fra Angelico, and Velázquez, an copy of *Robinson Crusoe*. Photos of Marilyn Monroe line the da narrow hallway, including one of the star dead, in the morgu There is the room Jane Birkin called her "boudoir" and what Ser called "La Chambre de Poupée" (the doll room) after Jane left hi in 1980. The bathroom has a very low bathtub, modeled after o Serge saw in Salvador Dalí's apartment, and bottles of Guerlai Roger & Gallet colognes, and soap from Santa Maria Novell His toothbrush is still there. The master bedroom has blacko curtains, a mirrored wall, and twin gold female heads with pear around their necks at the foot of the black, mink-covered doub bed. Chewing gum and mints are next to the bed, and on the b are dried flowers that have been there since he died. In the lar hallway closet: his white Repetto jazz shoes, ties, and pin-stripe suits. The house is a shrine, but it's not creepy, and one can imagi how stylish, even decadent this all must have seemed in 1970 whe Serge and Jane moved into what was their family home and lat would become the solitary lair of Gainsbourg—singer, songwrite musician, painter, actor, director, smoker, alcoholic, romanti ladies' man, and revered national figure.

The Carlyle Hotel, New York City, May 3, 2007: "H was a poet," says Charlotte, 36, sitting on the flo of an enormous suite, talking in depth about h father for the first time since his death. She is wea ing her usual outfit of jeans and T-shirt, is barefoo and smokes a lot. "What he did was way ahead of it time. You can just read his lyrics—he plays with words in such a wa that there are double meanings that don't work out in English. H was just so very authentic. He was so shy, and very touching. An he was very generous. Every time I get into a taxi [in Paris] I hear story about my father, because he used to take taxis all day long an [the drivers] tell me how sweet he was. One day a taxi driver told m my father had paid for his teeth to be mended; somebody else's roo needed to be mended and he paid for that. He just had real relation ships with people from the street. He was selfish in ways that artist can be, but there was no *snobisme*. He was always amazed at the fac that he had money. I remember going to lovely hotels with him an he was like . . . 'Oooh, how fun this is.' He had the eyes of a child."

At home they listened to—among others—Elvis Presley, Ra Charles, and Bob Dylan: "He told me to buy 'Lay Lady Lay,'" says Charlotte (who now stars as Dylan's wife in the Todd Haynes movie *I'm Not There*). He loved Cole Porter and Noël Coward. He embraced rock, saying he wanted to write in a modern con text. He preferred the earthier voice of French singer Fréhel to the more showbizzy Edith Piaf. Classically trained, he was influenced by cabaret, modern jazz, African rhythms, Surrealist poetry, and reggae—all of which he utilized to elevate songwriting with his ex traordinary body of work: more than 550 songs and 30 albums, numerous movie scores, countless TV commercials and *Scopitones* (short music films).

"Manners were very important to him," Charlotte says. "Eating



ME LES
NES

Gainsbourg
ane Birkin in
1969.

EVERY SURFACE IS COVERED WITH ASHTRAYS, PHOTOGRAPHS AND COLLECTIONS



HALL OF FAME

The second-floor hallway of Serge Gainsbourg's house, at 5 bis Rue de Verneuil, photographed 16 years after his death by Jean-Baptiste Mondino. *Opposite*, the graffiti-covered wall outside Gainsbourg's house; Serge smokes in his study, September 22, 1979.

ertain way with our hands on the table. He was quite strict." So ct that she and her half-sister Kate (Jane Birkin's daughter with first husband, British composer John Barry) were not allowed play with toys in the main drawing room or move anything in house; he would know if you moved one thing one inch. Char- e went everywhere with her parents, even to nightclubs when, says, she was so little "I was in a basket."

In the masses of books and newspaper articles and magazine sto- written about Serge Gainsbourg during his lifetime and after his th, he has been described as *debauched, irreverent, misanthropic, de, dissolute, provocateur, genius, alcoholic, poet, national treasure, omantic who handled language with cynical humor,* and *a modern- Baudelaire and Rimbaud.* Charlotte says, "I heard monstrosi- s about him growing up. That he was a drug addict, which he sn't—he was an alcoholic and a great smoker, but no drugs. That mother was a whore because she posed naked on magazine cov- ." When Charlotte was 13, she recorded "Lemon Incest," a duet th her father that included the lyric "the love that we will never ike," and, according to Charlotte, Jane, and friends of Serge's, it s a "pure love song from a father to a daughter." But it shocked e nation, especially when the two of them showed up in the video a bed together—she in panties and a shirt, he shirtless, wearing ns. Charlotte says she loved doing the song with him—"although ook at it now and I see how uncomfortable I look in the video, like robot." She knew then what the subject was, she knew he liked to ock people, and, she admits, so does she, but she feels the "scan- l" was overblown. Other scandals—his reggae version of "La Mar- illaise," telling the 23-year-old Whitney Houston on live television at he wanted to "fuck her" (currently on YouTube), or, also on live V, burning a 500-franc note (illegal in France) to prove how much oney he had left after taxes—Charlotte found amusing. "But after e burned the money on TV, I was doing my homework in school e next day and big bullies came in, took my work, and burned it."

Serge Gainsbourg was born Lucien Ginsburg in Paris in 1928. His older sister, Jacqueline Ginsburg, 81, still lives in the apartment on Avenue Bugeaud she lived in with her brother, his twin sister, Liliane, and their parents, who escaped czarist Russia in 1919. (When he started writing songs nd performing in clubs, Lucien Ginsburg changed his name to erge Gainsbourg because, says Jane Birkin, he wanted some- ing more punchy and artistic and "'Lucien' reminded him of a gentleman's hairdresser.") Jacqueline's living room still has the piano Serge used for rehearsals with the women he wrote songs for, and she proudly shows off pictures of him, books about him, and boxed sets of his recordings. In 1940, in Nazi-occupied Paris, the Ginsburgs were forced to declare themselves Jews and, in 1942, wear the yellow star. "But," says Jacqueline, "my mother would sew them on our coats in such a way that we were able to cover them up." Eventually the family went—with false papers—to Limoges, where they managed to survive until the end of the war, when they returned to Paris. Their father was a classically trained musician who earned his living playing piano in cabarets and casinos, and all three children learned to play piano. "Even though we didn't have many things," says Jacqueline, "we were raised in a culture of beauty. Painting, music, literature—that was all very important in our house. And the avant-garde—in addition to Chopin we heard Stravinsky and Ravel." Serge, who had big ears that stuck out and who was considered ugly, often said he wished he had looked like the American movie actor Robert Taylor, but also said, "I prefer ugliness to beauty, because ugliness endures." He started to smoke and drink at 20, when he went into the army. His sister says his cynical persona was always a defense: "When you feel weak, you attack." He showed talent as a painter and attended the Académie des Beaux-Arts, but eventually realized he had to earn a living, and said he "had fear of the painter's bohemian life." Like his father, he played piano in clubs, then branched out to write songs. He won the 1965 Eurovision contest with a song he wrote for the cutesy pop star France Gall; he then wrote a sexually sly song for her, which she thought was about sucking lollipops. He started to write successful songs for others and then, later, himself. He wrote and directed 4 movies and acted in 29. He became really famous at 40 with the orgasmic "Je T'Aime . . . Moi Non Plus," then even more so with songs that ranged from lush and romantic





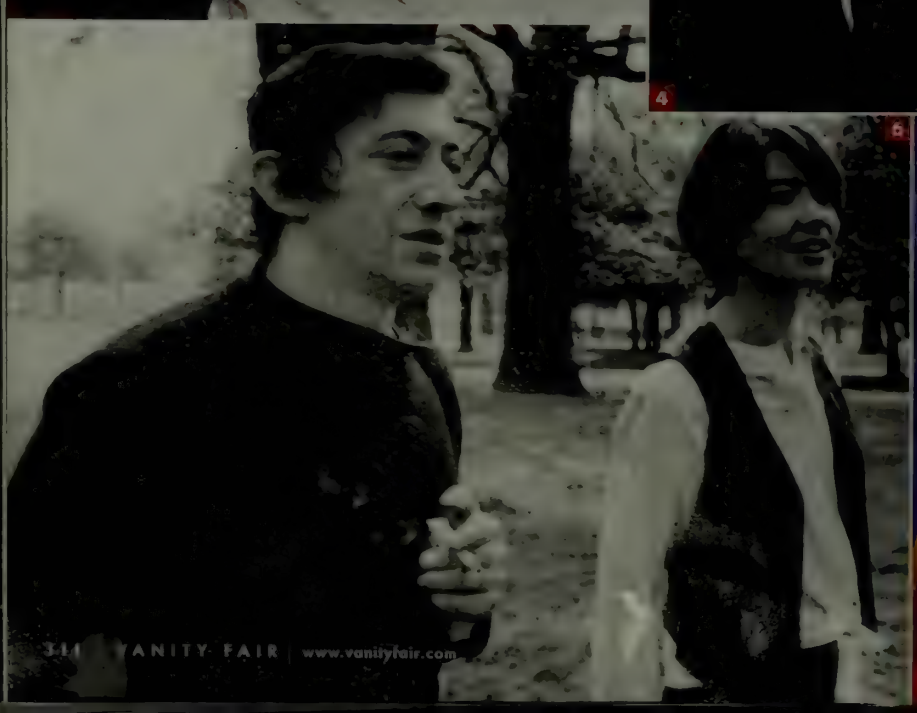


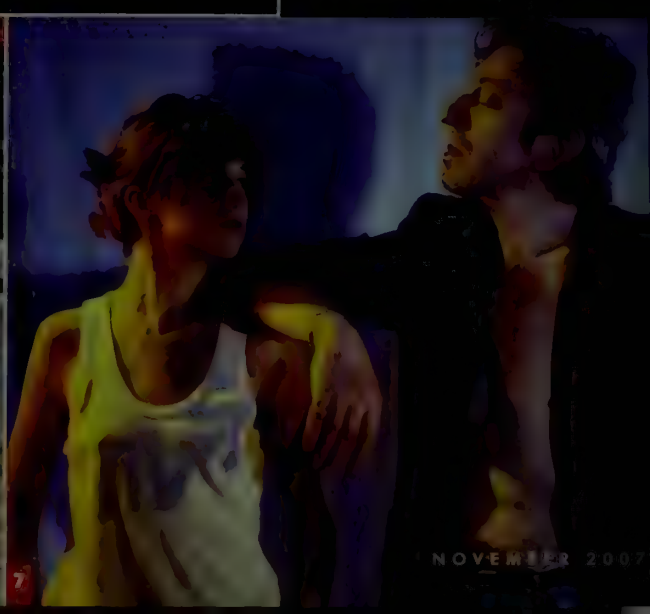




CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

(1) Jane Birkin and her daughter Charlotte Gainsbourg, photograph by Mondino in Paris. (2) Serge Gainsbourg on a snowy Paris street, February 1963. (3) Catherine Deneuve and Gainsbourg on the set of *Je Vous Aime*, 1979. (4) Juliette Gréco and Gainsbourg at the Grand Prix du Disque, March 14, 1959. (5) The entrance to Gainsbourg's house. (6) Gainsbourg with Françoise Hardy, mid-60s. (7) Gainsbourg directs daughter Charlotte in the 1986 movie *Charlotte For Ever*. (8) Gainsbourg and Bambou in Paris, November 19, 1981.







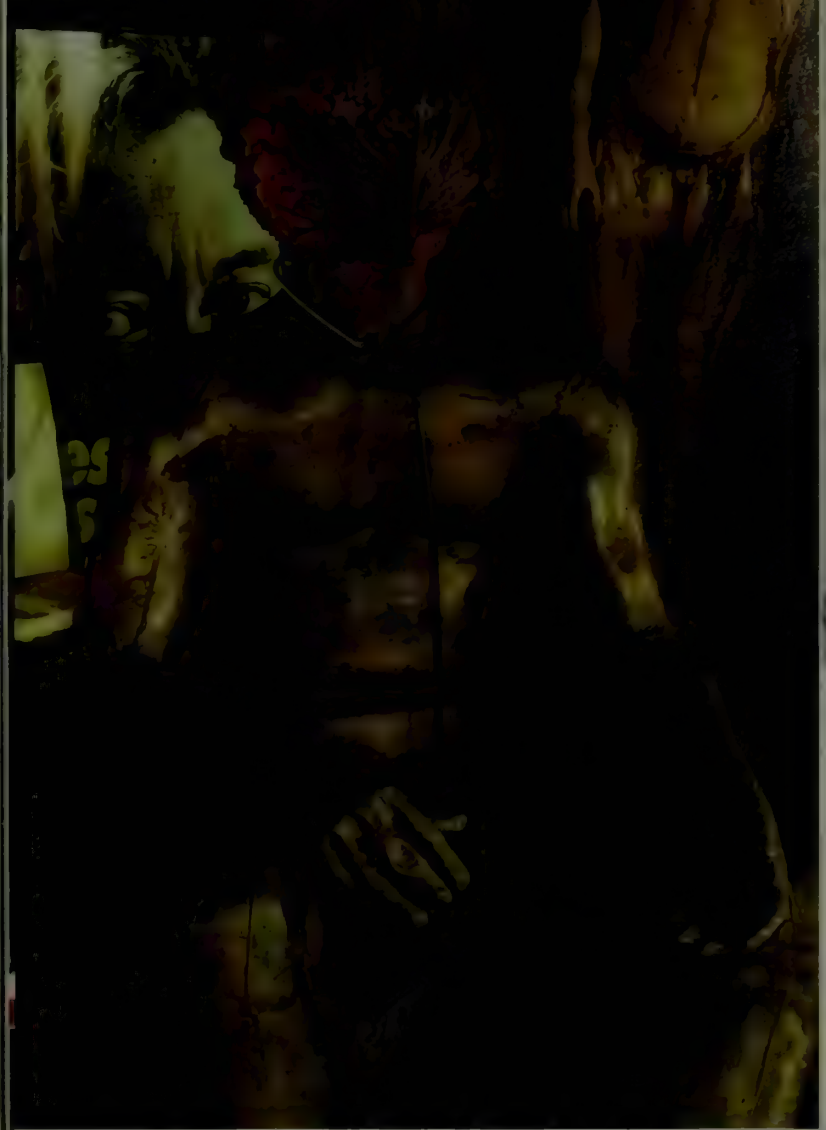
melodies to Surrealist poetry to caustic and dark concept albums. He used American words in his songs—"blue jeans," "flashback," "jukebox"—and studied the Ford Motor Company catalogue for phrases to use in his song "Ford Mustang." He saw his family every Sunday for dinner and remained close to his parents until they died. Jacqueline recalls his love affair with Bardot after his first two marriages (his second produced two children, Natacha and Paul) ended in divorce. "He was proud to be with the most beautiful woman in the world," she says, and his family was not at all shocked by "Je T'Aime . . . Moi Non Plus"—they loved everything he did unconditionally. When Bardot begged him not to release their original version because Gunther Sachs was furious, Serge re-did the song with Jane, in 1969, and it became a No. 1 hit. "We were so happy when the Vatican banned it," says Jacqueline, "because it meant more publicity."





Paris, May 24, 2007: Jane Birkin, 60, is Pilates-toned and appears to have the same boyish body she had when American audiences first saw her, in a brief nude scene in Antonioni's 1966 film, *Blow-Up.* Since that time, she has acted in 68 movies, recorded more than 20 albums, received an Order of the British Empire, had a third daughter—the now 25-year-old actress Lou Doillon (with French director Jacques Doillon, the man she left Serge for)—and is a political activist. Her 13-year affair with Serge Gainsbourg was a grand, passionate *amour.* Along with Charlotte, she guards his legacy; Serge left her a percentage of his song publishing, and she has performed those songs in concert halls all over the world. Her apartment, on the Rue Jacob, is a worldly display of exotic bohemianism. Paisley-covered walls are adorned with hundreds of framed photos of Serge, Jacques, Charlotte, Kate, Lou, Jane's grandchildren, their drawings, Charlotte's movie posters, and Serge's handwritten song lyrics. Stuffed rabbits wearing pearl necklaces are grouped on a table playing cards. There is a collection of majolica pottery, a huge flat-screen TV, and everywhere you look, there are books—lining the shelves in her bedroom and study. And although originally designed by her and named for her, that Hermès Birkin bag is nowhere to be seen. This apartment and the Rue de Verneuil house, five blocks away, are not the "art-directed" palaces that pass for bohemian in today's shelter magazines; this is the real thing. She makes me the best cup of coffee I've had in Paris, and in between bites of steak tartare washed down with Evian water, she talks nonstop about Serge. She has a tendency to not draw breath, and goes off on flights of fancy, but she is wildly entertaining and quite clear about the man who for 13 years and beyond dominated her life.

They met when he was 40 and she was 22, on the set of the 1969 movie *Slogan.* Wanting to get to know him better, and upset by his dismissive attitude, she orchestrated a dinner with him and the film's director. After dinner, she and Serge danced, and when he stepped on her toes, she realized that this man she thought arrogant was really very shy. That first night, he took her to a transvestite bar, then a club where the American blues singer Joe Turner sang, then to a Russian nightclub, and then to the Hilton Hotel, where the desk clerk asked, "Your usual room, Mr. Gainsbourg?" Nothing sexual happened that night, because





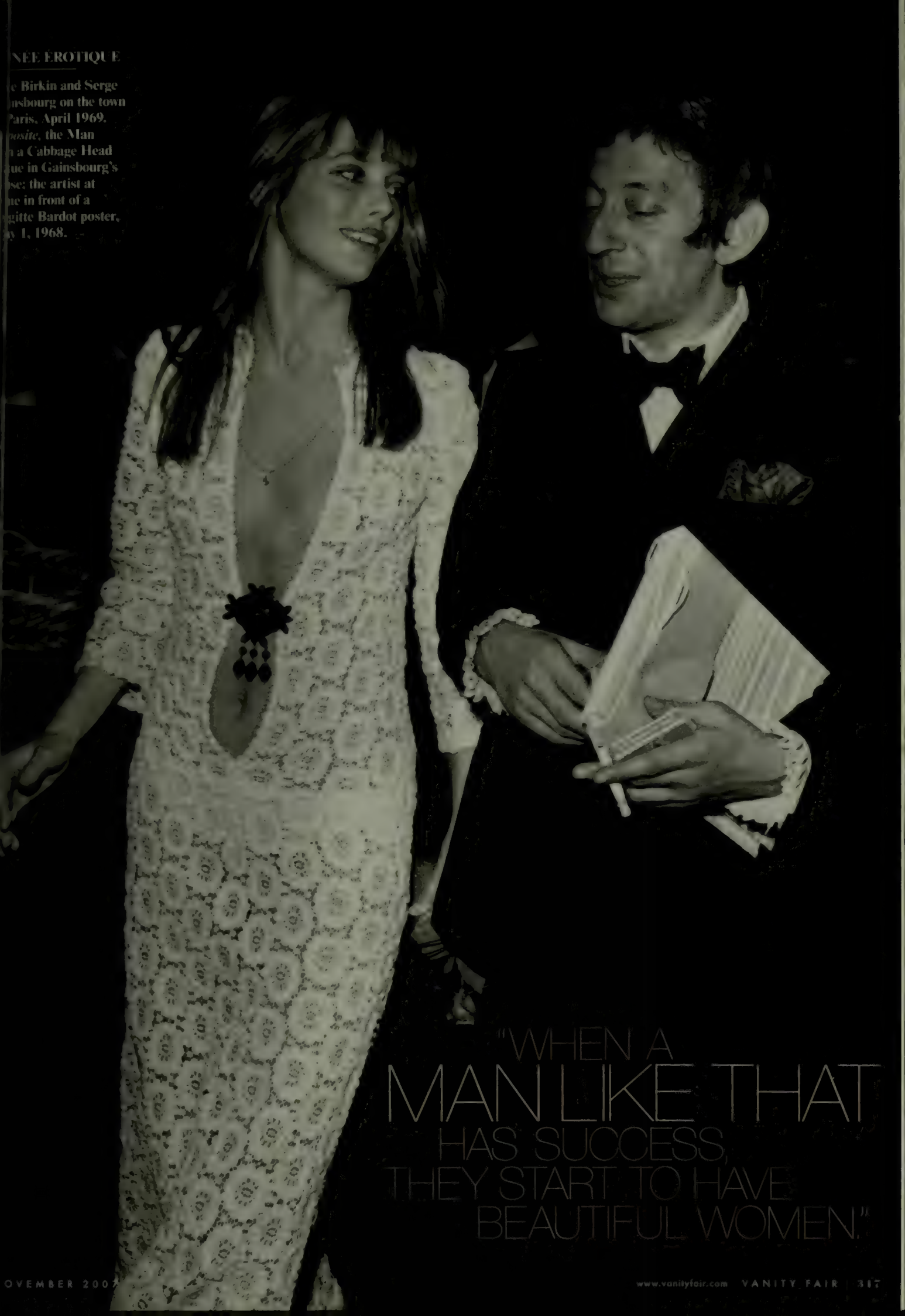
he fell asleep, but very quickly they became inseparable. They went to Venice, stayed in a corner suite in the Gritti Palace, drank at Harry's Bar every night, and fell madly in love. When they first returned to Paris they stayed at L'Hôtel, where Oscar Wilde had died. They then moved to Rue de Verneuil, where Serge selected every piece of furniture and designed everything in the house. "Serge had seen Dalí's house and was very struck by the fact that he had black astrakhan on the walls," says Jane. "So Serge wanted black on his walls, but he wanted it to be felt, the special felt that was used for policemen's trousers. He could never take any change. After I had Charlotte, when she got so big that her legs came out of the crib I said, 'I must buy her a bed, Serge, without offending your eye,' and he said, 'Put socks on her.' I never saw him take a bath. He was the cleanest man I ever knew, he knew how to wash all the bits, but in 13 years I never saw him take a bath, I never saw him go to the loo, I never saw him completely naked, the children never saw him naked—and they tried like mad. He was very *pudique*." (The closest translation of this word in English is shy, modest, discreet.) "If he had seen me giving birth to Charlotte, it's possible he never would have slept with me again, and I wasn't taking that chance. He always paid his taxes early: he felt he was an immigrant—his parents were from Russia and as such he should behave correctly. He wanted shoes that felt like gloves, so I got him white Repetto ballet shoes, which he wore without socks. I bought him jewelry and encouraged him to keep a three-day stubble on his face. He sat in gilt chairs after fashion shows and picked clothes for me—Balenciaga, Yves Saint Laurent, Givenchy. Every New Year's Eve we would go to Maxim's and he would like it to being on the *Titanic* because everyone was so much old and I would nick the ashtrays and the cutlery."

He was jealous and so was she. When Jane made a movie with Bardot and the director was Bardot's first husband, Roger Vadim, Serge was jealous of Vadim, but, says Jane, "I was much more intrigued by Bardot. I wanted to see every portion of her body to see if she was as beautiful as I thought she was, and she is. Checked from head to toe by me. There's not one fault in the woman." Contrary to rumors, Jane and Serge never did marry. "He said in France I'd need to be fingerprinted and have a blood sample," Jane says, "and I was slightly offended and said, 'What on earth for?' I also had a secret fear that marriage changed things, and so, in fact, we weren't." (Charlotte is superstitious too; she lives with actor-director Yvan Attal and their two children but remains unmarried.) After Serge and Jane made a movie in Yugoslavia, he bought a Rolls-Royce with cash because "it tickled him to think he was buying a Rolls with Communist money," she says. It was racing green, he had no driver's license (he said, "You cannot drink and drive and I have chosen"), and after using the vehicle a few times to have someone drive them up and down the Rue Faubourg Saint-Honoré and go to a party at the Rothschilds, he put it in a garage, where he would occasionally visit it, sit inside, and have a smoke. When he drank champagne, he drank only Krug, but he also drank mint juleps, Gibson cocktails, and liqueurs; he'd sit at the bar of the Hôtel Ritz or the Hôtel Raphael and work his way through all the different colors. "He always said if he gave up smoking he might live longer, but it might seem like an awful long time," says Jane, "and what a bore."

In 1973 he had the first of two heart attacks. "When they carried him out of the Rue de Verneuil to go to the American Hospital he insisted on taking his Hermès blanket because he didn't like the one they had on the stretcher and he also grabbed two cartons of Gitanes." It wasn't permissible to smoke in the hospital so, says Jane, "he asked me to bring him some Old Spice deodorant for men. I thought, Well, he's getting very particular about things, but in fact he was trying to camouflage the fact that he was smoking like a chimney. And when he left the hospital they pulled the bedside drawers open and there were all these little medicine bottles filled with water and cigarette butts." (According to Jane

NÉE EROTIQUE

e Birkin and Serge
nsbourg on the town
Paris, April 1969.
posite, the Man
h a Cabbage Head
ue in Gainsbourg's
se; the artist at
ne in front of a
gitte Bardot poster,
y 1, 1968.



"WHEN A MAN LIKE THAT HAS SUCCESS, THEY START TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN."

"SERGE ENJOYED EVERY SINGLE SECOND OF STARDOM."



GAINSBOU[illegible]
FOREV[illegible]

Jane (with her basket) and Serge stroll the Paris streets, fall 1969. *Opposite*, Serge, Kate, Jane, and Charlotte in St.-Tropez, August 1, 1972. Gainsbourg dolls in his Paris house, photographed by Morgine in 2007.

ge bought the papers every day and loved when he was in them, l after this heart attack he personally called a journalist from *nce-Soir* and conducted a bedside interview at the hospital.)

Paris, May 28, 2007. French superstar singer-songwriter Françoise rdy sits in her Zen-like apartment, on the Avenue Foch, and remembers Serge. "When he was not on alcohol, he was very nice, almost like a little boy," she says. "And when he was drunk, he could disagreeable . . . mean. Once, we were in a hotel bar and suddenly asked me how I could stand all my husband's infidelities. It was rible for me to hear that. He could be very destructive. But his text s like a jewel. You can read his words just like you would read poy. I'm not very fond of poetry in general, but I appreciate reading ge Gainsbourg's lyrics because of the games he plays with words, tone of the words. He was the very best writer we had in France."

Jane Birkin describes their daily routine in the 1970s as follows: they woke up at three in the afternoon; she picked up the children at school and took them to the park, brought them home for a children's dinner, the au pair would give them a bath, and when the children went to bed she and Serge would kiss them good night and go t on the town. They'd come back "with the dustman," wait until the ildren woke up at 7:30, then go to sleep. Their alcohol-fueled nights uld often turn, as Jane puts it, "barmy." Once, at Castel's nightclub, the Rue Princesse on the Left Bank, Serge turned over the basket at she carried as a handbag, emptying its contents onto the floor. urious, she managed to find a custard pie and threw it in his face. He alked out; she whizzed by him in the street and headed straight for e river and, after she was sure he was watching, flung herself into the ine. She was rescued by firemen, Serge was relieved she was alive, nd they walked back to the Rue de Verneuil arm in arm.

Régine, the singer and nightclub owner, recalls, "I met Serge in 953 when he was singing in a little cabaret and I was the barmaid. He was a very talented, strong personality; we had a lot in common. Very intelligent, clever, amusing, very crazy—everything what we like. He was feeling like he was not a beautiful man, but inside he was a beautiful man, and his charm was more important. And when a man like that has success, they start to have beautiful women. Serge and Bardot were in my kitchen all the time because she didn't want to go to restaurants. She was always laughing with him, and he was thrilled to be with her, such a beautiful woman." Serge wrote songs for Régine; he encouraged her to be more earthy and less feather-boa-showbiz. She saw him three months before he died. And how was he? "Drinking."

Nicolas Godin and Jean-Benoit Dunckel are the fashionable French duo Air (who wrote the music for Charlotte Gainsbourg's recent, gorgeous CD, *5:55*), and they say that, just like Americans who remember where they were and what they were doing when President Kennedy was shot or when John Lennon was murdered, everyone in France remembers where they were when Serge Gainsbourg died. They also say that the title of "Je T'Aime . . . Moi Non Plus"—which translates as "I love you, me neither"—came from a story told about Dalí, who reportedly said, "Picasso is Spanish—me too. Picasso is a painter—me too. Picasso is a Communist—me neither."

Jane recalls, "Serge thought it was vulgar that people said 'I love you' all the time. Either he didn't believe it or because he was *pudique* he didn't want to say, 'Moi aussi.' Or he didn't believe the girl would really love him. [In 1969] he asked me if I wanted to sing 'Je T'Aime . . . Moi Non Plus' with him, and given that all the pretty actresses in Paris wanted to do it, I said, 'Yes, but don't play me Bardot's version because I'd be embarrassed as hers was so wonderful.'" (In 1986, Bardot gave permission to release the original version to benefit her animal charities and Greenpeace. Today, Bardot says, "He was a





lord, and 'Je T'Aime . . . Moi Non Plus' is a hymn to love, a unique homage for me. I only want to keep the best and forget the worst . . . if it's possible. I will love him forever, me neither.")

Serge and Jane recorded the song in London in two vocal booths at a studio near Marble Arch. "He told me to sing it higher—it gave it more of a sense of a choirboy," she says. "In those days you only had two takes, so we did it twice and he was worried that I'd get so carried away with the heavy breathing that I wouldn't stop in time to hit the high note at the end. We brought it to the man who was the head of [record label] Phillips and I sat on the floor with my basket and Serge sat in his chair and this man listened to it, with all its explicit sexual moaning, and said, 'Look, children, I'm willing to go to prison, but I'm not going to prison for a 45 single—I'd rather go for a long-playing record, so go back and make another 10 songs and we'll bring it out as an LP.'" As for rumors that they really were making love when they recorded it, Jane says, "Serge's reply to that was it wouldn't have been a single, it would have been a long-playing record." While "Je T'Aime" was by no means Gainsbourg's best song, it "did the job," as Françoise Hardy puts it. The duet with Jane became a worldwide sensation, banned by the BBC, banned by the Vatican, with bootleg copies circulated all over the world. In America, Neil Bogart, the head of Buddah Records, played "Je T'Aime" at a party in Los Angeles, and everyone kept telling him to play it again, and again, and again. He thought if he could get someone to do a longer, English song like this, he would have a hit. And eventually, he got Giorgio Moroder to produce Donna Summer's "Love to Love You Baby." Voilà: disco.

"Toward the end of our life living together, I just remember everything became so monotonous," says Jane Birkin. "Because we didn't go to the four or five nightclubs anymore—it was just Élysée Matignon and it was the Élysée Matignon until four in the morning because everyone gave Serge something to drink and it was just systematic and boring. And when I think about it now it's terrible to say, because the piano used to come out of the floor and people would be hanging around like they do in nightclubs—two, three in the morning—and they'd ask him for a little melody. . . . So now I feel like I was living with Frédéric Chopin going, 'Hey, Frédéric, you've got to go home.' I used to wrench him from the piano and tell people to stop giving him drinks, because they'd give him drinks and he'd give them drinks and it was never-ending until four o'clock in the morning."

Paris, May 22, 2007: Actress Jeanne Moreau sits at a table at Mariage Frères wearing a black suit with the small, round, red Légion d'Honneur in her lapel. "Serge was very well educated, very well read, very sophisticated, very charming," she says. "Serge presented what people never dare to show of themselves. He said things that people would have loved to say. People were not envious of him being rich, *never,* because he was generous. Johnny Hallyday goes and lives in Switzerland so not to pay taxes, but Gainsbourg didn't give a damn. That's why he was loved. And he knew how to write songs for women. It's beyond language. Even if you play Serge's songs in the middle of Africa, where nobody understands the words, they'll be caught. It's like when Lillian Gish said she regretted there were no more silent movies that spoke to everybody."

Around seven years ago, Charlotte went to the Rue de Verneuil house one day and all the graffiti had been covered over with "disgusting yellow" paint. She thought it had been done by the police, but they told her the neighbors thought it was "filthy" and they had organized this cover-up, at night. "But the great thing was a week later," she says, "it was all covered with graffiti again." Because the house is so small, Charlotte's dream of turning it into a museum has met with all sorts of bureaucratic red tape; there's no room for security or wheelchair access and whatnot. But she's determined: "I'd like people to visit the house, then maybe go to another place next door to read about him and listen to music." According to Jane, "Charlotte is miraculous as a daughter. It has taken so long for her to have paid all the bills, to see the alarm system is working, the heating is working, to keep the house going. She stuck it through thick and thin when every single minister of culture, every single mayor of Paris, has promised a museum and it's never happened in 16 years. On the other hand, everything that was her father's was so public; this way she had one little place that was private, where she could remember what it was like as a child."

In the Brasserie Vagenende, on Boulevard Saint-Germain, actress, singer, and star of the French New Wave cinema Anna Karina remembers Serge, with whom she starred in the 1967 television musical *Anna.* "I always thought he was very cute, very sexy. I never liked the pretty faces—that's boring. I was just coming out of my marriage to Jean-Luc Godard, and I guess I didn't fall for Serge, because I was afraid he'd take over my life. This was before Bardot and before Jane. He was very elegant, always dressed in a beautiful suit. He never stopped smoking, or drinking, but maybe it's better to live the way you want to instead of always saying, 'I have to drink water.' He phoned me the day before he died and said, 'Anna, I want to do a picture with you and Aurore Clément.' He said, 'We'll have dinner together and talk about it. I'll call you tomorrow.' And the next day I heard on the radio that he died."

New York City, June 4, 2007: "Serge enjo every single second of stardom," says friend and drinking companion François vard, who produced Gainsbourg's last mo *Stan the Flasher,* and now manages Maria Faithfull. "Everybody recognized him, he loved that—taxi drivers, policemen. loved afternoon daiquiris with the police going into the police van; he used them lik taxi," Ravard says. Toward the end of his Gainsbourg created "Gainsbarre," a sort outlandish, alter ego for himself that allov him to say shocking things on television. invented 'Gainsbarre' as a joke, a line," Ravard. "He would say, 'That's not me, th Gainsbarre.' And later on when he became famous and was on TV all the time the pr made it serious, the double persona becam much bigger thing." But despite the alcoholi and deteriorating health, Ravard says, "if y had an appointment with him at seven in morning he was always on time, never late the recording studio, never late on a movie s heaven to work with. And really, really quic because he knew exactly what he wanted."

"After I left Serge, I was most grateful Catherine Deneuve," says Jane Birki "because they were doing a film together a she looked after him; she saw he had his brea fast and that he ate okay." Even though he w devastated that Jane had left him for Jacqu Doillon, Serge and Jane remained close. Wh she gave birth to Lou, she rang Serge up to t him, and the following day a large packa arrived at the American Hospital with litt clothes he'd bought for the baby with a ca that read, "Papa Deux." "He was so essenti in our lives. I always felt I had a metaphoric room in his house, and he had a very real roo in our house, if he wanted it, with Charlot there. I was proud of the relationship."

Georges V/Four Seasons Hotel, Paris, May 2 2007: Bambou, Gainsbourg's paramour f the last decade of his life, arrives with Lulu (n Lucien), their now 21-year-old son. Lulu is ver tall, big, handsome, with long dark hair—h looks like a rock star. Bambou (née Carolin Von Paulus) is half Chinese, half German, an looks at least a decade younger than her 4 years. She carries a Birkin bag; she says Lul gave it to her on his 18th birthday to thank he for taking such good care of him. They live i Paris in the house Serge bought for Lulu. Serg nicknamed her "Bambou," she says, becaus she used to smoke opium and was a junki when she met him (she's now sober), but, sh says, she never used drugs in his presence—h wouldn't allow it in his house. She tells me ho he tried to turn her into a singer, about his fail ing health after a 1989 liver operation and sub sequent stays in the hospital, and says, "Serg was everything to me. He was my lover, my fa ther—he was my real family. And with Lulu, h left me an angel." In the days leading up to he

day on March 1, 1991, "I just felt some-
g bad was going to happen," she says. "He
very sick." After her celebratory birthday
er, when he didn't answer his phone all
t or the following day (she hadn't stayed at
de Verneuil and he had never given her a
, she finally called the firemen, who broke
nd discovered that he had died of a heart
ck in his sleep.

On the Monday before he died, he rang
me up and said he was going to New
eans to do a jazz record," Jane says, "and
Charlotte was there with him, and he
l. 'She wants to live with me. She said I
the man she'd been looking for all her
I thought, How wonderful. I was in En-
d visiting my sick father when Jacqueline
ned to say Serge was dead. I couldn't be-
e it. I must have screamed. I rushed back
Paris, and when I arrived I thought things
e still moving, people haven't stopped
ir work, he can't be dead, perhaps it's all
ng. For four days we all stayed around
ge in his bedroom—Bambou, me, Char-
e, Kate—we didn't eat, and Charlotte
d she didn't want him to go away. I knew
ple you could contact who would preserve
body, so I got out of the house somehow
and got to my friend, who rang up the people so they could preserve Serge and not have to bury him right away, because Charlotte didn't want him to be buried, she wanted to keep him. Then, when Charlotte said she wanted him to be buried, I went with Jacqueline and Bambou to the cemetery Montparnasse (where Baudelaire, Man Ray, Jean-Paul Sartre, and many other artists are buried) and looked around for a place he would want, and I saw where we buried his mother and father and thought that was the best place because it was bang in the middle, right next to all the musicians. I knew he wouldn't want to be down some side alley not in view."

For days the tiny Rue de Verneuil was shut down, with people in the streets, singing his songs, not unlike the scene around the Dakota after John Lennon was killed. "I went to the funeral even though I don't go to funerals," says François Ravard, "and I had everyone calling me, like it was a Stones concert, for *tickets*... like it was *sold out.* He would have *loved* that." The funeral was attended by many celebrities: Deneuve read a eulogy; so did President Mitterand, who called him "our Baudelaire." Brigitte Bardot sent the message "I love him as a man but even more as a musician." Also on hand: hundreds of policemen and taxi drivers.

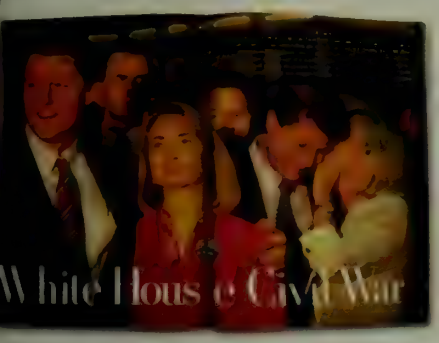
"He refused to use the word 'genius,' because he thought it was very pretentious," says Jane. "He said, 'I'm just a great lyric writer.' Serge was 15 years ahead of everyone else with the music he did, and he could have been discovered after his death. For he who was worried about whether he was loved, he knew it in his lifetime. He knew that he and [comedian] Coluche were the two people that the French loved more than anybody in France. But would he have been able to imagine the people singing in the streets after his death, the Japanese girls trying to find his tomb in the cemetery Montparnasse, the Americans writing on the wall of his house, WE MISS YOU, SERGE—LIFE IS SUCH A BORE? I don't think he could have imagined that."

"When he died," says Charlotte, "his music was on the radio every minute. I know every note; you could put two seconds of any song of his on and I'd recognize it and I'd ask somebody to stop it. I couldn't hear his voice—it was really unbearable for me to hear. It still is."

Marianne Faithfull, who worked with Serge in the early 60s, says, "I was very sad when he died. I thought by the time I'd grown up and gotten off drugs that there'd be a time when I'd work with him again. I still miss him. And every time I start to make a record I think, Fuck, it's so annoying that he's dead." □

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lintons and Gore



NTINUED FROM PAGE 298 story in mid-May
scribing his presidential campaign as "off
d stumbling." Gore was irritated by the
esident's intrusion, although he made light
it by telling *Newsweek* that Bill was one of
any who had advised him to "loosen up."
t when asked what role Bill would play in
e 2000 campaign, Gore said, "He's got a
ll-time job being president—and he's doing
extremely well." Gore pointedly explained
e strength of his own marriage by saying
at he and Tipper shared the same values,
hich included being "faithful to one another
d sharing life experiences."

Gore officially announced his candidacy
for president on June 16, 1999, at the
nith County Courthouse, in Carthage,
nnessee, his family seat. Bill and Hillary
ere in Europe on a nine-day trip with their daughter, Chelsea. For Gore, the announcement provided an opportunity to redefine himself and to create some distance from Bill's personal problems. Since the Lewinsky scandal had broken, Gore had expressed his dismay about Bill's conduct to a small circle of advisers but had kept quiet publicly.

While polls showed the president's job-approval ratings holding at around 60 percent, questions about his character were taking a toll on Gore. A study by the Pew Research Center for the People and the Press conducted in April found that "personal image problems and fallout from Clinton administration scandals are contributing to Al Gore's declining favorability ratings and his poor showing in early horse race polls." The study reported that Gore's favorability rating was 47 percent, down from 58 percent the previous December. Seventy-four percent of those polled were "tired of all the problems associated with the Clinton administration"—an alarming phenomenon that became known as "Clinton fatigue." Only 29 percent of Americans would have welcomed four more years of Bill Clinton, and 52 percent said they liked Gore better. In a hypothetical race between Gore and George W. Bush, the Texas governor led 54 percent to 41 percent, up several ticks since January.

At his announcement, Gore was surrounded by Tipper, his four children, and his mother. He repeatedly stressed the importance of family values and referred to the president only twice. Later that evening, Al and Tipper sat for an interview on ABC's *20/20* with Diane Sawyer. Asked about the Lewinsky affair, Gore said, "I thought it was awful. I thought it was inexcusable. But I made a commitment to serve this country as vice president." He added that "as a father" he felt the president's behavior "was terribly wrong, obviously." Seeking to differentiate his character from Bill's, he said, "It is our own lives we must master if we are to have the moral authority to guide our children." When Bill heard Gore's words, he erupted, "What the fuck is this about?" Moments later, in a call to Tennessee from his Paris hotel room, he praised Gore's announcement speech. "Nice job," said Bill.

As a sitting president, Bill was in a unique position to boost his vice president's candidacy by scheduling White House events to highlight his achievements. But in 1999 those resources were diverted from Gore to Hillary "in a big way," said one member of the Gore team. "The Clintons come first. That was their basic framework." From June through December, Bill and Hillary appeared at 20 events under the aegis of the White House, including a celebration of Hillary's 52nd birthday, where in typical style Bill larded his tribute with statistics on welfare, poverty, crime, and economic growth as he touted his wife as a "genuine visionary" needed by the Senate—the ultimate confluence of the per-

sonal and political. During the same period, Gore was featured only at a White House Conference on Mental Health—with Bill, Hillary, and Tipper.

In 1997, Hillary's office had 31 major speeches listed on the White House Web site. Two years later, that number had jumped to 86—four times as many as those listed for her husband and Gore combined. She ran White House symposiums on equal pay for women, youth violence, and philanthropy, and she spoke out on a spectrum of domestic and foreign issues, such as foster care for teenagers, gun control, and the plight of refugees in Kosovo. She published 50 "Talking It Over" columns, syndicated in more than 100 newspapers, and she signed a contract to write *An Invitation to the White House,* a book on entertaining and décor.

With the Hillary and Gore campaigns revving up at the same time, the three-way tensions evident in the White House since 1993 became a more serious problem. "If she runs, we'd wish her well, but we sure could use her help," a top Gore aide had said back in February, when Hillary first publicly signaled her interest in the Senate race. Now Gore's campaign advisers began to worry that Hillary's candidacy would actually have an adverse effect on their candidate. "The implications for Gore are very serious," said New York's former Democratic governor Mario Cuomo. "She has to think very hard on this issue." Not only was Hillary unavailable as a campaigner, she was poaching top Democratic fund-raisers and donors who would normally concentrate on the vice president. She had already enlisted Syracuse native Terry McAuliffe, the Democratic Party's biggest rainmaker, who in the months to come cast a nationwide fund-raising net for her.

A Nasty Range War

Before Hillary officially established her exploratory committee, she began directly competing with the vice president for money, sometimes even at his own fund-raising events. When Tipper's friend Melinda Blinken and a group of women planned a Gore fund-raiser in Los Angeles, Hillary insisted on being invited—over the objections of the event's organizers. Hillary then shocked the vice president's supporters by soliciting donations for herself in front of Tipper.

At a White House reception in late July for the winners of the Women's World Cup soccer championship, Hillary singled out "my dear friend Tipper Gore" as "a great athlete in her time." But by then Hillary had privately frozen out Tipper, who had given her steadfast support during the Lewinsky ordeal. Hillary never made clear her reasons for the snub, which became apparent once she started running for the Senate. Tipper was reported to be stunned, believing she had been cast aside because she was no longer useful.

Bill headlined four Gore fund-raisers in August and September, two of them on the same night at Washington's Hay-Adams hotel. He called Gore "the single most influential, effective, powerful, and important vice president" in history but did no more events for his vice president for the rest of the year. Bill later complained that his efforts—giving Gore "high profile assignments" over the years, "making sure he received public recognition"—had been unappreciated, especially when he read suggestions that he could "cost Al the election" by associating with him. Bill recalled telling Gore in the fall of 1999 that he would "stand on the doorstep of the *Washington Post*'s headquarters and let him lash me with a bullwhip" if it would help his campaign. The story, according to one member of the Gore team, was a "form of self-pity, his way of calling Gore an ungrateful bastard."

For all his praise of Al Gore in scores of speeches, Bill's behavior throughout 2000—making passive-aggressive remarks, belittling Gore in private, grabbing the spotlight with his own political star turns, and continuing to argue his innocence in various scandals—betrayed ambivalence about a Gore victory, at least one earned on the vice president's own terms. "Clinton felt it was really important for Gore to succeed him to burnish his legacy," said a top White House official. "That was the main reason, and by that logic it was difficult for Clinton to contemplate any campaign strategy that departed from him as the center of attention. He couldn't live with that."

Bill's personal agendas created complications for Gore that grew worse over time and led to a nasty range war between the Clinton White House and the Gore campaign. The tensions centered on the Lewinsky scandal and Bill's past womanizing, which Gore and his advisers believed had alienated independent voters—especially the soccer moms, who stood for traditional values. "Gore was quite offended in terms of personal morality and also political stupidity," said one of Hillary's advisers. Bruce Reed understood that "the vice president would be disappointed by and resentful of the president's mistakes. The way it played out in the campaign was the real damage in how much it threw Gore off his game." As a result, Gore veered too far in differentiating himself from Bill and his record and had difficulty taking advantage of the Clinton administration's legitimate successes.

To avoid associating themselves with the president's excesses, both Gore and Hillary made strategic decisions not to campaign with Bill publicly, even as he campaigned for both of them—considerably more for Hillary than for Gore—at private fund-raising events around the country. Hillary continued to vie with Gore for attention and money and to benefit enormously from Bill's advice as well as from her First Lady perch, while Gore essentially left the White House and played down his relationship with the president. Gore's attentiveness to Bill—especially through their weekly lunches—had kept their governing partnership stable. But during the 2000 campaign they stopped having lunch. In the absence of personal contact their misunderstandings multiplied, and they became, if not estranged from each other, at least disaffected.

To prepare for the formal announcement of her candidacy, Hillary went to the White House on February 4, 2000, for consultations with advisers and practice sessions in the Family Theater. Bill worked closely with her on her announcement speech, the first of many he would edit extensively throughout the campaign. Concerned that Bill might outshine his wife, her consultants gave him no speaking role when she officially entered the race two days later, at the State University of New York in Purchase. As the president stood silently back, Senator Moynihan introduced Hillary, declaring that Eleanor Roosevelt "would love you." Hillary's speech was heavy on issues and light on political ingratiation. She delivered it without the ease Bill had been coaching her to display.

After slogging away on the campaign trail, Hillary learned to appreciate even more her husband's political talents. "Over and over she would say, 'My God, Bill made it look so easy,'" said one of her senior advisers. Hillary recognized that Bill had physical and temperamental qualities—among them a significantly higher energy level—that she could never match. "It helps to be a big man," Hillary observed. "Bill is supernatural. Bill can work a crowd. He can stretch his arm out three or four people deep." At five feet four Hillary knew she was at a disadvantage.

Hillary's rather joyless politicking was belied by her girlish campaign slogan, "HILLARY!" Besides creating the illusion of liveliness in an otherwise colorless campaign, the punchy catchword severed the candidate from the Clinton name and became the latest version of an evolving political brand that began with "Hillary Rodham" during Bill's first term as governor, shifted to "Hillary Clinton" to placate an Arkansas electorate irked by her feminism, and then to "Hillary Rodham Clinton" as First Lady.

Bill was remarkably philosophical and compliant about his diminished place in her political identity. "Trashing me is fine if it helps Hillary," Bill told aide Sidney Blumenthal, who observed, "He just wanted her to win."

Following a state dinner on June 20, 000, honoring Mohammed VI, the new ing of Morocco, Bill invited documentary-m maker Ken Burns to stay overnight at e White House. Hillary was exhausted d turned in at midnight, along with the her guests, but Bill insisted that Burns stay and keep him company. The president, id Burns, "called the election. He knew e combination of political baggage and Al Gore's need to distance himself from at and create his own legacy, and that that ould be a drag.... There was a completely ear-eyed understanding of the failings that ad affected his own life and the electoral ances of Al Gore. There was also a con-rn about his legacy. Bill Clinton was more rward-looking than one would expect at is twilight moment. He was making plans, lking about the book he would write, about here the country should go."

Bill's Priorities

Hillary caught a lucky break when Rudy Giuliani's campaign for the same Sen-te seat imploded even before he officially nnounced his candidacy. Late in April, iuliani revealed that he needed treatment r prostate cancer, and soon tabloid reports ere linking him to an attractive brunette amed Judith Nathan. In mid-May, Giuliani aid that he and his wife were separating, nd on May 19 the mayor withdrew from he race.

Taking Giuliani's place was 42-year-old Rick Lazio, a four-term U.S. representative rom Long Island who called himself a "main-tream Republican." Lazio instantly accused Hillary of having "no real rationale for serving ere other than as a stepping-stone to some ther position.... Her ambition is the issue." But, for all his bluster, Lazio was not in Hil-ary's league.

Between April and November 2000, Bill raised more than $5 million for Hillary at 34 events designated for her Senate race, half of which she actually attended. Variously calling himself "surrogate in chief," "cheer-leader in chief," and "spouse in chief," he unabashedly solicited contributions, even when Hillary wasn't the headliner. At a din-ner for Democratic congressional candidates in Brentwood, California, he said, "A lot of you have given to Hillary. If you haven't, I hope you will."

The Clintons had made a great effort during the 1996 campaign and afterward to minimize Hillary's co-presidential role, but now Bill was spinning a different story of her "breathtak-ing range" of activities in domestic and for-eign policy, which included a "significant contribution to the Irish peace process." But he declined to touch on her back-channel operations and pervasive influence over per-sonnel, notably her deep involvement in the political vetting of candidates for the federal bench and U.S.-attorney positions.

The president so immersed himself in Hillary's campaign that it became an exten-sion of himself. In some ways, their relation-ship had come to resemble a co-dependency more than a co-presidency. Not surprisingly, Bill and Hillary remained in harmony over the issues. But he also believed that his en-emies had "transferred all their anger to her now." As he told a group of supporters in Mi-ami, "I think half of them think it's their last chance at me."

During his all-night conversation with Ken Burns in June, Bill "spoke movingly of the Democratic National Convention that was coming," Burns recalled, "and how be-cause he was on the backside of scandal and impeachment he had a more delicate role to play." In the intervening months, the president cast those sensible thoughts aside. While Ron-ald Reagan had addressed a cheering G.O.P. convention in 1988, he quickly stepped into the wings in deference to his vice president's candidacy. But Bill Clinton couldn't resist oc-cupying center stage and grabbing the lime-light from Al Gore during a crucial moment in his presidential campaign.

Four days before the convention opened, in Los Angeles, on Monday, August 14, Bill made headlines by engaging in a soul-baring conversation with the Reverend Bill Hybels, one of his spiritual counselors. In front of an audience of 4,500 in Hybels's suburban-Chicago church, the president revisited his experiences as a "sinner" at a moment when Al Gore least needed such a reminder. Bill once again insisted that he had sufficiently apologized for his "terrible mistake," allowed that he had "nothing left to hide," and said, "I'm now in the second year of a process of trying to totally rebuild my life."

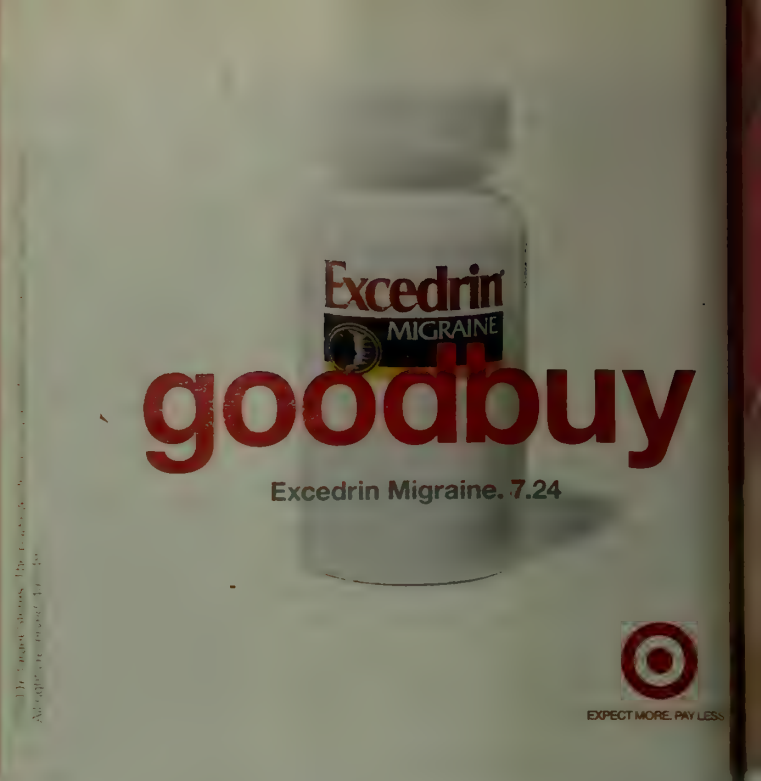
The Clintons planned three days in Cali-fornia as an extravaganza of media appear-ances and fund-raising. En route to Los An-geles on Air Force One on Friday, Bill set the stage by giving a wide-ranging interview to Ron Brownstein of the *Los Angeles Times,* and Hillary blocked out time on Saturday in her suite at the St. Regis Hotel in New York to speak with reporters from the ma-jor newspapers, most prominently *The New York Times,* for publication in the widely read Sunday editions. Both Clintons were lined up for interviews on Saturday afternoon with Bryant Gumbel, of CBS's *Early Show,* to be broadcast Monday morning, when they were also due to appear on NBC's *Today* show and ABC's *Good Morning America.* But after the session with Hybels, the Gore camp asked Bill and Hillary to stand down. "We knew Thursday night how upset the Gore folks were with Clinton's confessional on Thurs-day, and that would be the talk of our inter-view," said Lyne Pitts, executive producer of *The Early Show.* The Clintons bailed out of all the morning shows, although Hillary proceeded as planned with interviews on the three network newscasts Monday night.

A more serious conflict arose from the schedule of events in which Bill and Hil-lary raised millions for themselves, distracting attention from the presidential race, siphon-ing off Democratic money, and further an-gering the vice president and his team. That Saturday night, the Clintons collected $1.1 million for Hillary's war chest from the Gala Salute to President William Jefferson Clinton at the $30 million Mandeville Canyon estate of radio mogul Ken Roberts. Guests paid $1,000 per ticket for a concert, and dinner with the Clintons afterward cost $25,000 per couple. The evening featured a Hollywood Who's Who that included Shirley MacLaine and Whoopi Goldberg. For the concert, the entire Clinton clan—Chelsea, Bill's stepfather and brother, and Hillary's mother and two brothers—was seated with Bill and Hillary in director's chairs labeled with the date and name of the event. Bill was in an exuberant mood, singing along with Diana Ross, Cher, and Melissa Etheridge. At the dinner, Hil-lary spoke first, followed by Bill, who closed by saying, "I'm not going anywhere except to a different line of work."

On Sunday, the Clintons presided over two events: a reception for Hillary at Sony Pictures Studios and a luncheon at the home of Barbra Streisand to raise money for Bill's presidential library. With a price tag of $125 million and a design meant to evoke a "bridge to the 21st century," the library, on 27 acres along the Arkansas River in Little Rock, posed yet another diversion for pro-spective Democratic donors to the Gore campaign. Since early 1998, Bill had been quietly soliciting funds from his most loyal and well-heeled allies, a list that the White House kept private. Even during his "lost year," when he was overwhelmed by the Le-winsky scandal and impeachment proceed-ings, he managed to take in $3 million, and by his final year in office he had picked up the pace, raising tens of millions from such stalwarts as Steven Spielberg; S. Daniel Abraham, the founder of Slim-Fast Foods; and Vinod Gupta, the owner of a computer-database company, who pledged $1 million.

The climax for the Clintons occurred on the first day of the convention, when each gave a prime-time address—carried by the television networks—to the convention del-egates. After Hillary finished her 18-minute speech, the cameras cut away to the presi-dent making his way through the corridors of the Staples Center as facts and figures (22 million new jobs, 100,000 new police on the streets) were superimposed on the TV screen to celebrate his record. The cam-eras shot him from behind as he entered the convention center and greeted the raptur-





Clintons and Gore

ous crowd. Commentators instantly likened the moment to Russell Crowe's confident walk into the arena in *Gladiator.*

Al's Inheritance

While Al Gore was a seasoned campaigner with plenty of hands-on experience, the press portrayed him as an egghead preoccupied by abstractions and, in his own words, "one of the most introverted people in public life." His opponent, George W. Bush, was untested and often incurious, but he had a snappy style and a reputation as a bipartisan deal-maker. With a wink and a smile, the Texas governor promised generous tax cuts and portrayed Gore's neo-populism as a return to big-government Democratic liberalism. During the three presidential debates in October, Gore came across as patronizing and ponderous. Political commentators and television satirists had a field day mocking his exasperated sighing over Bush's simplistic or inarticulate statements. Liberal columnist Molly Ivins remarked, "George W. Bush sounds like English is his second language, and Al Gore sounds like he thinks it's yours."

Gore had particular difficulty dealing with Bush's efforts to cast doubt on his integrity by constantly referring to the "Clinton-Gore" administration, which implicitly linked him to the president's scandals. Even Gore's choice of Joe Lieberman—a stern critic of Bill's conduct with Lewinsky—as his running mate couldn't dispel what political consultant Carter Eskew later called "the elephant in the living room." Bill refused to acknowledge that his behavior was a factor in the campaign. "I never believed that the American people were going to, in effect, vote against their own interests and their own values by holding Al Gore responsible for a personal mistake I made," Bill told Ron Brownstein before the convention.

In any number of ways, the Gore campaign found itself in a contest with Hillary's campaign. One of the most dramatic examples occurred in September as the Federal Trade Commission prepared to release a report on violence in the media. The agency's million-dollar study showed that entertainment companies were marketing violent movies, video games, and music to children under 18. Under ordinary circumstances, a vice president running for the presidency would have first call on publicizing the report. But Hillary insisted she should handle the rollout because she had already called for a universal ratings system. "It was a key point of her Senate campaign," said Bruce Reed. "The president had singled her out for that in the 2000 State of the Union, so the finding of the F.T.C. was directly relevant to her campaign. The vice president's campaign had concluded that cultural issues were hurting him, and they were dying to announce the report as well."

After "several painful days of negotiations," administration officials "thought we had a resolution that served everyone," said Reed. The F.T.C. would release the report on Monday, September 11, followed by a comment from Gore, and then a separate one from the Clintons at a campaign event in New York. This strategy did not sit well with Gore and Lieberman, who decided to break the news on their own by inviting a reporter from *The New York Times* to the vice president's residence on Sunday for an interview to be published Monday. "Every day was like that," Reed said. "It was a typical example of how people who had known and trusted each other a long time would do things they otherwise wouldn't have done."

Bill and Hillary offered their comments on Monday morning at a Jewish community center in Scarsdale, New York. "Everything that needs to be said has been said," Bill told the audience. "But what does it all mean? How can we distill it?" He then explained why Hillary understood the issue better than anyone—presumably including Gore. "She started working on it years ago," he said, describing the significance of a "uniform unambiguous rating system" that "Hillary ... was the first and maybe the only person to force fully advocate in the entire country."

Hillary also continued to compete with Gore for campaign funds. By late September, she had gathered more than $22 million (compared to Rick Lazio's $15.7 million) from a surprisingly large national base of donors. Sixty percent of her money came from donors outside of New York State, including 16 percent from California alone. Charles Schumer, who ran a much tighter race against incumbent Al D'Amato in 1998, raised only 25 percent of his funds from out-of-state donors, 4 percent of them from California.

Hillary's campaign by then was sprinting toward what looked to be an effortless victory. Her surge began after her debate with Lazio on September 13 in Buffalo, with NBC's Tim Russert as a no-nonsense moderator. She was on her own that night, with Bill in Washington watching in the Residence. He was "a nervous wreck," he later said. Lazio hit Hillary hard and she punched back. In a *New York Times* survey conducted in the days following the debate, 48 percent of the respondents favored Hillary and 39 percent Lazio. The newspaper's previous poll, in June, had shown her only five





points ahead. An even more telling number was her support from the much-coveted suburban women, who had backed Lazio 43 to 36 in June and now went for Hillary 54 to 38. "She did great in the debate . . . even though it was two on one half the time" (a slap at both Lazio and Russert), Bill told a crowd of financial backers in Philadelphia four days later. "I thought she did best when they got meanest, and that's good. . . . She showed . . . she could take a punch, and she can take a lot of them." At a 53rd-birthday fund-raiser for Hillary at Manhattan's Roseland Ballroom, Bill proudly announced that she had the "requisite aggression" to be a good New Yorker.

Bill continued to express frustration that he couldn't publicly participate in the presidential campaign as much as he wanted. "I wish I were running this year," he told Sidney Blumenthal. "I'd run their ass down." He disapproved of Gore's populist rhetoric and felt his own leadership wasn't getting enough credit for the country's progress. He sent advice through emissaries to William Daley, Gore's campaign chairman, as well as to campaign manager Donna Brazile. "I believe Clinton used practically everyone he could get his hands on to send messages to Al Gore," said Brazile.

But Bill also kept making counterproductive comments about the candidate, his message, and his tactics, some of which surfaced in the press. He might voice subtle misgivings, as in a speech in Connecticut when he said, "People ask me: Do you really think Al Gore is going to win? I always said yes." Or he could veer off message, as when he casually said at one fund-raiser, "Suppose Al Gore turns out to be wrong because there's a little bit of a recession, and we don't have enough money to keep all the spending commitments?" His criticisms made headlines after the third presidential debate, on October 17, when Bill was reported to have told congressional Democrats that he had "almost gagged" over Gore's failure to challenge Bush's false claim of credit for a patients' bill of rights in Texas. Gore strategist Tad Devine told Steve Richetti, Bill's deputy chief of staff, that the comment had helped raise Gore's unfavorable rating by five points in a week. "The president goes out and awakens doubts about Gore, and all the bad stuff . . . begins to come to the surface," said Devine.

At the end of the month, only days before the polls opened, a new issue of *Esquire* appeared on the newsstands with Bill on the cover, striking a decidedly unpresidential pose: legs spread wide, huge hands clapped on his knees, his expression radiating self-satisfaction. In the magazine's "Exit Interview," Bill mentioned Al Gore just twice in passing, defended himself against the controversies of his presidency, castigated his critics, and said the Republicans owed him an apology. The effect was to make the campaign seem all about Bill—exactly what Gore was trying to avoid.

The colliding agendas of the president, First Lady, and vice president were gifts to the Republicans, whose efforts to tag Gore with his boss's weaknesses were paying off. "Gore's numbers on honesty and forthrightness lag far behind Bush's," *Newsweek* noted the week before the election. There were other disturbing signs in the closing days as the press began to comment that the economy was "slowing, not yet ominously but noticeably." Third-party candidate Ralph Nader was also emerging as a spoiler on the left with a "noticeable little breeze at his back." Nader, who appealed to roughly 5 percent of voters, was gaining traction by portraying Gore and Bush as indistinguishable, and the Gore campaign worried that he could have an adverse impact on the returns in a half-dozen states.

After negotiations between the White House and the Gore campaign, Bill was dispatched to do eleventh-hour politicking in only three states—speeches at the convention centers in Little Rock and Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and get-out-the-vote rallies in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York City. He worked at full throttle in New York State, a safe haven where his popularity was at 70 percent, where Democrats had two million more registered voters than Republicans, and where he could keep helping his wife with his public appearances.

Election Night

Bill, Hillary, and Chelsea went to the polls at the Douglas G. Grafflin elementary school, in Chappaqua, on Tuesday morning, November 7, a mild and intermittently cloudy day. When he had first pulled the lever for his wife, two months earlier, in the pro forma Democratic primary, Bill had called it a "most extraordinary experience. . . . I was as happy as a kid on Christmas morning." Now he and Chelsea cast their ballots first, then embraced while Hillary voted for herself.

In the evening, Marine One ferried them to Manhattan, where they had a suite of rooms at the Grand Hyatt hotel, next to Grand Central Terminal. En route, Hillary busied herself by reading *The New York Times* while Bill edited the victory speech that she was too anxious to review. In the suite swarming with staff, Hillary wore a terry-cloth hotel bathrobe as a stylist worked on her hair. At 10:40, Lazio called to concede, and Hillary "simply smiled" before giving everyone hugs. She had won resoundingly, with 55





Clintons and Gore

percent of the vote to Lazio's 43 percent.

Al Gore's fate that night was cruelly ambiguous. He was headed toward winning the overall total by more than a half-million votes (543,895, when all the counting was eventually completed). Earlier in the evening, he had also seemed poised for victory in the decisive Electoral College as the TV networks gave him Florida, Pennsylvania, and Michigan. But around 10 P.M., the Florida results turned uncertain, and the state switched back into the undecided category. By around two A.M., all the networks declared that Bush had prevailed in Florida, giving him the 25 electoral votes he needed to win the presidency.

Gore stoically called Bush to concede, and was driven through the rain to Nashville's War Memorial Plaza to make his concession speech. As he was about to walk onto the platform, his aides grabbed him and said that Bush's five-figure lead had shrunk to some 500 votes. Under election law, Gore was entitled to a recount if the margin was less than one-half of 1 percent. Gore called Bush back and said, "Circumstances have changed dramatically since I first called you. The state of Florida is too close to call." The vice president's words triggered a legal challenge that was to drag on for 36 days.

In the Grand Hyatt, Bill was transfixed by the developing drama. He had spent the evening prowling the suite, consulting with advisers, making phone calls, and planting himself only inches from one of the living room's four TV sets. An aide thought that "he seemed to be having fun . . . as if he was watching a close and important basketball game." At 4:18 A.M., Bill reached Gore, later reporting that the vice president had been "in a good humor, pleased that he was ahead in the popular vote." Gore congratulated Hillary, and "they had a nice little visit." Bill stayed up the rest of the night, playing Oh Hell with members of his staff before finally going to sleep at six A.M.

"Election Night was so bizarre, mostly bitter," Bruce Reed recalled. "It was clear from almost the moment she got in the race that the First Lady would win and that the vice president's camp was star-crossed from the outset. There wasn't anybody at the White House who felt much like celebrating. We were over the moon for Hillary's victory, but the prize lost was so consequential and painful that it dwarfed everything."

Almost immediately the rumors started about a Hillary presidential candidacy in 2004 or 2008. "I believe that's worse than idle speculation," Bill told CBS's Dan Rather. "Of course she'll run," said Senator Moynihan.

For more than a month, Al Gore suffered in political purgatory as his lawyers battled the Bush forces in Florida over the convoluted recount to determine the winner of the state's electoral votes. Those tense weeks also brought postmortems and recriminations over Gore's failure to easily capture the Electoral College. His popular vote was 50,999,897, exceeded only by Ronald Reagan's 1984 landslide. Even though he had received far more votes and a higher percentage than Bill Clinton had in his two presidential races, Gore found himself battling accusations from the Clinton camp that if the president had been unleashed on the campaign trail he would have energized the Democratic base and enabled Gore to win.

The Gore-Lieberman ticket found itself on the wrong side of the classic pendulum of American politics. In 1992, the momentum was beginning to swing toward the Democrats after 12 years of G.O.P. control of the White House, and Ross Perot helped by taking the vast majority of his votes from George H. W. Bush. But by 2000 the pendulum was moving in the other direction, propelled by the Clinton scandals, which had alienated religious and swing voters. Former White House aide and Gore campaign consultant Robert Boorstin told *Vanity Fair*'s Marjorie Williams, "Did we make mistakes? Yes. Would I say that Clinton was the only reason we lost? No. Would I say with absolute zero doubt in my mind that we would have won the election if Clinton hadn't put his penis in [Lewinsky's] mouth? Yes. I guarantee it."

A veneer of public graciousness between the president and vice president concealed their intensifying private anger over each other's role in the electoral outcome. At Gore's request, they met in the Oval Office on Thursday, December 21, to air their differences. It was an unpleasant encounter, as Gore forthrightly blamed Bill's scandals, while Bill rebuked Gore for failing to make the most of their successful record. Afterward, Bill told Sidney Blumenthal they had parted after "patching everything up," but in fact the mutual resentments among the Clintons and Gores persisted.

Gore's defeat helped set the stage for Hillary's own presidential campaign. As irony would have it, he had to preside over her swearing-in at the Capitol, and then, four days later, he gamely re-enacted her oath-of-office ceremony in front of what *The Washington Post* described as nearly 3,000 "swinging, swaying, celebrity-studded" Hillary supporters in Madison Square Garden. His final political act was supervising the official count of the Electoral College vote, a painful ordeal that brought an end to his quest for the presidency. □





Eric Clapton



ONTINUED FROM PAGE 306 the world. His leas were revolutionary, but simple at the ame time. I loved both Giorgio Armani and ianni, but at that moment in time, in my pinion, Gianni was the rock 'n' roll tailor.

For a while I became Lori's model, and pent quite a lot of time doing shoots with er. As our relationship developed, we began o discuss the possibility of having children ogether. I told her that I had always wanted hildren, but that Pattie and I had been unable o conceive. (I had a daughter, Ruth, who was orn on Montserrat in 1985, but at that time ne had not yet become a part of my life.) I uggested to Lori that the two of us would nake such perfect babies. Looking back on now, it seems like childish nonsense, but at ne time it made total sense. She agreed and aid that she would stop using birth control.

The façade crumbled when we were in Rome, where Lori had another apartment. One day she went out and left me on my own, and I started to poke around, which was not a great idea. I opened a cupboard and found a pile of photograph albums, which I took out and started looking through. They were full of pictures of Lori with famous men—footballers, actors, politicians, musicians—anyone with any kind of notoriety. I noticed that she struck the same pose in every photograph, wearing the sort of smile that wasn't really a smile at all. I felt as if someone had punched me in the stomach. I went icy cold, and my hair stood on end. At that moment I knew we were doomed.

However much I might have wanted to walk out at this point, I realized that I had already set in motion something that was out of control, particularly because of the conversation we had had about pregnancy. So I put this experience on file, as a reason why the relationship would never last, and started disassembling the whole thing, mentally and emotionally withdrawing. I stayed in Rome for a while, and then we both flew to London and stayed a couple of nights in the Connaught before moving into an apartment I had arranged for us, in Berkeley Square.

Filled with doubts as I was about my life, both past and future, it was a hard time for me. After years of living at Hurtwood, my house in the English countryside, I hated the noise and traffic of the city, so to distract myself I filled the apartment with recording equipment to make demos for my next album. I could think of little else besides Pattie, so it's not surprising that only two or three weeks after I moved in with Lori, I told her that the relationship just wasn't working for me anymore and that I had to go back to my wife. "That's not good news at all," she said, "because I'm pregnant."

At that moment, I couldn't really take this in. I remember getting into my car and driving down to Hurtwood to see Pattie, who had been living there since I had left. Somewhere in my mind was the idea that she might be waiting for me. When I arrived it was nighttime, and there were lights on all over the house. I peered in through the kitchen window and saw Pattie and her boyfriend making dinner together. It was as though I'd come home to someone else's house. I knocked on the door and said, "I'm back, I'm home!" Pattie met me at the door and said coldly, "You can't come in here right now. This is not the right time."

"But this is my home," I said, to which she replied, "No, you can't do this." Suddenly, my world was absolutely in tatters. I was disenchanted with my now pregnant mistress, and I'd lost my wife. I was in conflict and I was bewildered, and I felt as though I'd opened a vast door into an empty chasm. At some point during this period I decided that the only answer to my problems was suicide. I happened to have a full bottle of blue five-milligram Valium tablets, and I downed them all, the whole bloody lot. I was convinced they would kill me, but, astonishingly enough, I woke up 10 hours later, stone-cold sober and full of the realization of what a lucky escape I'd had.

As soon as Lori came to understand that she could never get me to commit to anything, she went back to Milan, where it was possible for her to make a living. I stayed in England and tried to clear up the mess I'd created by, first of all, telling Pattie about the pregnancy. Considering how much she had longed to have our own child, and her deep disappointment at her failure to conceive, it was a dreadful thing to have to tell her. She was utterly devastated, and from then on our life together at Hurtwood was hell.

We hacked along for a while, sleeping in different rooms and living pretty much separate lives until, several months later, on her birthday, March 17, I had a complete meltdown and threw her out of the house. It was a cruel and vicious thing to do, and within a few days





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I regretted it. I kept replaying our early days over and over in my head, desperately wondering why we couldn't recapture that essence again, but I knew that I had crossed a serious barrier this time and that I would have to leave her alone for a bit. Pattie found a very nice apartment in Kensington, and things actually settled down. I visited her once a week, and we were quite civil to each other. I stayed out at Hurtwood, drinking in as controlled a manner as I could, but occasionally going on massive benders. (It had been four years since I'd left Hazelden, where I'd sought treatment for alcoholism.) It was like being in limbo again, not quite knowing where things were going or what the outcome of all of this would be.

I escaped to L.A. to record songs for a new album, which was to be a collaboration between Phil Collins and Tom Dowd. I had asked Tom to co-produce it, because I didn't feel confident that Phil really knew my musical background well enough to do the job singlehandedly, and with Tom involved I felt I could oversee the production. We worked at Sunset Sound studios, in Hollywood, with the basic band consisting of me on guitar, Phil on drums, Greg Phillinganes on keyboards, and Nathan East on bass. The horns—Michael Brecker on sax, Randy Brecker and Jon Faddis on trumpet, and Dave Bargeron on trombone—were overdubbed in New York, and Tina Turner and I duetted live on "Tearing Us Apart."

For me, these were pretty drunken sessions, and looking back, I don't know how I got through them. Nigel Carroll, who went with me to Los Angeles and was my personal assistant there, had rented us a place on Sunset Plaza, and secretly I would drink and do coke until about six in the morning. Then, at about 11, I would go into the studio and somehow stay sober during the day. So from midday till about six in the evening, I would try to work while hung over, doing the best I could, until I reached a moment when I felt able to say, "O.K., we've had a great day. Let's call it quits," at which point I would drive back to the rented villa and hit the booze and coke again. I hardly slept at all. I was trying my hardest to hide my drinking from everybody, unsuccessfully, as it turned out. Nigel had gotten me a rental car, which didn't have a proper license plate, so some of the crew, unbeknownst to me, had made a tag out of cardboard that read CAPTAIN SMIRNOFF.

In the months before Lori's baby was due, I came to realize that this was the one thing in my life that something good could come of, and I had been making some attempts to restore the relationship with her. On my return from recording in L.A., I went to visit her in Milan several times, and a few weeks before the birth she returned to London, having told me that, since I was English, she felt the baby should be born in England. I rented a small house in Chelsea for her, where I visited her every day.

Conor was born on August 21, 1986, at St. Mary's, Paddington. As soon as I heard that Lori had gone into labor, I rushed to the hospital, determined to be there for the birth, though more than a little frightened about what I was going to experience. As it happened, the baby got stuck upside down, so they had to perform a last-minute Cesarean. They put a screen around the bed, and a nurse came and stood beside me. She told me that men often faint in these situations. I was determined to be present for this. I just had an incredible feeling that this was going to be the first real thing that had ever happened to me. Up ti that moment, it had seemed as though my li had been a series of episodes that held very li tle meaning. The only time it had seemed re was when I was challenging myself in som way with music. Everything else—the drinl ing, the tours, even my life with Pattie—a had an air of artificiality to it. When the bab finally came, they gave him to me to hol I was spellbound, and I felt so proud, eve though I had no idea how to hold a baby.

Lori spent a couple of days in the hospita While she was there, I went down to Lord cricket ground. I saw the great English cricl eter Ian "Beefy" Botham, whom I kne through David English, the former mana ing director of the Robert Stigwood Organ sation, and after the match Botham raise a glass of champagne in honor of Conor birth. By that time it had begun to sink i that I was a father, and that it was time fo me to grow up. I considered all my previou irrational behavior to have been reasonabl excusable, because it had been conducte with consenting adults. Whereas with thi tiny child, who was so vulnerable, I suddenl became aware that it was time to stop fuck ing around. But the question was: How?

Conor's birth was commemorated wit the release of the new album, which I calle *August,* and which has turned out to be on of my biggest-selling solo albums. It had hit single in "It's in the Way That You Us It," which was featured in the Paul Newma film *The Color of Money,* and also include "Holy Mother," which I had dedicated t Richard Manuel, the great keyboard playe of the Band, who had hanged himself i March 1986. One song I had decided no to include was "Lady from Verona," whic I had written specially for Lori. That migh have been too much for Pattie to bear.





Lori returned to Italy soon after the birth, the idea being that I would go over and visit her and Conor for a few days whenever possible. The problem was that my drinking had become full-blown again, and I was finding it harder and harder to control. I really loved this little boy, and yet, when I went to visit him in Milan, I would sit and play with him in the daytime, and, every second of that time, all I could think about was how much longer it would be before Lori would arrive to feed him and take him away to bed so that I could have another drink. I never drank in his presence. I would stay white-knuckle sober all the time he was awake, but as soon as she put him in his crib, I would get back to my normal consumption, drinking until I passed out. I did this every night until I went back to England.

This was the pattern of my life over the next year, which reached its climax when I was touring Australia in the autumn of 1987. By then there had been such an erosion of my capabilities that I couldn't stop shaking. For the second time, I'd reached the point where I couldn't live without a drink, and I couldn't live with one. I was a mess, and as far as my playing was concerned, I was just about scraping by.

One day, cooped up in my hotel room, a long way from home, with nothing to think about but my own pain and misery, I suddenly knew that I had to go back into treatment. I thought to myself, This has got to stop. I really did it for Conor, because I thought, no matter what kind of human being I was, I couldn't stand being around him like that. I couldn't bear the idea that, as he experienced enough of life to form a picture of me, it would be a picture of the man I was then. I called Roger and told him to book me into Hazelden again, and on November 21, 1987, I went back into treatment.

My second visit to Hazelden was, on the face of it, much like the first, but, on a deeper level, it was very different. This time I had no reservations about why I was there—I had tried to control my drinking and failed—so there was no more debate, no more gray area for me. Also, my life had become very complicated and completely unmanageable during my relapse. I now had two children, neither of whom I was really administering to; a broken marriage; assorted bewildered girlfriends; and a career that, although it was still chugging along, had lost its direction. I was a mess.

My counselor this time around was a great guy, and having first established a strong bond with me, he employed a sort of ridicule method. It threw me completely. I had grown used to people treating me with a certain amount of reverence, maybe just out of fear, and here was this guy laughing at my pomposity and arrogance. I didn't know how to deal with it. It caught me off-balance and helped me see myself as others saw me, and it wasn't pretty. I was captivated, and tried to engage him as much as I could, but he was rarely available, or made it seem that way. He had something I wanted, something I knew I needed. I was like a blade of grass in the wind; one day I would be blown up, scornful, and full of myself, and the next I was in a pit of despair. But I kept coming back to the thought of Conor, the reality of his life and what it required of me, and the horrible possibility that if I didn't get it right this time history would probably repeat itself. The thought of him going through all that was what finally made the difference. I had to break the chain and give him what I never really had: a father.

Nevertheless, I stumbled through my month in treatment much as I had done the first time, just ticking off the days, hoping that something would change in me without my having to do much about it. Then one day, as my visit was drawing to an end, a panic hit me, and I realized that in fact nothing had changed in me and that I was going back out into the world again completely unprotected. The noise in my head was deafening, and drinking was in my thoughts all the time. It shocked me to realize that here I was in a treatment center, a supposedly safe environment, and I was in serious danger. I was absolutely terrified, in complete despair.

Almost of their own accord, my legs gave way and I fell to my knees. In the privacy of my room I begged for help. I had no notion of whom I thought I was talking to—I just knew that I had come to the end of my tether, and I had nothing left to fight with. Then I remembered what I had heard about surrender, something I thought I could never do, that my pride just wouldn't allow it. But I knew that on my own I wasn't going to make it, so I asked for help, and, getting down on my knees, I surrendered.

Within a few days, I realized that something had happened for me. An atheist would probably say it was just a change of attitude, and to a certain extent that's true, but there was much more to it than that. I had found a place to turn to, a place I'd always known was there but never really wanted, or needed, to believe in. From that day until this, I have never failed to pray in the morning, on my knees, asking for help, and at night, to express gratitude for my life and, most of all, for my sobriety. I choose to kneel because I feel I need to humble myself when I pray, and, with my ego, this is the most I can do.

If you are asking why I do all this, I will tell you: because it works. It's as simple as that. In all the time I've been sober, I have never





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once seriously thought of taking a drink or a drug. I have no problem with religion, and I grew up with a strong curiosity about spiritual matters, but my searching took me away from church and community worship to the internal journey. Before my recovery began, I had found my God in music and the arts, with writers like Hermann Hesse and musicians like Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, and Little Walter. In some way, in some form, my God was always there, but now I have learned to talk to him.

I came home from Hazelden for Christmas, to Lori and Conor at Hurtwood. There was a lot to be done, a lot of wreckage to clear up, and Lori was very supportive. I think she knew intuitively that I was not ready to make a decision about our situation yet, and she seemed reasonably content just to see where things would lead. The first person I wanted to see on my return was Pattie. We had parted on such bad terms, and I wanted to see if there was still a spark there, even if it was only friendship. We met for lunch, and it was great. I couldn't feel any enmity from her, and we were able to speak without manipulation, which for me was a miracle.

There was work to throw myself back into, beginning with a continuation of a project that had started in January 1987, when I agreed to play six shows on successive nights at the Royal Albert Hall, in London. It was to become a tradition, with the number of gigs increasing each year, peaking in 1991 with 24. With a band that included Nathan East and Greg Phillinganes from the *August* sessions, Steve Ferrone and Phil Collins on drums, and the addition of Mark Knopfler on guitar, the performances had gone so well that we decided to make it a regular booking.

I had always liked this venue and enjoyed going to see people play there. It's comfortable and has a great atmosphere, and the management has always made sure that it sounds good. It's also one of the few places where you can see all of the audience when you're onstage. They were fantastic shows, and one night for an encore Frank Zappa's keyboard player Don Preston, known as "Mother Don," broke into the hall's organ keyboard, which was locked behind two glass doors, and played a raucous version of "Louie Louie" that brought the house down.

The best times I had in those early years of sobriety were in the company of my son and his mother. It was the closest that life ever got to being normal for me. Conor was a good-looking boy with blond hair, like mine at that age, and brown eyes. I'd seen pictures of my Uncle Adrian as a little boy, playing in the woods with my mother, and Conor bore a strong resemblance to him. He was a beautiful child with a wonderful, gentle nature who was walking by the time he was a year old.

As soon as he could talk, he began calling me "Papa."

But however deeply I loved this little boy, I had no idea where to begin with him, because I was a baby trying to look after a baby. So I just let Lori raise him, which she did brilliantly. She would come and stay with her sister Paola, who also worked for her as her assistant, and occasionally their mother accompanied them, and for a few weeks we would live a very peaceful, family kind of life. I used to watch Conor's every move, and because I didn't really know much about how to be a father, I played with him in the way a sibling plays, kicking balls around on the terrace for hours and going for walks in the garden. He also got to know my mother and grandmother, and Roger too. Anyone who came into contact with him adored him. He was a little angel, really—a very divine being.

From the beginning, there was always a certain amount of fear involved in my relationship with Conor. I was, after all, a part-time father. Small children can be quite dismissive and unintentionally cruel, and I tended to take this very personally. However, as the duration of my sobriety increased, I began to be more comfortable with him and to really look forward to seeing him. I was very much in this mood in March 1991, when I arranged to see Conor in New York, where Lori and her new boyfriend, Silvio, were planning to buy an apartment.

On the evening of March 19, I went to the Galleria, an apartment block on East 57th Street, where they were staying, to pick up Conor and take him to the circus on Long Island. It was the very first time I had taken him out on my own, and I was both nervous and excited. It was a great night out. Conor never stopped talking and was particularly excited at seeing the elephants. It made me realize for the first time what it meant to have a child and be a father. I remember telling Lori, when I took him back, that from then on, when I had Conor home on visits, I wanted to look after him all on my own.

The following morning I was up early, ready to walk downtown from my hotel, the Mayfair Regent, at Park and 64th Street, to pick up Lori and Conor and take them to the Central Park Zoo, followed by lunch at Bice, my favorite Italian restaurant. At about 11 A.M. the phone rang, and it was Lori. She was hysterical, screaming that Conor was dead.



thought to myself, This is ridiculous. How can he be dead? And I asked her the silliest question: "Are you sure?" And then she told me that he'd fallen out of the window. She was beside herself. Screaming. I said, "I'll be right there."

I remember walking down Park Avenue, trying to convince myself that everything was really all right . . . as if anyone could make a mistake about something like that. When I got near the apartment building, I saw a police line and paramedics on the street, and I walked past the scene, lacking the courage to go in. Finally, I went into the building, where I was asked a few questions by the police. I took the elevator upstairs to the apartment, which was on the 53rd floor. Lori was out of her mind and talking in a crazy way. By this time I had become very calm and detached. I had stepped back within myself and become one of those people who just attend to others.

By talking to the police and the doctors, I established what had happened without even having to go into the room. The main sitting room had windows along one side that went from floor to ceiling, and they could be tilted open for cleaning. There were no window guards, however, since the building was a condominium and escaped the normal building regulations. On this morning the janitor was cleaning the windows and had temporarily left them open. Conor was racing about the apartment playing a game of hide-and-seek with his nanny, and while Lori was distracted by the janitor's warning her about the danger, he simply ran into the room and straight out the window. He then fell 49 floors before landing on the roof of an adjacent four-story building.

Lori was not about to go down to the mortuary, so I had to identify him on my own. Whatever physical damage he had suffered in the fall, by the time I saw him they had restored his body to some normality. I remember looking at his beautiful face in repose and thinking, This isn't my son. It looks a bit like him, but he's gone. I went to see him again at the funeral home, to say good-bye and to apologize for not being a better father. A few days later, accompanied by various friends and family, Lori and I flew back to England with the coffin. We went to Hurtwood, where the Italians all wailed, openly expressing their grief, while I remained quite detached, in a permanent daze.

Conor's funeral took place at the St. Mary Magdalen church in Ripley, where I had grown up, on a cold, bleak March day shortly before my 46th birthday. All my old friends from Ripley came, and it was a very lovely service, but I was speechless. I looked up at his coffin, and I just couldn't talk. We laid him to rest in a plot right next to the church wall, and as his coffin was lowered into the ground, his Italian grandmother became completely hysterical and tried to throw herself into the grave. I remember feeling a bit shocked by this, as I'm not very good at outward emotion. I just don't grieve that way. When we came out of the churchyard, we were faced with a wall of reporters and photographers, about 50 of them. The curious thing is, while a lot of other people were very upset and insulted, because they considered this a lack of respect, it didn't impinge on my own grief in any way. I just didn't care. All I wanted was for it to be over.

After the funeral, when Lori's family had all gone home and Hurtwood was quiet and it was just me alone with my thoughts, I found a letter from Conor that he had written to me from Milan, telling me how much he missed me and was looking forward to seeing me in New York. He had written, "I love you." Heartbreaking though it was, I looked upon it as a positive thing. There were thousands of letters of condolence for me to read, written from all over the world, from friends, from strangers, from people like Prince Charles and the Kennedys. I was amazed. One of the first I opened was from Keith Richards. It simply said, "If there's anything I can do, just let me know." I'll always be grateful for that.

I cannot deny that there was a moment when I did lose faith, and what saved my life was the unconditional love and understanding that I received from my friends and my fellows in the 12-step program. I would go to a meeting and people would quietly gather round and keep me company, buy me coffee, and let me talk about what had happened. I was asked to chair some meetings, and at one of these sessions, when I was discussing the third step, which is about handing your will over to the care of God, I recounted the story of how, during my last stay in Hazelden, I had fallen upon my knees and asked for help to stay sober. I told the meeting that the compulsion was taken away at that moment, and, as far as I was concerned, this was physical evidence that my prayers had been answered. Having had that experience, I said, I knew I could get through this.

A woman came up to me after the meeting and said, "You've just taken away my last excuse to have a drink." I asked her what she meant. She said, "I've always had this little corner of my mind which held the excuse that, if anything were to happen to my kids, then I'd be justified in getting drunk. You've shown me that's not true." I was suddenly aware that maybe I had found a way to turn this dreadful tragedy into something positive. I really was in the position to say,

Eric Clapton

"Well, if I can go through this and stay sober, then anyone can." There was no better way to honor the memory of my son.

The first few months after Conor's death were a waking nightmare, but the shock prevented me from completely breaking down. I also had work commitments to deal with. For one, Russ Titelman was sitting in a studio with a pile of tapes from the 24 shows I had done at the Royal Albert Hall in February and March. I couldn't engage with the music at all and didn't really want to be there, until he played me the version of "Wonderful Tonight." For some reason, listening to that song had a very calming effect on me, and I went into a deep sleep. I hadn't slept for weeks until then, so it was a very healing experience. I think it was because the song took me back to a reasonably sane and uncomplicated point in my past, when Pattie and I were happy and all I had to worry about was her being late getting ready for dinner.

I couldn't stand sitting alone in Hurtwood after what had happened, so I asked one of my oldest friends, Vivien Gibson, to come around every day to check on the mail. Viv and I had been friends for many years, starting when we had an affair during the 80s, and she was now working full-time as my secretary. She was also one of the only people I wanted to have around me at this time. Somehow she understood my grief and was not afraid of it. It's amazing how many so-called friends disappear in the face of this kind of tragedy. She is a truly courageous person with tremendous compassion. I also felt I needed a complete change of scenery, so with Roger in tow I drove around London looking at houses until I found a beautiful one in Chelsea. Set back off the road on a side street, it was perfect. It had a courtyard to park in and a small walled garden.

At the same time, with the help of Leo Hageman, a developer in Antigua, and Colin Robinson, his friend and architect, I set about designing and building a villa within the grounds of a small resort hotel on Galleon Beach, in English Harbour, on the south coast. What was I doing? I was running, in several directions at once. The governing factor in all of this, though, was motion—keep moving; under no circumstances stay still and feel the feelings. That would have been unbearable.

I was three years sober, with just enough recovery to stay afloat but no real experience or knowledge of how to deal with grief on this scale. Many people might have thought that it would be dangerous for me to be alone, that I would ultimately drink, but I had the fellowship, and I had my guitar. It was, as it always had been, my salvation. Over the next two or three months, in England and Antigua, I stayed alone, going to meetings and playing the guitar. At first I just played, with no objectives. Then songs began to evolve. The first to take shape was "Circus," about the night Conor and I went to the circus, our last night together. Later, in Antigua, I wrote a song linking the loss of Conor with the mystery surrounding the life of my father, called "My Father's Eyes." In it, I tried to describe the parallel between looking into the eyes of my son and seeing the eyes of the father I had never met, through the chain of our blood.

The most powerful of the new songs was "Tears in Heaven." Musically, I had always been haunted by Jimmy Cliff's "Many Rivers to Cross" and wanted to borrow from that chord progression, but essentially I wrote this one to ask the question I had been asking myself ever since my grandfather died: Will we really meet again? It's difficult to talk about these songs in depth—that's why they're songs. Their birth and development is what kept me alive through the darkest period of my life. When I try to take myself back to that time, to recall the terrible numbness that I lived in, I recoil in fear. I never want to go through anything like that again. Originally, these songs were never meant for publication or public consumption; they were just what I did to stop from going mad. I played them to myself, over and over, constantly changing or refining them, until they were part of my being.

Toward the end of my stay in Antigua, I chartered a boat for a two-week trip around the islands with Roger and his wife. I have always loved being by or on the sea, and although I have no ambitions to be a sailor, I find the scale of the ocean very calming and revitalizing. The start of the trip, however, wasn't a great success. Roger and I were at loggerheads over various things, and the atmosphere was chilly. Later we were joined by Russ Titelman, and then by my daughter Ruth and her mother, Yvonne Kelly, whom I had met and had a brief romance with six years earlier. This lifted the mood, and the cruise took an upward turn.

Among the letters that had come in about Conor was one from Yvonne in which, to help me in my loss, she had offered me the opportunity to become fully acquainted with Ruth as her father. It was an incredibly generous act and gave me some direction until the fog cleared. This little sea cruise was in fact the first of many small visitations that took place to test the waters for this idea, and it worked. It was great to be in the company of a child again—my child. I will always be grateful to Yvonne for giving me this second chance. It was a lifeline in a sea of bewilderment and confusion. Over the next couple of years I visited them on Montserrat, slowly establishing a rapport with my daughter, until Yvonne decided that in order for Ruth to get a proper education and spend more time with me they would come home to Doncaster, the Yorkshire town where Yvonne had been brought up.

As far as helping me cope with the death of Conor, developing a relationship with Ruth was, at first, no more than a Band-Aid solution. It wasn't until the pity was taken out of the equation and we started to have fun that it became a real thing for me. It took time because, first, I had a lot of work to do repairing myself, and until that was done, my ability to be emotionally intimate with my daughter was seriously limited. As for discipline, I had a lot to learn and was very unsure of my entitlements with her. But slowly, bit by bit, we got to know each other, and I learned through therapy how to express my disapproval when necessary. Looking back on those years, I realize what a profound effect she had on my well-being. Her presence in my life was absolutely vital to my recovery. In her I had again found something real to be concerned about, and that was very instrumental in my becoming an active human being again.

In the early summer of 1991, I took a trip to New York to look at a film being made by Lili Zanuck, wife of the American movie producer Richard Zanuck. Called *Rush,* it is based on a semi-autobiographical novel about a female undercover narcotics agent who becomes an addict herself. Lili was a big fan of mine and wanted me to do the score for the film. I had never taken on an entire project like this before; most of the film work I had done had been supervised by the American arranger and composer Michael Kamen. We had gotten together to do music for an English thriller TV series called *Edge of Darkness,* and then the *Lethal Weapon* films. In all honesty, from what I had seen thus far, I had no great passion for the movie industry. I love film and am a real movie buff, but being behind the scenes left me cold.

Nevertheless, I took the job, mainly because I liked Lili. She was outrageously funny, and I loved and identified with her views, whether on movies, music, or just life. At the end of the summer I took up residence in L.A. and started working on the film. At some point I played "Tears in Heaven" to Lili, and it was at her insistence that we put it in the movie. I was very reluctant. After all, I was still unsure about whether or not it should ever be made public, but her argument was that it might in some way help somebody, and that got my vote.

The song was released as a single and became a massive hit. The film didn't do so well, although it deserved to. It's since become something of a cult hit, and I'm extremely proud of the music. I finished up the year by touring Japan with George Harrison (my friend and Pattie's ex-husband). He and

his wife, Olivia, had been really kind to me over the last few months, and I wanted to express my gratitude.

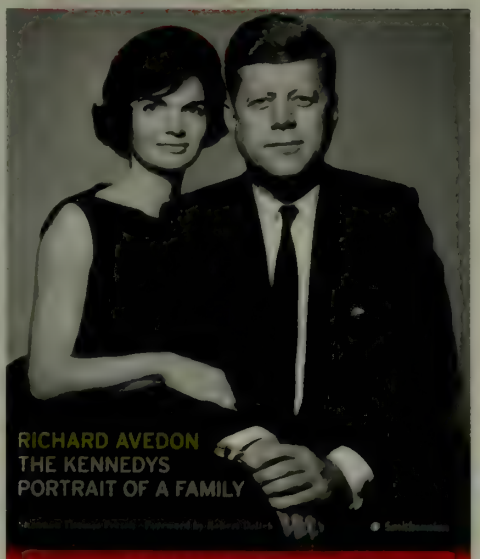
During the trip, Lori showed up out of the blue and just checked into our hotel. Her boyfriend, Silvio, had faxed me, warning me that she was coming to see me. They had broken up, and he was worried about her. I couldn't handle it. I was barely holding myself together emotionally, and there was work to do. Curiously enough, George stepped in and took control. He and Lori traveled around together, and he seemed to have a calming influence on her. I felt very guilty about not being able to comfort her, but I was experiencing tremendous feelings of anger and sadness, with no real idea of how to cope with them and her at the same time.

The year 1991 was horrendous on the face of it, but some precious seeds were sown. My recovery from alcoholism had taken on a new meaning. Staying sober really was the most important thing in my life now and had given me direction when I thought I had none. I had also been shown how fragile life really is, and, strangely enough, had somehow been cheered by this, as if my powerlessness had become a source of relief for me. The music, too, took on a new energy. I had a need to perform these new songs about my son, and I really believed that they were meant to help not just me but anybody who had suffered or would suffer such extraordinary loss. The opportunity to showcase them came in the guise of an *Unplugged* show for MTV. I had been approached to do it and wasn't sure, but now it seemed like the ideal platform. I sat in my house in Chelsea and worked out a repertoire for the show that would allow me to revisit my roots and present these new songs in a safe and careful environment.

The show was great. The guitarist Andy Fairweather Low and I did quite a lot of bare acoustic work on some Robert Johnson and Big Bill Broonzy material, and we performed "Tears in Heaven" and "Circus," although I later vetoed that song on the grounds that it was too shaky. I also enjoyed going back and playing the old stuff like "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," which was how it had all started so long ago.

Russ produced the album of the show, and Roger was like an expectant father hovering over the project, while I was fairly dismissive, saying that I thought we ought to put it out as a limited edition. I just wasn't that enamored with it, and as much as I'd enjoyed playing all the songs, I didn't think it was that great to listen to. When it came out, it was the biggest-selling album of my entire career, which goes to show what I know about marketing. It was also the cheapest to produce and required the least amount of preparation and work. But if you want to know what it actually cost me, go to Ripley, and visit the grave of my son. □

CREDITS



FIRST-FAMILY ALBUM

President-elect John F. Kennedy and his wife, Jacqueline, photographed by Richard Avedon on January 3, 1961, at the Kennedy compound in Palm Beach, Florida. This image appears on the cover of *The Kennedys: Portrait of a Family*, which contains many previously unpublished shots from the Smithsonian collections, including the photos in the portfolio beginning on page 282. The book, by Shannon Thomas Perich with a foreword by Robert Dallek, is published by Collins Design, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers, and is being released in conjunction with an exhibition of the same name at the National Constitution Center, in Philadelphia, from October 5 to December 2, 2007.

FASHION

PAGE 54: EVA GREEN'S CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN shoes from Saks Fifth Avenue and Christian Louboutin boutiques nationwide, or call 310-247-9300, or go to christianlouboutin.fr. **PAGE 133:** Costumes designed by William Ivey Long; wigs designed by Paul Huntley. **PAGE 146: BLAKE LIVELY'S MARC JACOBS** sweater from Marc Jacobs, Las Vegas, or call 702-369-2007, or go to marcjacobs.com; **KIKI DE MONTPARNASSE** top from Kiki de Montparnasse, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to kikidm.com; **CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN** shoes from Christian Louboutin boutiques nationwide, or go to christianlouboutin.fr. **PAGE 150:** Bottom left, styled by Georgia Benjou; **FRANCESCA ZAMBELLO'S** blouse by **ESKANDER**, from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. **PAGE 271:** For **LYMARI NADAL'S LOUIS VUITTON** sweater and hat, call 866-VUITTON, or go to louisvuitton.com; **JIMMY CHOO** shoes from Jimmy Choo boutiques nationwide, or go to jimmychoo.com, or call 866-JCHOO-US; for **HARRY WINSTON** jewelry, go to harrywinston.com, or call 800-988-4110; Deda Coben for celestineagency.com. **PAGE 280:** Styled by Nancy Lucas; **JASON BATEMAN'S VALENTINO** suit and shirt from Valentino, N.Y.C., or call 212-772-6969; for **EMPORIO ARMANI** tie, go to emporioarmani.com; for **SERGIO ROSSI** shoes, go to sergiorossi.com, or call 212-956-3303. **PAGES 300–301:** Eva Green's **MIU MIU** camisole and briefs from selected Miu Miu boutiques, or call 888-977-1900; vintage headpiece from the Girl Can't Help It, London, or call 011-44-207-724-8984; **MONTBLANC** earrings and rings from selected Montblanc boutiques, or call 800-995-4810. **PAGE 302:** Eva Green's **BOUDICCA** jacket from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; for **ERES** bodysuit, go to eresparis.com, or call 800-340-6004. **PAGE 303:** Eva Green's **CHRISTIAN DIOR HAUTE COUTURE BY JOHN GALLIANO** bodice from Dior, N.Y.C., or call 212-931-2950; for **ERES** briefs, go to eresparis.com, or call 800-340-6004; for **CAROLINA AMATO** gloves, go to carolinaamato.com; for **AGENT PROVOCATEUR** holdups, go to agentprovocateur.com; **FIFI CHACHNIL** garter belt from Catriona Mackechnie, N.Y.C.; **MONTBLANC** rings from selected Montblanc boutiques, or call 800-995-4810. **PAGES 316–17: JOAN**



BAEZ'S vintage shirt from Melet Mercantile, N.Y.C.; for **LEVI'S** jeans, go to levisstore.com. **PAGES 318–19:** For **NOEL PAUL STOOKEY'S SCHOTT** jacket, go to schottnyc.com; for **BROOKS BROTHERS** sweater, go to brooksbrothers.com, or call 800-274-1815. **MARY TRAVERS'S CHETTA B** blouse from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **LORO PIANA** wrap from Loro Piana stores nationwide, or call 212-980-7961. **PETER YARROW'S ETRO** sweater from Etro, N.Y.C., Beverly Hills, and Las Vegas; for Brooks Brothers hat, go to brooksbrothers.com, or call 800-274-1815. **PAGES 322–23:** For **RAY LAMONTAGNE'S DICKIES** shirt, call 800-336-7201, or go to dickies.com. **PAGE 326: BECKY STARK'S BOTTEGA VENETA** jacket from Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide, or call 877-362-1715, or go to bottegaveneta.com; **CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN** shoes from Christian Louboutin boutiques nationwide, or go to christianlouboutin.fr.; **VERSACE** hat from Versace boutiques nationwide, or go to versace.com. **PAGE 328: JUDY COLLINS'S PURE DKNY** jacket from selected DKNY stores; **ST. JOHN SPORT** pants from St. John boutiques nationwide, or go to sjk.com, or call 212-755-5252. **PAGES 330–31: FEIST'S YOHJI YAMAMOTO** jacket from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C., and Tanglewool, Lenox, Mass., or go to yohjiyamamoto.co.jp; for **CLU** shirt, go to lagarconne.com; **NINA RICCI** pants from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., or call 212-753-4000, or go to nina-ricci.fr. **PAGES 332–33: LIVINGSTON TAYLOR'S** vintage shirt from Melet Mercantile, N.Y.C.; for **WRANGLER** jeans, call 888-784-8571; vintage vest and shoes from Odds Costume Rental, N.Y.C.; vintage hat from What Comes Around Goes Around, N.Y.C., or go to shopwcaga.com; vintage belt from Early Halloween Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C. **HUGH TAYLOR'S** vintage jean jacket from Early Halloween Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C.; for **LEVI'S** shirt, go to levisstore.com; for Wrangler jeans, call 888-784-8571; vintage shoes from Odds Costume Rental, N.Y.C.; vintage hat from What Comes Around Goes Around, N.Y.C., or go to shopwcaga.com. **JAMES TAYLOR'S POLO BY RALPH LAUREN** jacket from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or go to polo.com, or call 888-475-7674. For **HENRY TAYLOR'S** and **RUFUS TAYLOR'S** Levi's jeans, call 800-USA-LEVI; hats from Western Spirit, N.Y.C., or call 212-343-1476. **PAGE 334: BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE'S** vintage jacket from What Comes Around Goes Around, N.Y.C., or go to shopwcaga.com; jeans from Western Spirit, N.Y.C., or call 212-343-1476. **PAGES 336–37: MIRANDA KERR'S DOLCE & GABBANA** shoes from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, or go to dolcegabbana.it, or call 877-70-DGUSA; for **LA CRASIA** gloves, go to wegloveyou.com; **JACOB & CO.** earrings and rings from Jacob & Co., N.Y.C., or go to jacobandco.com; **CARTIER** bracelet and necklace from Cartier boutiques nationwide, or call 800-CARTIER, or go to cartier.com. For **ALESSANDRA AMBROSIO'S CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN** shoes, go to christianlouboutin.fr; **VERSACE** gloves from selected Versace boutiques, or go to versace.com; for **HARRY WINSTON** earrings, go to harrywinston.com, or call 800-988-4110; **DE BEERS** rings from De Beers, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, or call 800-929-0889, or go to debeers.com. For **KAROLINA**





KURKOVA'S Christian Louboutin shoes, go to christianlouboutin.fr; for **COSTUME NATIONAL** gloves, go to costumenational.com; for Harry Winston necklace and bracelet (bottom), go to harrywinston.com, or call 800-988-4110; **LEVIEV** bracelet (top) from Leviev, N.Y.C., or go to leviev.com; for **GRAFF** earrings and ring, call 212-355-9292. For **IZABEL GOULART'S** Christian Louboutin shoes, go to christianlouboutin.fr; for **PORTOLANO** gloves, call 212-719-4403; **BULGARI** earrings from Bulgari, N.Y.C., or call 800-BULGARI; for **CHOPARD** bracelet, call 800-CHOPARD. For **SELITA EBANKS'S** Christian Louboutin shoes, go to christianlouboutin.fr; for **SERMONETA** gloves, go to sermonetagloves.com; Cartier earrings from Cartier boutiques nationwide, or call 800-CARTIER, or go to cartier.com; for Graff ring and bracelet, call 212-355-9292. **ADRIANA LIMA'S GUCCI** shoes from selected Gucci stores, or go to gucci.com, or call 800-234-8224; for **CAROLINA AMATO** gloves, go to carolinaamato.com; for Graff earrings and bracelet (left arm, bottom), call 212-355-9292; Leviev bracelet (right arm) from Leviev N.Y.C., or go to leviev.com; for Harry Winston bracelet (left arm, top), go to harrywinston.com, or call 800-988-4110; Bulgari ring from Bulgari, N.Y.C., or call 800-BULGARI.

BEAUTY

PAGE 133: Makeup designed by Angelina Avallone. PAGE 142: Yumi for frankreps.com. PAGE 146: **BLAKE LIVELY'S** hair styled with **REDKEN** Vinyle Glam 02 Mega Shine Spray and Workforce 09 Flexible Volumizing Spray; Moiz for Redken/Art Department. Kristofer Buckle and Tabitha for artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGE 150: Bottom left, hair by Tom Augustine; makeup by Tiffany Hicks. PAGE 156: Top left, **NICKY KINNAIRD'S** makeup by Christina Reyna for raybrownpro.com. Bottom right, **JOHN BARRETT** Elementage hair-care line from John Barrett Salon, Bergdorf Goodman, Clyde's, C.O. Bigelow, or go to johnbarrett.com. Bottom left, **CLÉ DE PEAU BEAUTÉ** Eye Color Quad from Bergdorf Goodman, New York, selected Barneys New York stores, and Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **ESTÉE LAUDER** Signature Shimmer Powder from Estée Lauder counters, or go to esteelauder.com; **GUERLAIN** Parure Compact Foundation from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **LANCÔME** Destiny Cube from Lancôme boutiques and counters nationwide and specialty stores nationwide, or go to lancome-usa.com; **REVLON** Waterproof 3D Extreme Mascara from drugstores and mass retailers nationwide; **YVES SAINT LAURENT** Fard à Lèvres Rouge Pur lipstick from Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus, and Bloomingdales stores nationwide. PAGE 194: Grooming by George Kyriakos for Snap-Artists. PAGE 271: **LYMARI NADAL'S** hair styled with **C TONICS** Elixir Milk Hair & Scalp Conditioning Styling Crème and **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** Styling Gel; Campbell Hair for C Tonics. On her face, **MAX FACTOR** Colour Adapt Liquid Makeup in Golden and Lasting Performance Loose Powder in Translucent Light; on her eyes, MAXeye Shadows in Ravenous and Volume Couture Mascara in Rich Black; on her cheeks, Natural Brush-On Satin Blush in Natural; on her lips, MAXwear Lip Colors in Retro Raven; Jake Bailey for soloartists.com. Melissa Bozant for artmixbeauty.com. PAGE 280: Grooming by Cathy Highland for cloutieragency.com. PAGES 300–303: **EVA GREEN'S** hair styled with **KÉRASTASE** Double Force Hair Spray and Creme Oléo-Curl; Sebastien Richard for Jed Root. On her face, **DIOR** Diorskin Pure Light in Peach and Diorskin Poudre Libre in Transparent Light; on her eyes, 5 Colour Eyeshadow in Night Dust, Eyeliner Pencil in Black, and Diorshow Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Diorblush in Naive Rose; on her lips, **YVES SAINT LAURENT** Fard à Lèvres Rouge Pur/Pure Lipstick N°137 in Red Star; Val Garland for YSL/Streeters. On her nails. **OPI** Nail Polish in O'Hare and Nails Look Great!; Anatol for Opi/Premier. PAGE 304: Vaughn Acord for Bumble and Bumble. PAGES 310 AND 312: Seiji and Rebecca Restrepo for the Wall Group; Dora Yumatanov for Lippman Collection/Cornelia Day Resort & Spa. PAGES 316–17: On **JOAN BAEZ'S** face, **CHANEL** Teint Innocence Naturally Luminous Fluid Makeup S.P.F. 12 in Gentle Ivory, and Natural Finish Loose Powder in Translucent 1; on her eyes, Cils à Cils Lash Building Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Tempting Beige; on her lips, Lèvres Scintillantes Glossimer in Twinkle; Kate Lee for Chanel/magnetla.com. PAGES 318–19: **NOEL PAUL STOOKEY'S** and **PETER YARROW'S** hair styled with **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** styling gel; **MARY TRAVERS'S** hair styled with **BUMBLE AND BUMBLE** Styling Wax, and **KÉRASTASE** Double Force Spray; Renato Campora for the Wall Group. On Travers's face, **LANCÔME** Color Ideal Precise Match Skin Perfecting Makeup S.P.F. 15 Sunscreen in I-15-C, and Absolue Powder in Absolute Peche; on her eyes, Color Design Sensational Effects Eye Shadow Smooth Hold in Crème Lustré, Khôl Oriental Duo Eyeliner in Noir Captive, and Courbe Virtuôse Divine Lasting Curves Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Blush Subtil in Cedar Rose; on her lips, Color Design Sensational Effects Lipcolor in Fast Fashion; Gucci Westman for Lancôme. PAGES 320–21: On the faces of **CATHYALIZA** and **ANNIE GUTHRIE, DIOR** Diorshow Powder in Spotlight Peach; on their eyes, 5 Colour Shades in Mystic Jade, and Diorshow Mascara Shades in Chestnut; on their cheeks, Pro Cheeks Shades in Hip Peach; on their lips, Rouge Dior Shades lipstick in Diorama. On the faces of **JACKIE, LISA,** and **SARA LEE GUTHRIE, DIOR** Diorskin Pressed Powder in Medium; on their eyes, 5 Colour Shades in Mystic Jade, and Diorshow Mascara Shades in Chestnut; on their cheeks, Pro Cheeks Shades in Catwalk; on Jackie and Sara Lee's lips, Rouge Dior Shades Lipstick in Action Red; on Lisa's lips, Dior Addict Plastic Gloss Shades in Edgy Rosewood. PAGES 322–23: **RAY LAMONTAGNE'S** hair styled with **REDKEN** Rewind 06 Pliable Styling Paste; Dennis Gotsoulos for Redken/magnetny.com. Kate Lee for Chanel/magnetla.com. PAGES 324–25: On **JONI MITCHELL'S** face, **CHANEL** Teint Innocence Naturally Luminous Fluid Makeup S.P.F. 12 in [illegible]ural, and Poudre Douce Soft Pressed Powder in Rosée, on her eyes, **BENEFIT** Creaseless Cream Shadow/Liner in Carte Blanche, and Chanel Inimitable Mascara Multi-Dimensionnel in Noir-Blac on her cheeks, Benefit 10; on her lips, the Gloss in Ra Reviews; Paul Starr for paulstarrmakeup.com/magnetla.com. PAGE 326: On **BECKY STARK'S** face, **CHANEL** Teint Innocence Naturally Luminous Fluid Makeup S.P.F. 12 in Gentle Ivory, and Natural Finish Loose-Powder in Translucent 1; on her eyes, Quadra Eye Shadow in Influences, Intense Eye Pencil in Noir, and Cils à Cils Lash Building Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Tempting Beige; on her lips, Glossimer in Hibiscus; Kate Lee fo Chanel/magnetla.com. PAGE 328: **JUDY COLLINS'S** hair styled with **REDKEN** Headplay 12 Pliable Working Spray; Dennis Gotsoulos for Redken/magnetny.com. On her face, **CHANEL** Professional Finish Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Shell, and Natural Finish Loose Powder in Translucent 1; on her eyes, Silky Eyeshadow Duo in Orient-Express, and Extracils Super Curl Lengthening Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Powder Blush in Ros Bronze; on her lips, Rouge Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Lilac Sky; Kate Lee for Chanel/magnetla.com. PAGE 329: On **DEVENDRA BANHART'S** face, **CHANEL** Vitalumière Crème Compact in Beige; on his eyes, Silky Eyeshadow Duo in Flash-Back; on his body, Automatic Liquid Eyeliner in Noir; Kate Lee for Chanel/magnetla.com. PAGES 330–31: On **FEIST'S** face, **CHANEL** Naturally Luminous Fluid Makeup S.P.F. 12 in Wheat, and Natural Finish Loose Powder in Translucent 2; on her eyes, Inimitable Mascara Multi-Dimensionnel in Noir-Black; on her lips, Rouge Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Vamp; Francelle for Chanel/magnetny.com. Rebekah Forecast for the Wall Group. PAGES 334–35: **BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE'S** hair style with **AVEDA** Brilliant Universal Styling Creme, and **LEONOR GREYL** Sérum de Soie Sublimateur. **RICHIE HAVENS'S** hair styled with **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** Styling Gel; Renato Campora for the Wall Group. On Buffy Sainte-Marie's face, **CHANEL** Vitalumière Crème Compact in Soft Bisque; on her eyes, **SHISEIDO** Accentuating Cream Eyeliner in 2, and Lasting Lift Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Chanel Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Tempting Beige; on her lips, Shiseido Perfecting Lipstick in Praline; Fulvia Farolfi for Chanel. PAGES 336–37: **ALESSANDRA AMBROSIO'S, SELITA EBANKS'S, IZABEL GOULART'S, MIRANDA KERR'S, KAROLINA KURKOVA'S,** and **ADRIANA LIMA'S** hair styled with **TED GIBSON** Build It Blow Drying Agent, Fix It Styling Gel, Tame It Shine Lotion and Beautiful Hold Hairspray; Ted Gibson for Jed Root/tedgibsonbeauty.com. On Ambrosio's, Goulart's, Kurkova's, and Lima's faces, **VICTORIA'S SECRET** Very Sexy Flawless Cream Makeup S.P.F. 30 in Light 10; on their eyes, Very Sexy Makeup Mosaic Eyeshadow in Sultry, Very Sexy Makeup Eyeliner in Black Velvet, and Very Sexy Makeup Intensifying Mascara in Blackest Black; on their cheeks, Very Sexy Makeup Mosaic Blush in In Lust; on their lips, Very Sexy Makeup Lip Gloss in Password. On Ebanks's face, Very Sexy Flawless Cream Makeup S.P.F. 30 in Deep 10; on her eyes, Very Sexy Makeup Mosaic Eyeshadow in All Night, Very Sexy Makeup Eyeliner in Black Velvet, and


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Very Sexy Makeup Intensifying Mascara in Blackest Black; on her cheeks, Very Sexy Makeup Mosaic Blush in Pleasure Me; on her lips, Very Sexy Makeup Lipgloss in Wet. On Kerr's face, Very Sexy Flawless Cream Makeup S.P.F. 30 in Light 5; on her eyes, Very Sexy Makeup Mosaic Eyeshadow in Hypnotic, Very Sexy Makeup Eyeliner in Black Velvet, and Very Sexy Makeup Intensifying Mascara in Blackest Black; on her cheeks, Very Sexy Makeup Mosaic Blush in Afterglow; on her lips, Very Sexy Makeup Lip Gloss in Intimate; Fulvia Farolfi for Chanel. Yuna Park for Streeters. PAGE 344–45: Sebastien Richard for Jed Root; Phopie Mattias for Dior/Marie-France Thavonekham.

WHERE TO FIND BEAUTY PRODUCTS

AVEDA, Aveda stores nationwide, or go to aveda.com. **BENEFIT,** go to benefitcosmetics.com. **BUMBLE AND BUMBLE,** Bumble and Bumble salons, N.Y.C., or go to bumbleandbumble.com. **CHANEL,** Chanel boutiques and counters nationwide, or go to chanel.com, or sephora.com. **C TONICS,** go to ctonics.com. **DIOR,** Dior boutiques and major department stores nationwide. **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI,** Frédéric Fekkai salons, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to sephora.com. **KÉRASTASE,** selected hair salons, or go to kerastase.com. **LANCÔME,** go to lancome.com. **LEONOR GREYL,** go to beautyhabit.com. **MAX FACTOR,** drugstores nationwide. **OPI,** go to opi.com. **REDKEN,** Redken Gallerie, N.Y.C., or go to redken.com. **SHISEIDO,** go to macys.com. **TED GIBSON,** Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. **VICTORIA'S SECRET,** Victoria's Secret stores nationwide. **YVES SAINT LAURENT,** Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide.

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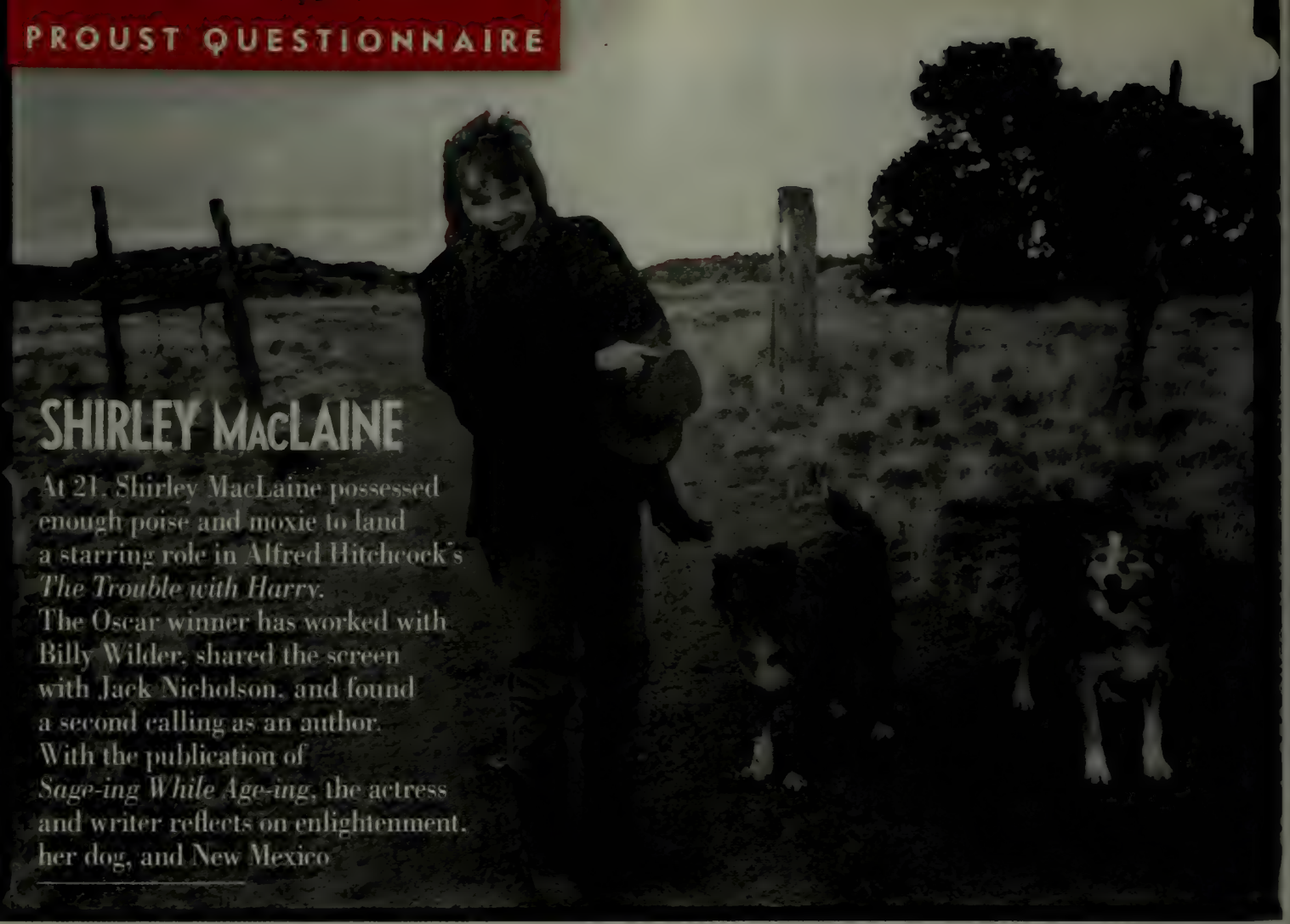
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PAGE 178: From *The Orange County Register.* PAGE 180: From Michael Ochs Archives. PAGE 182: From left: from Bettmann/Corbis, from the Everett Collection, from Bettmann/Corbis. PAGE 186: Center, from the Everett Collection; right, by Roger-Viollet/Getty Images. PAGE 188: From left: from Bettmann/Corbis, from the Hulton-Deutsch Collection/Corbis, from the Monitor Picture Library/Retna UK. PAGE 190: Top, from Retna UK; bottom, from Dalle/Retna Ltd. PAGE 192: From Rex USA. PAGE 196: From Reuters/Landov. PAGE 198: From A.P. Images. PAGE 200: From Getty Images. PAGE 204: From Reuters/Corbis. PAGE 207: From Bettmann/Corbis. PAGE 208: From Corbis. PAGE 210: From Polaris. PAGE 212: Inset, from Getty Images. PAGE 234: From the U.S. Army via Getty Images. PAGE 236: From Corbis. PAGE 244: From left: by Robert Millard/Zuma Press, Kike Calvo/Zuma Press, Dave Allocca/Startraks. PAGE 247: Clockwise from left: by Jim Smeal/wireimage.com, Nancy Kaszerman/Corbis, Jim Smeal/wireimage.com. PAGE 248: From left: by Clark Samuels/Startraks, Dave Allocca/Startraks, Patrick McMullan. PAGE 251: From left: by Axelle Woussen/bauer-griffin.com, Gary Lewis/bauer-griffin.com, JAG/ bauer-griffin.com. PAGE 252: From Retna Ltd. PAGE 256: By Evan Agostini/Getty Images (7), Bob Berg/Getty Images (3), courtesy of Alan Gross (1, 4), from *Newsday*/MCT/Landov (2), from the *Orlando Sentinel*/MCT/Landov (6), by Brian Rasic/Rex USA (5). PAGE 262: By Georg Chlebarov/Camera Press/Retna Ltd. (1), courtesy of Alan Gross (2), from the *Orlando Sentinel*/MCT/Landov (3, 4, 5). PAGE 271: Ed Murphy for the Rex Agency; photographed at 5th and Sunset, Los Angeles. PAGE 274: By Tammie Arroyo/AFF/Retna Ltd. (Pesci), Sara De Boer/Retna Ltd. (Landau, Obama, Thompson), Gina James/graylock.com/Retna Ltd. (Vigoda), from Jupiter Images/Creatas/Alamy (dog), by Joseph Marzullo/Retna Ltd. (Engel), from Retna Digital/Retna Ltd. (Morse), by RD/Marks/Retna Ltd. (Sedaris). PAGE 278: By Juniors Bildarchiv/Alamy (dog), from Car Culture/Corbis (Porsche), by Randy Faris/Corbis (cards), from Gulfstream Aerospace (plane), by Rene Paik/Alamy (Rolex), by Sion Touhig/Corbis (suitcase). PAGE 280: Top, by Corey Miller. Bottom, set design by David Ross for artmixbeauty.com; produced on location by Stephanie Morton Productions. PAGE 290: From Bettmann/Corbis. PAGES 294–95: From Corbis. PAGE 297: From Contact Press (1, 4), from Corbis (2), from the William J. Clinton Presidential Library (5). PAGES 300–303: Produced on location by Jo Matthews; Robbie Doig for Dragonfly; set props from Guinevere Antiques (guinevere.co.uk), La Maison (lamaisonlondon.com), the Rug Company (therugcompany.info), William Yeoward (williamyeoward.com). PAGE 304: Production by Ruth Levy. PAGES 306–7: From left: from Rex USA, from Alpha Photo Press. PAGES 316–35: Produced by Karen Mulligan and Georgina Koren for Annie Leibovitz Studio. PAGES 324–25 AND 329: Produced on location by Portfolio One. PAGE 338–39: From Contact Press Images. PAGE 341: From Roger-Viollet/Image Works. PAGE 343: Right, from Sygma/Corbis. PAGES 344–45: From Lecoeuvre Phototeque (6), from Kipa/Corbis (7), from O. Medias/Shooting Star (2), from Rue des Archives (4), from Sygma/Corbis (3, 8). PAGE 346: Right, from Sygma/Corbis. PAGE 347: From Contact Press Images. PAGE 348: From Camera Press/Retna Ltd. PAGE 349: Left, from Sygma/Corbis. PAGE 366: Courtesy of Contact Press Images and Annie Leibovitz Studio.

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SHIRLEY MacLAINE

At 21, Shirley MacLaine possessed enough poise and moxie to land a starring role in Alfred Hitchcock's *The Trouble with Harry*. The Oscar winner has worked with Billy Wilder, shared the screen with Jack Nicholson, and found a second calling as an author. With the publication of *Sage-ing While Age-ing*, the actress and writer reflects on enlightenment, her dog, and New Mexico

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Searching for it.

What is your greatest fear?
The violence of enlightenment.

Which living person do you most admire?
The people who work with and for me.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My impatience, which can cause me to be really caustic and rude.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Same. We detest in others what we detest in ourselves.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Monogamy.

On what occasion do you lie?
When I eat sugar and say it doesn't matter.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My bloated stomach after eating sugar.

What is your greatest regret?
Not spending more time with my daughter when I was working.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My dog Terry. All of nature.

Which talent would you most like to have?
Being patient with people who have no work ethic. Maybe they have something to teach me

What is your current state of mind?
Content, but discontent with the leadership worldwide.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
Being able to do nothing.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
The way I think.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A zillionaire who gives away all his money. Yes, I would like to come back as a rich *man* who would live without corruption, respect nature, women, and small, insignificant things.

What is your most treasured possession?
Two necklaces from my Santiago de Compostela Camino. All of my animals.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Prison.

Where would you like to live?
Wherever I am with Terry, but not in a confined space. New Mexico is fine for me.

What is your most marked characteristic?
My humorous cynicism.

Who are your favorite writers?
Those who tell the truth about themselves.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
I don't read fiction. My life is fiction.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Those who are optimistic through pain. I am a physical pussy unless I'm dancing or working out.

What is it that you most dislike?
People who don't care about themselves.

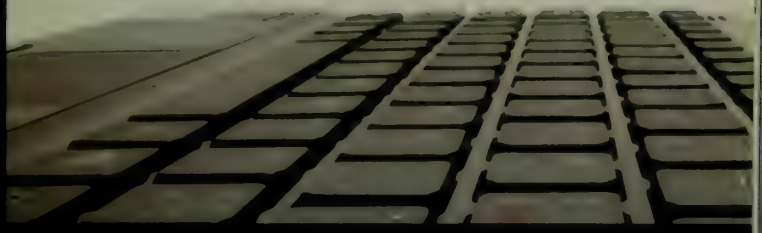
What is your motto?
"I am part of God in Light."

FOR DETAILS SEE CREDITS PAGE

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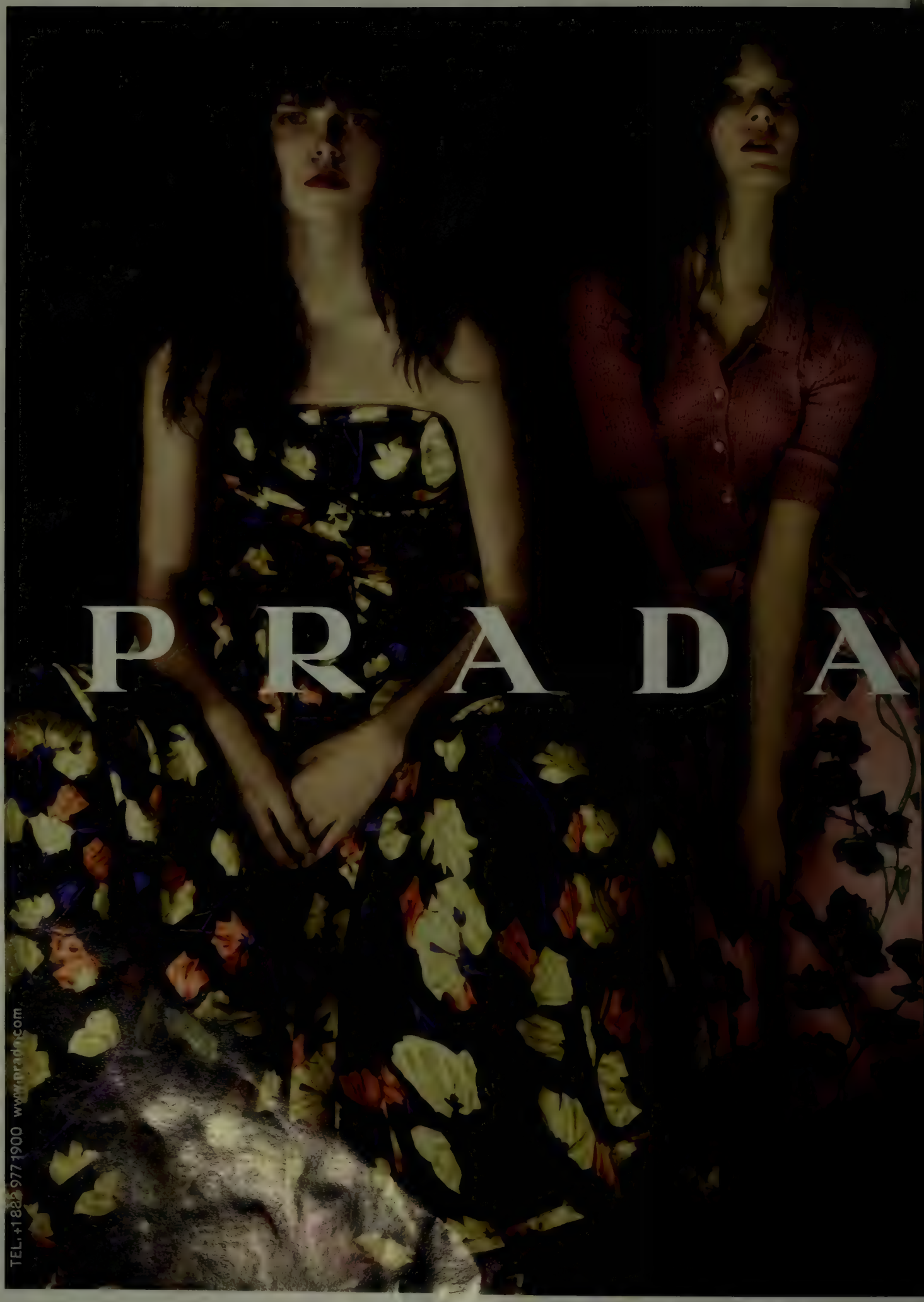
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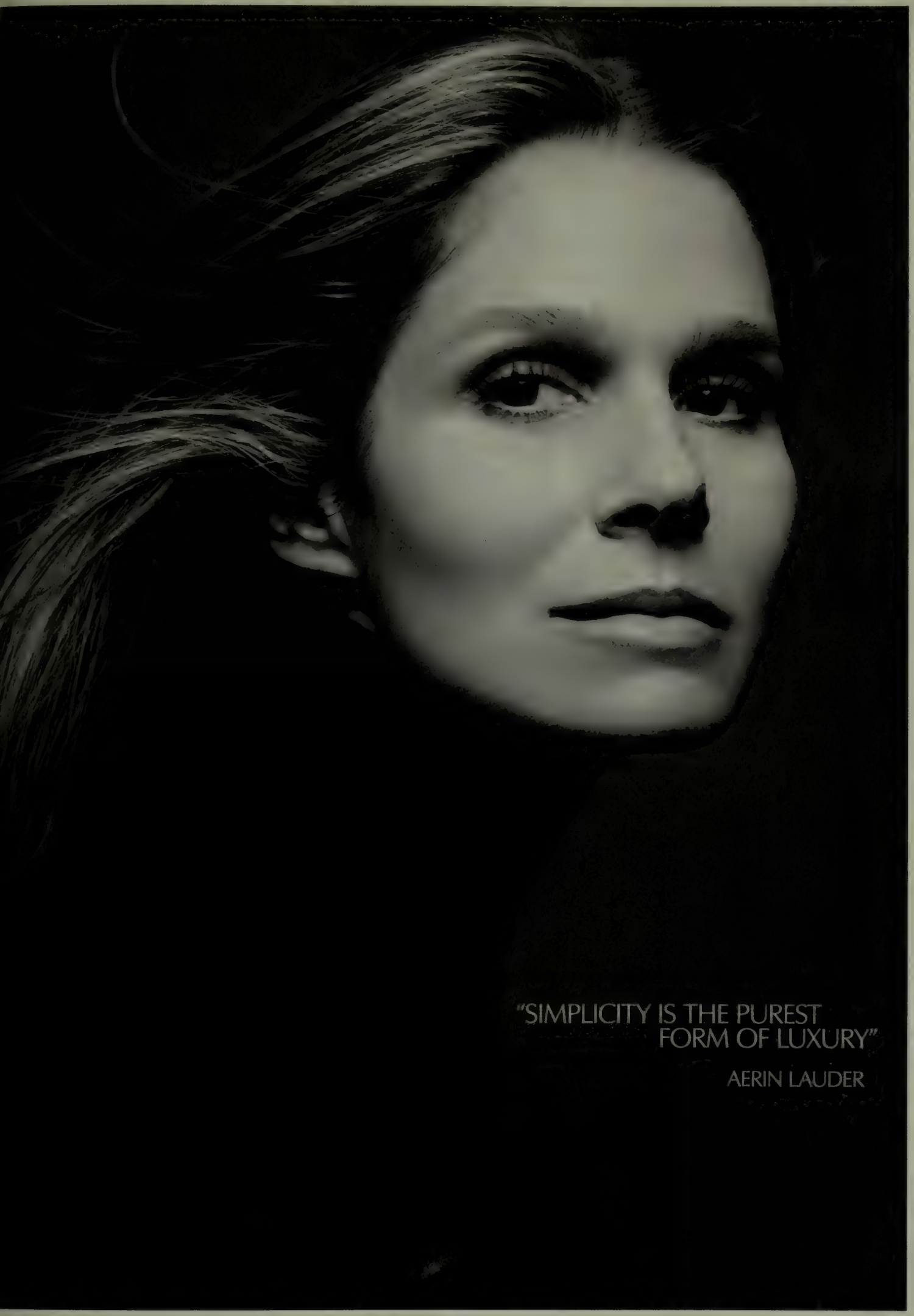

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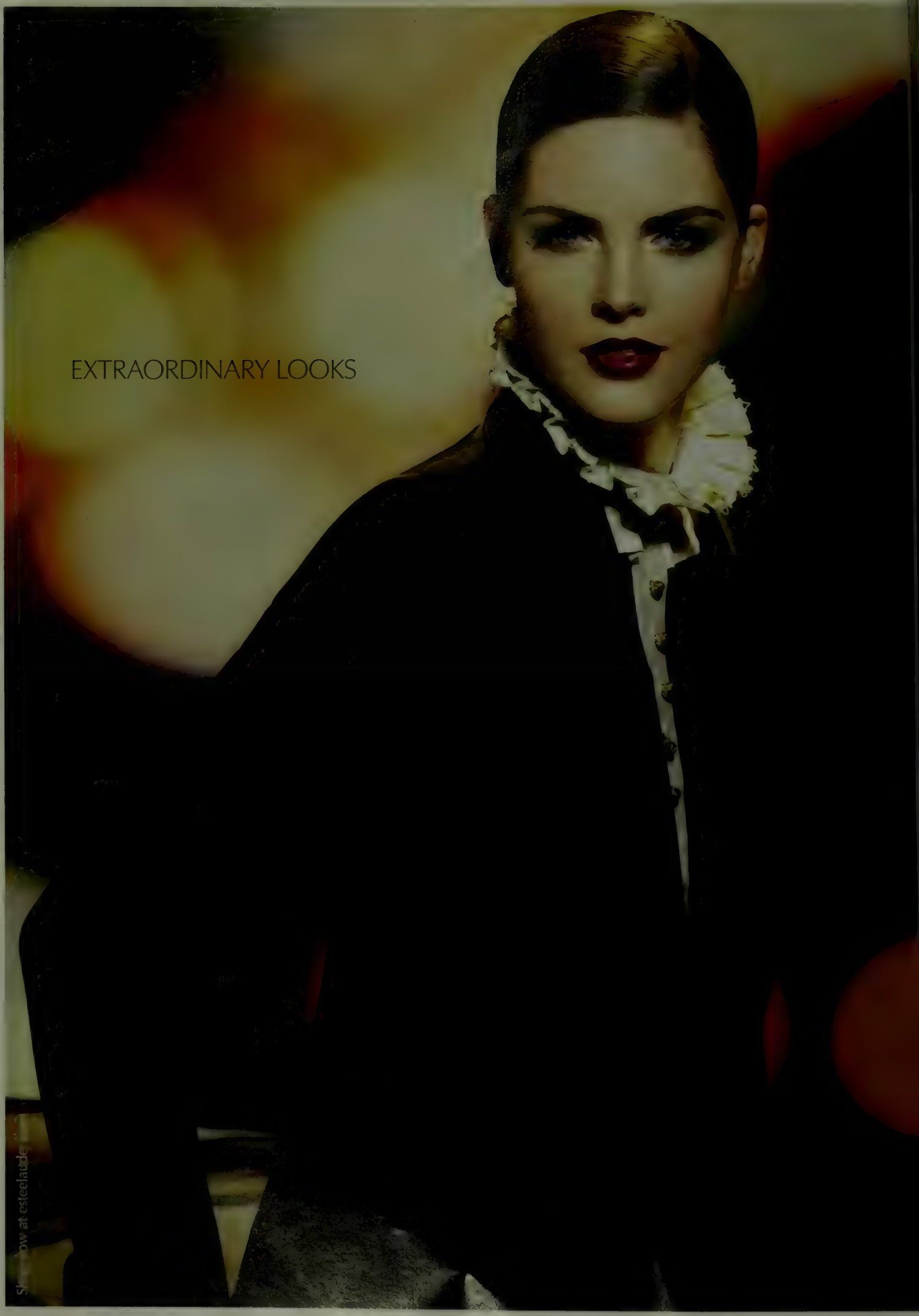

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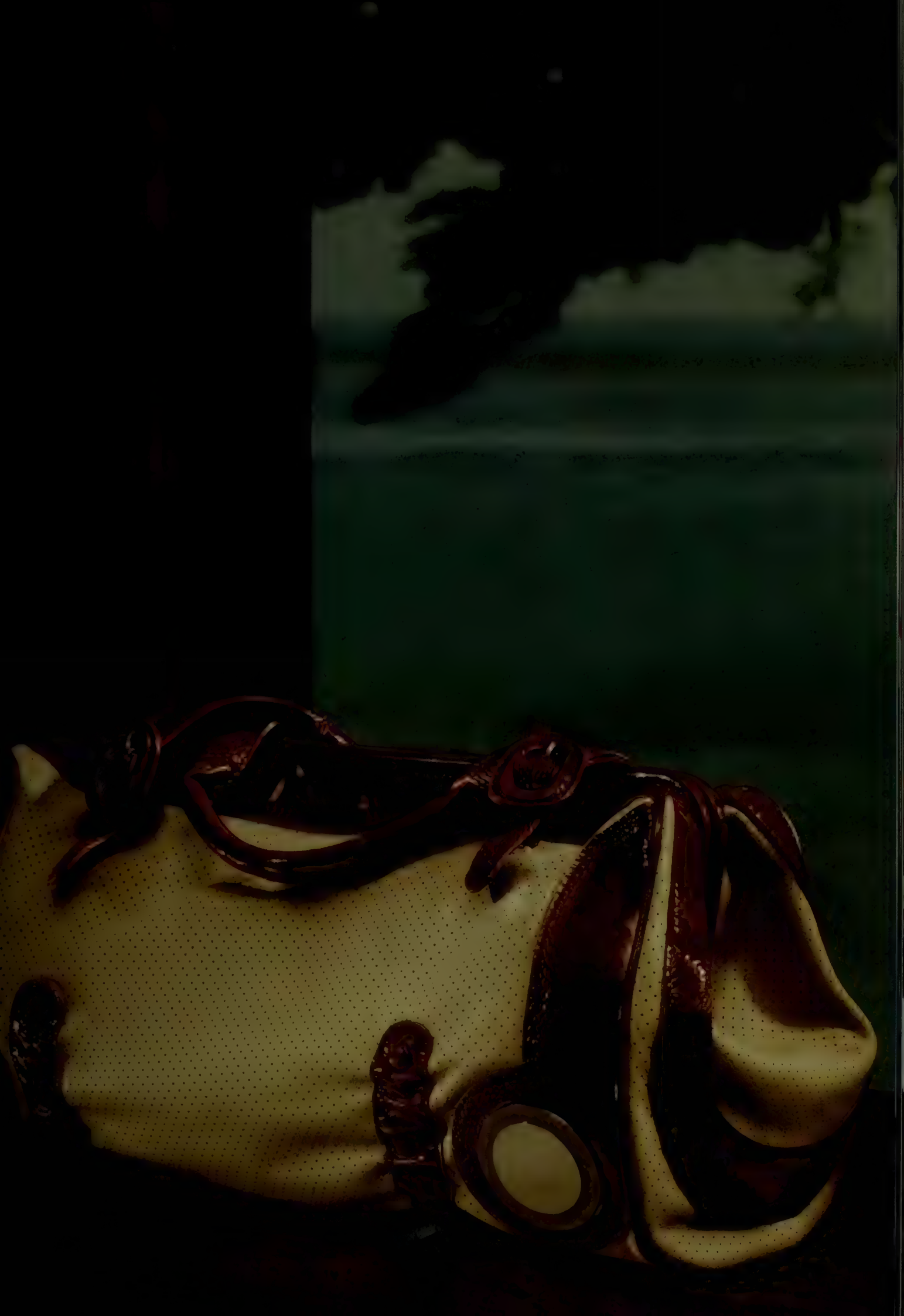

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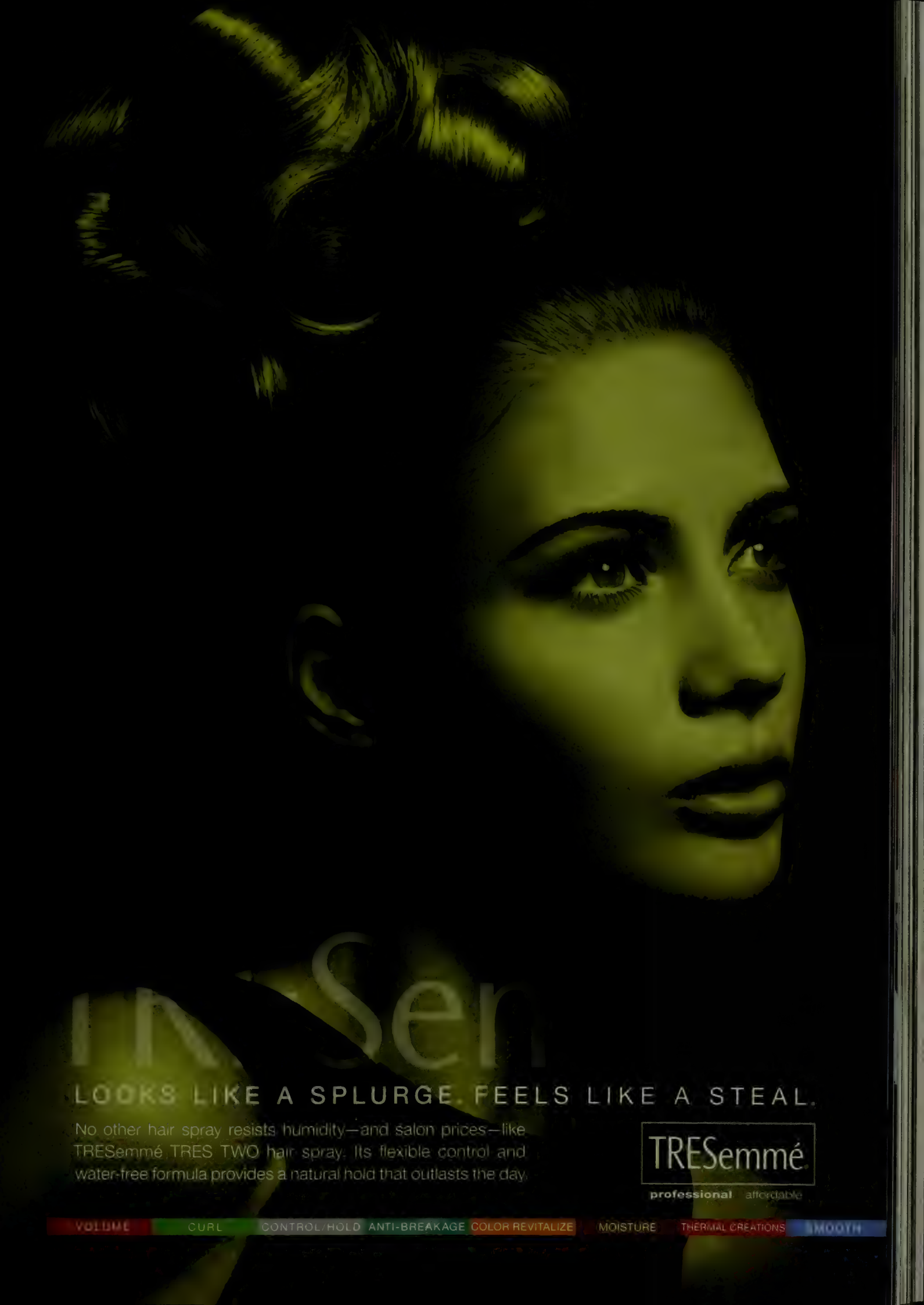

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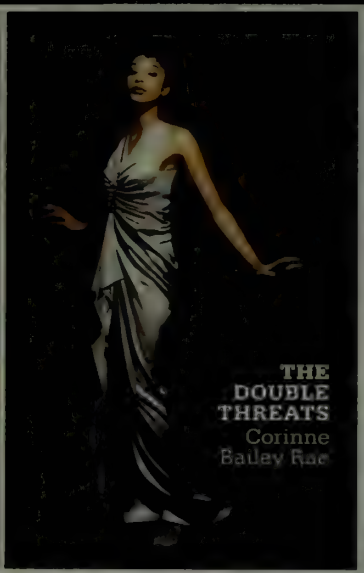
MOVIES ROCK

SIGHT AND SOUND
Steven Spielberg and John Williams collaborate.

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SIGHT AND SOUND *V.F.* shoots five directors with an ear for mind-blowing music, while Mitch Glazer learns all about Martin Scorsese's new Rolling Stones concert film.

FEVER PITCH Thirty years out, *Saturday Night Fever* remains a cultural touchstone—the last thing anyone who worked on it expected. Sam Kashner tells the story of the "little disco movie" that made John Travolta a movie star.

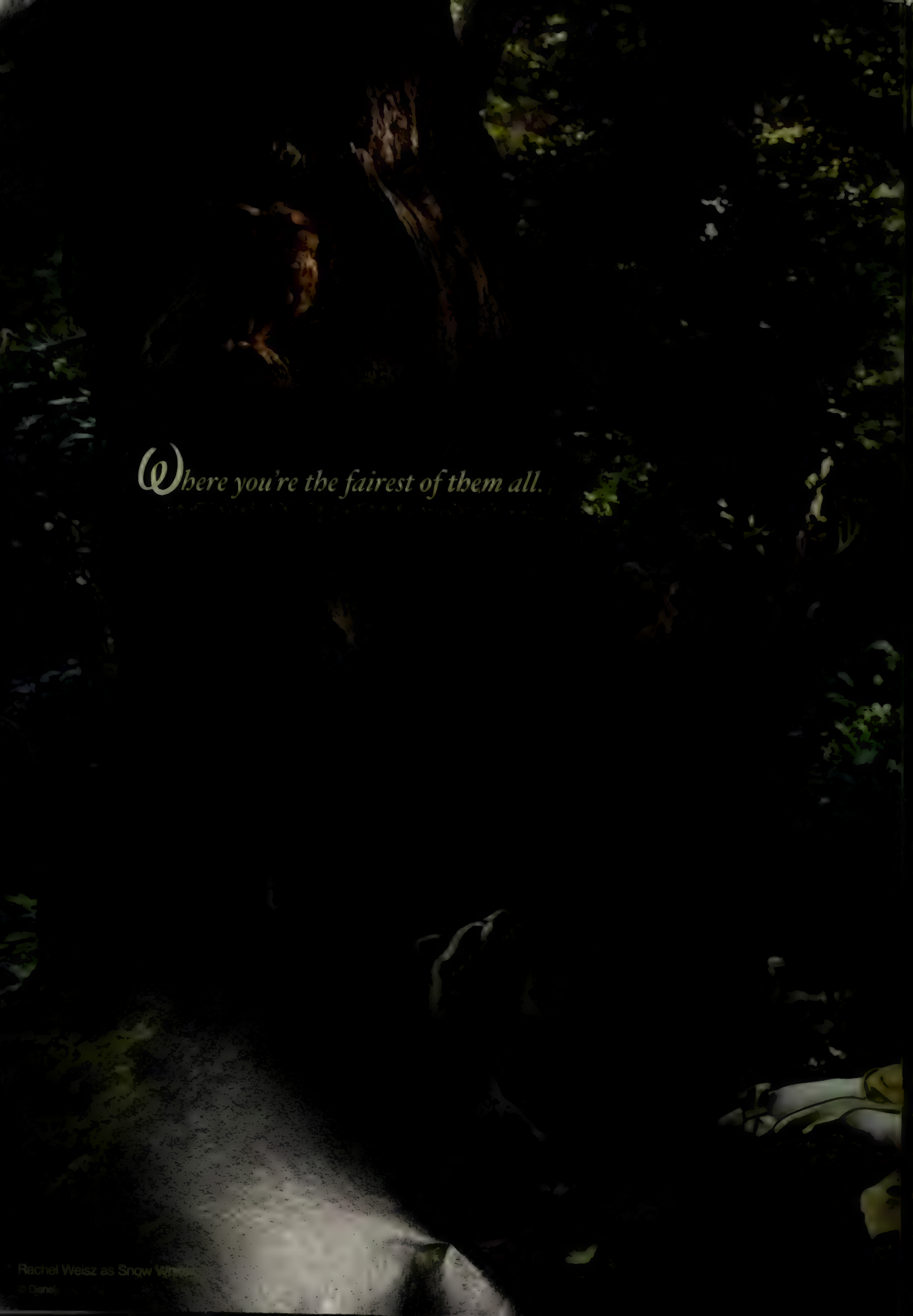
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***TIGER BEAT* QUESTIONNAIRE** Bill Murray

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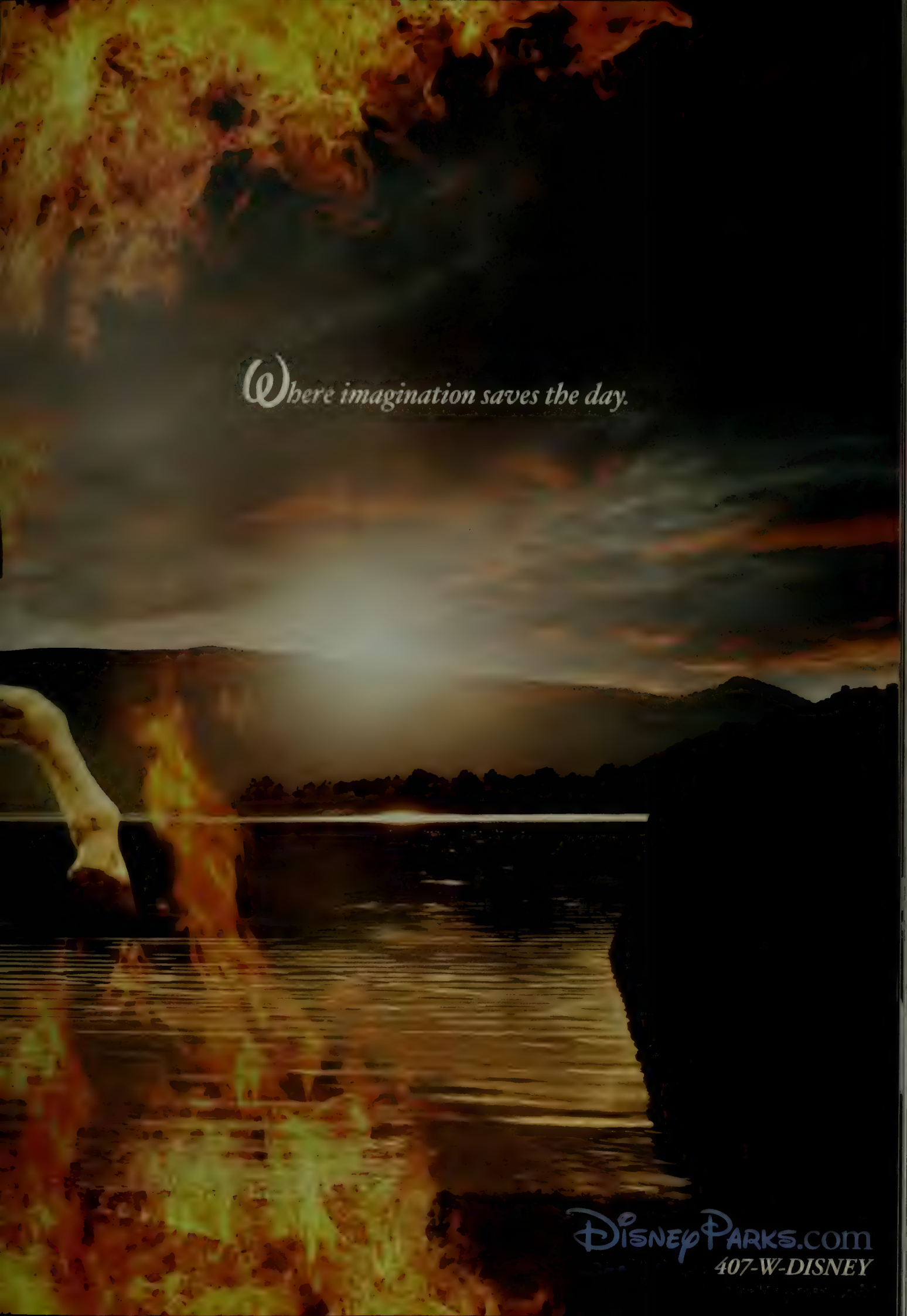
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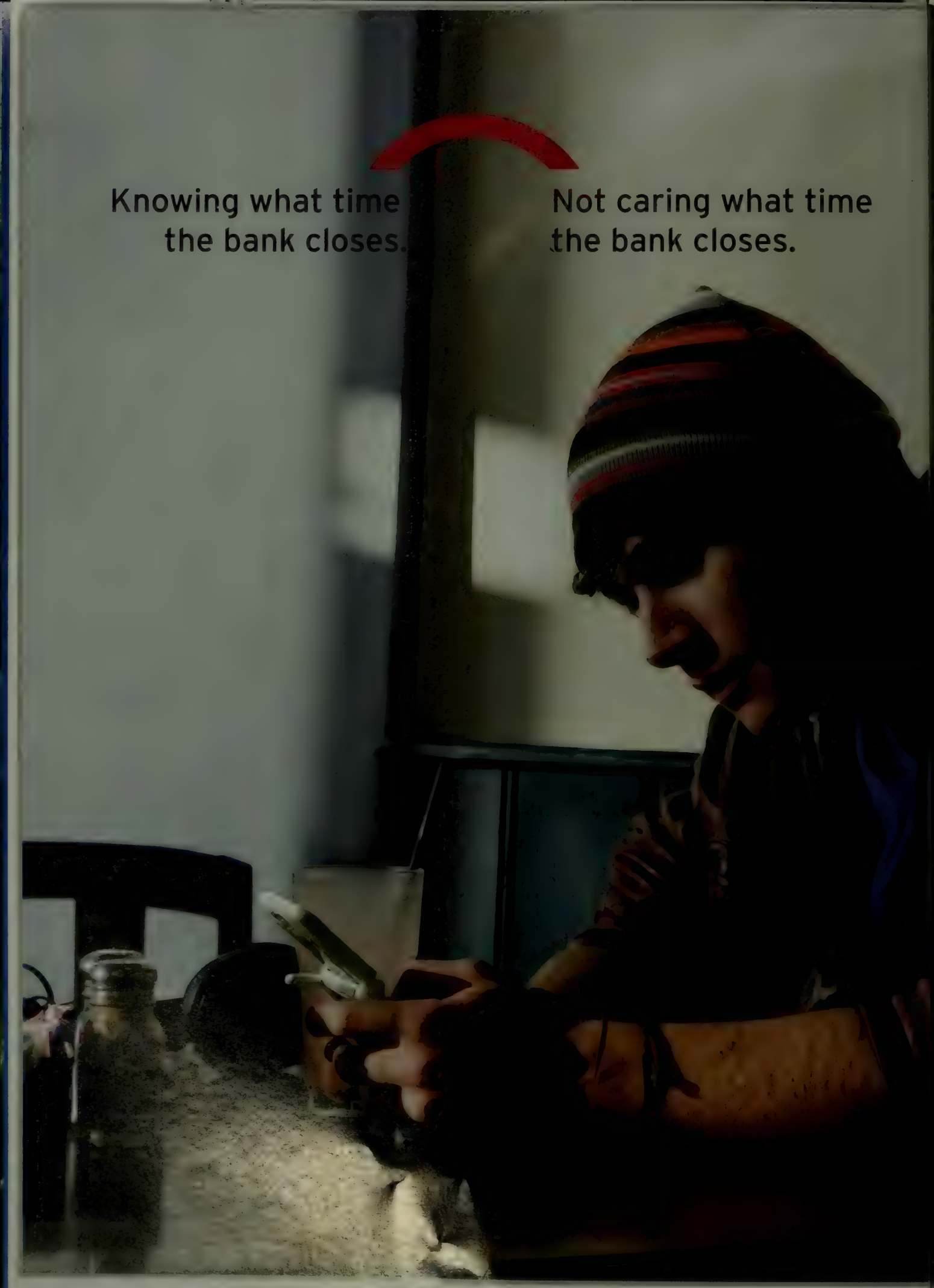
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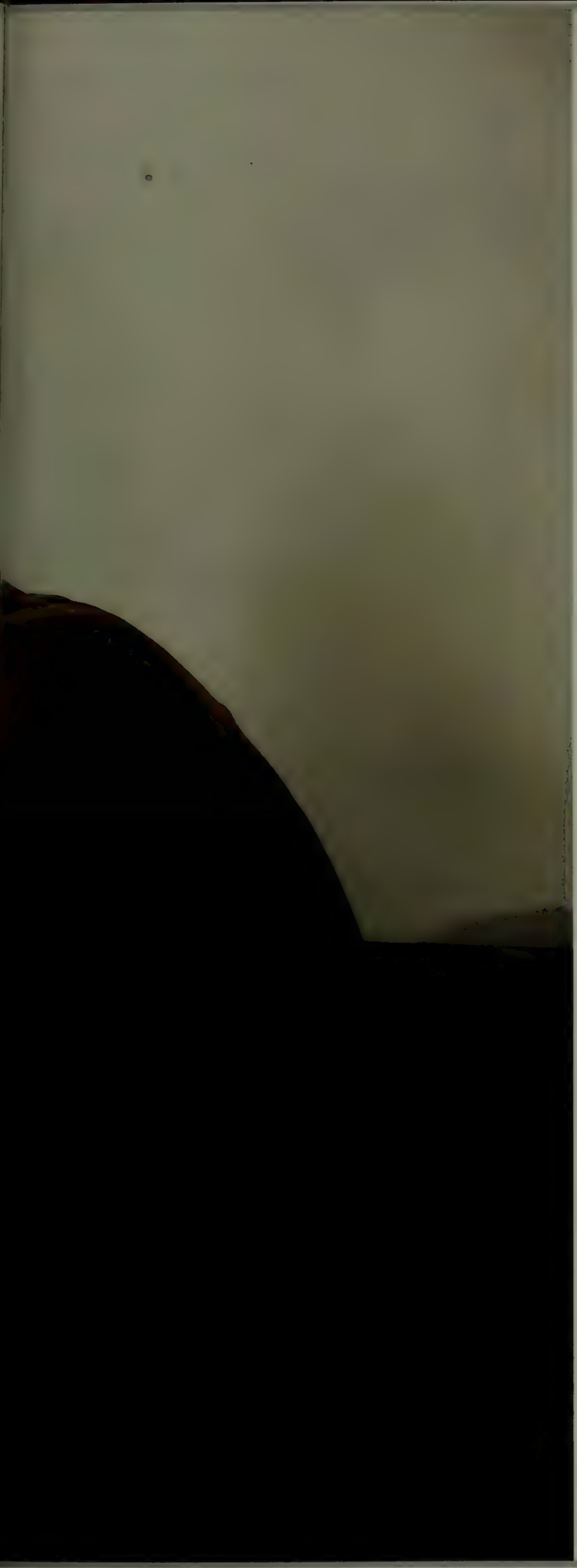
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EDITOR'S LETTER

Singin' in the Rain



Let's say, for argument's sake, that George W. Bush is right about just one thing: this is the End of Days. Some afternoon next year, the president will stand on a sulfurous White House lawn (littered with dead woodland creatures) beneath boiling black skies and unfurl a banner that reads MISSION ACCOMPLISHED. Hey, anyone can be right once. If so, isn't this exactly the time to pile into your local mega-plex, leap on the seat, and scream, "*Movies rock!*"? Damn right.

Historically, during times of national unease, movie musicals have been our baby-blue blanket; from Busby Berkeley's Depression-era giddiness ("We're in the money!") to the sour cool of the Vietnam War years' *Easy Rider,* sight and sound distracted and soothed us. As we assembled this issue, we quickly realized we had stumbled into "the year of the musical": *La Vie en Rose, Once, Sweeney Todd, August Rush, Walk Hard, El Cantante, Hairspray.* Even the big three are represented—Dylan (*I'm Not There*), the Rolling Stones (*Shine a Light*), and the Beatles (*Across the Universe*). All in 2007–2008. We had two thoughts: Hey, maybe this isn't just a crass ad scam after all, and, Jesus, this country is freaking out! There is another possibility—the well-documented cyclical nature of Hollywood. Through the same instinct that guides golden plovers thousands of miles over open ocean to breed, Hollywood studios often simultaneously hit on the same "idea": sword-and-sandal epics, teens in torture hostels, penguins.

Apparently this year it's music. Which suits me fine. The first minute of *Mean Streets* changed my life. Harvey Keitel lies back in bed, his head hitting the pillow in three increasingly tighter jump cuts, *boom*-ba-*boom,* perfectly timed to the gunshot drum intro of "Be My Baby." Nearly 35 years later, it still thrills. I had never seen rock 'n' roll used so perfectly. Martin Scorsese is the master—an artist's instinct, a believer's soul, and an immigrant's work ethic. The fact that Scorsese, his murderers' row of world-class cinematographers, and the Rolling Stones finally met in New York's cozy Beacon Theatre to film *Shine a Light* (which opens in April) surely heralds the coming Rapture.

Until I was 15 (all right, mid-20s), my two favorite movies were *The Magnificent Seven* and *The Great Escape.* Yes, Steve McQueen was walking cool, but those heroic, locomotive, incredibly manly Elmer Bernstein scores sealed the deal. They are the perfect marriage of movie and music. In "They Shot, He Scored," Nick Tosches celebrates the breadth and brilliance (from *To Kill a Mockingbird* to *Animal House*) of the hardest-working composer in show business.

If Bernstein was film's inspired professional, director Ken Russell is its nutty dilettante. In "*Tommy* Dearest," James Wolcott wraps his mind around the camp kaleidoscope that was the Who's *Tommy.* When the movie came out, in 1975, I remember feeling queasy watching it, trying to [illegible] cataclysmic cacophony of bells and bubbles, but Wolcott's re-appraisal opened my eyes like Tommy's. Pete Townshend's operatic rage, driven by Keith Moon's apocalyptic drums, demanded the visual hysteria of Ken Russell. Wolcott's paean to Ann-Margret's fearless, crazed performance is a just tribute to a forgotten star.

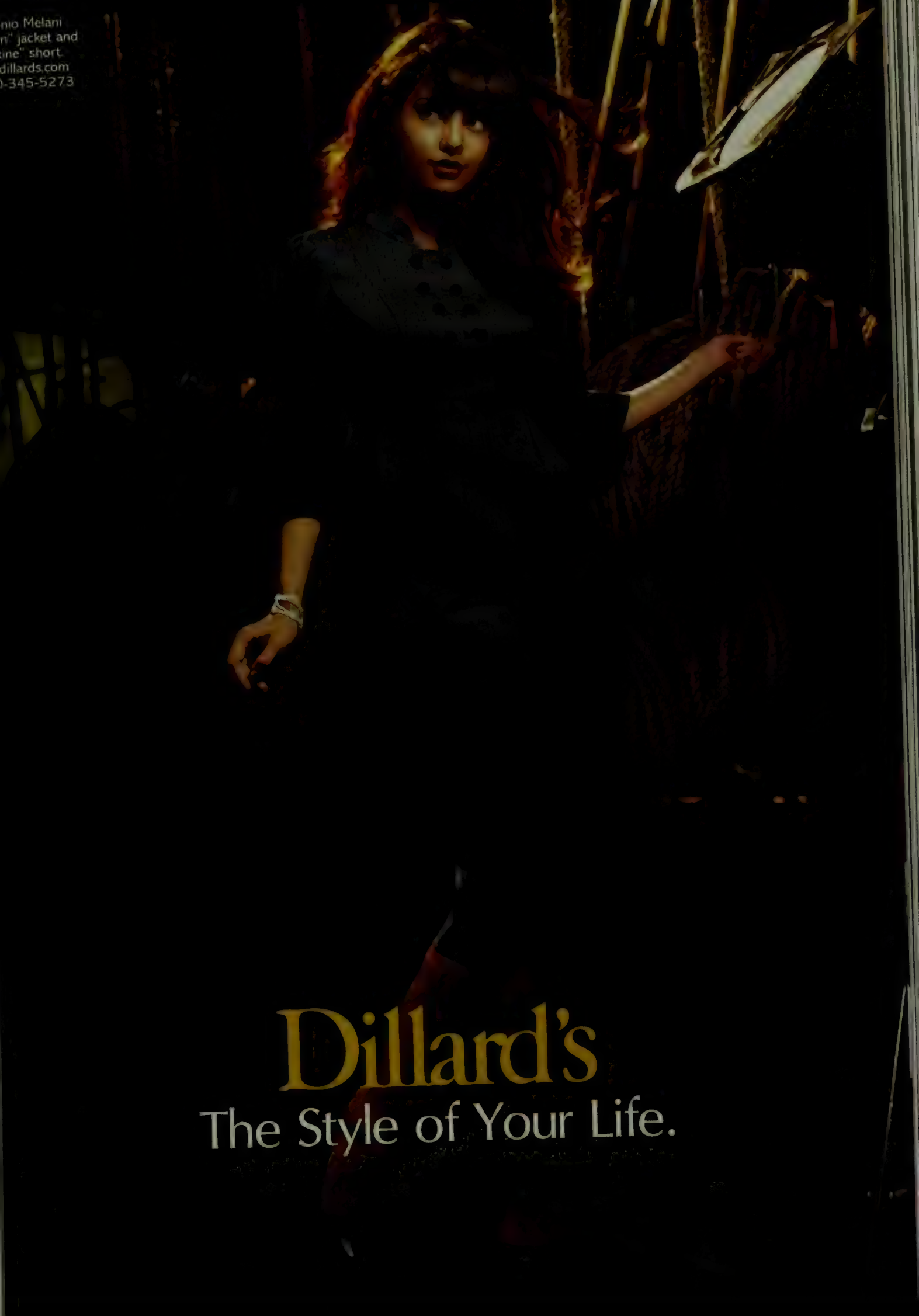
Every generation thinks they're it—the freakiest, hardest-partying, most decadent—but check out Jimmy Van Heusen and Frank Sinatra's wild ride. Somehow, between gin-soaked midnight flights to Palm Springs and dusk-to-dawn swingfests fueled by hookers, beauty queens, and starlets (Ava Gardner and Angie Dickinson!), they managed to dominate 40s and 50s movie music. Van Heusen, the man Angie Dickinson says Sinatra always wanted to be, put down the cocktail shaker long enough to write more than 400 songs, 50 for Frank ("Imagination," "Swinging on a Star," "Only the Lonely," "Come Fly with Me"). James Kaplan nails Van Heusen and Sinatra's coast-to-coast debauch in "The King of Ring-a-Ding-Ding." I woke up the morning after reading it with a song in my heart and a crushing hangover.

And speaking of swingers, what better cover boy for *Movies Rock* than the golf-cart bandit—ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Bill Murray. Anyone who's been seduced by Murray's *S.N.L.* lounge lizard, Nick Wings, or inspired by his bellowed "Do Wah Diddy Diddy" in *Stripes,* or surprised and moved by the sincerity of his karaoke "More than This," in *Lost in Translation,* knows the man can and will sing. I had the pleasure of hearing Bill croon the heartbreaker "Brandy (You're a Fine Girl)," all five verses, at my wedding. My wife and I still tear up when we hear the song. This month Murray ratchets up his rock-god cred with an appearance in Eric Clapton's new Crossroads-benefit DVD. Clapton chose Chicago (his spiritual blues home) as the concert site and surrounded himself with the greatest guitar slingers alive: Jeff Beck, Steve Winwood, John Mayer, Buddy Guy, B. B. King, Willie Nelson, Johnny Winter, Robbie Robertson, and . . . Bill Murray. Clapton requested that Murray host the show and, karmically, the very first guitar notes that rang out on that beautiful July day were Bill Murray's earnest, garage-band intro to "Gloria." Killer.

Putting together *Movies Rock* has been like driving an Aston Martin DB5 convertible along the Big Sur highway, naked: exhilarating and terrifying and possibly humiliating. I would surely have swung into the sea without the talent, experience, and good humor of my partners at *Vanity Fair*—especially my dear friend Graydon Carter, whose unwavering support and important hair have been a constant source of strength. We set out to make this read like *V.F.*'s 13th issue of 2007. I think we have. In fact, I think we rock. —MITCH GLAZER

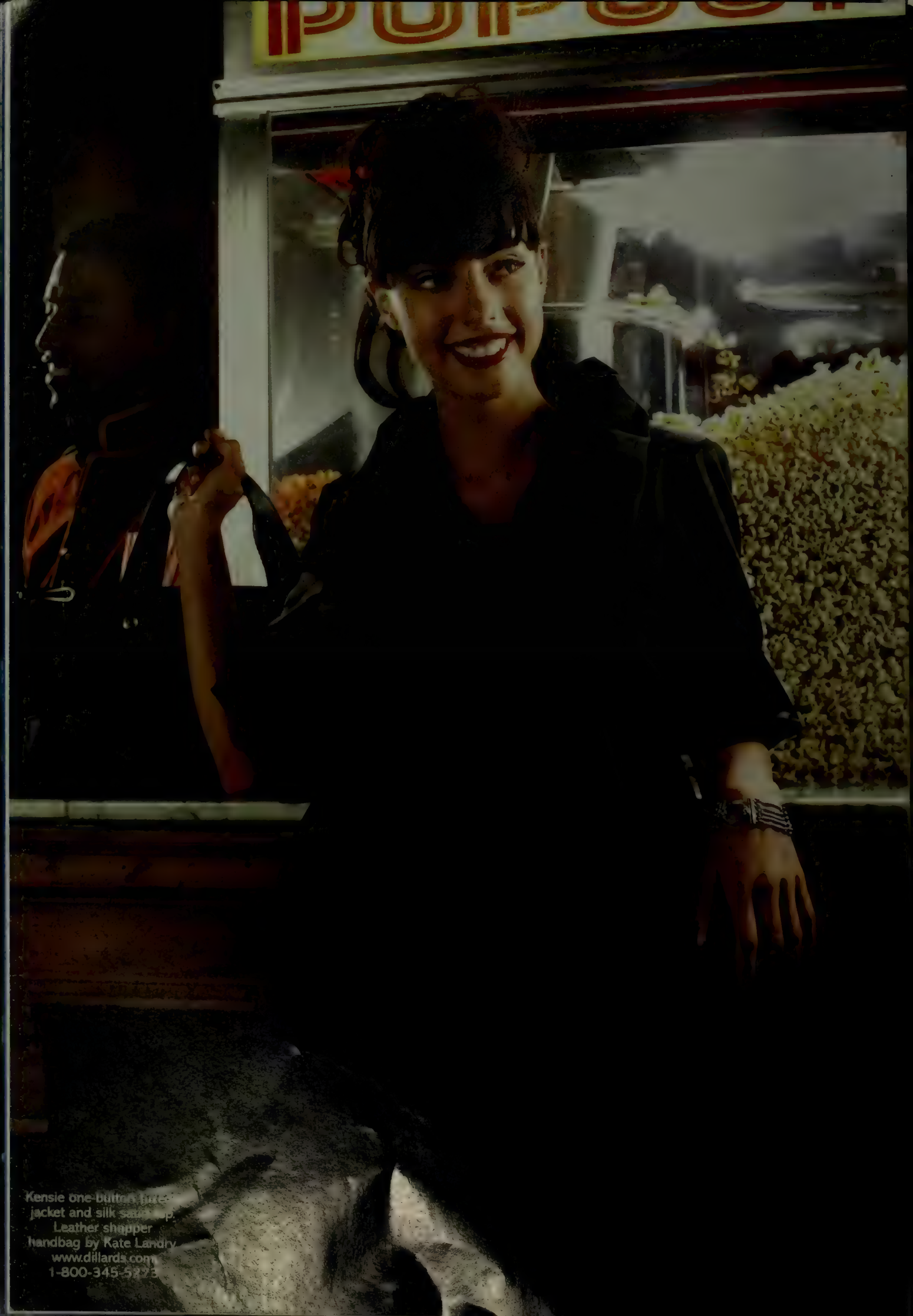
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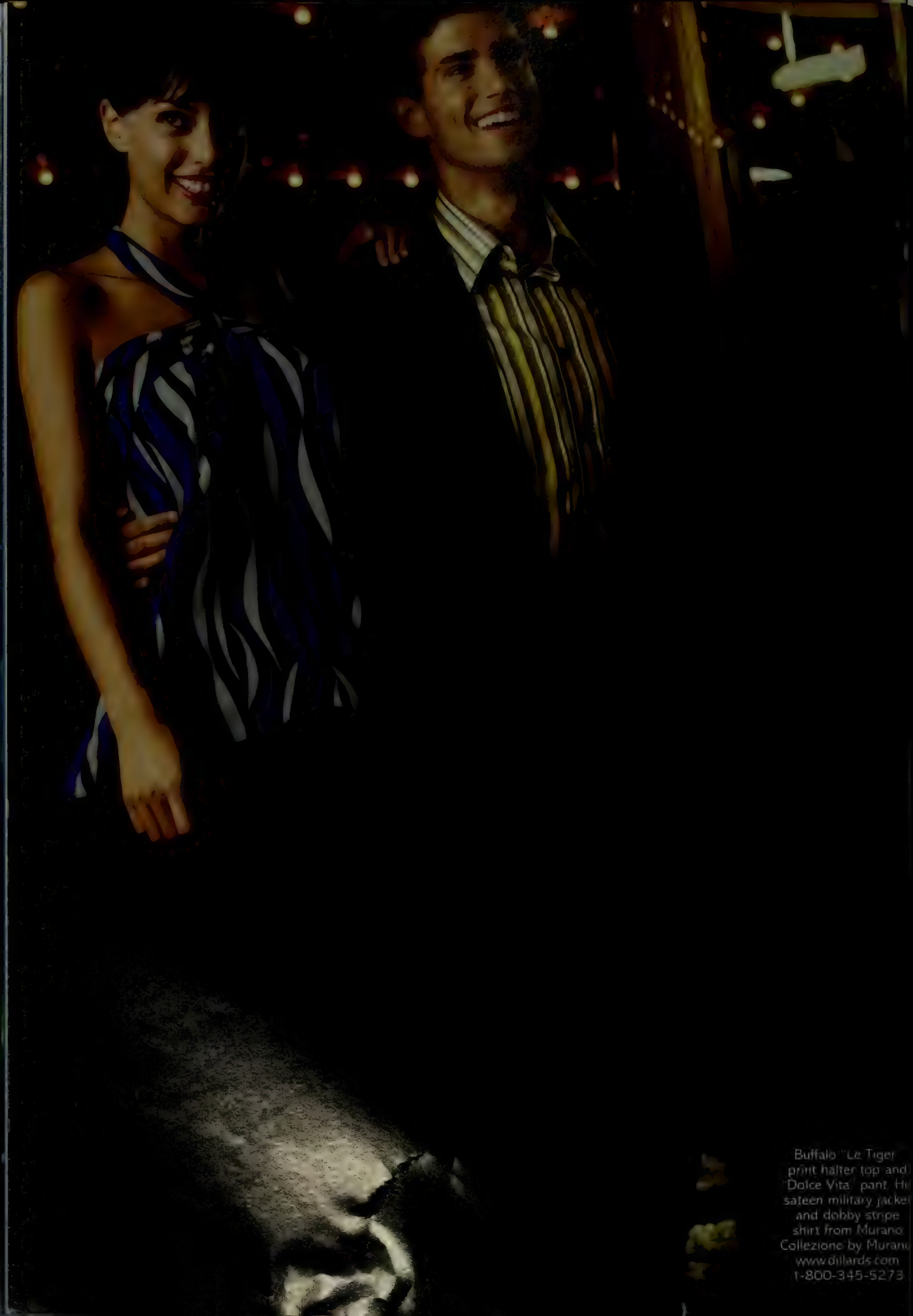
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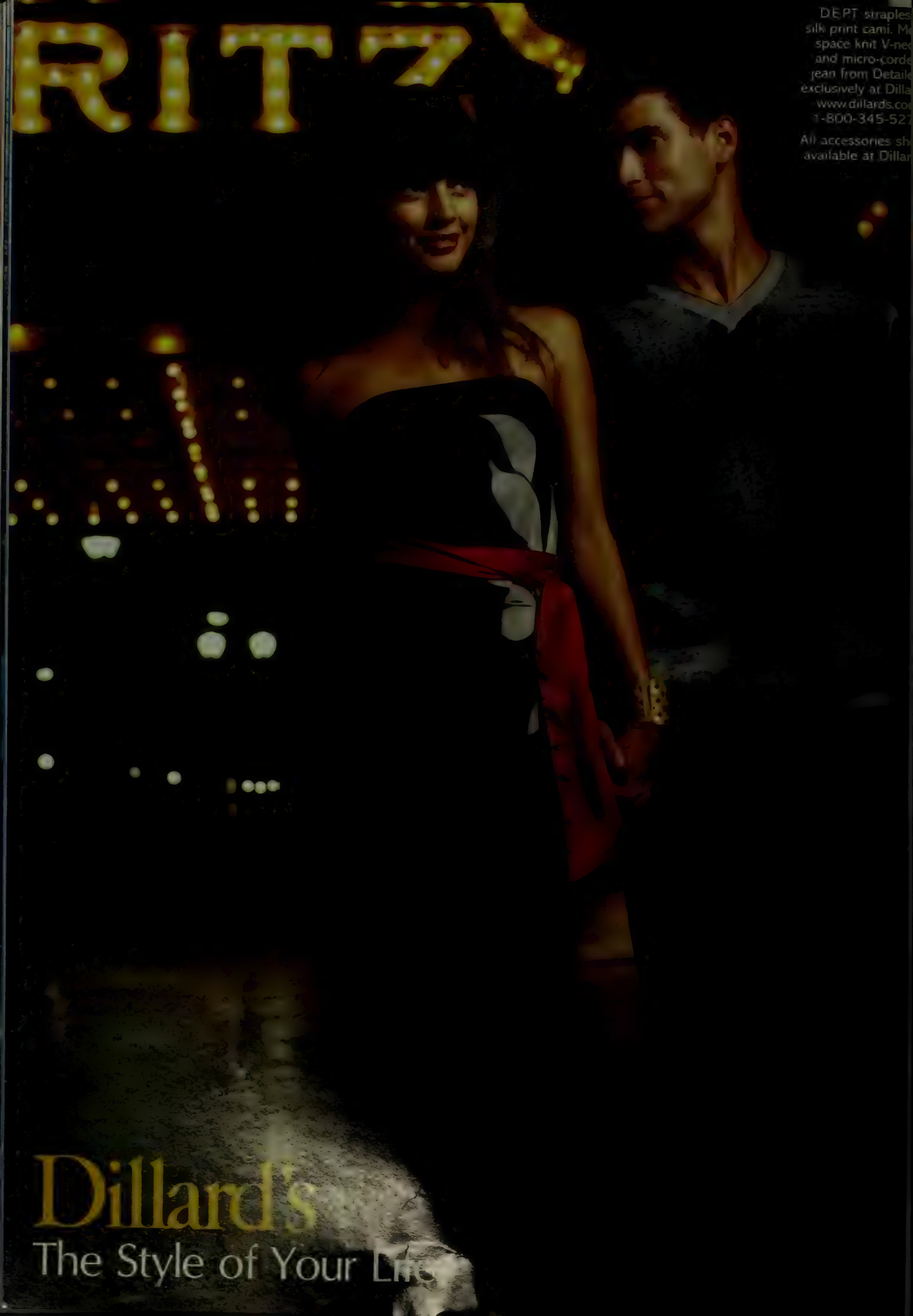


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DEVIL IN DISGUISE
Bill Murray, photographed by Mark Seliger in New York City.

A BIG HUNK O' LOVE

Notoriously publicity-shy, Bill Murray threw himself into his Elvis impersonation, swaggering up to a New York City rooftop with photographer Mark Seliger, editor Mitch Glazer, and an increasingly giggly crew. **By Jessica Flint**

It was a little less conversation and a whole lot of foolin' around on the set of Bill Murray's cover shoot at photographer Mark Seliger's Manhattan studio, where the star of *Ghostbusters*, *Lost in Translation*, and next year's *City of Ember* proved himself to be an Elvis impersonator of epic proportions.

Polyester jumpsuits had been shipped in from Indiana's B & K Enterprises Costume Co., famed among Graceland-goers for their re-creations of the great singer's costumes. Murray squeezed into a skintight, colorfully studded white getup, complete with a gold-lined cape and a massive belt buckle, and helped choose the rings, necklaces, and scarves that would accessorize the ensemble. When his transformation was complete—right down to the muttonchop-equipped wig—those present perceived a distinct swagger in his step.

Murray is famously difficult to snag for a photo shoot, but he turned out to be a dream subject. He had bystanders in stitches with his deafening renditions of "Suspicious Minds" and other classics from 1970's *In Person at the International Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada*, which editor Mitch Glazer had requested to set the mood. Eventually the crew climbed up to the roof, where Murray, still head to toe in Vegas-era garb, began shouting "Hey, you!" at passersby. Turns out the King of Rock 'n' Roll can still stop traffic in New York City. □

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THE SOUND OF MOVIES

The high-powered pair in charge of producing the Movies Rock concert—set to air December 7 on CBS—are using their talent, experience, and A-list connections to create an unforgettable evening.

By Emily Poenisch



On December 2, Los Angeles's Kodak Theatre will host the Movies Rock concert, an all-star celebration of celluloid and song that will be televised by CBS on December 7. The Condé Nast Media Group, the Entertainment Industry Foundation, and the Producers Guild of America joined forces to stage the show, but leading the charge was a pair of P.G.A. board members: Kathleen Kennedy, a Steven Spielberg collaborator for more than two decades and five-time Academy Award nominee, and her fellow producer Bruce Cohen, who took home the best-picture award for 1999's *American Beauty*. These longtime friends put their heads, hearts, and Rolodexes together to plan the event. "Music is such a part of why people love the movies," Cohen says. "That's what we want to remind everyone." To that end, *Dreamgirls* star Beyoncé is scheduled to sing "Over the Rainbow" and Grammy winner Carrie Underwood will perform the title number from *The Sound of Music*. Additionally, Oscar winner Jennifer Hudson and Black Eyed Peas front woman Fergie will lend their lungs to the theme songs from the James Bond films *Goldfinger* and *Live and Let Die*, respectively. With direction provided by Don Mischer (winner of 13 Emmys) and an orchestra led by the galaxy's greatest composer, John Williams, the two-hour special promises to be packed with top-line entertainment. Says Cohen, "Taking today's performers, giving them a classic song that everyone's always loved, and then having you hear it in a whole new way—that to me is what's going to excite people about the show." □



THE PRODUCERS

Top, Kathleen Kennedy during the filming of best-picture nominee *Seabiscuit*, 2002. *Left,* Bruce Cohen (seated at left) and his producing partner, Dan Jinks (seated at right), with the creative team behind 2003's *Down with Love.*

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Harry Winston Diamond de Neige double drop necklace with marquise-cut, pear-shaped, and round brilliant diamonds totaling 36.75 carats, set in platinum (price upon request)

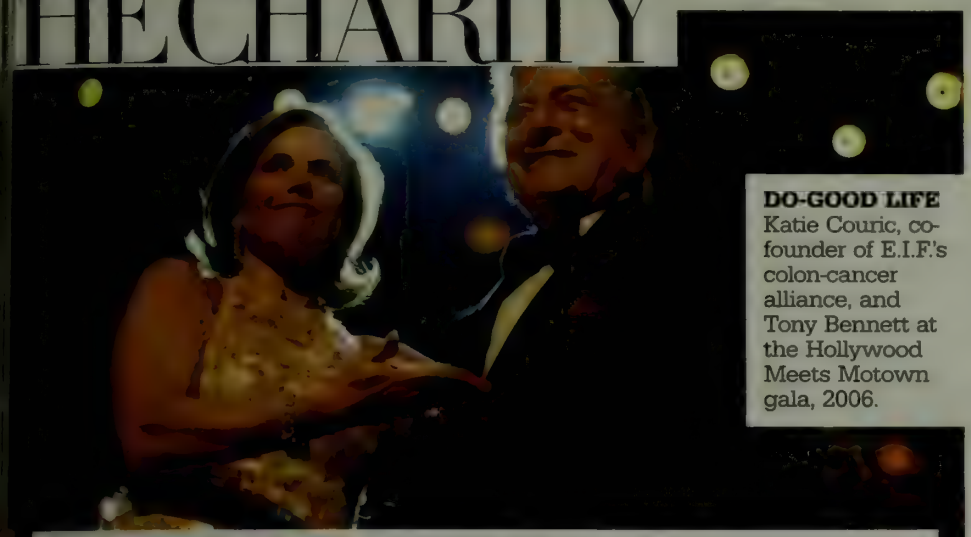


Forever Strong

Never there were a "diamond girl," it's Oscar winning actress and glowing expectant mother Halle Berry whose latest project, Dreamworks Pictures' *Things We Lost in the Fire*, is in theaters now.

Halle has forged a relationship she hopes will make a difference forever in the lives of women. She's ambassador for the Jenesse Center, the oldest [illegible] violence intervention program in South Central Los Angeles. Founded in 1980 by Jeri [illegible], the Center provides a comprehensive base of support to assist women in addressing their [illegible] and changing the patterns of their lives.

www.jenesse.org



DO-GOOD LIFE Katie Couric, co-founder of E.I.F.'s colon-cancer alliance, and Tony Bennett at the Hollywood Meets Motown gala, 2006.

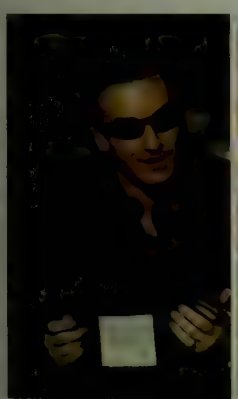
CAUSE CELEBS

The Entertainment Industry Foundation specializes in aligning A-list stars with worthy causes, from cancer research to arts-and-music education. Now it's co-producing the televised Movies Rock concert, featuring Elton John, Mary J. Blige, and Jennifer Lopez.

By Jessica Coen

Being a celebrity today means many things: walking the red carpet, dodging the paparazzi, creating a namesake fragrance. It also means using your attention-getting powers to better the world. And when, say, Hilary Swank, Renée Zellweger, or Eva Longoria want to get involved in the fight against cancer, they turn to the Entertainment Industry Foundation. Encompassing more than 300 social initiatives, E.I.F. makes it easy to be a do-gooder, allying Hollywood heavy hitters with important causes. Halle Berry, Dustin Hoffman, and Kevin Kline work with Diabetes Aware, urging at-risk Americans to get tested for the disease. Johnny Depp, Julianne Moore, and Eric Clapton all campaign for E.I.F.'s National Arts and Music Education Initiative. And Charlize Theron, Mischa Barton, and Glenn Close have served as ambassadors for E.I.F.'s Women's Cancer Research Fund. Thanks to the power of celebrity influence, consciousness *and* dollars get raised.

E.I.F. isn't all about walking for the cure, however. There's also the entertainment part of the equation, and E.I.F. has signed on with the Condé Nast Media Group and the Producers Guild of America to co-produce the Movies Rock concert, to be televised December 7, the full proceeds from which will go to the foundation's charitable initiatives. Elton John, Fergie, Mary J. Blige, and Jennifer Lopez are on board to perform memorable songs from film scores. "As soon as you hear the music, you can identify the films," says E.I.F. president and C.E.O. Lisa Paulsen. Just think of the music from *Casablanca* or any James Bond theme song. Actually, don't—you'll have "Goldfinger" stuck in your head all day. □





STAR POWER E.I.F. leaders and ambassadors, *counterclockwise from below:* Kate Capshaw, Steven Spielberg, Nicole Kidman, Tom Hanks, and Rita Wilson; Renée Zellweger; Bono.



PHOTOGRAPHS (TOP, BY THEO WARGO/WIREIMAGE.COM; BOTTOM, ALL BY BERLINER STUDIO/BEIMAGES)

MOVIES ROCK

A Condé Nast Media Group Production

In conjunction with
the Producers Guild of America and
the Entertainment Industry Foundation

A world-premiere celebration of marquee moments in music and film with today's top stage and screen stars

Featuring performances by

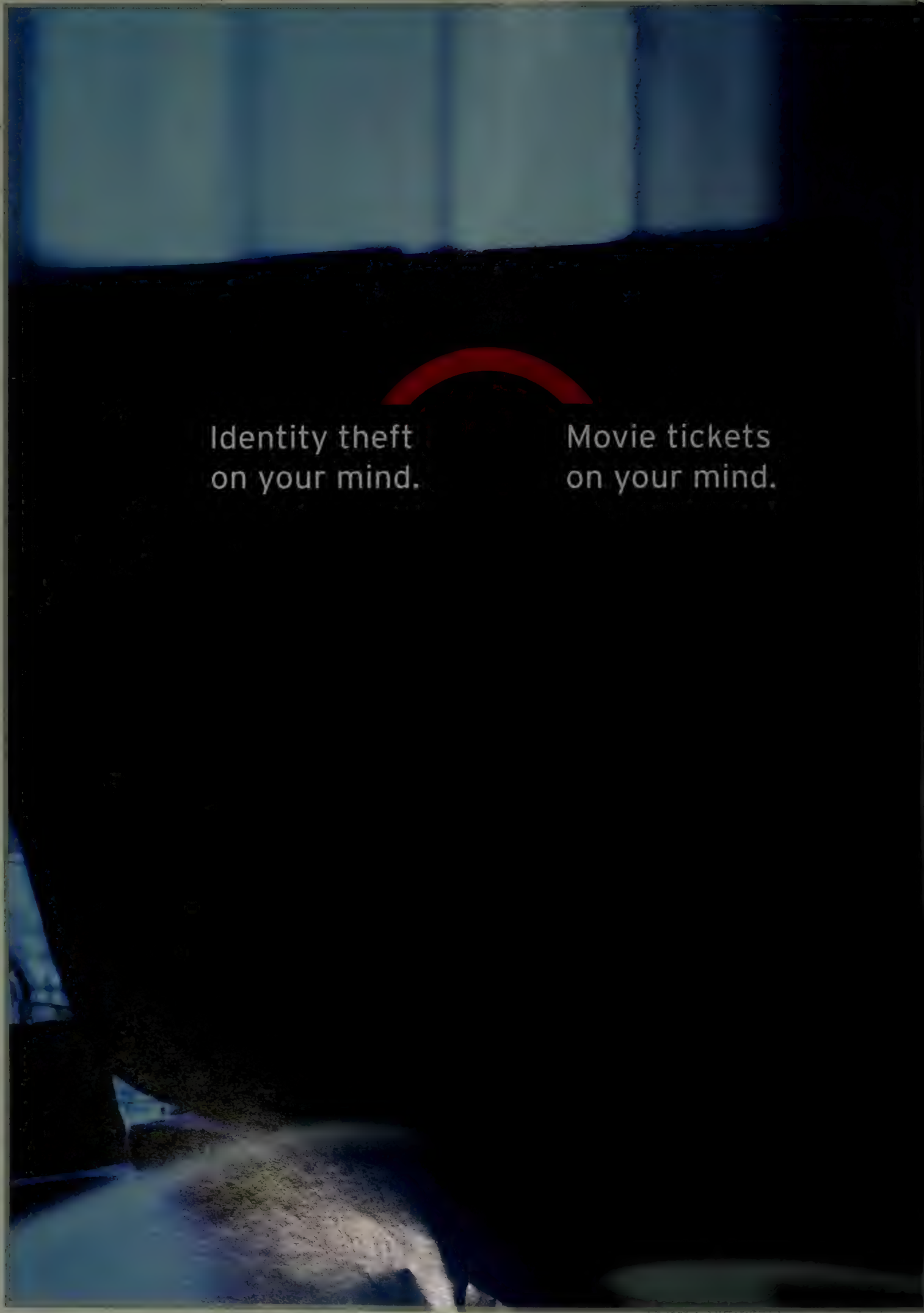
Beyoncé
Mary J. Blige
Fergie
Jennifer Hudson
Elton John
John Legend
Jennifer Lopez
Nelly
Carrie Underwood
...and many others

CBS

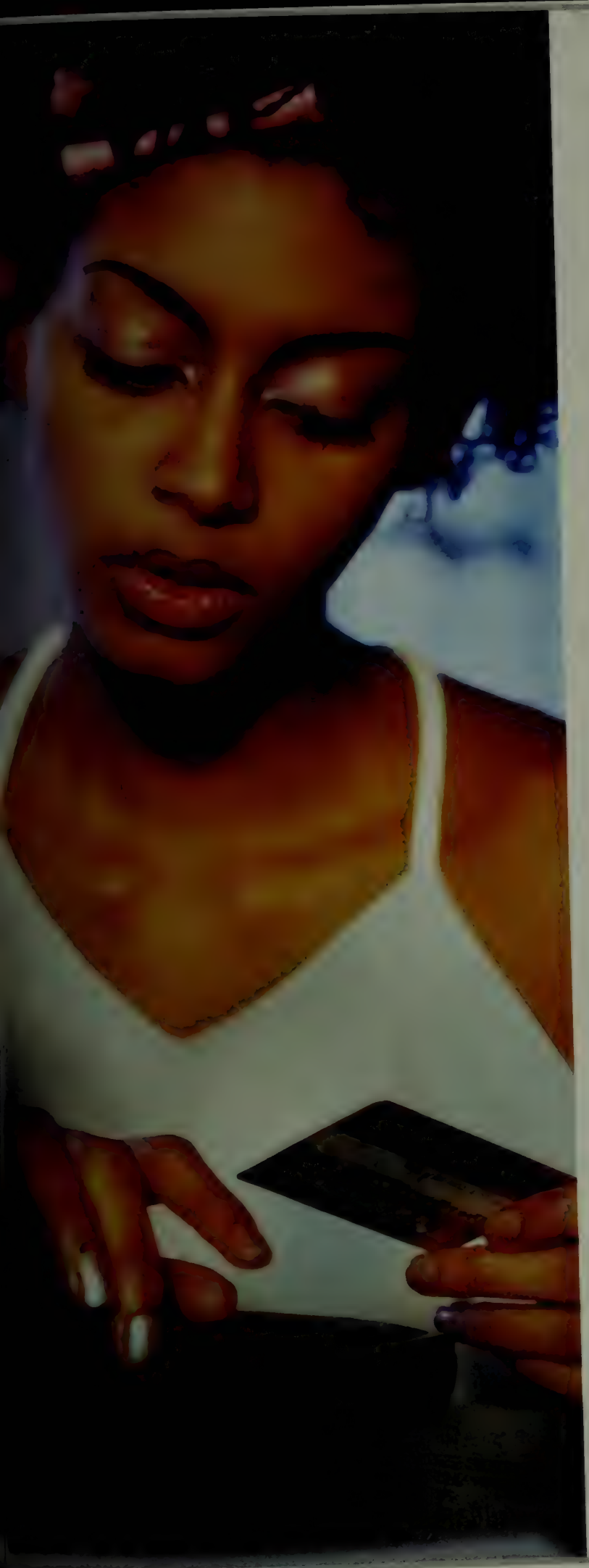
Premiering Friday, December 7, 2007
9 PM Eastern/8 PM Central

www.moviesrock2007.com

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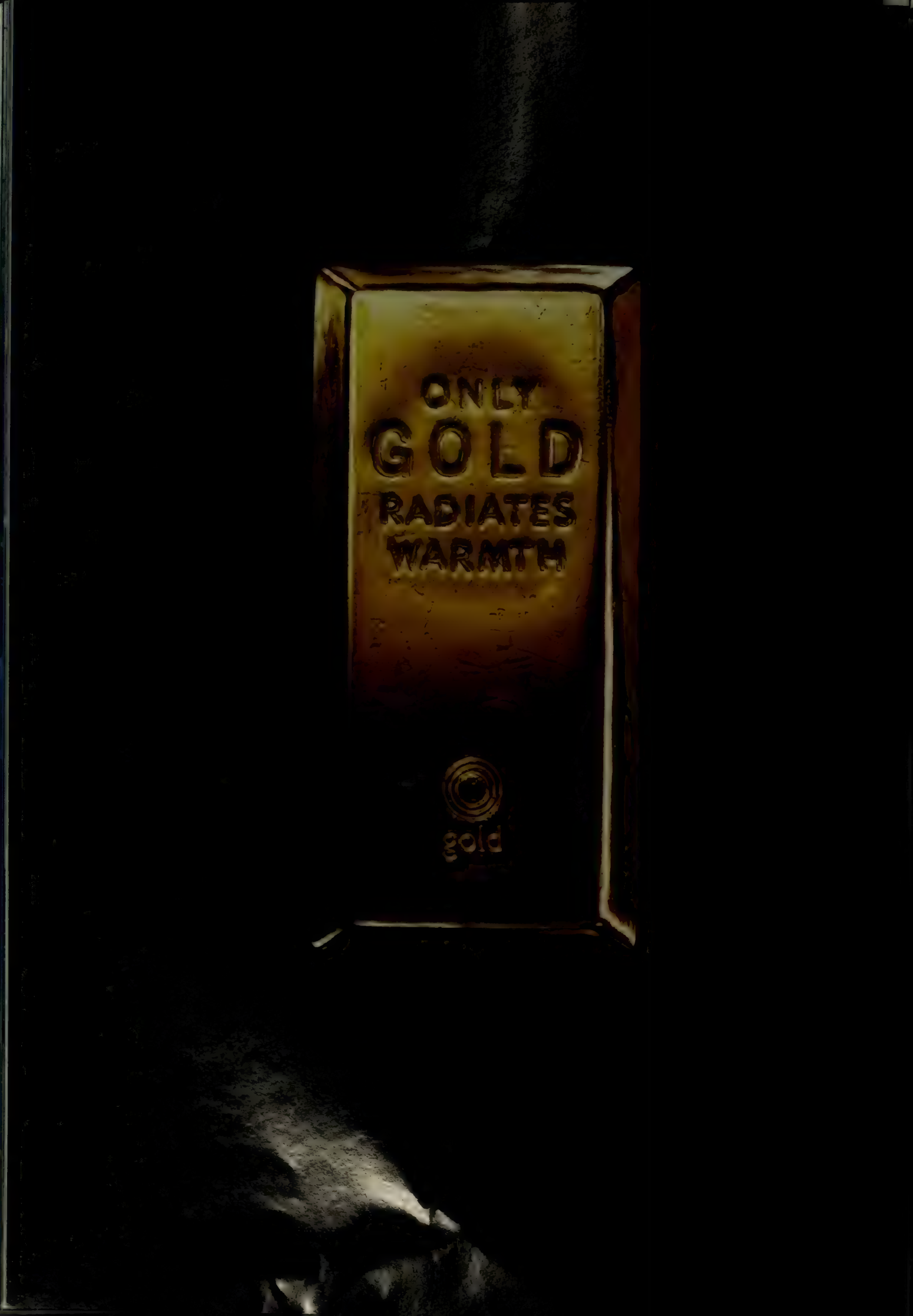
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HEAVY MEADOW
Becky Stark flaunts her flower-child credentials in Phoenicia, New York.

UNDERGROUND GIRL

Lavender Diamond singer Becky Stark finds good vibes in Hollywood as a resident of Tom Hanks's submerged *City of Ember.* By Mary Lyn Maiscott

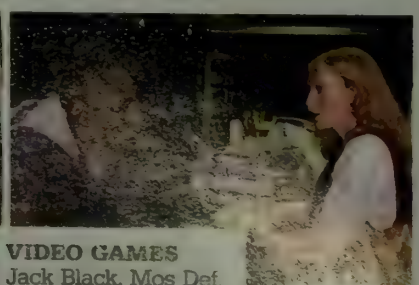
Becky Stark can't believe her cinematic luck. "It's perfectly in line with my ideals, and it's a Hollywood movie!" she says of *City of Ember,* produced by Tom Hanks and directed by her friend Gil Kenan—"who I last saw at this underground club called the Smell." In the film, due out next fall, Stark plays one of the Believers, a singing troupe that brings hope to a town that's literally underground. Stark sees her role on Earth in similar terms: to promote peace and goodwill. As the alluringly ditzy, ethereal-voiced front woman for Lavender Diamond—who perform their folk-pop in the indie science-fiction pic *One Day Like Rain*—the 30-year-old radiates neo-hippie vibes; the L.A. band's debut album is called *Imagine Our Love.* But Stark wants her message on the silver screen: having composed the Believers' songs for *City of Ember,* she's now writing a "green" movie musical "about finding true love—and about the weather."

VHS or Meta?

Michel Gondry's follow-up to *The Science of Sleep* stars Jack Black and Mos Def as a pair of small-town cinéastes who set out to reshoot the classics

Whenever a director makes a movie about making movies, he gives us a peek at his attitude about the industry. In most cases (Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard,* Robert Altman's *The Player*), it's the negative that shines through, the desperation, the disillusionment. Michel Gondry's *Be Kind Rewind,* by contrast, reveals an unabated, child-like fascination with craft. The log line is deliciously cookie-cutter: after a magnetized Jack Black accidentally erases all the VHS tapes in a cash-strapped video store—a stubborn holdout against DVDs—he and the clerk, played by Mos Def, reshoot all the films themselves on a camcorder to save the beloved small-town shop from heartless developers. Gondry's devilish originality is in the details, such as using a flashlight, a sheet, and a fishing rod to re-create Slimer in *Ghostbusters,* or outfitting RoboCop in junkyard scrap. The film is an ode to old-school, shoestring filmmaking, and to the kind of ingenuity that Gondry has shown throughout his oeuvre, from his all-Lego video for the White Stripes to the surreal *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind.* —JULIAN SANCTON





VIDEO GAMES
Jack Black, Mos Def, and Mia Farrow in *Be Kind Rewind.*



CONCHORD JAM
Bret McKenzie (left) and Jemaine Clement get down to business in their HBO series.

Kiwis of Comedy

Flight of the Conchords, the hottest thing to come out of New Zealand since whatever came after *The Lord of the Rings,* prepares its first U.S. album

Crafting a Flight of the Conchords song wasn't always easy for Bret McKenzie and Jemaine Clement. "Some songs, people just think we're weird," McKenzie says. Case in point: the tender ballad "What's That Strange Smell?," in which a husband's nose alerts him that his wife, lying beside him in bed, is dead. "Pretty disturbing," says Clement. "We don't do that one anymore." But after playing together for nearly 10 years, the parodic twosome, who brought New Zealand's understated humor to HBO audiences last summer with their eponymous Sunday-night series, have achieved total mastery in the art of rock 'n' droll. "We wanted to create a comedy duo that wasn't based on one-upmanship," says McKenzie. "We're not trying to trip each other up onstage. We're friends." It's this kinship that helps the band tackle such heavy issues as bigotry ("Albi the Racist Dragon"), starving-artist poverty ("Inner City Pressure"), and, naturally, sex ("Business Time") on the show. Expect more of the same Kiwi quirkiness when Flight of the Conchords releases its first U.S. album this winter. —CAROLYN BIELFELDT

PHOTOGRAPHS (TOP) BY SUSANNA HOWE, STYLED BY KRISTEN NAIMAN; DRESS BY RIOT


GUESS
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Puttin' On the Hits

In the post-radio, post-CD era, there's no surer way to promote a song than to get Alexandra Patsavas to play it on TV



SHOW GIRL Jenny Lewis of Rilo Kiley, whose music has been featured on *Dawson's Creek*, *The O.C.*, and *Grey's Anatomy*.

With CD sales falling and radio formats calcifying, bands are popping up in the most unexpected places—selling iPods in commercials, playing gigs at advertising agencies, and scoring prime-time TV. If closing-credits sequences are the new *American Bandstand*, then Alexandra Patsavas is the new Dick Clark. A former rock promoter from Champaign, Illinois, Patsavas works with TV producers to score today's biggest shows, from *Grey's Anatomy* to the recently retired *The O.C.* Each week, she pores over hundreds of new releases from emerging and often unheard-of artists (she helped break TV on the Radio, Death Cab for Cutie, and Unkle Bob) to create compilations for writers and producers. "We discuss how music should make the audience feel," she says, "what kind of music will best express the characters, the acting, the costume choices, and all the things that make up the feel of a show." A single broadcast can jolt an artist's sales by thousands of units. "It seems a shame to keep returning to songs and bands that are already familiar," says Patsavas. Thanks to her, the music on TV is always fresh. The plots and dialogue are somebody else's problem. —CAROLYN BIELFELDT



CANYON FODDER Australia's Jet performs in Brian Loucks's Laurel Canyon living room, August 8, 2006.

House Party

The Living Room Series is bringing rock back to Laurel Canyon

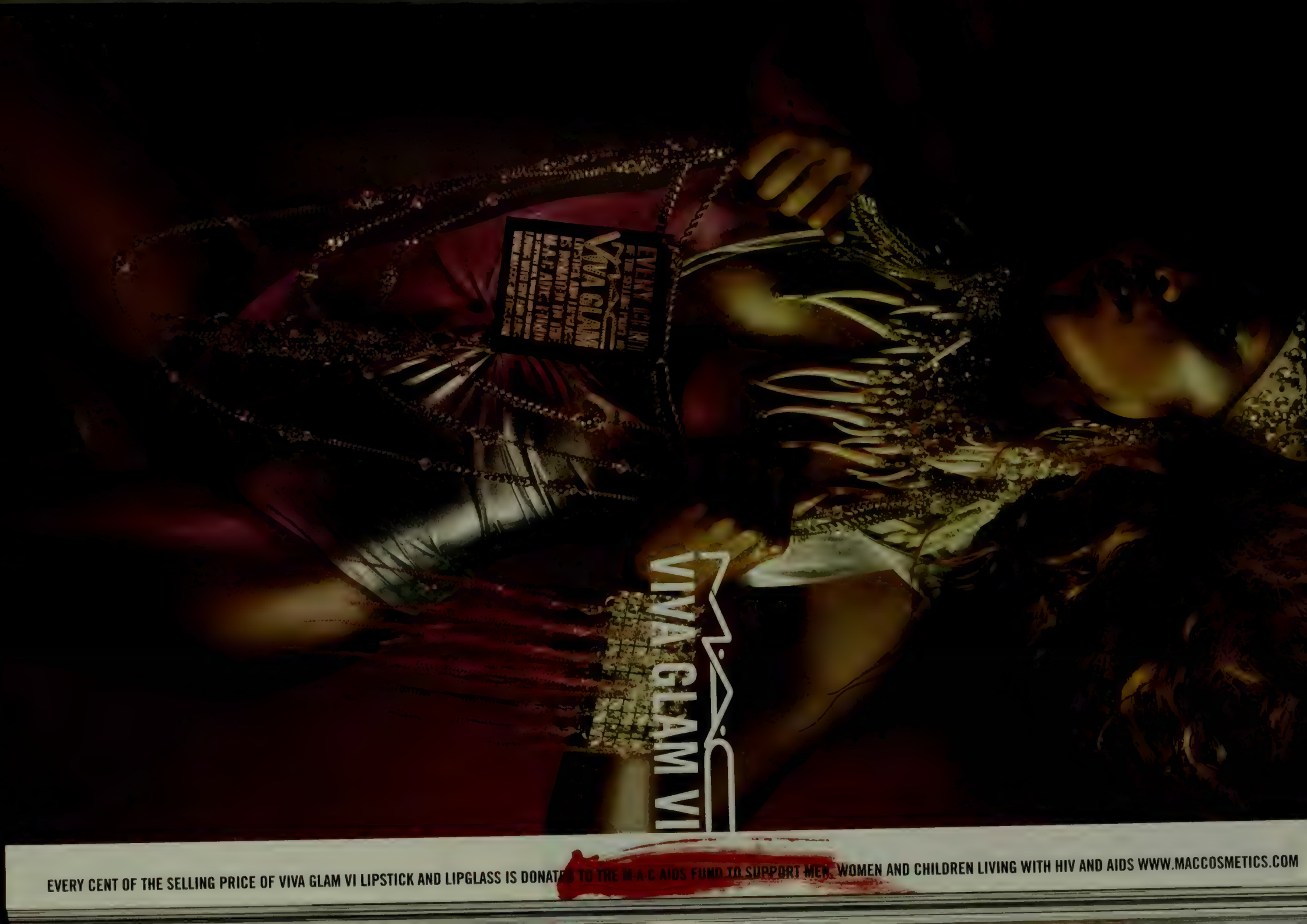
Tourists hoping to experience the fabled Laurel Canyon of rock 'n' roll lore can count on being disappointed—unless their visit happens to coincide with one of Brian Loucks's Living Room Series concerts. A "pop-culture agent" at L.A.'s CAA, Loucks got his start editing surf movies to rock music. He has been hosting concerts at his house, whose design he describes as "Frank Gehry on acid," since 2005, when Tim McGraw took a break from a stadium tour to play for 175 or so directors, producers, screenwriters, executives, and actors. The concerts are a natural extension for Loucks, who spends his workweek matching musicians up with movie projects. (Example: he introduced David Lynch to Julee Cruise, who went on to sing the theme to *Twin Peaks*.) But they're also fun. So far, acts both established (Jet, Keith Urban, the Yeah Yeah Yeahs) and undiscovered (James Morrison, Guillemots) have performed. "Some say the fire burned out in Laurel Canyon," Loucks says. "I like to think I found an ember and brought it back to life." —MICHAEL HOGAN

A Very Tuneful 2007

Charting the year's most musical movies

Movie	What Happens	Oscar Hope	Spoiler Alert!
ONCE	Busker meets girl, makes record.	Best song.	She's married.
LA VIE EN ROSE	Little Sparrow sings, self-destructs.	Best actress (Marion Cotillard).	She dies.
HAIRSPRAY	Chubster dances to desegregate.	Best supporting actor (John Travolta).	She's a he.
EL CANTANTE	Salsa widow remembers wayward genius.	Best actress (J.Lo).	He dies.
CONTROL	Epileptic forms band, loses mind.	Best cinematography.	He dies.
ACROSS THE UNIVERSE	Boomer teens belt out Beatles catalogue.	Best art direction.	The walrus is Bono.
AUGUST RUSH	Cute kid strums guitar, heartstrings.	Best supporting actor (Jonathan Rhys Meyers).	No Geddy Lee cameo.
I'M NOT THERE	Six different actors do Dylan.	Best supporting actress (Cate Blanchett).	He's a they.
SWEENEY TODD	Barber kills customers, serves them.	Best actor (Johnny Depp).	Everybody dies.
WALK HARD	Rock blockhead bumbles through decades.	None. It's a comedy.	The White Stripe is Elvis.
[illegible] THE NOISE	Rapper finds reggaeton in Puerto Rico.	None. It's a teen movie.	No Quiet Riot cameo.
[illegible]	Rodents sing, annoy Jason Lee.	None. It's a chipmunk movie.	They die.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: BY JASON SQUIRES/WIREIMAGE.COM. FROM THE EVERETT COLLECTION. FROM THE EVERETT COLLECTION. BY DAVID JAMES/NEW LINE CINEMA. ERIC LIEBOWITZ. FROM THE EVERETT COLLECTION


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ROCK 'N' REEL

Hollywood is pumping out music-themed movies—from a slew of biopics (about Otis Redding, Joan Jett, and Iggy Pop, among others) to Julie Taymor's *Across the Universe,* featuring a mustachioed Bono—while a number of singers are headed for their close-ups.

By Lisa Robinson

JETT SET The Runaways in the Netherlands, November 1977. From left: Joan Jett, Sandy West, Lita Ford, and Vicki Blue.

Musicians, and the lives that late they led, are coming to a multiplex near you. Upcoming biopics now include one about soul great **Otis Redding,** who died in a plane crash on December 10, 1967, and whose family is celebrating his life with a yearlong museum exhibition in his hometown of Macon, Georgia. In the works, too, is a **Rick James** movie, possibly starring Terrence Howard, who is also "in talks" to play the part of blues great **Muddy Waters.** And, while she waits (more than four years now) to make the **Janis Joplin** story, director Penelope Spheeris will film *Love Above the Strip,* a romantic comedy she wrote about 80s metal bands. Spheeris knows whereof she speaks—having done the excellent 1988 *The Decline of Western Civilization Part II* with such star metalheads as **Ozzy Osbourne** and **Megadeth,** as well as obscure bands such as **Lizzy Borden** and **Seduce,** who now reside in the "Where are they now?" file.

Not even the living can escape Hollywood's clutches. *Neon Angels,* directed by Floria Sigismondi, tells the tale of **Joan Jett** and the 70s all-girl rock band the Runaways; Wood portrays **Iggy Pop** in *The Passenger,* about the [illegible] **Stooges.** *The Dirt* is the film based on the book about the career of **Mötley Crüe.** *Across the Universe,* directed by Taymor and described by some as *Hair* meets [illegible] songs, features a mustachioed **Bono** singing "I Am the [illegible]

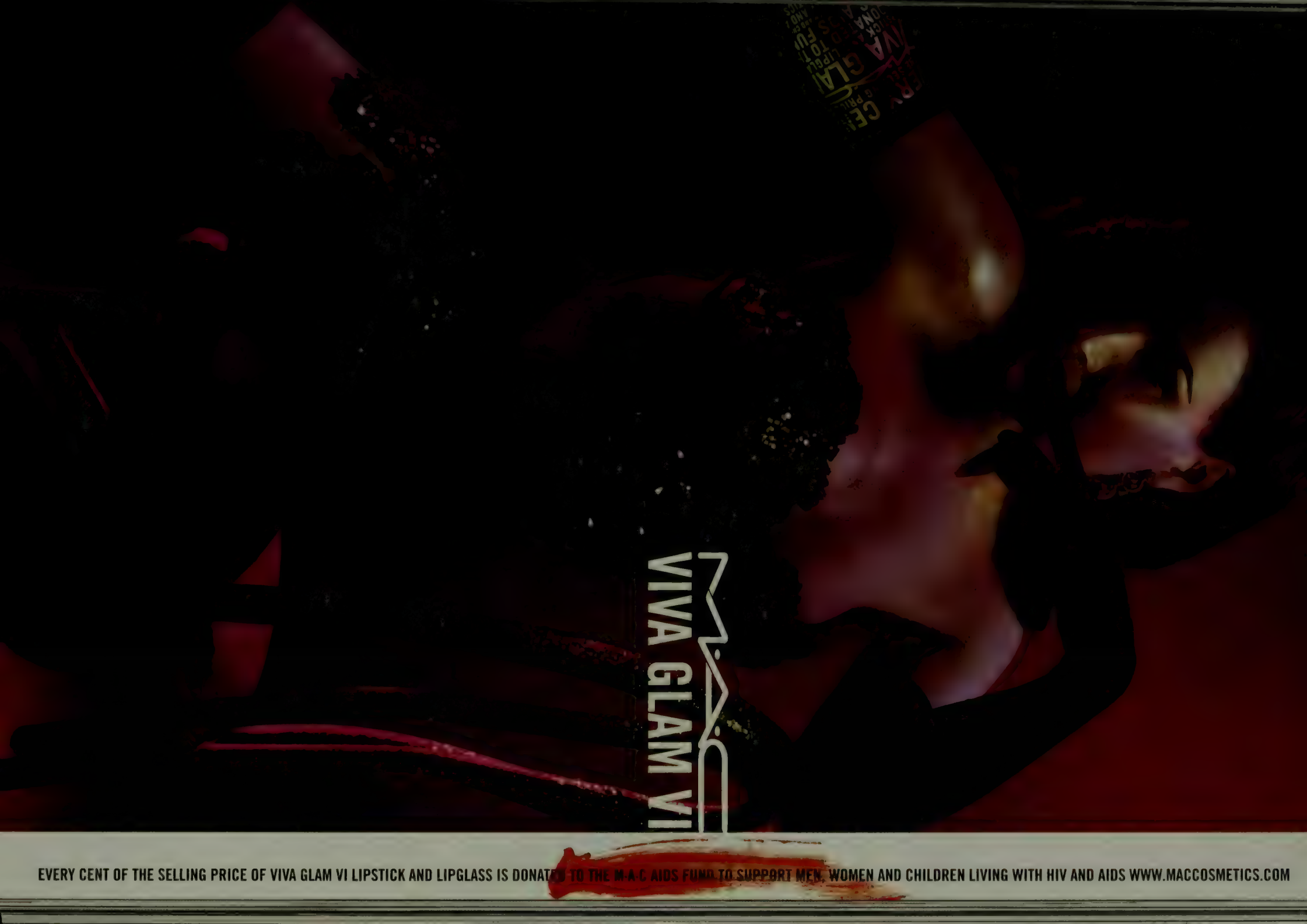
Taymor is also working with **Bono** and **the Edge** on a Broadway show about Spider-Man. *Desperately Seeking Susan,* the only **Madonna** movie *not* trashed for her acting, will be resurrected as a musical in London's West End with **Deborah Harry** songs; a film version could be next. And Kirsten Dunst will play Harry in a picture about the 70s pop-punk band **Blondie.**

The musician making the best music for children, **Dan Zanes,** has filmed a small part—as a singer in a 1950s roadhouse band—in Sam Mendes's *Revolutionary Road,* starring Kate Winslet and Leonardo DiCaprio. First a 1984 movie starring Kevin Bacon and then a Broadway show, *Footloose* will be re-done as a movie with *High School Musical* and *Hairspray* star Zac Efron. **Karen O** performs on the soundtrack for Spike Jonze's *Where the Wild Things Are,* **Eddie Vedder** contributes music to Phil Donahue's Iraq documentary, **Wyclef Jean** does music for an Angelina Jolie documentary (and has his own movie about Haiti coming out, too), and, straight outta Brooklyn: **Clap Your Hands Say Yeah** wrote songs for and played themselves in the Tom Hanks starrer *The Great Buck Howard.*

Chris "Ludacris" Bridges, who was part of the Oscar-winning ensemble cast in *Crash* and who had a noteworthy cameo in *Hustle & Flow,* should have received an Emmy nomination for his recurring role in *Law & Order: SVU.* No matter. His movie career flourishes and, he says, "The biggest issue for me has been having a career that is filled with acting roles that interest me, just like my music." Obviously, he's found them, with forthcoming appearances in Vince Vaughn's Christmas movie, *Fred Claus,* and Guy Ritchie's *RocknRolla,* with Thandie Newton and Jeremy Piven. **50 Cent** plays a boxer in *The Dance,* with Nicolas Cage, and draws on his past for the role of a drug dealer in *Righteous Kill,* with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro. **Bette Midler** is a talk-show host in the Helen Hunt–directed *Then She Found Me,* and will soon bring her incomparable live show to Caesars Palace in Las Vegas—the recent home of Celine Dion and Elton John; expect the Divine Miss M to bring back the glamour of the days of Sammy, Dean, and Frank.

When you've loved and lost the way Frank has, then you know what life's about. □

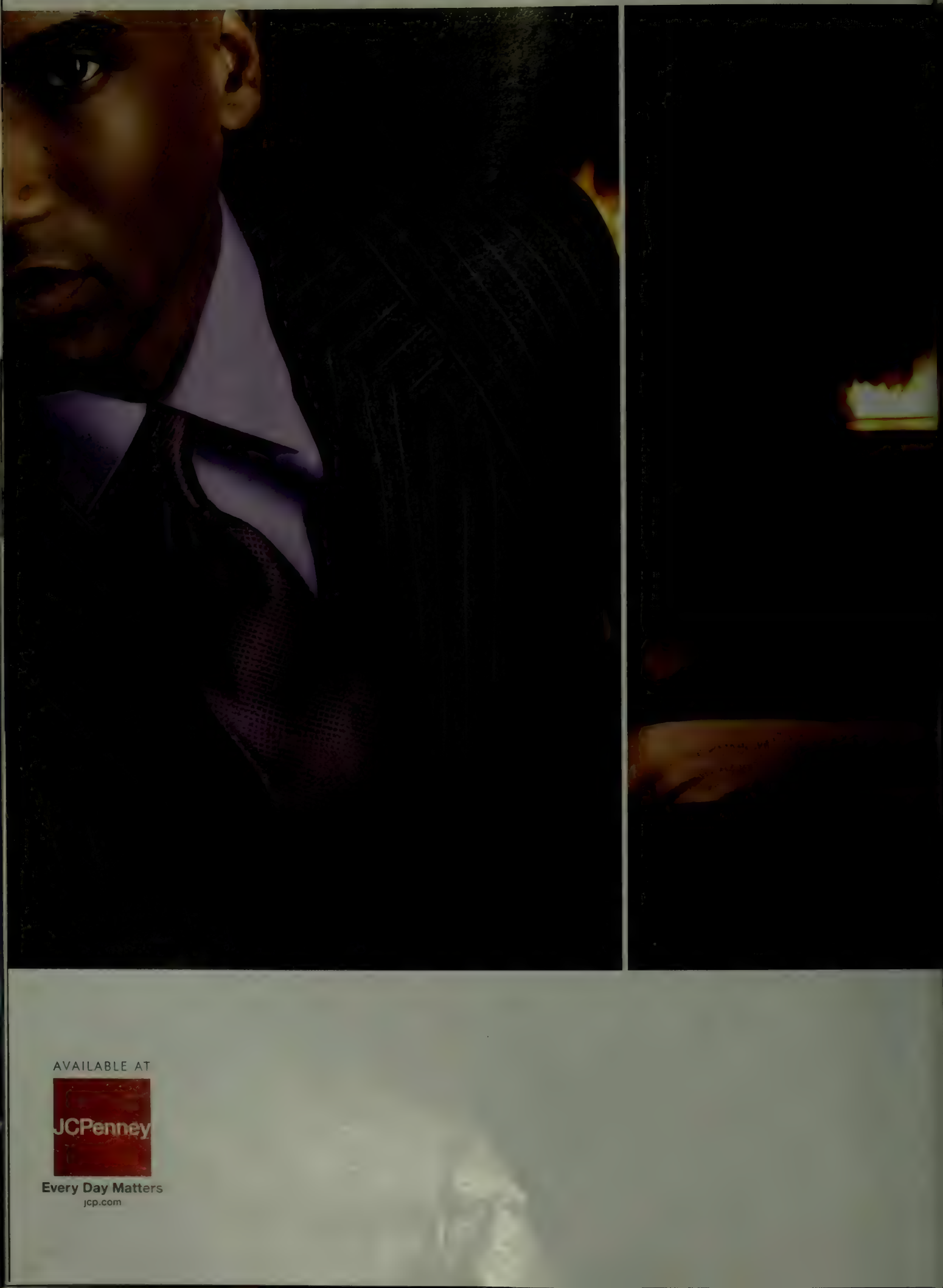
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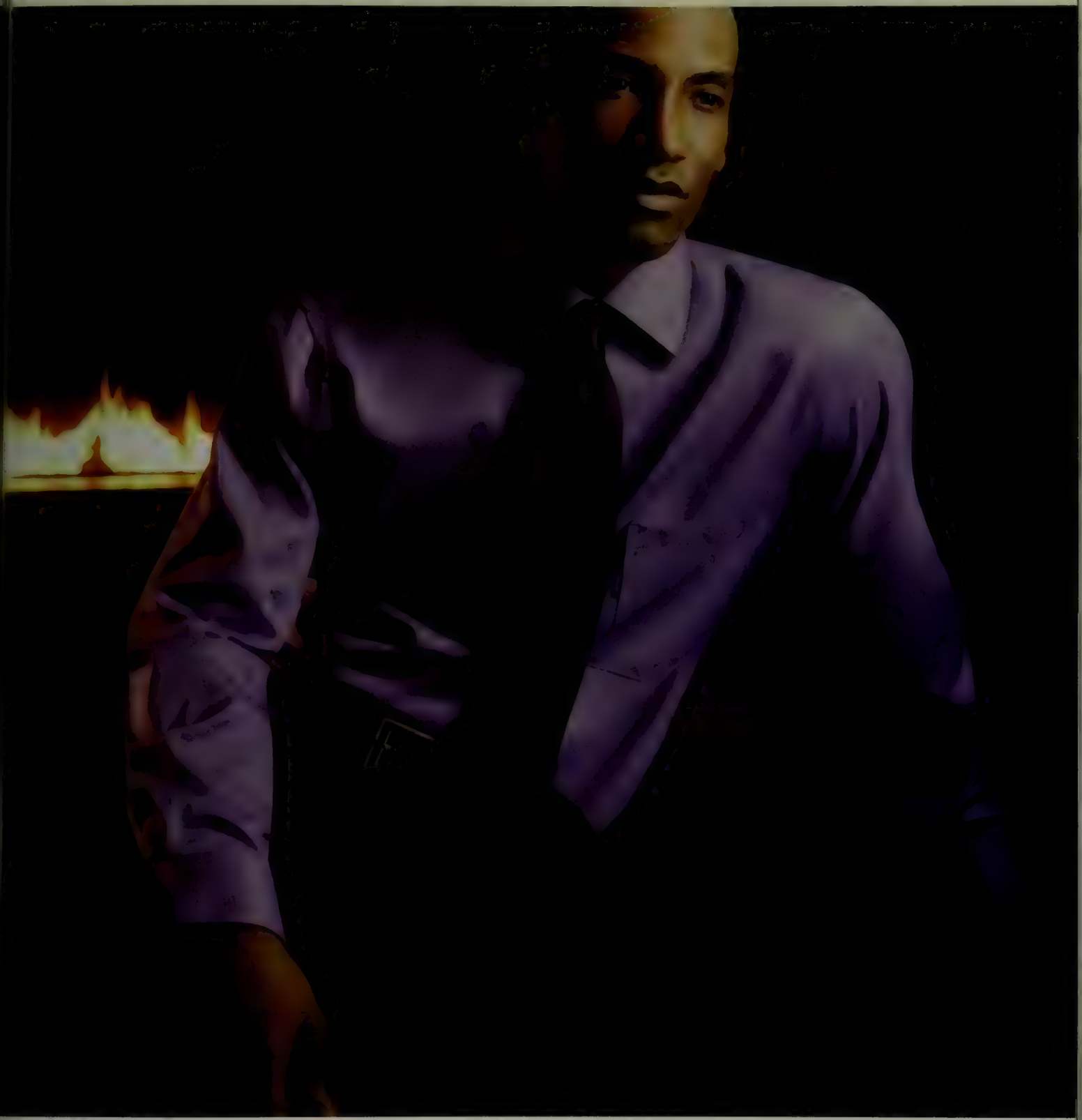
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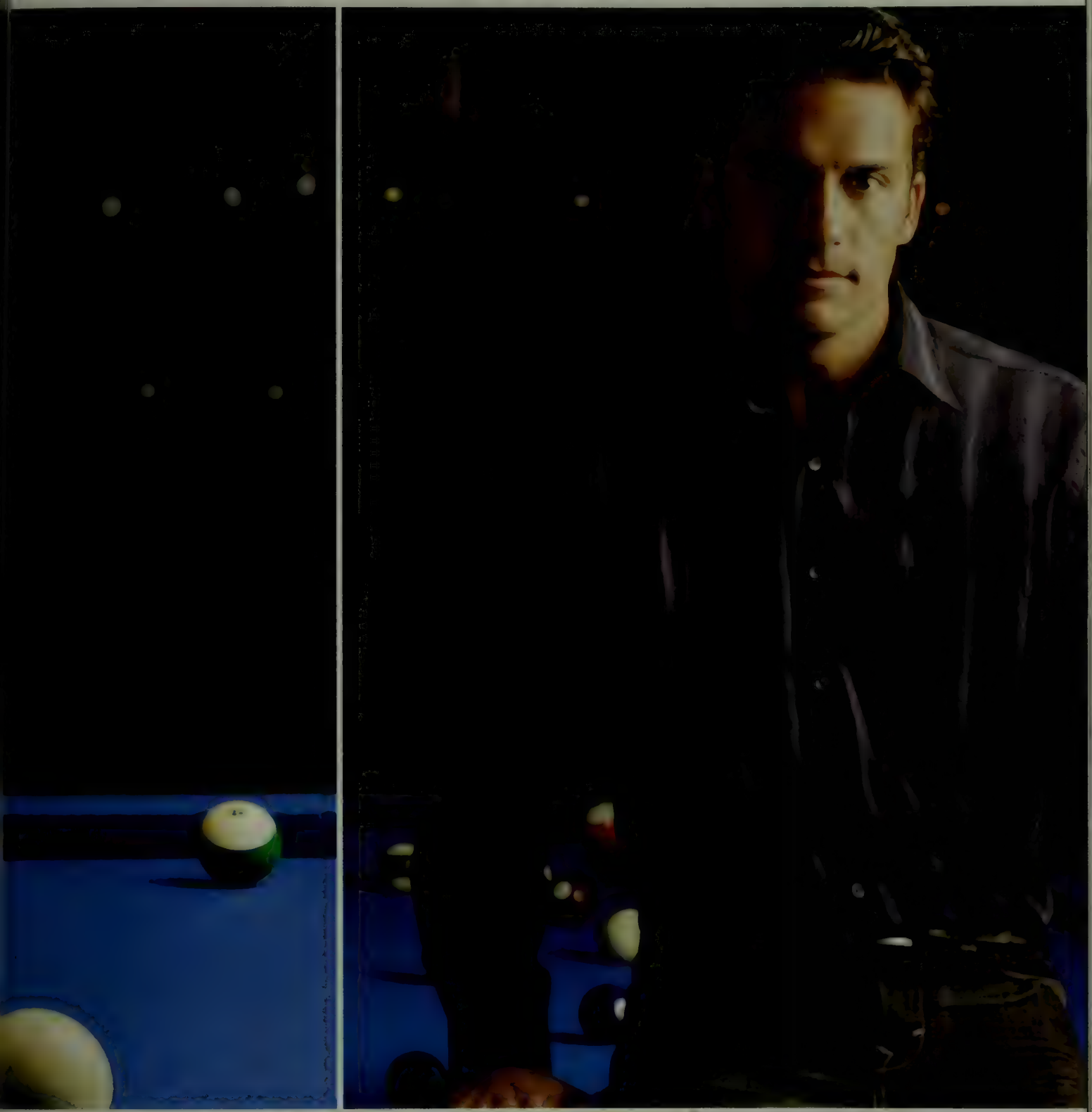
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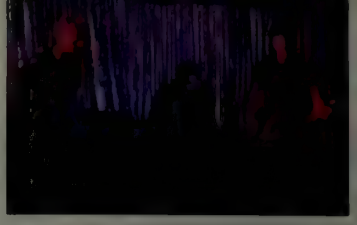
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VANHEUSEN

L.A. ROCK CITY

Drew Barrymore in the balcony for Coldplay? Orlando Bloom catching OK Go? Scarlett Johansson rocking out to Rilo Kiley? L.A.'s music scene has stars on both sides of the stage. By Emily Poenisch



Spaceland

1717 Silver Lake Boulevard

HEARD: Cold War Kids, Weezer, Spank Rock, Beck, the White Stripes, the Shins, Bloc Party

SEEN: Jason Lee, Patricia Arquette, Christina Ricci

SCENE: Put on something vintage and lace up your Chucks. Silver Lake's hipster haven showcases the latest darlings of indie rock's all-powerful Pitchfork Web site. Challenge Jack Black to a game of pool if the opening act's a bore.



Safari Sam's

5214 West Sunset Boulevard

HEARD: Jamie Lidell, Cut Chemist, the Kooks, Har Mar Superstar, Justice, OK Go

SEEN: Orlando Bloom, Ashlee Simpson, Minnie Driver

SCENE: Punk? Rock? Cabaret? Anything goes, thanks to maverick owner and culture hound Sam Lanni. This resurgent club now occupies a hefty slice of Hollywood real estate, once frequented by strippers and more recently by Lindsay Lohan.



The Hotel Cafe

1623½ North Cahuenga Boulevard

HEARD: José González, Death Cab for Cutie, Rilo Kiley, John Mayer, Imogen Heap, Corinne Bailey Rae, Minnie Driver, Schuyler Fisk

SEEN: Scarlett Johansson, Adam Brody, Zooey Deschanel

SCENE: *Scrubs* star Zach Braff loves this place, so don't be surprised to find mopey singer-songwriters and doe-eyed hotties trading tales of angst under the mood lighting. Given the self-serious clientele, you might want to leave your Fergalicious friends at home.



The Echo

1822 Sunset Boulevard

HEARD: Girl Talk, Xiu Xiu, Diplo, Devendra Banhart, MSTRKRFT, Comets on Fire

SEEN: Kirsten Dunst, Matt Stone and Trey Parker, Heath Ledger

SCENE: Rock out to post-punk, booty bass, and mutant disco at this Eastside institution. If you're a malnourished hipster with an exhibitionist streak, look for photos of yourself on the Cobrasnake's site in the morning.



Troubadour

9081 Santa Monica Boulevard

HEARD: Lily Allen, the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Franz Ferdinand, the Strokes, the Hold Steady, Grizzly Bear, the Streets

SEEN: Clive Owen, Drew Barrymore, Kiefe

SCENE: You'd better know so someone to nab last-minute tickets destination, which has broken acts fron to the Hold Steady. V.I.P.'s fill a balcony take the floor, and when Jack B isn't saving the world, you just may find him here

Largo

432 North Fairfax Avenue

HEARD: Jon Brion, Emmylou Harris, Aimee Mann, Fiona Apple, Nellie McKay

SEEN: Viggo Mortensen, Winona Ryder, Maggie Gyllenhaal

SCENE: Swing a cat and you'll hit a celebrity at this Fairfax hangout popularized by Über-producer Jon Brion and his starry collection of musical friends. Book a table for dinner and pipe down already; there's no talking during shows.





The Smell

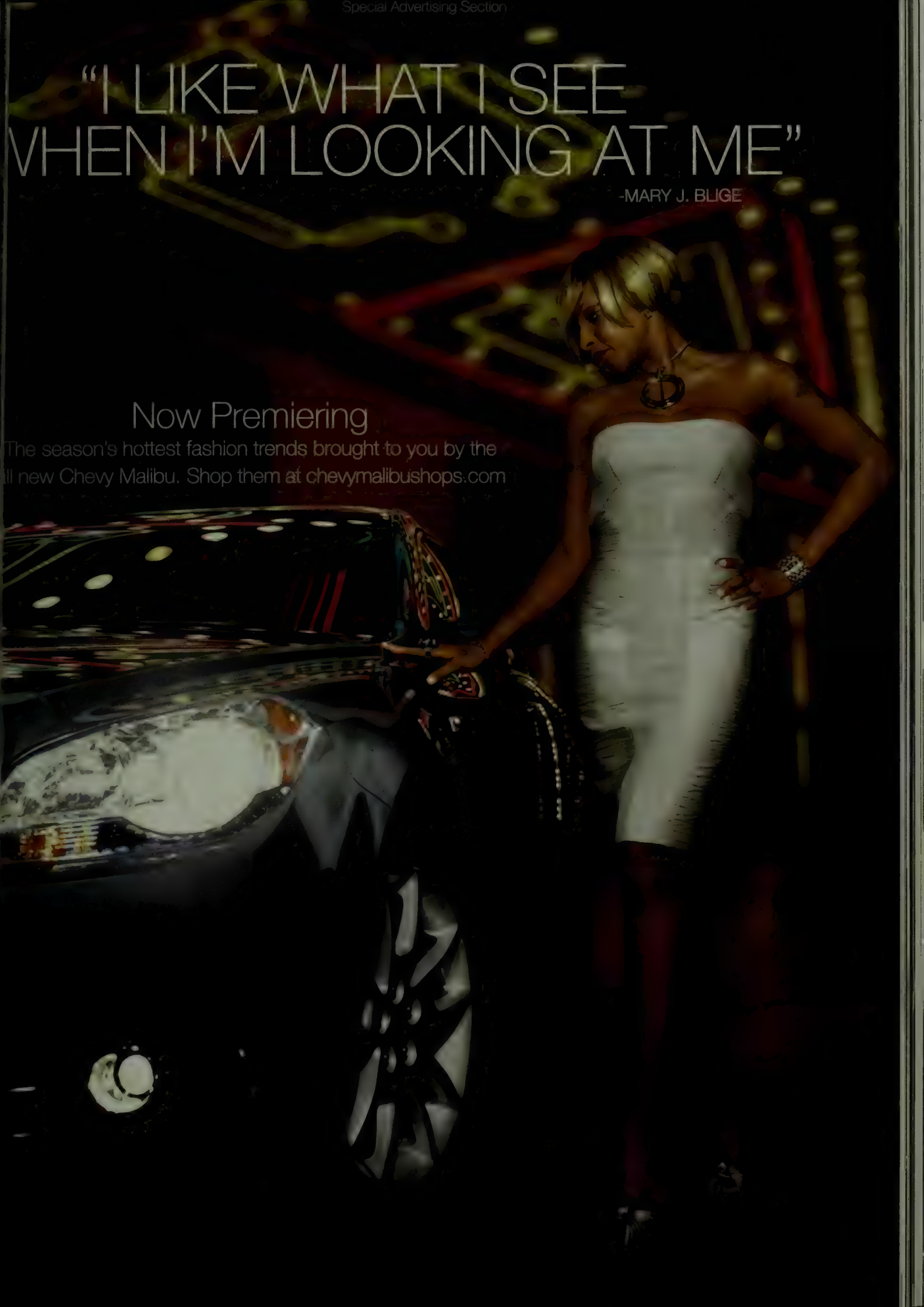
247 South Main Street

HEARD: The Faint, Le Tigre, Bonnie "Prince" Billy, Matt & Kim

SEEN: Elijah Wood, Shannyn Sossamon, Crispin Glover

SCENE: Funky in more ways than one, this no-frills warehouse sits within spitting distance of downtown's skid row. In-the-know types make the trek to catch the latest underground sensations. There's no bar, so tank up in advance.

MAP BY HAISAM HUSSEIN PHOTOGRAPHS, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT BY JEFF WOLFRAM, JENNIFER


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WHEN I'M LOOKING AT ME"
-MARY J. BLIGE
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TREND: MAD FOR METALLICS

Platinum, gold, copper and bronze provide a precious polish to this season's most stylish looks. Noted designers are burnishing their image to a high shine and Malibu has followed suit. With its tasteful use of black chrome inside and just the right touches of jeweled detail outside, the Chevy Malibu makes the desired impact on the eye.

Shop the trends at chevymalibushops.com

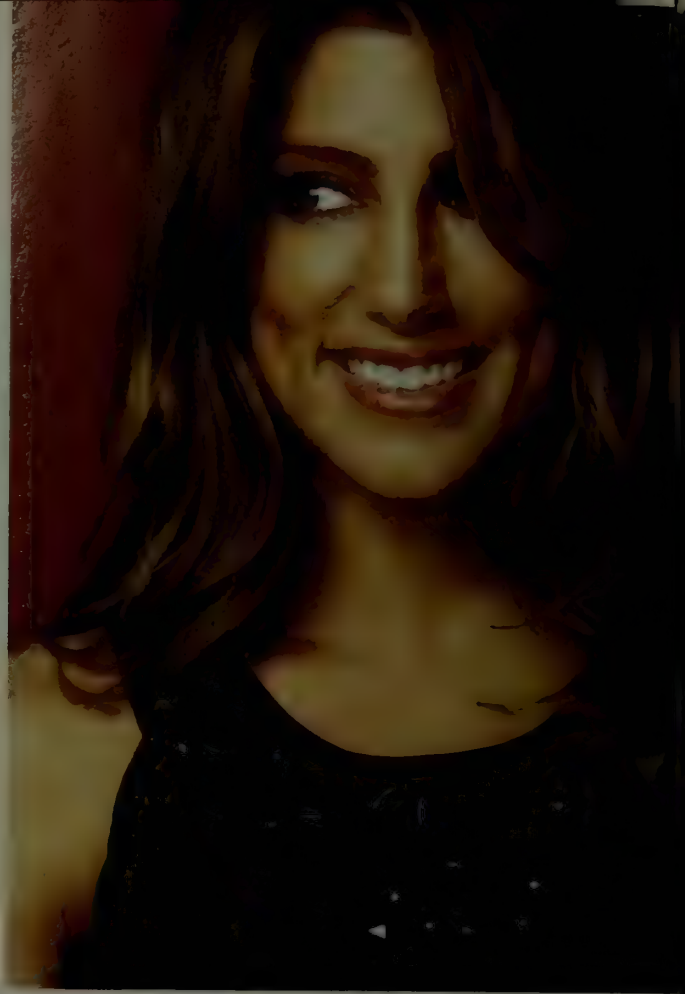




GOING PLATINUM

With the release of her new album, *Growing Pains*, Mary J. Blige is certain to steal the spotlight again. Fortunately, she's dressed for it.

Accessories: Limited-edition gunmetal snakeskin clutch by Rafe for Chevy Malibu; Malibu LTZ in Dark Gray Metallic by Chevy



BUTTONED UP
Jennifer Esposito, star of the upcoming ABC comedy *Sam I Am*, is no stranger to the art of the detail. She proves it here and in moving easily between comedy and drama in roles as diverse as the spunky Brooklyn-born mayoral secretary in *Spin City* and the prickly detective Ria in the Oscar-winning *Crash*.

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140





NATURAL TALENT
For her debut album *Inside Out,* released in October, Golden Globe-nominated Emmy Rossum, shown here in the season's fresh sage, relied heavily on the lushness of her own vocals to explore the boundaries of the human voice.





REND: KEEN ON "GREEN"

couture designs of organic cotton to recycled glass and bamboo accessories to green machines like the Chevy Malibu
, environmentally-driven designs are fast becoming a major fashion statement.

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ONNECTIONS

Strange Bedfellows

Everybody knows that all musicians want to be movie stars, and all movie stars want to be musicians. But what happens when they just want each other?



ANK SINATRA and MIA FARROW

In Brief
airman of the Board weds flower child.

Vital Stats
Married 1966; divorced 1968.

Telling Quote
Sinatra: "I still don't know what *that* was all about."



QUINCY JONES and PEGGY LIPTON

In Brief
Music god meets *Mod Squad* star.

Vital Stats
Married in 1974; separated in 1986; two daughters.

Telling Quote
Lipton: "He had a misunderstanding that I came from a stable background."



NANCY WILSON and CAMERON CROWE

In Brief
Heart guitarist succumbs to Dobler effect.

Vital Stats
Married 1986; twin sons.

Telling Quote
Crowe: "She's actually seen more movies than I have."



GWYNETH PALTROW and CHRIS MARTIN

In Brief
Oscar winner attracts Coldplay idol.

Vital Stats
Married 2003; two children.

Telling Quote
Paltrow: "If we decide to continue being together or not, it's our business."



MARILYN MANSON and EVAN RACHEL WOOD

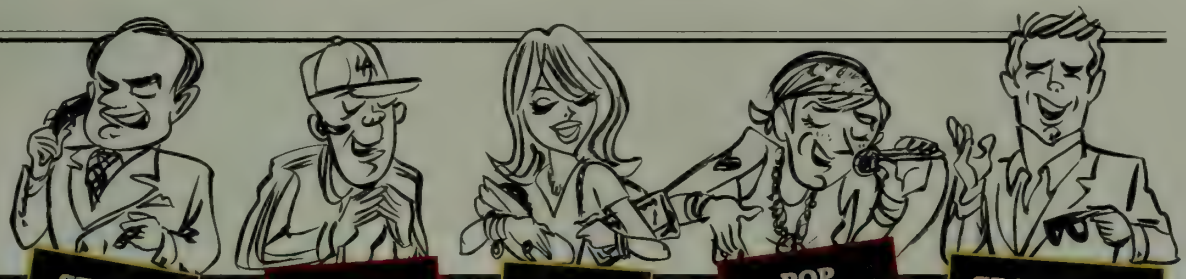
In Brief
Shock rocker snares frisky ingénue.

Vital Stats
Started dating in 2007; one pseudo sex video.

Telling Quote
Wood: "I'm sorry if I have blond hair and blue eyes and my boyfriend looks like a vampire."

Movies Rock

ollywood Report



	STUDIO CHIEF	MUSIC MOGUL	MOVIE STAR	POP STAR	CROSSOVER ACT
Icon	Peter Chernin	Jimmy Iovine	Brangelina	50 Cent	Justin Timberlake
Center of Gravity	Bel Air	Holmby Hills	Broad Beach	Encino Hills	Bird streets
House Style	Robert Farquhar Mediterranean	1920s Tudor	Richard Meier beach house	Mini Bellagio	Neutra
Big Cool Friend	Ken Kimmins	Kobe	Ecos	Paul Allen	Lorne Michaels
Sideline	Mentor charities	Movie producing	Orphans	Memoirist	Jeans line
Dinner	Giorgio Baldi's	Private chef at home	Mizuno	Koi	Chi
Maintenance	BriteSmile	Herbal colonic infusion	Ab Lab	Shiatsu	Hot-stone therapy
Black Sheep	Brad Grey	Tommy Mottola	Mel Gibson	Michael Jackson	K-Fed
Best-Kept Secret	1997 Pollicone lunch	Actual weight	Actual height	High-school model-U.N. president	Mock fist

—Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield

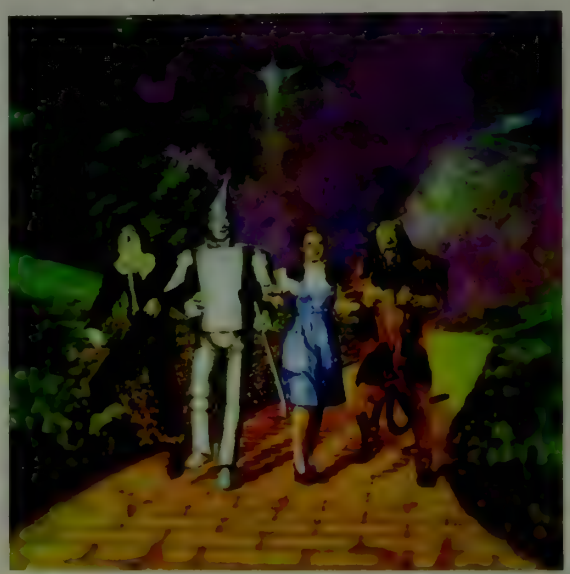
TOP, FROM LEFT: FROM BETTMANN/CORBIS; FROM BETTMANN/CORBIS; FROM MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES; BY GUY WEBSTER/GLOBE PHOTOS; RALPH NOTARO/GETTY IMAGES; TONY BARSON/WIREIMAGE.COM; MICHAEL TRAN/FILMMAGIC/GETTY IMAGES; DAVE HOGAN/GETTY IMAGES; GEORG CHLEBAROV/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA; GREGG DEGUIRE/WIREIMAGE.COM. BOTTOM ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

THE DARK SIDE OF OZ

People who listen to Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* while watching *The Wizard of Oz* claim there's a phenomenal synchronicity between them. *Cool.* But does it mean anything? The author tests the proposition. By Jim Windolf

Sometime after the invention of home video, the "dark side of the rainbow" effect was born. While watching *The Wizard of Oz* with the sound turned off, certain people—very likely stoners—first listened to the Pink Floyd album *Dark Side of the Moon,* being careful to push "play" at the third roar of the MGM lion. The results were astonishing. "It's as if the movie were one long art-film video for the album," wrote Charles Savage of the Fort Wayne *Journal Gazette,* who in 1995 became the first mainstream reporter to chronicle the phenomenon. "Song lyrics and titles match the action and plot. The music swells and falls with characters' movements."

As Savage noted, the Scarecrow flops around on the grass just as Pink Floyd bandleader Roger Waters sings, "The lunatic is on the grass." And the thumping heartbeats that punctuate the end of *Dark Side of the Moon* are heard just as Dorothy puts her ear to the Tin Man's chest. These are only two of roughly 100 documented instances of synchronicity between the 1973 album and the 1939 movie.



Chat-roomers and bloggers have filled countless screens to express their enthusiasm for this psychedelic parlor game. At the same time, skeptics have argued that the effect is trivial, arising only from the human tendency to impose patterns where none exist. Which camp is right? To solve the question once and for all, I have taken it upon myself to conduct further research in this hot new field of audiovisual synchronicity. Excited? Me, too.

COMBINATION ONE

The Film: *Gone with the Wind* (1939). **The Album:** James Brown's *Revolution of the Mind: Live at the Apollo, Vol. 3.* (1971). **Hypothesis:** *Revolution of the Mind,* one of the great aural documents of black power, and *Gone with the Wind,* an epic ode to white power, will be highly synchronistic, despite certain thematic differences.

The Experiment: Early in the film, slaves appear in the cotton fields at the same moment Brown screeches "Bewildered!," the first word of the ferocious ballad going by that very name. When Scarlett O'Hara (Vivien Leigh) first appears, Brown is singing, "Baby, baby, baby." That seems like a nice match, but we must, in good conscience, write it off, owing to the hyper-frequency of that word's occurrence in the Brownian songbook. A firmer match follows: wet-blanket suitor Charles Hamilton proposes to Scarlett in time to Brown's singing, "Try me." Uncannily, the singer and on-screen character are one in their desperate wooings of a not-so-willing woman.

Brown sings the word "superbad" timed perfectly to the entrance of Rhett Butler (Clark Gable) at a plantation-house party. Later, as Rhett and Scarlett make deep eye contact for the first time, Brown shouts, "Get involved!" And when their faces nearly touch, he sings, "Face to face." Need I go on?

Conclusion: *Gone with the Wind* and *Revolution of the Mind* are indeed an audiovisual match.

COMBINATION TWO

The Film: *Idiocracy* (2006). **The Album:** Britney Spears's *Oops! ... I Did It Again* (2000). **Hypothesis:** The wittingly funny and dystopian *Idiocracy* will seem even funnier and more dystopian when viewed along with the unwittingly funny and dystopian *Oops! ... I Did It Again.*

The Experiment: Like *The Road Warrior,* its somewhat more serious predecessor in the post-apocalyptic genre, *Idiocracy* begins with a montage charting the decline of earthly civilization. While this is happening on-screen, Spears, to mesmerizing effect, sings the refrain from the album's opening track over and over again—"Oops, I did it again." So far, so good. The movie's hero, played by Luke Wilson, awakens from cryogenic-freeze sleep in a young man's living room. It is the year 2505. The young man is seen watching TV just as Spears sings, "When I'm watching my TV," from her rendition of the Jagger-Richards hit "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction."

But then *Idiocracy* and *Oops! ... I Did It Again* part ways. Spears goes on and on about loving boys and being loved by them, or not loving them and not being loved back, as Wilson escapes prison, discovers he's the smartest man alive, and meets with the president in an Oval Office lined with porno DVDs and Jack in the Box advertisements.

Conclusion: With its near dearth of interesting matches, the simultaneous playing of *Idiocracy* and *Oops! ... I Did It Again* serves only to emphasize the latent depressing qualities in each.

COMBINATION THREE

The Film: *Last Tango in Paris* (1972). **The Album:** Barry White's *All-Time Greatest Hits* (1994). **Hypothesis:** Director Bernardo Bertolucci's masterpiece, called "the most powerfully erotic movie ever made" by Pauline Kael, will seem all the more powerfully erotic in the lush musical context provided by make-out music's top maestro.

The Experiment: Has anyone looked sadder than the newly widowed Paul (Marlon Brando) as he wanders the gray streets of Paris in the opening scene? On the stereo, a sublime instrumental number, "Love's Theme," crests as Brando is enlivened by a new sense of purpose, which comes to him in the form of a fetching French lass (ingénue Maria Schneider). "Love's Theme" fades just as she reaches her destination: an apartment building on Rue Jules Verne. Brando, stalking Schneider from a distance, sets a lazy-lidded gaze on her as "I'm Gonna Love You Just a Little More, Baby" kicks in.

When Brando and Schneider first face each other, eyes locked, White sings, "I'm never gonna give you up." Brando grabs her. "Keep right on doin' it," sings White as the strangers kiss. Brando rips off Schneider's stockings. What does White have to say about this? "Right on."

Conclusion: Feel that tingling? It's not your shampoo.

Furthermore, it seems safe to conclude—with caution—that the "dark side of the rainbow" effect is not imaginary. A caveat: We have here considered but three combinations. Additional research is called for. Will science rise to the challenge? □

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS MUELLER. ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE NEAL PETERS COLLECTION



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Three hot new talents revisit scenes from their favorite movies

ve how Tarantino uses sound," says Josh Duhamel, Emmy Award-winning actor and star of the summer
on blockbuster, *Transformers*. "His movies always have the grooviest soundtracks. My friends and I could
obably still recite *Pulp Fiction* from start to finish."

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"Music is best when it
e film – not over-used or overwhelming. A particularly good example is
Shampoo. You see this
ood party scene turn a bit dark, and the way they cut 'Manic Depressi
against images of this hedonis
ealistic, glamorous 60's world – it's indelible."
–Stacey Sher, producer of *Pul
Erin Brockovich, and Freedom Writers*

rom left to right) Cody
drums), Mark (guitar),
Austin (lead singer),
Blower (guitar),
Mike (bass)

der, the post-grunge rockers behind *Extreme Behavior*, say the *Top Gun* soundtrack is "rad" and that if a movie were made about them, it would have to be *Top Gun*-esque: "flashy and 80's." Says lead singer Austin: "When I was and we would go on family vacations, my dad used to blast *'Highway to the Danger Zone.'* And when my mom ld fall asleep, he would see how fast he could go."

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LOVE HURTS David Cross (glasses, goatee) and Demetri Martin steel themselves against the siren call of Jennifer Love Hewitt's *Let's Go Bang.*

WHEN STARS RECORD

Our pair of critics didn't know who sang the five songs they were asked to listen to. (Answer: Bruce Willis, Jennifer Love Hewitt, Russell Crowe, John Travolta, and Keanu Reeves's Dogstar.) But that was the point. Demetri Martin and David Cross called 'em like they heard 'em. **By John Ortved**

Jazz aficionados will be familiar with the Blindfold Test, a recurring *Down Beat* magazine feature in which musicians listen to a track and comment on it, without knowing who the artist is. Celebrity aficionados will be familiar with the actor-as-musician phenomenon, that unfortunate misstep in many a movie or TV star's career in which he or she, feeling limited by the screen, jumps platforms, hires a producer (or two or three), and releases a record of dubious artistic, if not commercial, worth. *Movies Rock* recently subjected comedians Demetri Martin (*The Daily Show with Jon Stewart*) and David Cross (*Arrested Development, Mr. Show with Bob and David*) to songs from five such albums, letting on only that the music was of starry provenance. Opinions expressed are solely those of Mr. Cross and Mr. Martin and do not represent the views of *Movies Rock,* especially in regard to future cover subjects.

"Respect Yourself," by Bruce Willis, from the album *The Return of Bruno* (1987).

DEMETRI MARTIN It's like they turned on everything in the studio.

DAVID CROSS And just got professionals to cover up whoever's shitty vocals those are and idea that is, whoever's vanity project. Was that Bruce Willis?

MOVIES ROCK *Yeah, that was Bruce Willis.*

D.C. Ironically, he's talking about respecting yourself and he picked the absolute worst medium to get that across.

D.M. Well, that's why it's not called "Respect Myself."

"Free to Be a Woman," by Jennifer Love Hewitt, from the album *Let's Go Bang* (1995).

D.C. It's a woman, obviously. Sounds a little En Vogue–y. I'm going to guess late 80s.

M.R. *More like mid-90s.*

D.C. Mid-90s. Is it a *Saved by the Bell* lady?

M.R. *Close. [*Hinting:*] After* Saved by the Bell, *there were some other shows that really captured the teenage imagination . . .*

D.M. You mean destroyed it?

D.C. *Veronica Mars*? Is that Veronica Mars? Did Veronica Mars go back in time?

M.R. *It's Jennifer Love Hewitt. It's from her album* Let's Go Bang, *from 1995.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DEL CONTE

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D.M. So she's pretty young there.
D.C. That's no excuse. That is absolutely no excuse.
D.M. Were there any hits off of this album?
M.R. *There were not.*
D.M. People didn't give it a fair shake. Her music sounds like somebody having a great time.
D.C. And that person is *not* the person listening to the music, or anybody involved with the making of the music, except for the girl who's singing.
D.M. But you could remix it.
D.C. So that it sounds like the producer is having a good time.

"Swallow My Gift," by Russell Crowe, from the album *Other Ways of Speaking* (2003).
D.C. That's Russell Crowe.
M.R. *Yes.*
D.C. The reason that I guessed that so quickly is because I'd heard his band has a watered-down Elvis Costello vibe, which that totally did. Which is insulting, to say the least, to Elvis Costello.
D.M. "Swallow My Gift." I wonder if the lyrics came first in that song. Or if the musical tapestry made him think, God, what does this remind me of?
D.C. Why do I have to swallow his gift? Also, not that great of a gift.
D.M. He's not from where we're from.
D.C. He's from the *exact opposite* side of the world. So they may have the *exact opposite* idea of what good music is. In Australia, when you come, do you come the opposite way? Does it go in the counterclockwise swirly way?
D.M. There are these idiomatic expressions in Australia—like "swallowing a gift" there could mean something else entirely.
D.C. It could be something a mom says to a child as she's rocking them to sleep.
D.M. I don't know. Great movie, though. *A Beautiful Mind of Mencia* is one of my favorite films.

"Razzamatazz," by John Travolta, from the compilation CD *Greased Lightnin'* (song first released in 1976).
D.C. That's John Travolta. It's not as offensive to me, immediately, as the other three were. Bruce Willis being the absolute worst. Jennifer Love Hewitt is, you know . . .
D.M. She's figuring it out.
D.C. She's a kid. She's not particularly bright.
D.M. Really cute, though.
D.C. Super-cute. And Russell Crowe, there's an arrogance, but at least he's trying to . . .
D.M. He's got a message.
D.C. I have a CD of music that L. Ron Hubbard wrote and recorded. L. Ron sings on the last song of the album, but John Travolta sings a couple, and Leif Garrett.
D.M. It's like rappers coming in to guest.
D.C. Yeah, and oddly enough, I'm not joking, Timbaland came in to produce it.
D.M. I hope that's true. [*It is, except for the part about Timbaland.—Editor*]
D.C. Yeah, this is a great album. And by "great," I mean terrible.
D.M. There aren't that many things that make disco sound like it has a lot of integrity
D.C. [*Picking up album and pretending to read a label on the cover*] "Warning: Don't listen to this."
D.M. What was the name of that song?
M.R. *Track number 4: "Razzamatazz."*
D.M. I was hoping it was that. That's awesome.
D.C. Oh wow, track number 5 is called "I Don't Know What I Like About You Baby," and then in parentheses: "Probably That You Have a Vagina." Hmm.

"What are the other guys in Dogstar doing now? They're just constantly calling Keanu. 'Hey, Keanu . . . It's Gary from Dogstar . . . um . . .'"

"Halo," by Keanu Reeves's band, Dogstar, from the album *Happy Ending* (2000).
D.M. Is that Keanu Reeves?
M.R. *Yes!*
D.C. What are the other guys in Dogstar doing now? They're just constantly calling Keanu. "Hey, Keanu . . . It's Gary from Dogstar . . . um . . ."
D.M. "Thanks again for the motorcycle you gave me . . . I've written some new . . . actually I still can't write anything . . . so maybe we can do some covers? Let's cover Johnny Depp's band."
D.C. "Haven't heard from you in a while . . . Listen, man, I'm going through my calendar and I'm finding . . . looks like April through . . . next April's pretty free . . ."
D.M. [*Reading liner notes*] Ah, this was recorded in Sherman Oaks.
D.C. Oh wow.
D.M. I would not have known that this came from the Valley. But I believe that's where *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure* took place. [*Actually,* Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure *mostly took place in San Dimas, east of Los Angeles. —Editor*]
D.C. Oh yeah. And that's where most of our porn comes from. So it's like ear porn.
D.M. It does come full circle. It's something you don't want someone seeing your ears listening to. [*Reading lyrics*] "Grab my hand and I'll pull you out / I'm trying to live a life / That cuts me like a knife / That's dull / I wrapped myself up tight / And stored it with the rest of the things."
D.C. Wait. He's trying to live his life like it's something that cuts like a knife?
D.M. I don't mean to be a dick, but if you're going to steal from Keats, I think you should credit the poet. □



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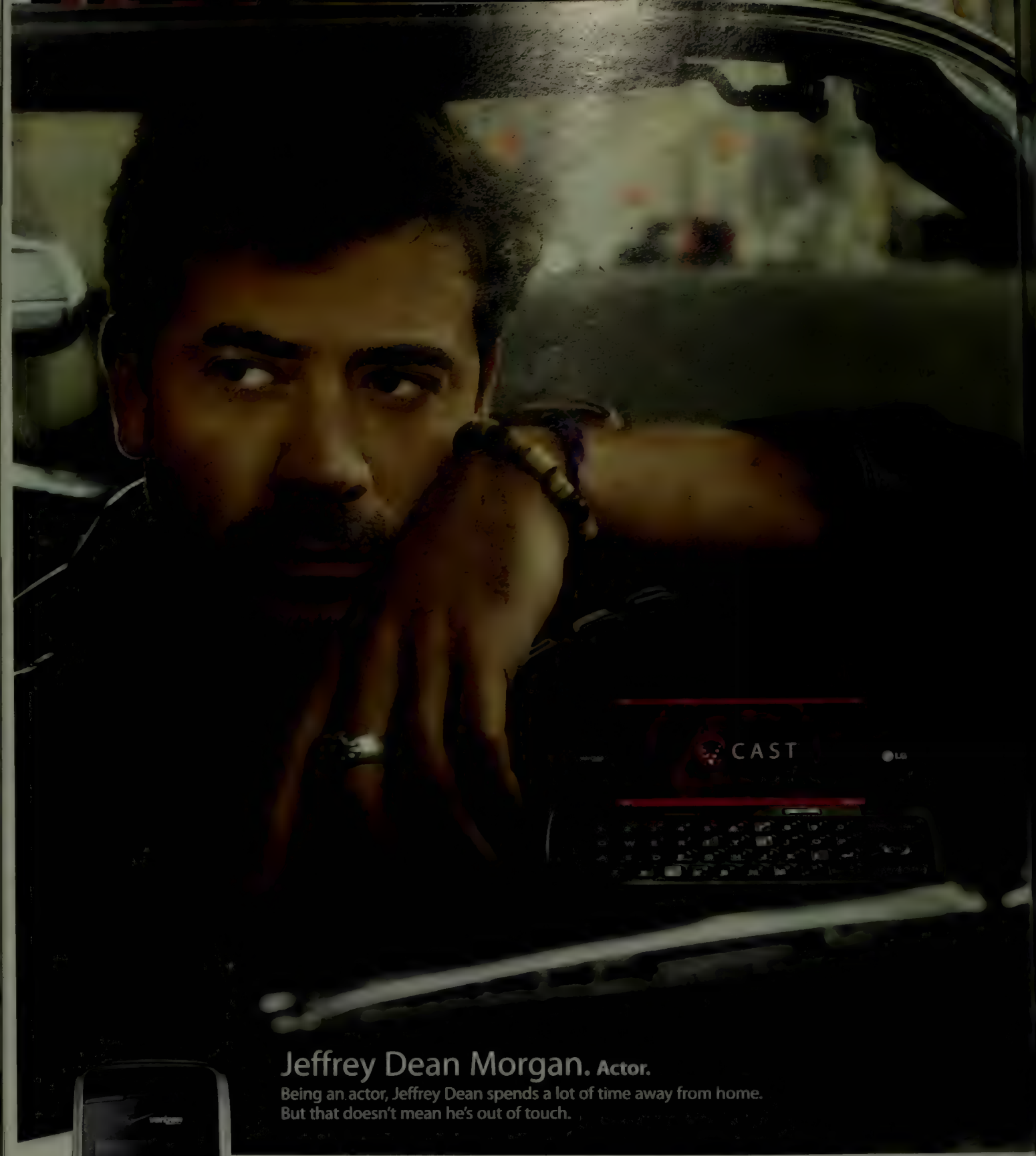
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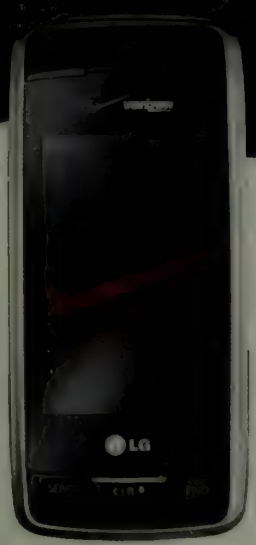
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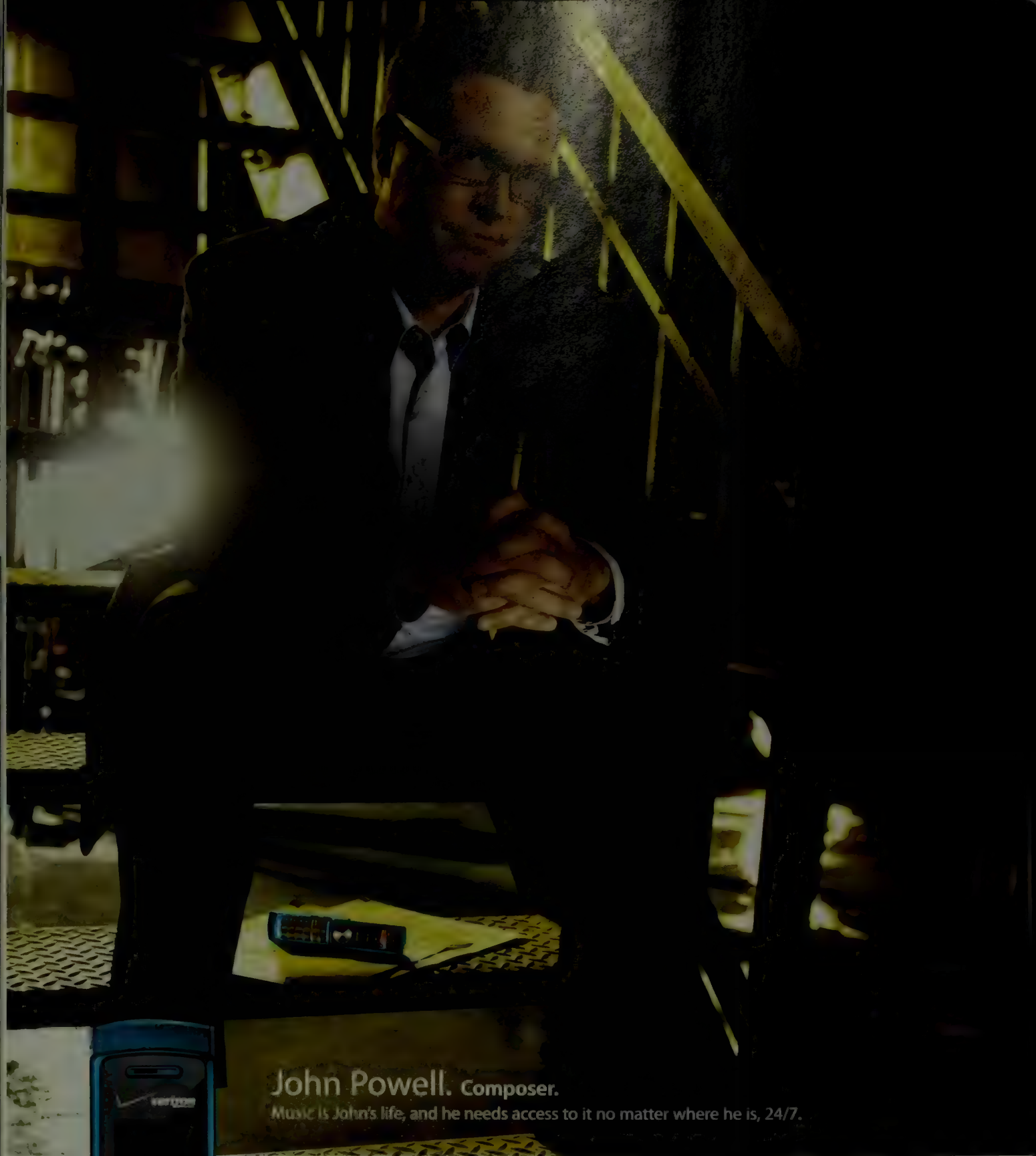
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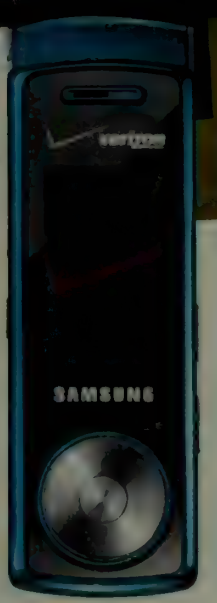
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THEY'LL ALWAYS HAVE DUBLIN

In 1990, a bunch of raw beginners gathered to film Roddy Doyle's novel *The Commitments*. With a cast reunion, two screenwriters recall the no-frills, low-ego fun they all had

The read-through of a movie is a curious occasion. The room, often a rented community center or church hall, buzzes with a mixture of nervous energy, exhilaration, and anxiety. People drink too much bad coffee, eat things they normally wouldn't, like doughnuts, and start smoking again, having quit two years earlier. The process teaches more about the script than the cast. The actors, after all, have already nailed their parts, and their readings tend to be low-key and self-conscious.

But with *The Commitments,* which we wrote in 1989 with Roddy Doyle, from his novel, only two of the cast had ever been to a read-through before, as director Alan Parker had chosen newcomers and musicians. It is to his enormous credit that he steered these raw beginners into making such a warm, wise, and witty film. (Among the crowd was Glen Hansard, the star of this year's sleeper, *Once*.)

We had already made some major character changes during the casting process. As written, Roddy Doyle's Deco Cuffe, the lead singer, was a handsome Lothario in his 20s. That all changed when Alan heard 16-year-old Andrew Strong sing. Alan argued that, if his job was to convince an audience that this band might have made it, it had to come from the lead singer. No argument from us when we heard that voice; we went away and tailored the part to suit Andrew's personality.

We noticed something else in that Dublin church hall: nowhere in our screenplay did anyone express any romantic interest in Natalie, one of the three Commitmentettes. But there she was in the room, played by Maria Doyle, whom we all fancied enormously. Later, back at the hotel, we stood this idea on its head and asked ourselves whom in the band Natalie would fancy. We decided it would be Jimmy Rabbitte and made script adjustments accordingly.

What was refreshing about *The Commitments* was the absence of actors' agendas or pecking orders; no one complained that his or her part was underwritten or that someone else was getting the best lines. They just plunged into the process with enthusiasm, naïveté, and energy, thrilled to be making a movie at all. For us, the whole experience was "the bollix."

—DICK CLEMENT AND IAN LA FRENAIS



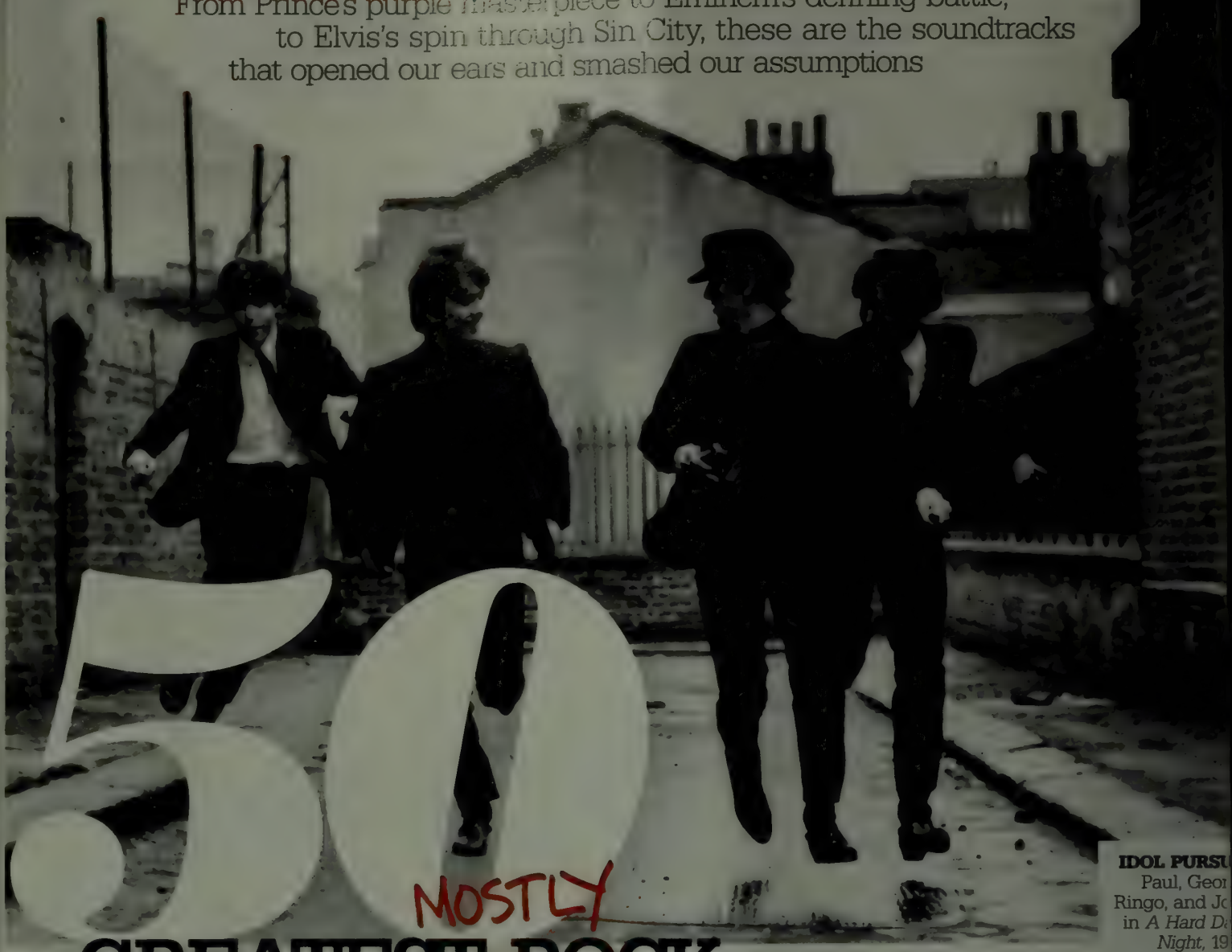
IRISH SOUL Cast members (and the director) of the 1991 hit *The Commitments,* photographed in Dublin. From left: Robert Arkins (Jimmy Rabbitte), Colm Meaney (Jimmy Rabbitte Sr.), Sir Alan Parker (director), Angeline Ball (Imelda Quirke), Andrew Strong (Deco Cuffe), and Bronagh Gallagher (Bernie McGloughlin).

STYLED BY NICK GRIFFITHS; HAIR BY BILLY ORR; MAKEUP BY DAPHNEY ANTOINE; GROOMING BY LINDSAY BROWNING; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN BROAD

THE LIST

From Prince's purple masterpiece to Eminem's defining battle, to Elvis's spin through Sin City, these are the soundtracks that opened our ears and smashed our assumptions



IDOL PURSU
Paul, Geor
Ringo, and Jo
in *A Hard D*
Night, 19

50 MOSTLY GREATEST ROCK SOUNDTRACKS OF ALL TIME!



1.

PURPLE RAIN (1984)
Perhaps the best badly acted film ever, the semi-autobiographical *Purple Rain* turned the pride of the Minneapolis pop scene into an international superstar. Even if you've never seen the movie, chances are you know every note of the succinct and flawless soundtrack, which mashes funk, R&B, pop, metal, and even psychedelia into a sound that defined the 80s. The album produced two No. 1 hits, won the Oscar for best original song score, and taught the world what it sounds like when doves cry.
Signature tracks: All of them.



2.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)
The Beatles, full of cheek, as they hit their first peak. Britain about to burst with the energy born of 20 years' worth of deprivation. All of it captured on film and disc. What more do you want from the first truly great rock 'n' roll musical? Everyone knows "I Should Have Known Better," "And I Love Her," and "Can't Buy Me Love," but even the incidental orchestral versions, scored by George Martin (and available only on the old U.S. version of the album), have a wit of their own.
Signature tracks: All of them.



3.

THE HARDER THEY COME (1973)
[illegible] Jimmy Cliff plays a young striver who conquers the Kingston drug world before succumbing to hubris. His songs, and those of five other legendary Jamaican acts, would achieve a more lasting conquest. Thirty-four years after this compilation introduced American audiences to reggae, the reverberations are still being felt everywhere from London to Latin America—and even Off Broadway, where Philip Seymour Hoffman recently played a girl-shy lug who can't stop listening to the Melodians' "Rivers of Babylon."
Signature track: "The Harder They Come," Jimmy Cliff.



4.

PULP FICTION (1994)
It's virtually impossible to tell when *Pulp Fiction* is supposed to be set, what with the vintage cars, the retro diners, and John Travolta. Same goes for the soundtrack, a compendium of esoteric 60s surf music spruced up with rock 'n'

TOP, FROM THE EVERETT COLLECTION


TF
TOM FO
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5 BEST PUNK MOVIES

BLANK GENERATION (1980)
An anthropological study in shaky black and white of the punk scene at CBGB's, featuring rawboned glimpses of Television, Patti Smith, Blondie, the Talking Heads, and the Ramones.

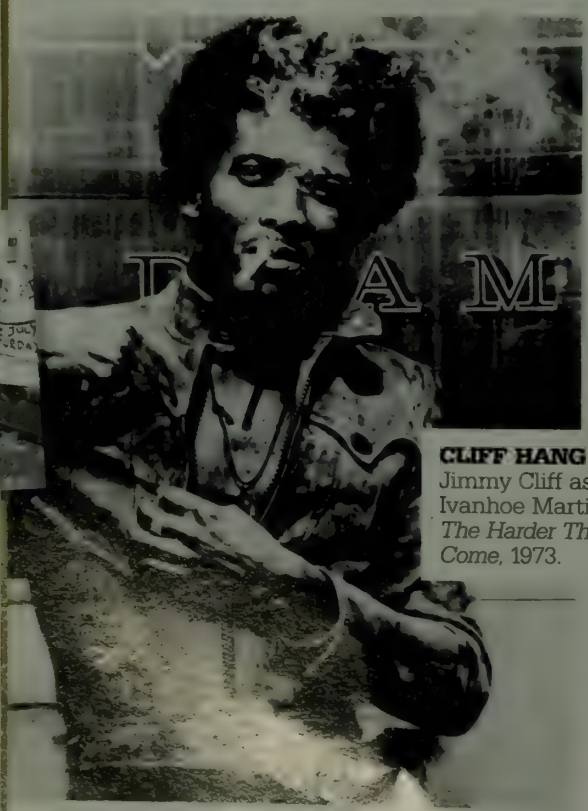
STOP MAKING SENSE (1984)
It doesn't get more iconographic than David Byrne in the "big suit" as he puts the Talking Heads through their intricate yet fluid paces in the greatest concert movie ever made.

SID & NANCY (1986)
Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb attack their roles as Sex Pistols bassist Sid Vicious and peroxide groupie Nancy Spungen—the Romeo and Juliet of radical dysfunction.

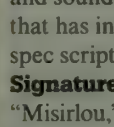
THE FILTH AND THE FURY (2000)
A documentary about the Pistols that resurrects still-thrilling stage footage and takes pity on Vicious, whose heroin overdose cracks the sneering façade of the former Johnny Rotten, John Lydon.



END OF THE CENTURY (2003)
A fitting and moving requiem for the Ramones, this documentary captures every squabble, setback, and rev-up of buzz-saw guitars.



CLIFF HANG
Jimmy Cliff as Ivanhoe Martin in *The Harder They Come*, 1973.



5.

THE GRADUATE (1967)
One of the canniest uses of pre-existing music in the history of movies: Simon and Garfunkel's poignant, melancholy, man-blouse-wearing songs expressed the throbbing emotions that antihero Benjamin Braddock couldn't—and helped make an otherwise acerbic comedy of Beverly Hills manners "relevant" to young audiences, not to mention one of its era's biggest hits. But don't overlook the droll cha-chas and Herb Alpert knockoffs (by Dave Grusin) that Mrs. Robinson grooves on.
Signature track: "Scarborough Fair/ Canticle," Simon and Garfunkel.



6.

SUPERFLY (1972)
With all due respect to *Blacula*, blaxploitation flicks were never as good as their soundtracks. *Superfly* is a prime example. Gordon Parks Jr.'s urban parable may have framed the debate for future generations of kids considering careers in the drug trade, but it's not exactly a Criterion collectible. Curtis Mayfield's soulful, wah-wah-heavy soundtrack, by contrast, is a decade-defining masterpiece.
Signature tracks: "Pusherman," "Freddie's Dead."



7.

TRAINSPOTTING (1996)
With the generation that once took Ecstasy and danced to "Born Slippy" now settling down to have babies—the kind that don't crawl on the ceiling—*Trainspotting* can feel more outdated than stuff twice its age. But fear not: the 90s revival *will* come, and this Brit-heavy compilation will be its Rosetta stone.
Signature tracks: "Lust for Life," Iggy Pop; "Born Slippy," Underworld.



8.

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (1977)
If you have lingering doubts about men singing in falsetto, banish them. This soundtrack, the second-best-selling of all time (behind *The Bodyguard*), is required listening for anyone looking to heat up the dance floor. The white suit? Not so much.
Signature track: "Stayin' Alive," the Bee Gees.



9.

AMERICAN GRAFFITI (1973)
Lauded (and blamed) for launching the 1950s nostalgia craze, this soundtrack remains one of the best readily available sources for early rock 'n' roll in all its tail-finned glory. Be sure to check out the sequel, *More American Graffiti*, not only for the additional 25 period singles but for the unnerving sight of Ron Howard with a luxuriant mustache.
Signature tracks: "(We're Gonna) Rock Around the Clock," Bill Haley and the Comets; "Runaway," Del Shannon.



10.

THE BIG CHILL (1983)
In the film, the death of a friend prompts a gaggle of old college pals to ponder the whereabouts of their 1960s ideals. The soundtrack, which draws deeply from the soulful catalogues of Motown and Atlantic Records, helps them put things in perspective.
Signature tracks: "The Tracks of My Tears," Smokey Robinson & the Miracles; "A Whiter Shade of Pale," Procol Harum; "I Heard It Through the Grapevine," Marvin Gaye.



11.

RUSHMORE (1998)
As beguiling as the movie itself, the *Rushmore* soundtrack surpasses Wes Anderson's other efforts by mixing offbeat songs from the big names of British rock—the Who's "A Quick One While He's Away," the Kinks' "Nothing in This World Can Stop Me Worrin' 'Bout That Girl"—with bittersweet charmers from Cat Stevens and John Lennon. If boarding school really sounded like this, *no one* would want to leave.
Signature track: "Ooh La La," the Faces.



12.

24 HOUR PARTY PEOPLE (2002)
Two of Manchester's most iconic and tragic postpunk bands go

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH FROM PHOTOFEST, INSET FROM THE EVERETT COLLECTION

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5 BEST JAZZ SOUNDTRACKS

ELEVATOR TO THE GALLOWS (1958)
Miles Davis's longing, muted horn meanders through minor modes like Jeanne Moreau through Paris's rain-swept streets.



ALFIE (1966)
Sonny Rollins's swinging tunes and lyrical solos echo the caddish title character's charisma, insouciance, and underlying melancholy.

BLOW-UP (1966)
Amped-up here, laid-back there, Herbie Hancock's soul-jazz fusion heightens Antonioni's depiction of a druggy, nihilistic fashion world.

ROUND MIDNIGHT (1986)
Watch it for Dexter Gordon's Oscar-nominated performance as an American jazzman in Paris, and dig Herbie Hancock's masterful soundtrack—an all-star, standards-laden jam session.

TUNE IN TOMORROW... (1990)
Spiced with New Orlean beats, growling trumpets and tailgating trombones, Wynton Marsalis's Ellingtonian masterpiece transcends the goofy Keanu vehicle.

—BRUCE [illegible]

head-to-head on this expertly compiled double bill: the rave sounds of Happy Mondays versus mope-rock progenitors Joy Division (and their later incarnation, New Order). May the most miserable Mancunians win!
Signature tracks: "24 Hour Party People," Happy Mondays; "Love Will Tear Us Apart," Joy Division.



13.

THE BLUES BROTHERS (1980)
The first *Saturday Night Live* skit turned movie could easily have been a coke-fueled disaster. But just as hallowed R&B saints such as Ray Charles, James Brown, and Aretha Franklin seized the chance to cut loose and make a comedy, Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi treated the music with a deadpan reverence appropriate to their God-given mission to put the band back together.
Signature track: "Peter Gunn Theme," the Blues Brothers.



14.

EASY RIDER (1969)
He-e-ere's the first film ever to license individual songs rather than use a traditional score (or one of them, anyway). Given the results, it's easy to see why the practice caught on. No movie [illegible]ured the [illegible]ure
[illegible]
[illegible]
character [illegible]
modeled on Da[illegible]

Crosby of the Byrds. Why *would* he get a haircut?
Signature track: "Born to Be Wild," Steppenwolf.



15.

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE (1978)
True, the movie continues to inspire frat boys to wrap themselves in bedsheets and scream "Toga!" And yet the soundtrack is commendable, if only for re-introducing disco fans to the genius of Sam Cooke and Bobby Lewis, and perhaps the best song ever written that features "ding dong" in its title. The title song, by contrast, is so bad it should be hauled into the dean's office and shot.
Signature tracks: "Twistin' the Night Away," Sam Cooke; "Shama Lama Ding Dong" and "Shout," Lloyd Williams.



16.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY
[illegible]rack



FREE WHEELERS
Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper in *Easy Rider*, 1969.

bridged the generation gap between Old and New Hollywood with sometimes mournful, sometimes slyly parodic instrumentals by John Barry and "now sounds" by the likes of Elephants Memory and the Groop. Topping it off, and reflecting the sad, confused, overwhelmed soul of hero Joe Buck: Harry Nilsson's recording of "Everybody's Talkin'." You can't hear it without thinking, *Dead gimp on a Greyhound.*
Signature track: "Everybody's Talkin'."



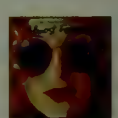
17.

BOOGIE NIGHTS (1997)
Porn flicks are not generally known for their music, but flicks about the people who make porn flicks are a different story. In real life, Dirk Diggler and Rollergirl would have performed to the slap-bass ministrations of some anonymous roadie. Here, thanks to the magic of Hollywood, their on-screen efforts are accompanied by a two-volume collection of Me Decade classics.
Signature track: "Brand New Key," Melanie.



18.

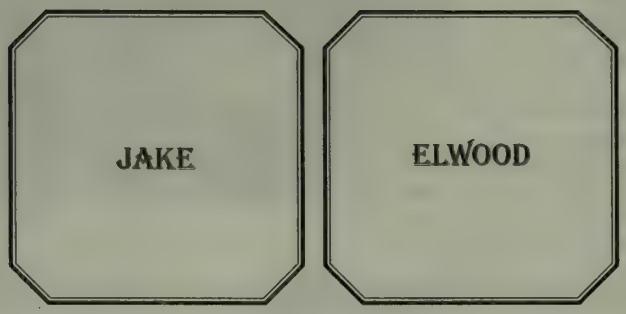
DAZED AND CONFUSED (1993)
Remember the feeling you had on the last day of school? Richard Linklater does, and he made a movie—and a soundtrack—that capture it exactly. The movie goes into the boredom, paranoia, and drug-induced euphoria. The soundtrack just has the hormone-revving, 70s-guitar-rock anthems.
Signature track: "School's Out," Alice Cooper.



19.

ALMOST FAMOUS (2000)
Cameron Crowe mined his own past as a *Rolling Stone* kid reporter to make this offbeat ode to a very special groupie (any drummer will tell you they don't all look like Kate Hudson), and the soundtrack offers ample clues to which 60s and 70s rock outfits inspired the fictional band Stillwater. Raise your hand if you *don't* get a tingle thinking about the tour-bus sing-along scene.
Signature track: "Tiny Dancer," Elton John.

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5 BEST MUSIC CULT FILMS



EXPRESSO BONGO (1959)
A black-and-white classic that nails the early 1960s British music scene before the Beatles came along and forced everyone to take "rock" seriously. Nothing sums up the music business better than when the sleazy East End music manager, played by Laurence Harvey, says to the "act," singer Bongo Herbert (played by the young Cliff Richard), "From now on, half of everything you earn is going to go to you."

PRIVILEGE (1967)
This Peter Watkins–directed "futuristic" tale about using a rock star for social control, starring Jean Shrimpton and singer Paul Jones, was way ahead of its time.

BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS (1970)
A Russ Meyer camp extravaganza about a fictional all-girl rock band.

RENALDO AND CLARA (1978)
Bob Dylan "wrote," directed, and starred (in whiteface) in this surrealistic chronicle of his 1975–77 Rolling Thunder Revue tour.

FEAR OF A BLACK HAT (1994)
The hip-hop *This Is Spinal Tap*. Hilarious.

—LISA ROBINSON

20.

GOODFELLAS (1990)
Encompassing the 30-year span of Martin Scorsese's Mob epic, the tracks here range from 50s doo-wop to Cream and reflect the director's signature blend of nostalgia and grit. This was also the first of three movies in which he used the Rolling Stones' "Gimme Shelter" to accompany a character's maniacal descent into hell, although you won't find the song on the commercial soundtrack.
Signature track: "Layla (Piano Exit)," Derek and the Dominos.



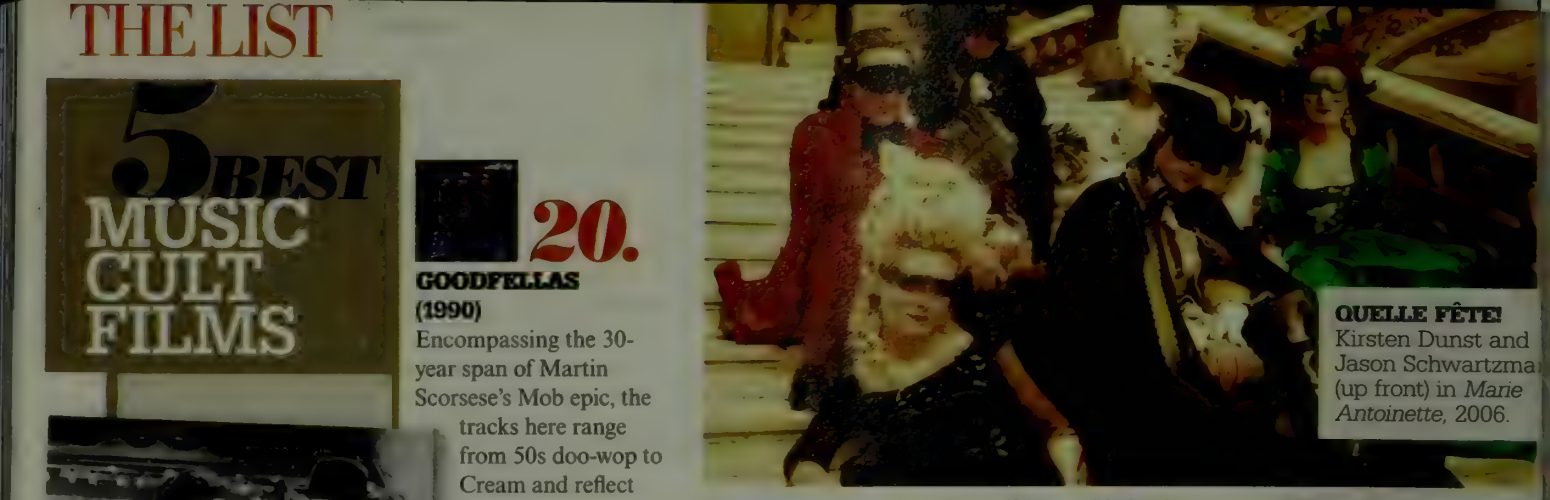
21.

SHAFT (1971)
"Who's the black private dick that's a sex machine to all the chicks?" With his theme song alone, Shaft could easily kick your ass. But there's more to this soundtrack than the justifiably ubiquitous title cut. Propelled by the basso profundities of a pre–*South Park* and Scientology Isaac Hayes, this soul survival kit prefigured the 21st century's slow jams and ghetto anthems.
Signature track: "Theme from *Shaft*."



22.

MOULIN ROUGE! (2001)
Baz Luhrmann's lavish extravaganza about love and death and show business in Belle Époque Paris (sound familiar?) is about the only film musical in recent memory that doesn't t[illegible]



QUELLE FÊTE! Kirsten Dunst and Jason Schwartzman (up front) in *Marie Antoinette*, 2006.

Ironically, the most original thing about it is how it cribs from pre-existing pop music. Ewan and Nicole fans, be warned: the soundtrack mostly sidelines them in favor of Fatboy Slim, Rufus Wainwright, and David Bowie, among others.
Signature track: "Lady Marmalade," Christina Aguilera, Lil' Kim, Mya, and Pink.



23.

RESERVOIR DOGS (1992)
The soundtrack to Quentin Tarantino's breakout film may contain only five tracks prominently featured in the film, but what would *Reservoir Dogs* be without them? Drifting from on-screen radios like smoke signals from an alternate universe, these sunny AM classics somehow become accomplices in the ultra-violence. Do yourself a favor and lend it an ear.
Signature track: "Stuck in the Middle with You," Stealers Wheel.



24.

LOCK, STOCK AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS (1998)
Heard in the film amid a cacophony of jump cuts, gunshots, and unintelligible wisecracks, this ultra-slick mix of funk, reggae, drum 'n' bass, and [illegible]pop smoothed over [illegible]uy Ri[illegible]'s epileptic editing and helped establish him as more than just a Cockney Tarantino.
Signature track: "The Boss," James Brown.



25.

THE COMMITMENTS (1991)
What could have been a bad joke—a bunch of white people from Dublin performing the greatest hits of American soul—instead became a cinematic sensation, with a soundtrack that has gone platinum seven times over. Even if you don't buy the film's claim that "the Irish are the blacks of Europe," the Detroit-Dublin combo—call it Dirty Old Motown!—is a winner.
Signature track: "Mustang Sally."



26.

O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU? (2000)
To score the Coen brothers' Depression-era spin on Homer's *Odyssey*, producer T Bone Burnett summoned Nashville vets including Emmylou Harris, Ralph Stanley, and Alison Krauss and turned them loose on a treasure trove of Dust Bowl classics. And with that, country music got hip again.
Signature track: "I Am a Man of Constant Sorrow," the Soggy Bottom Boys featuring Dan Tyminski.



27.

MARIE ANTOINETTE (2006)
This costume drama about a teen queen whose naïve self-indulgence helped bring down an empire feels uncomfortably relevant thanks to director Sofia Coppola's decision to fill it with ultra-cool music from the past 25 years. The real Marie Antoinette probably never said, "Let them eat cake," but she almost certainly said, "I want candy."
Signature track: "I Want Candy," Bow Wow Wow.



28.

CROOKLYN (1994)
Spike Lee's movies always have great music, but for this intensely personal coming-of-age film he went straight for the jugular. There are no obscure rarities, no "interesting" instrumentals. Just an even dozen Motown masterpieces—from "Pass the Peas" to "Ooh, Child"—spiced with a dash of hip-hop and Latin boogaloo.
Signature track: "Everyday People," Sly & the Family Stone.



29.

TOMMY (1975)
The mother of all rock operas, *Tommy* relates the

SOGGY BOTTOM BOYS

STEEL DRAGON

STILLWATER

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5 BEST MUSIC DOCS



EAT THE DOCUMENT (UNRELEASED)
Bob Dylan's live performances on his 1966 U.K. tour are mesmerizing, as is the scene in which he shares a queasy trip in a taxi with John Lennon.

MONTEREY POP (1968)
This masterful D. A. Pennebaker festival movie documents either the beginning or the end of rock counterculture. Hendrix, the Who, and Janis Joplin are here, but The Man lurks in the wings.

GIMME SHELTER (1970)
A compelling account of the Rolling Stones' 1969 U.S. tour, directed by Albert and David Maysles and Charlotte Zwerin. The spirit of the 60s dies on-screen; the Stones' tour climaxes at Altamont Speedway, where a fan is stabbed to death in front of the stage.

THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION PART II: THE METAL YEARS (1988)
A deadpan take on late-80s hair metal. Highlights include a poofy-haired Ozzy Osbourne putting on a typically incompetent cooking display.

THE PUNK ROCK MOVIE (1992)
In 1977 punk-club D.J. Don Letts pointed a shaky super-8 camera at the emerging London scene, capturing the Sex Pistols, the Clash, and the Slits.

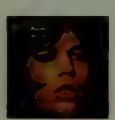
—STEVEN DALY

tale of a "deaf, dumb, and blind kid" who attains a messianic following en route to becoming the world's pinball champion. Along the way, the Who gets support from stars such as Tina Turner, who belts out a withering "Acid Queen."
Signature track: "Pinball Wizard," Elton John.



30.

HELP! (1965)
A pivotal Beatles creation: though the absurdist plot—wherein Ringo struggles to remove the cursed ring of Kali before he is sacrificed by a mysterious cult—presages the band's future flirtations with psychedelics and Eastern imagery, the music (including three No. 1 singles) is identifiable as a product of the Fab Four's suit-wearing early years.
Signature track: "Help!"



31.

PERFORMANCE (1970)
This diverse collection—featuring everyone from Randy Newman to the Last Poets—is almost as unsettling as the movie itself, in which Mick Jagger plays a sleazoid rock star allegedly modeled after Keith Richards and Brian Jones. Keith got back at Mick (who was also screwing the guitarist's girlfriend on camera) by refusing to play on "Memo from Turner," but Ry Cooder's nasty slide work saved the day.
Signature track: "Memo from Turner," Mick Jagger.



32.

PRETTY IN PINK (1986)
John Hughes named four of his movies after songs, but this is the only one set partly in a record store, and its soundtrack reflects his mastery of New Wave, circa 1986. Some might wish Duckie had gotten the girl, but if he had they would have used another O.M.D. song for the prom scene—and that Smiths song wouldn't hurt quite so good.
Signature tracks: "Pretty in Pink," the Psychedelic Furs; "If You Leave," Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark; "Please Please Please Let Me Get What I Want," the Smiths.



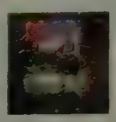
33.

8 MILE (2002)
Eminem's movie shies away from the truth about his transgressive genius, and its lead single, "Lose Yourself," works despite casting him in the unlikely role of inspirational figure. But the old, crazy Eminem surfaces on "Rap Game" by D12, the group that also included his close friend Proof—who was murdered on the real 8 Mile Road in 2006.
Signature track: "Lose Yourself," Eminem.



34.

NASHVILLE (1975)
Despite being despised by the country-music world at the time, and being perhaps impossible to understand without the context of Robert Altman's film itself, the *Nashville* soundtrack has become an alt-country classic. Keith Carradine won an Oscar for "I'm Easy," but Best Song Title obviously goes to "Tapedeck in His Tractor."
Signature track: "It Don't Worry Me," Keith Carradine.



35.

REPO MAN (1984)
This apocalyptic Emilio Estevez vehicle from Alex Cox (*Sid & Nancy*) owes its lasting cult status to its haunted sense of humor and its soundtrack—a glorious mishmash of mostly early-80s L.A. punk. The stage was set for Estevez and Charlie Sheen to make history with their 1990 sanitation-worker buddy flick, *Men at Work*.
Signature tracks: "TV Party," Black Flag; "Let's Have a War," Fear.



36.

AMERICAN GIGOLO (1980)
The breakout star of this picture wasn't Richard Gere or Lauren Hutton; it was Giorgio Moroder's synthesizer. (The instrument and Hutton would share a similar career trajectory as the 80s progressed.) Moroder originally asked Stevie Nicks to sing "Call Me," but when she refused (oops!) the composer turned to Debbie Harry. "Call Me" became Blondie's most successful single, staying at No. 1 for six weeks.
Signature track: "Call Me."



37.

TOP GUN (1986)
Like *Bull Durham* or *Armageddon*, *Top Gun* is a chick flick masquerading as a testosterone-fueled action movie. That's why the two contenders for most memorable song on this best-selling soundtrack are Kenny Loggins's butch "Danger Zone" and Berlin's "Take My Breath Away," which puts millions of American women in mind of 1986's steamiest sex scene.
Signature tracks: "Danger Zone," "Take My Breath Away."



38.

PAT GARRETT & BILLY THE KID (1973)
The story goes that director Sam Peckinpah barely knew who Bob Dylan was, but was wowed when "that kid" auditioned his elegiac tunes—among the most achingly melodic in Dylan's catalogue (and recorded with an interesting group of musicians, including Roger McGuinn and Booker T. Jones). With its fusion of weariness, hurt, and transcendence, "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" would have been Dylan's masterpiece if he hadn't written two dozen already.
Signature track: "Knockin' on Heaven's Door."



39.

FRIDAY (1995)
The soundtrack to the greatest comedy ever set in South Central is at least as stoner-friendly as the movie that inspired it, thanks to cannabis-fogged classics by Dr. Dre, Cypress Hill, and Rick James. But to appreciate this woofer-whomping blend of funk and hip-hop, you don't need weed—just a connoisseur's ear for language that would make a shock jock blush.
Signature track: "Friday," Ice Cube.



40.

ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL (1979)
According to punk lore, the Ramones, making their thespian debut, needed more than 40 takes to nail

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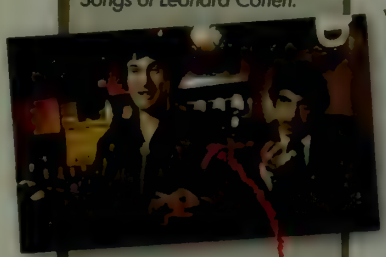
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5 BEST UN-RELEASED SOUNDTRACKS

For whatever reasons, these five pivotal collections have never been officially released. What are they waiting for?

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)
If you want to sing along, sing along, but you'll have to download each of the fantastic Cat Stevens songs from this movie individually.

McCABE & MRS. MILLER (1971)
There's no studio-approved release, but you can find all the songs Robert Altman used in his 1971 "anti-Western" on 1968's *The Songs of Leonard Cohen*.



MEAN STREETS (1973)
Martin Scorsese deploys nerve-jangling anthems from "Jumpin' Jack Flash" to "Be My Baby" in an all-out war on moviemaking's status quo. Guess who wins.

PINK FLOYD: THE WALL (1982)
You probably already own the classic double album, but to hear the trippy arrangements used in the movie you'll need Netflix (or YouTube).

FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF (1986)
Supposedly, John Hughes thought the songs he chose for this classic of teen truancy were too diverse to work together as an album. Bueller?

—MICHAEL HOGAN



41. ONCE (2007)

Has any film more faithfully captured the experience of making music? The joy when a song takes flight, the frustration the rest of the time—it's all here. Maybe it feels so real because the stars of the film, Irish rocker Glen Hansard and Czech musician Markéta Irglová, are the same tormented geniuses who wrote and performed all the songs in the first place.
Signature track: "When Your Mind's Made Up," Glen Hansard and Markéta Irglová.



42. GREASE (1978)

Twelve weeks at No.1, four hit singles, one Oscar nod for best song—the rock 'n' roll musical John Travolta followed *Saturday Night Fever* with was an indomitable pop-cultural force. Almost 30 years on, the ensemble numbers still provoke involuntary sing-alongs, and Barry Gibb's theme, sung by Frankie Valli, can be safely enjoyed by disco's erstwhile foes.
Signature track: "You're the One That I Want," John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.



43. GARDEN STATE (2004)

This disc won't really save your life, but it will definitely keep you humming on the way to the mall. For his movie about love and lithium in New Jersey, Zach Braff chose 13 semi-obscure personal favorites by Nick Drake, the Shins, and other prophets of sensitivity overload—and ended up with one of the decade's least anticipated hit records.
Signature tracks: "Don't Panic," Coldplay; "In the Waiting Line," Zero 7; "New Slang," the Shins.



44. HIGH FIDELITY (2000)

The soundtrack to Stephen Frears's adaptation of Nick Hornby's novel proves the author's premise: a perfectly curated "mix tape" *can* melt the human heart. Bob Dylan, Love, Smog, Stereolab, the Velvet Underground, Stevie Wonder—what rocker chick wouldn't count herself lucky to receive this from an earbud-wearing admirer?
Signature track: "Dry the Rain," the Beta Band.



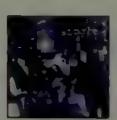
45. THIS IS SPINAL TAP (1984)

The quintessential mock-rockumentary, this hair-metal send-up is also the only one whose principal cast (Christopher Guest, Michael McKean, and Harry Shearer) can actually *play*, taking their comedy to a whole new level: 11.
Signature track: "Big Bottom."



46. THE LAST KING OF SCOTLAND (2006)

The post-colonial 1970s were a time of optimism and dread, and you can hear it in this sublime collection of sub-Saharan jazz, funk, and Afro-pop. The score snippets by Alex Heffe are merely dutiful, but just try to resist Momo Wandel Soumah's spacious, Satchmo-esque "Toko," or Angela Kalule's dainty cover of "Me and Bobby McGee."
Signature track: "Me and Bobby McGee."



47. SINGLES (1992)

The film that introduced your parents to grunge was accompanied by a soundtrack that contributed a few classics to the genre. It also had Paul Westerberg's first post-Replacements solo work, and the last truly good song by Smashing Pumpkins. Too bad there's no Nirvana, since this is bound to introduce your grandkids to grunge, too.
Signature track: "Would?," Alice in Chains.



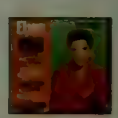
48. HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH (2001)

Glam may be Technicolor camp, but *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* magnifies it a step further—to high definition. Backed by a band that includes Hüsker Dü founder Bob Mould on guitar, writer-director-star John Cameron Mitchell borrows from 70s icons David Bowie and Elton John and creates the template for present-day inheritors the Scissor Sisters.
Signature track: "Wig in a Box."



49. BROKEN FLOWERS (2005)

Before Bill Murray hits the road in search of a long-lost son, Jeffrey Wright burns him a CD of Ethiopian jazz legend Mulatu Astatke. "Traveling music," he says. Accompanied by Astatke's exotic, meandering groove—as well as Marvin Gaye, Holly Golightly, and the Greenhornes—Murray's emotional journey has no clear destination, and that's the beauty of it.
Signature track: "There Is an End," the Greenhornes.



50. VIVA LAS VEGAS (1964)

Or whatever Elvis movie you like best. They all have two or three great songs, crowded out by five or six that send a chill of shame down your spine. Nevertheless, the King is the King, even when he's singing "The Yellow Rose of Texas" in a gray Cary Grant suit and a ten-gallon hat. And at least this one had Ann-Margret!
Signature track: "Viva Las Vegas." □

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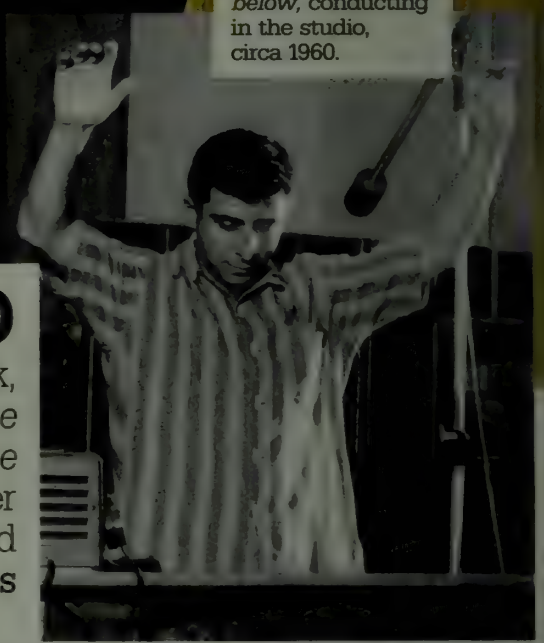


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THE MAGNIFICENT ONE Bernstein in 1968 with his only Oscar, for best original score, for *Thoroughly Modern Millie; below,* conducting in the studio, circa 1960.



THEY SHOT, HE SCORED

Elmer Bernstein could—and, for the right paycheck, would—write music for any film: *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *The Ten Commandments, The Magnificent Seven* and *Ghostbusters.* Three years after his death, Bernstein's swaggering scores stand up better than many of the scripts. **By Nick Tosches**

My buddy Phil and I spent a lot of boyhood Saturday afternoons at 75-cent double features. We were mainly out to pick up girls, were mainly unsuccessful, but in the course of our loiterings saw almost every movie that came out. The music that came through the theater speakers was as big a part of our adolescence as rock 'n' roll.

Some of it made as much of an immediate impression as rock 'n' roll: the opening songs of the early James Bond movies, Ennio Morricone's scores for those Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns. But it was really the always vaguely familiar meat-and-potatoes movie music that worked its way into us when the lights went down. We were no more aware of this than we were of how that music was making bad movies seem good and good movies seem better. In a way, without our knowing it, the men who made that music were swaying us almost as much as Smokey Robinson and the Rolling Stones. Elmer Bernstein was one of those men.

Like many of the best directors of his time—Clint Eastwood mentor, Don Siegel, comes to mind—Bernstein started out the hard way, rush-jobbing B movies for which the studios had little concern. The movies that Bernstein scored early in his career, such as *Robot Monster,* "in intriguing 2-D," and *Cat-Women of the Moon,* both from 1953, are as obscure today as movies Siegel directed before breaking through with *Riot in Cell Block 11,* in 1954, and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers,* in 1956. But Bernstein was soon composing for some of the defining moments of 50s *film noir* moviemaking—*The Man with the Golden Arm,* in 1955; *Sweet Smell of Success,* in 1957—as well as for major, big-money garbage such as *The Ten Commandments* of 1956. In 1962 alone, the year he turned 40 (and the year my moviegoing days began), he did *Walk on the Wild Side, Birdman of Alcatraz,* and *To Kill a Mockingbird.* These were followed the next year by *Hud* and *The Great Escape.*

I've lately spent some time listening to Elmer Bernstein's music: just the music, removed from the movies it was written for. Besides bringing back memories of chicks in balcony seats in front of us checking out me and Phil in the mirrors of their compacts, it brought home just how fine this stuff stands up, sometimes better than the pictures themselves.

Though the theme from *The Magnificent Seven* is probably the

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Please see important Product Information on adjacent page.

Plan B® (Levonorgestrel) Tablets, 0.75 mg

Brief Summary (See Package Brochure For Full Prescribing Information)

Rx only for women age 17 and younger

For women age 17 and younger, Plan B® is a prescription-only emergency contraceptive. Plan B® is intended to prevent pregnancy after known or suspected contraceptive failure or unprotected intercourse. Emergency contraceptive pills (like all oral contraceptives) do not protect against infection with HIV (the virus that causes AIDS) and other sexually transmitted diseases.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

Progestin-only contraceptive pills (POPs) are used as a routine method of birth control over longer periods of time, and are contraindicated in some conditions. It is not known whether these same conditions apply to the Plan B® regimen consisting of the emergency use of two progestin pills. POPs however, are not recommended for use in the following conditions:

- Known or suspected pregnancy
- Hypersensitivity to any component of the product

WARNINGS

Plan B® is not recommended for routine use as a contraceptive.
Plan B® is not effective in terminating an existing pregnancy.

Effects on Menses

Menstrual bleeding patterns are often irregular among women using progestin-only oral contraceptives and in clinical studies of levonorgestrel for postcoital and emergency contraceptive use. Some women may experience spotting a few days after taking Plan B®. At the time of expected menses, approximately 75% of women using Plan B® had vaginal bleeding similar to their normal menses, 12-13% bled more than usual, and 12% bled less than usual. The majority of women (87%) had their next menstrual period at the expected time or within ± 7 days, while 13% had a delay of more than 7 days beyond the anticipated onset of menses. If there is a delay in the onset of menses beyond 1 week, the possibility of pregnancy should be considered.

Ectopic Pregnancy

Ectopic pregnancies account for approximately 2% of reported pregnancies (19.7 per 1,000 reported pregnancies). Up to 10% of pregnancies reported in clinical studies of routine use of progestin-only contraceptives are ectopic. A history of ectopic pregnancy need not be considered a contraindication to use of this emergency contraceptive method. Health providers, however, should be alert to the possibility of an ectopic pregnancy in women who become pregnant or complain of lower abdominal pain after taking Plan B®.

PRECAUTIONS

Pregnancy

Many studies have found no effects on fetal development associated with long-term use of contraceptive doses of oral progestins (POPs). The few studies of infant growth and development that have been conducted with POPs have not demonstrated significant adverse effects.

STD/HIV

Plan B®, like progestin-only contraceptives, does not protect against HIV infection (AIDS) and other sexually transmitted diseases.

Physical Examination and Follow-up

A physical examination is not required prior to prescribing Plan B®. A follow-up physical or pelvic examination, however, is recommended if there is any doubt concerning the general health or pregnancy status of any woman after taking Plan B®.

Carbohydrate Metabolism

The effects of Plan B® on carbohydrate metabolism are unknown. Some users of progestin-only oral contraceptives (POPs) may experience slight deterioration in glucose tolerance, with increases in plasma insulin; however, women with diabetes mellitus who use POPs do not generally experience changes in their insulin requirements. Nonetheless, diabetic women should be monitored while taking Plan B®.

Drug Interactions

Theoretically, the effectiveness of low-dose progestin-only pills is reduced by hepatic enzyme-inducing drugs such as the anticonvulsants phenytoin, carbamazepine, and barbiturates, and the antituberculosis drug rifampin. No significant interaction has been found with broad-spectrum antibiotics. It is not known whether the efficacy of Plan B® would be affected by these or any other medications.

Nursing Mothers

Small amounts of progestin pass into the breast milk in women taking progestin-only pills for long-term contraception resulting in steroid levels in infant plasma of 1-6% of the levels of maternal plasma. However, no adverse effects due to progestin-only pills have been found on breastfeeding performance, either in the quality or quantity of the milk, or on the health, growth or development of the infant.

Pediatric Use

Safety and efficacy of progestin-only pills have been established in women of reproductive age for long-term contraception. Safety and efficacy are expected to be the same for postpubertal adolescents under the age of 16 and for users 16 years and older. Use of Plan B® emergency contraception before menarche is not indicated.

Fertility Following Discontinuation

The limited available data indicate a rapid return of normal ovulation and fertility following discontinuation of progestin-only pills for emergency contraception and long-term contraception.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

The most common adverse events in the clinical trial for women receiving Plan B® included nausea (23%), abdominal pain (18%), fatigue (17%), headache (17%), and menstrual changes. The table below shows those adverse events that occurred in ≥ 5% of Plan B® users.

Table 3: Adverse Events in ≥ 5% of Women, by % Frequency

Most Common Adverse Events	Plan B® Levonorgestrel N=977 (%)
Nausea	23.1
Abdominal Pain	17.6
Fatigue	16.9
Headache	16.8
Heavier Menstrual Bleeding	13.8
Lighter Menstrual Bleeding	12.5
Dizziness	11.2
Breast Tenderness	10.7
Other complaints	9.7
Vomiting	5.6
Diarrhea	5.0

Plan B® demonstrated a superior safety profile over the Yuzpe regimen for the following adverse events:

- Nausea: Occurred in 23% of women taking Plan B® (compared to 50% with Yuzpe)
- Vomiting: Occurred in 6% of women taking Plan B® (compared to 19% with Yuzpe)

DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE

There is no information about dependence associated with the use of Plan B®.

OVERDOSAGE

There are no data on overdosage of Plan B®, although the common adverse event of nausea and its associated vomiting may be anticipated.

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piece of Bernstein music most deeply embedded in the national semiconsciousness, because of both the 1960 movie and the Marlboro cigarette commercials that used it in the late 60s, there's much else that's better.

Conducting a 65-piece orchestra featuring West Coast jazzbos Shelly Manne and Shorty Rogers, Bernstein is at his best and most enduring in some of the tracks from *The Man with the Golden Arm:* "Clark Street," "Frankie Machine," "The Fix," "Desperation." The main-title theme from this picture was Bernstein's only Top 20 hit, in early 1956. (The soundtrack is now once again available, with previously unreleased tracks, in a recent, excellently produced CD from Fresh Sound Records. Most of the other Bernstein recordings that can be easily gotten on CD are on the Varèse Sarabande label.)

The sort of rough, hip swagger that Bernstein achieved in *The Man with the Golden Arm*—forget about the obligatory romantic sap-tracks—is also heard in his music from *Walk on the Wild Side,* another movie based on a great Nelson Algren novel, as well as in his 1959 work for the short-lived John Cassavetes television series, *Johnny Staccato.* It continued to characterize much of his best music through the years, all the way to *The Grifters,* in 1990, and "Malibu Chase," from *Devil in a Blue Dress,* in 1995.

Most of Bernstein's Western-movie music had the same sort of rousing, hard-riding gallop that drove *The Magnificent Seven.* You can hear it in the five John Wayne cowboy pictures he did between 1961 and 1973: *The Comancheros, The Sons of Katie Elder, True Grit, Big Jake,* and *Cahill, United States Marshal.* (Bernstein also scored the more modern-day Wayne shoot-'em-up *McQ,* in 1974.) *The Shootist,* however, which was Wayne's final movie, and maybe the last good movie that Don Siegel made, was a very different sort of Western, and in his score for this 1976 picture, Bernstein came up with a very different sort of Western music that's often as evocative of his *noir* work as it is of the usual wide-open-spaces Hollywood jive.

There are movies, such as *My Left Foot,* from 1989, and *A Rage in Harlem,* from 1991, that I'd forgotten Bernstein had scored. I'd also forgotten that his music had lent the only sign of life to *The Age of Innocence,* in 1993. Though he was nominated for an Academy Award in 2003 for his work on *Far from Heaven,* the score was more expert than exciting; his last interesting work was for Al Pacino's *Chinese Coffee,* in 2000.

Bernstein was nominated for 14 Academy Awards in all. It says a lot about both Hollywood and those awards that the only time he won, in 1968, it was for the musical comedy *Thoroughly Modern Millie.*

He died in Ojai, California, a long way from his native New York City, in the summer of 2004, at the age of 82.

Besides the great pictures he made music for, he was also involved in almost 200 pieces of dreck. Don Siegel told me something more than 30 years ago. He was getting up there in years, was a pretty wise cat, and there was still more of his old Chicago neighborhood than Hollywood in him. He said, "If you're going to be a whore, be a high-priced whore." These are words that every person who works for a living should heed. Bernstein's career, like Siegel's, seems to have been guided by this wisdom. And what wondrous freedom and legacies their high-priced whoredom allowed them, and us. □

The Age of Elmer

From Westerns to comedies, Bernstein did it all



THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM, 1955
Bernstein at his very best. For the story of a junkie, played by Frank Sinatra, Bernstein conjured up a crude, hip bravado with a 65-piece orchestra featuring West Coast jazzbos Shelly Manne and Shorty Rogers.



SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS, 1957
A symphony for scuzzballs, Bernstein's moody, nail-biting score for this quintessential New York drama helped set the sonic template for late-period *film noir.*



THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, 1960
The best known of Bernstein's compositions, the signature theme from this Western remake of *The Seven Samurai* became the sound of Marlboro Country in TV commercials.



TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, 1962
The producers first heard the opening theme played by Bernstein over the telephone, which he had placed next to his piano. They later called the score "a remarkable gift to this film."



THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE, 1967
Nomimated for seven Oscars, this musical comedy starring Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, and Mary Tyler Moore provided Bernstein with his only gold statuette.



THE SHOOTIST, 1976
For John Wayne's final film, Bernstein rejected the standard Western themes he had helped establish for a more somber sound reminiscent of his *noir* scores.



NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE, 1978
Bernstein, a family friend of director John Landis's, wasn't sure how to approach this raunchy college comedy. Landis's instructions, to treat it as if it were serious, resulted in the epic feel of the film's score.



GHOSTBUSTERS, 1984
While the movie will be forever associated with Ray Parker Jr.'s title track ("Who ya gonna call?"), the score evoked the giddy, Gothic feel of 80s Manhattan, where the film was shot.



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE, 1993
Bernstein's music is possibly the most evocative element in Martin Scorsese's corseted adaptation of Edith Wharton's masterwork.



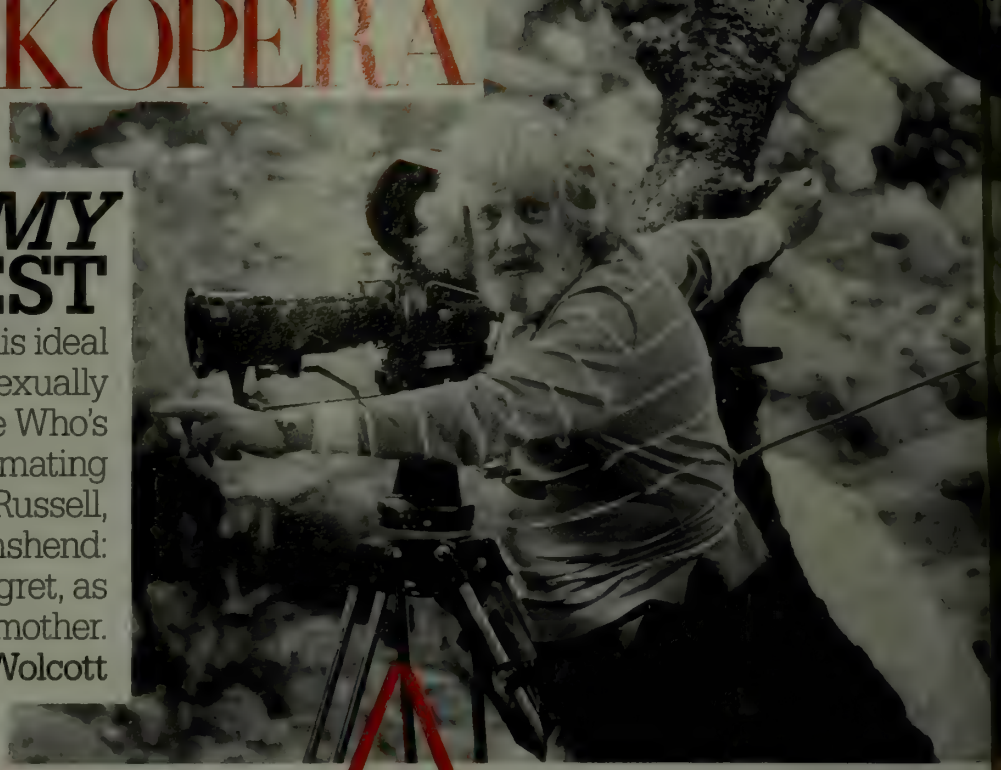
FAR FROM HEAVEN, 2002
Bernstein received another nomination from the Academy—his 14th—for this expert evocation of 50s movie music, a lynchpin of director Todd Haynes's homage to the melodramas of Douglas Sirk.

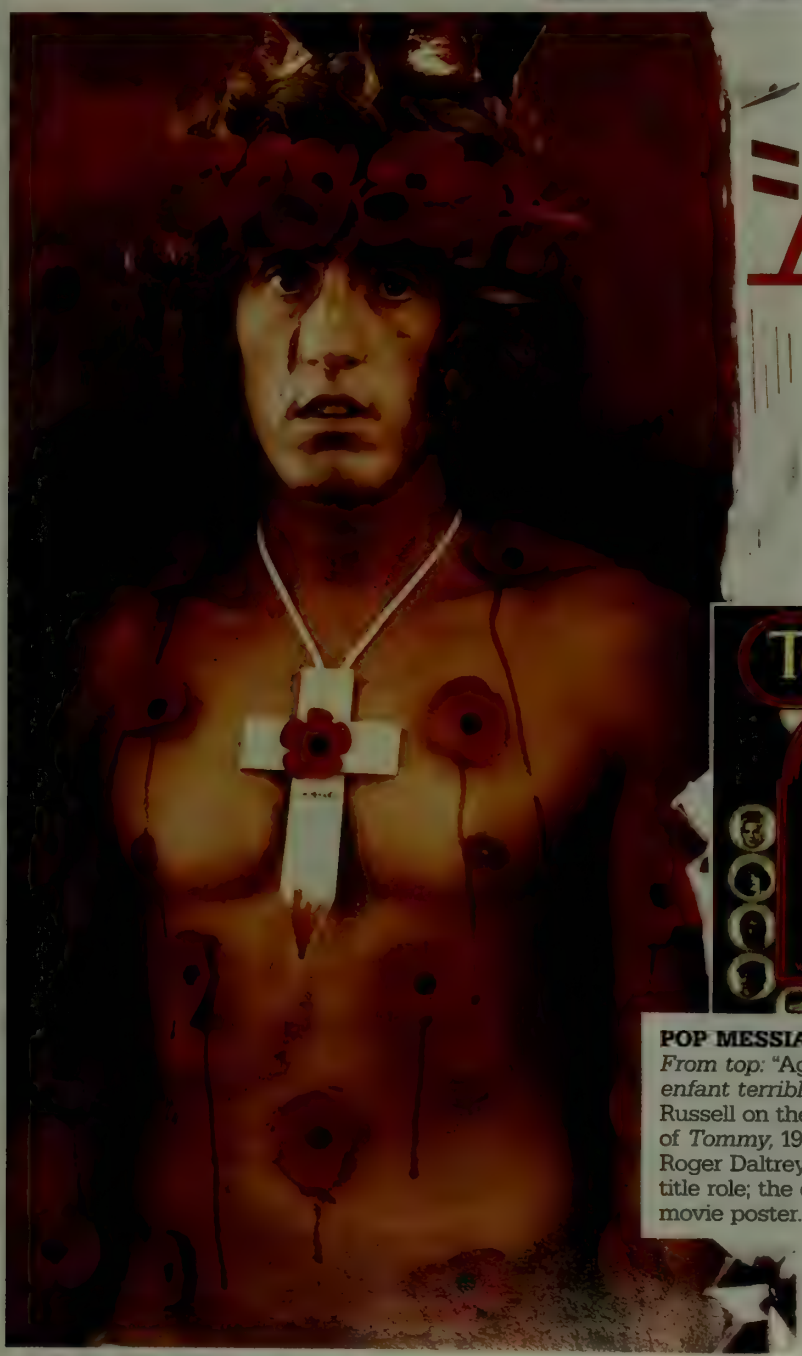
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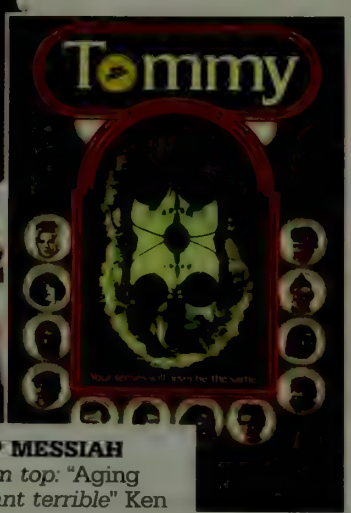
TOMMY DEAREST

Director Ken Russell met his ideal material in the savage, sexually perverse bombardment of the Who's rock opera *Tommy*. But the animating spirit of his 1975 movie wasn't Russell, Roger Daltrey, or Pete Townshend: it was Ann-Margret, as Tommy's maniacal mother.

By James Wolcott







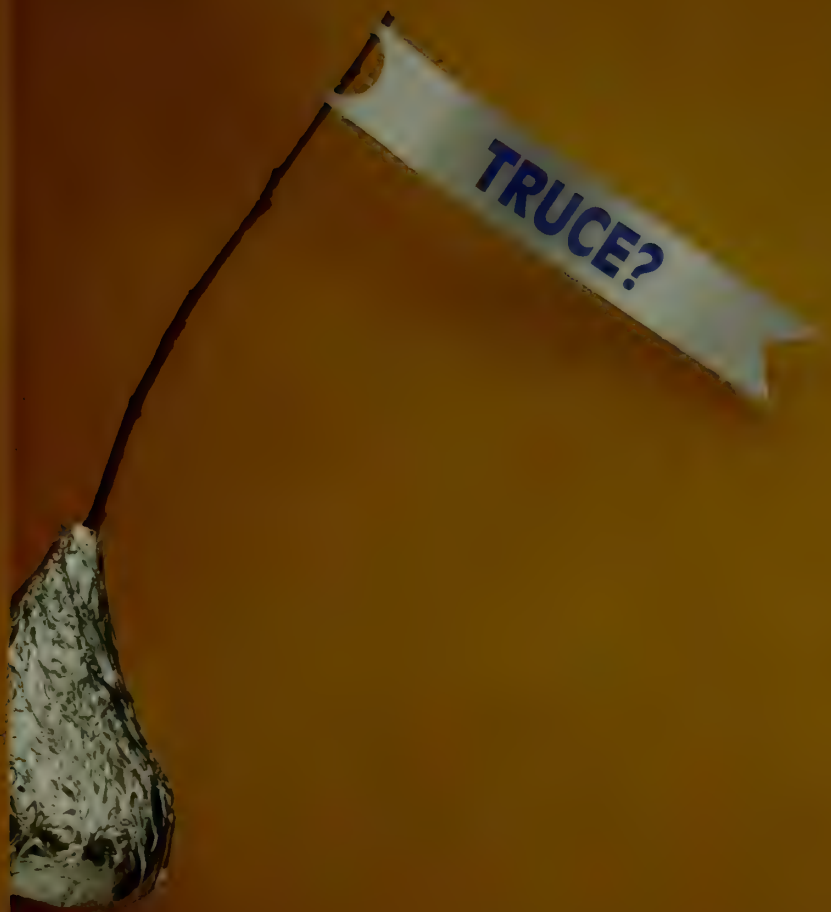
POP MESSIAH
From top: "Aging *enfant terrible*" Ken Russell on the set of *Tommy*, 1974; Roger Daltrey in the title role; the original movie poster.

A shaming admission. Until the Year of Our Redeemer 2007, I had never seen the complete movie version of the Who's rock opera *Tommy*, a gaping pothole in my pop-culture upbringing that I find puzzling, faintly embarrassing, borderline perverse.

It was a movie I assumed I knew, and yet had avoided lashing myself to the mast to see from start to finish. I had seen clips from the film, was familiar with its most notorious crescendos, knew the soundtrack backward and sideways; I had pounced on the original *Tommy* double album when it was unleashed, in 1969 (for Who fans, it was our patriotic duty), the release of the single "Pinball Wizard" barely hinting at the visionary ambition and roiling disquietude of Pete Townshend's cathartic quest. As a pip-squeak reporter from *The Village Voice*, I had even been granted rare backstage access when the Who played Madison Square Garden in 1974, too reluctant to approach the jet-lagged, work-exhausted Townshend, who sat slumped in a chair like a beaten prisoner before rallying himself to go out on stage and whip himself into windmill-guitar action as lead singer Roger Daltrey, chipper backstage, pranced like a centaur beneath his pre-Raphaelite curls, bassist John Entwistle held his position like an eternal sentry, and drummer Keith Moon created blitzkrieg thunder and a heavy precipitation of flying sweat. So I was primed for *Tommy* when it brazened its way into movie houses a year later, causing a fluster. Yet I held off, shied away from seeing it. If my reluctance had a name, its name was Ken Russell.

Russell, the director of *Tommy*, is the sort of cultural upheavalist for whom the phrase "aging *enfant terrible*" seems to have been custom-fitted. Like Otto Preminger, Alfred Hitchcock, Federico Fellini, and, in our own day, Mel Brooks and Quentin Tarantino, Russell is more than a traffic cop in a canvas chair conducting for the camera; he's an impresario, each movie part of a larger sales pitch for the director's signature brand.

Russell first rattled the commissary cart in the 60s as a director



Whatever you want to say, say it with a kiss.

KISS SOMEONE.™







WHO'S WHO *Clockwise from above:* the Who—John Entwistle, Keith Moon, Pete Townshend, and Daltrey—poses for *Vogue*, 1969; Eric Clapton as the Preacher; Moon with Lynyrd Skynyrd in New York, 1975.

bling with our rich and delicate language is to experience all the horror of seeing a Sèvres vase in the hands of a chimpanzee."

Now, *Tommy* was no priceless vase that required gentle handling. It was closer to a Molotov cocktail of cleansing fire. "What *Tommy* proclaims with the first blast of its Beethovenish horn is the red dawn of revolution," wrote the critic Albert Goldman, whose musicological background as a Wagner enthusiast (and co-editor of the anthology *Wagner on Music and Drama*) enabled him to be the first to glimpse *Tommy*'s possibilities as a total theatrical sensory bombardment. The blissy, mud-honey, communal spirit of Woodstock had been savaged with pool cues at the Altamont racetrack (where Hells Angels, functioning as security, had beaten and stabbed to death a young black man named Meredith Hunter during a free Rolling Stones concert), and the hippie multitudes were awaiting marching orders. "The love days are over, [*Tommy*] trumpets, now come the days of wrath. War is the opera's real theme, war of generation against generation, war between the younger generation and its own leaders."

Goldman once sat the great jazz drummer Elvin Jones down to grade the talent of his rock counterparts, and played him the "Underture" to *Tommy*. Jones, a hard man to impress, was impressed. "See there, where the tempo started to

of documentaries at the BBC on the composers Prokofiev, Elgar, and Delius. What Russell did in his pioneer efforts seems tame now—reconstructing events in the composers' lives, bringing their sexual conflicts to the fore—but they were revelatory and scandalously controversial at the time, not only violating the prim protocols of BBC house style but injecting high art with pop hallucinogenic hyperbole.

"Moon was a wreck," Russell wrote in his autobiography. "His crazy lifestyle had reduced him to a pathetic shadow not strong enough to knock the skin off a rice pudding."

There was a whole heap of moaning and groaning in Russell's movies: the nude-wrestling scene in his adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, between Oliver Reed and Alan Bates (which, in certain angles, resembled a pork-sword fight between two burly bears); the phantasmagoria attending Glenda Jackson as Tchaikovsky's lunatic wife, Nina, in *The Music Lovers* ("Whose fantasy are we in when Glenda Jackson writhes in torment in a blue-green madhouse and, in one sequence, is seen deliberately lying across a grating, spread-eagled, while the madmen locked below reach up under her skirt?," Pauline Kael wondered in *The New Yorker*); the nuns-gone-wild orgiastics of his screen version of Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun* (where, wrote critic Penelope Gilliatt in *The New Yorker*, "the epileptic rhythms of the editing are revved up with a score that might be program music for the onset of psychosis").

No, his was not a light touch, and when Russell got his paws on the charming musical *The Boy Friend*, I was reminded of Evelyn Waugh's fright at the prose of Stephen Spender: "To see him fi

die, how he picked it up! The man is a drummer. Everything he plays, he *contains* it."

Moon's drumstick heroics were more than virtuosity. Percussion supplies the raging heartbeat of *Tommy*. "Beating a tachycardiac tattoo of alarm, battle, and triumph for a good half of its total length, *Tommy* reminds us that revolutions carry their colors in their drums," Goldman wrote. But by the time *Tommy* entered pre-production, the colors had been drained. In his autobiography, *Altered States*, Russell describes meeting "Manic Moon" during a recording session for *Quadrophenia*, where the concatenation from Moon's drum kit reminded Russell of the Blitz. "Six months later," Russell writes, "Moon was a wreck. His crazy lifestyle had reduced him to a pathetic shadow not strong enough to knock the skin off a rice pudding. And there were times when Pete had to replace him with an anonymous session man. I began to wonder if he'd be fit enough to play Uncle Ernie, the lecherous old man who debauches Tommy."

Moon was up to the sordid task once the cameras started rolling, playing Uncle Ernie with a pervy, scurvy brio matched in the

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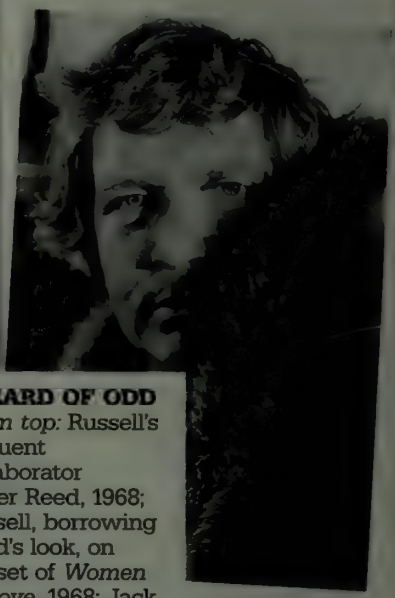
film only by the bullfrog glower of Oliver Reed as Tommy's rotter of a stepfather. Off-camera, according to Joseph Lanza's aptly titled *Phallic Frenzy—Ken Russell and His Films* (Chicago Review Press), Reed kept himself entertained by airing out his dangler. "At the slightest provocation, he'd whip out what he called, 'My snake of desire, my wand of lust, my mighty mallet.'" His hell-raising had repercussions. After Reed waved his willy at a resort where they planned to shoot the Holiday Camp sequence, the proprietor banned *Tommy*'s cast and crew from the property.

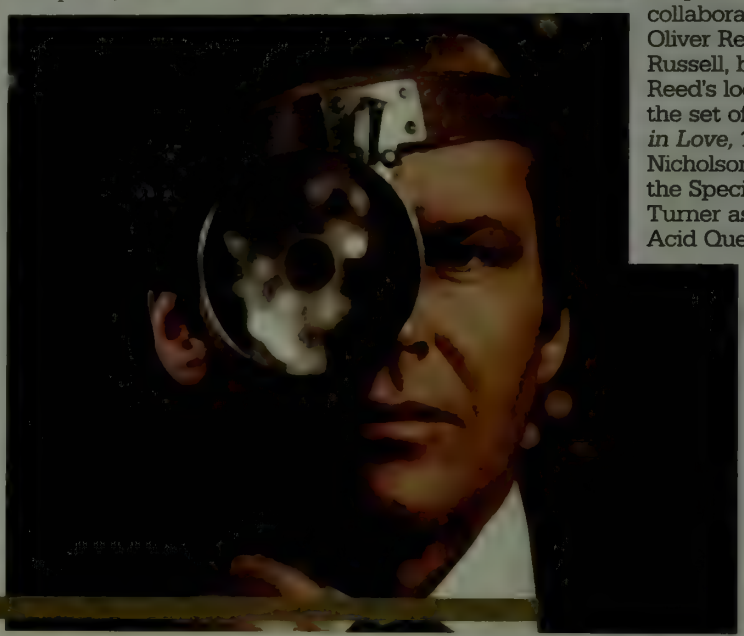
Its war drums muffled, the film version, unlike the original album, was no rallying cry for generational insurgency. It was instead all-out psychodrama, a case study *in excelsis*. Physically abused, sexually molested, chemically vandalized, this Tommy—"the first autistic hero in the history of opera" (Goldman), who shuts down after he's witness to the primal Freudian scene of seeing his mother's lover murder his father after the father catches them in flagrante delicto—is a Kasper Hauser–ish specimen whose victimization and exploitation supply the crucible of redemption and the catapult into stardom.

In our culture, stardom *is* redemption, fame the desired payoff for past suffering as a pissed-upon nobody. That's why *Tommy* endures while so many other rock efforts from that period have dated. Its battered-innocent protagonist, played with blue-eyed beatitude by Roger Daltrey, is the forerunner to *A Child Called "It,"* Augusten Burroughs's *Running with Scissors,* the fiction of J. T. Leroy, and the entire trauma ward of Oprah literature—the virgin prince of victim culture. Deaf, dumb, and blind, a pawn in everyone's grubby game, a pinball wizard whose super-sensitive touch makes him unbeatable (his match against Elton John, whose humongous lumberjack boots are the movie's supreme coup of costume genius, is one of the standout set pieces), Tommy liberates his senses and sensibility when he smashes a mirror and, in the flood of sensation, achieves enlightenment. Enlightened, he becomes a messiah figure, a pop Christ (the *T* in Tommy serving as his logo cross) who attracts bikers and stoners alike to his gospel revivals, gliding above them like a paper airplane mailed from heaven. A figure of light, he nevertheless casts a shadow. Every pop savior with charisma to burn and the stage as his pulpit bears the magic beans of a potential fascist. They become what they displace.

It may seem quaint today, children of the corn, but you comelatelies have no idea of the spell cast in the late 60s by the specter of a rock messiah overturning the social order and assuming dictatorial powers over hordes of Hollywood extras. Incense, pot fumes, and gunpowder mingled in the insurrectionary air! Dionysian energy gone berserk was the basis of dystopian scare films such as *Wild in the Streets* (where an American pop star is elected president and everyone over the age of 30 is herded into retirement homes where they're force-fed LSD) and *Privilege* (where a British pop star presides over a Nuremberg-like rally as an obedient mob chants, "We will conform!"), and of the Doors' anthem "Five to One," from the album *Waiting for the Sun,* which puts the deadwood of society on notice that they're about to be swept downstream by demographic forces ("They got the guns / But we got the numbers").







WIZARD OF ODD
From top: Russell's frequent collaborator Oliver Reed, 1968; Russell, borrowing Reed's look, on the set of *Women in Love,* 1968; Jack Nicholson as the Specialist; Tina Turner as the Acid Queen.

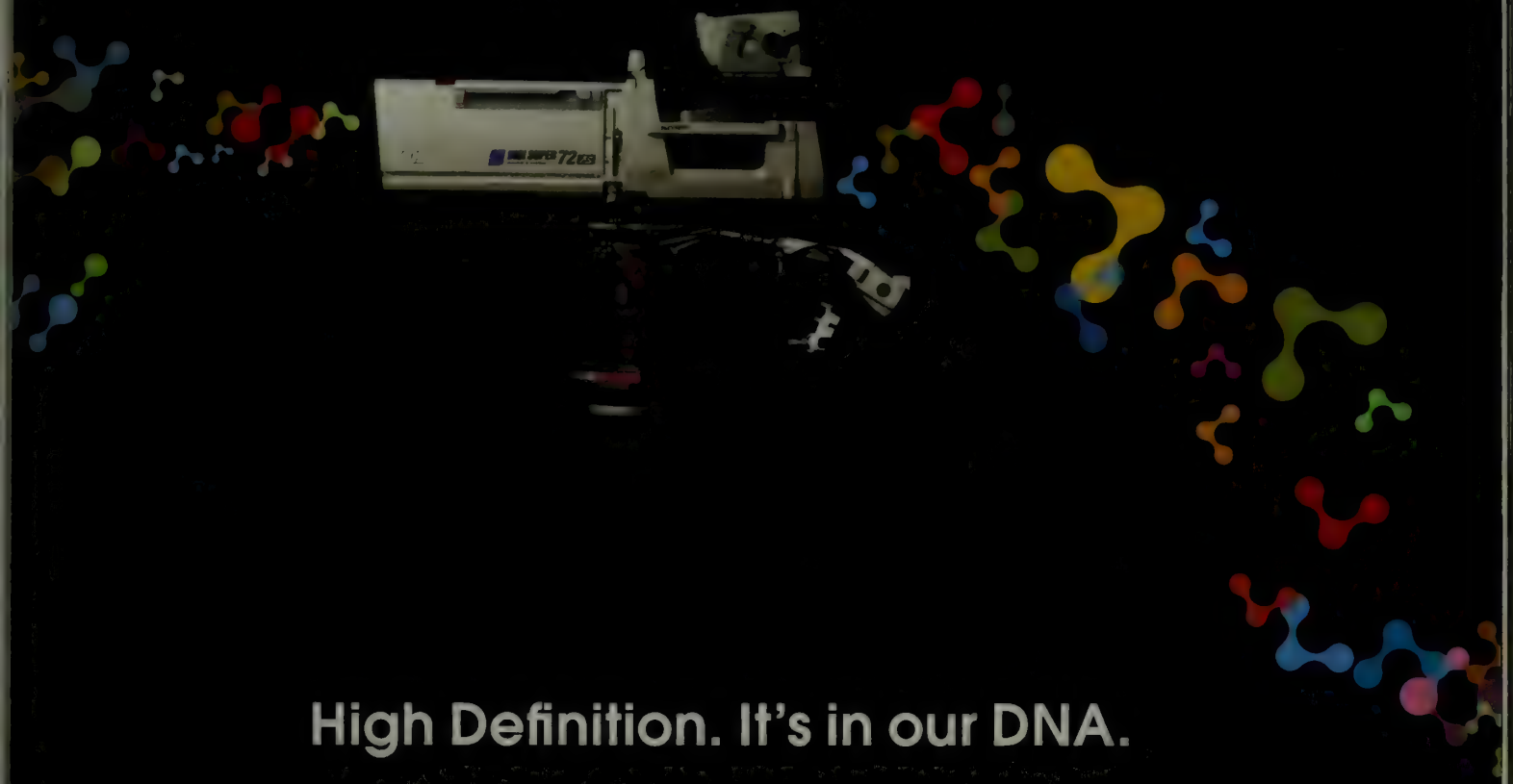
Ken Russell's gusty temperament, meteorologically ill-suited for so many subjects, was perfect for *Tommy.* Hysteria was always right up his alley.

It was the dissolute insolence of the Doors' lead singer and leather-trousered shaman, Jim Morrison, that helped disillusion Townshend to the whole rock-star deity trip. As Lanza writes in *Phallic Frenzy,* "Townshend based his 'Sally Simpson' vignette—when an avid girl fan gets mutilated while rushing to reach the messianic Tommy on the stage—on witnessing Jim Morrison throw a fan a sucker punch just as a woman in the audience fell on her face while trying to touch the Lizard King." In *Tommy,* it's the jackbooted Oliver Reed who does the maiming, but the lesson is the same: the dynamic between idols and idolizers is a sick co-dependency, perceives Townshend; when delirium reigns, the slightest provocation may incite a feeding frenzy. Tommy's angelic form is a communion host his fans would eat alive if they could. Ken Russell's



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gusty temperament, meteorologically ill-suited for so many subjects, was perfect for *Tommy.* Hysteria was always right up his alley, with pandemonium just around the bend.

Which is why the true star of *Tommy,* its true hero and animating force, isn't Tommy, or Roger Daltrey, or the director calling the shots, or even the great Tina Turner as the orgasmatronic Acid Queen, but Ann-Margret as Tommy's mother, Nora. In her silver catsuit, Ann-Margret's Nora is pandemonium personified, the mother of all mothers. The all-American go-go-girl curvaceousness that vitalized *Viva Las Vegas* whenever Ann-Margret gyrated with Elvis (making it his least crappy musical) ripened into mad dervish disco divahood in *Tommy.* Bravery is what drives her bravura. Surviving a steep, dangerous fall off a stage in Lake Tahoe a couple of years earlier that could have put her permanently out of commission, she nevertheless held nothing back here. Hers is a performance beyond vanity, beyond good and bad, beyond good and evil, beyond camp—a pure projectile of kamikaze dedication. "In this process of morphing from a glitzy and safe Hollywood vixen into another of his maniacal harridans, Ken Russell should have canonized her Saint Ann-Margret," writes Lanza.

Let us canonize her in his stead, for in the course of the film she frolics in a frigid stream, has her false fingernails torn off, and lets her mascara run wild. Her tour de force is the solo orgy in a bedroom done up in Peggy Lee satiny white where, in a drunken, deranged fury at seeing Tommy's face popping up on every channel, she flings an empty champagne bottle and smashes the TV screen, only to be inundated with a dam burst of soap suds (which turned pink from a cut Ann-Margret incurred from a shard of broken glass), baked beans (a nod to the cover of *The Who Sell Out,* where Daltrey soaked in a bathtub full of Heinz beans), and, the *pièce de résistance,* a septic explosion of dark chocolate. Lanza: "Soon Russell has her groveling among the foam and fudge, whipping up an orgasmic rage as she straddles a sausage shaped (and now chocolate lubed) pillow. Ann-Margret's husband, the producer Roger Smith [also a former actor on TV's *77 Sunset Strip*], happened to walk onto the set while all of this transpired. He looked aghast and speculated then and there that his wife's career as a glamour queen had come to an end."

Perhaps it had, but what a way to end it! Using her body as a paint roller, Ann-Margret threw herself into a fearless fit of performance art, pre-dating Karen Finley's chocolate-smeared onstage agonizings by a full decade. After her showstopper, Tommy's tribulations seem like post-nasal drip.

In the initial enthusiasm over the phenomenon of *Tommy,* there was the innocent hope that a new rock art form had been forged, "a poperatic tradition," in Goldman's phrase. It was not to be. Pete Townshend later followed *Tommy* with the equally effortful but less linear and concentrated *Quadrophenia,* where the multiple personalities of the Who contended inside the teenage psyche of a 60s mod named Jimmy. *Quadrophenia* was later made into a movie and adapted for the stage, but despite the punch of individual songs, it lacked an overarching iconographic design and remained, in the words of one rock critic, more of a "cultural monument" than a pleasure.

Ken Russell followed *Tommy* with *Lisztomania,* which cast Roger Daltrey as the composer Franz Liszt wigging them out in 19th-century Europe and whose ad campaign promised that the film "out-Tommys 'Tommy.'" It wished. There was so much obtrusive, overblown phallic symbolism that it's a wonder someone's eyes weren't poked out.

There was the innocent hope that a new rock art form had been forged, "a poperatic tradition," in Goldman's phrase. It was not to be.





BEYOND CAMP *Left,* Ann-Margret commits 210 percent to her showstopper, "Champagne"; *right,* Elton John puts on rhinestone specs and big boots to perform "Pinball Wizard."

Even with successful follow-through, it's doubtful that the rock opera would have flourished as a going genre into the present. Rock is no longer its own religion, the elevated altar of mystics and martyrs. Our sensibilities don't aspire to be absorbed into the mother ship of Wagner's dream of *Gesamtkunstwerk,* the total integration of the arts into an oceanic whole. The bombastic scope of tabernacle-scaled works of Tormented Genius seem anachronistic to us now. In the era of the iPod and laptop, our music—the soundtracks of our lives and the playlist in our heads—is downloadable, portable, swappable, remixable. (Farewell, rock opera; hello, jukebox musical.)

We don't want to be subsumed into something bigger. We want something smaller to become part of us, incorporated into the repertoire. When Tommy's autistic condition was cracked open, his mind awakened to what it was like Out There and his arms embraced the sky. We prefer it In Here, with the hood down. □

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ALL THE WAY
Frank Sinatra, Jimmy Van Heusen, and Sammy Davis Jr., in the studio, 1955; *above*, Sinatra and the back of Van Heusen's sizable head, 1950s.

THE KING OF RING-A-DING-DING

When he wasn't writing immortal songs ("Swinging on a Star," "Come Fly with Me") and winning Oscars, Jimmy Van Heusen was test-flying planes and seducing beauties in New York, Hollywood, and Palm Springs. No wonder he was Frank Sinatra's closest pal. By James Kaplan

His favorite word, for more than one reason, was "cock." As Frank Sinatra's best friend, songwriter in chief, and sometime traveling partner in the hard-swinging 50s, Jimmy Van Heusen—born Edward Chester Babcock—had a habit, upon arriving in any American city, of leafing through the directory and phoning at random anyone whose last name, Hancock or Woodcock or Hitchcock, happened to end in the same pungent suffix as his own. It was always nice if a lady answered. "Mrs. Glasscock?" he'd say, in his W. C. Fields–ian tones. "Chester *Babcock* calling. I just wanted to check on what the other cocks were up to." Sinatra, it is reported, would roll on the floor every time.

When Frank and entourage stayed at Rome's Grand Hotel, Van Heusen would step onto his balcony each morning and, like some crazed American rooster, crow out the word at the top of his lungs. Back in the States, piloting his own plane cross-country, he would screech it into the radio until, inevitably, some poor, confused air-traffic controller would squawk back, "Please identify yourself." At which point Van Heusen would declaim it louder still. Even after suffering a stroke in his late 60s, wheelchair-bound, language having largely deserted him, "just out of nowhere, he'd yell 'Cock!'" a witness remembers.

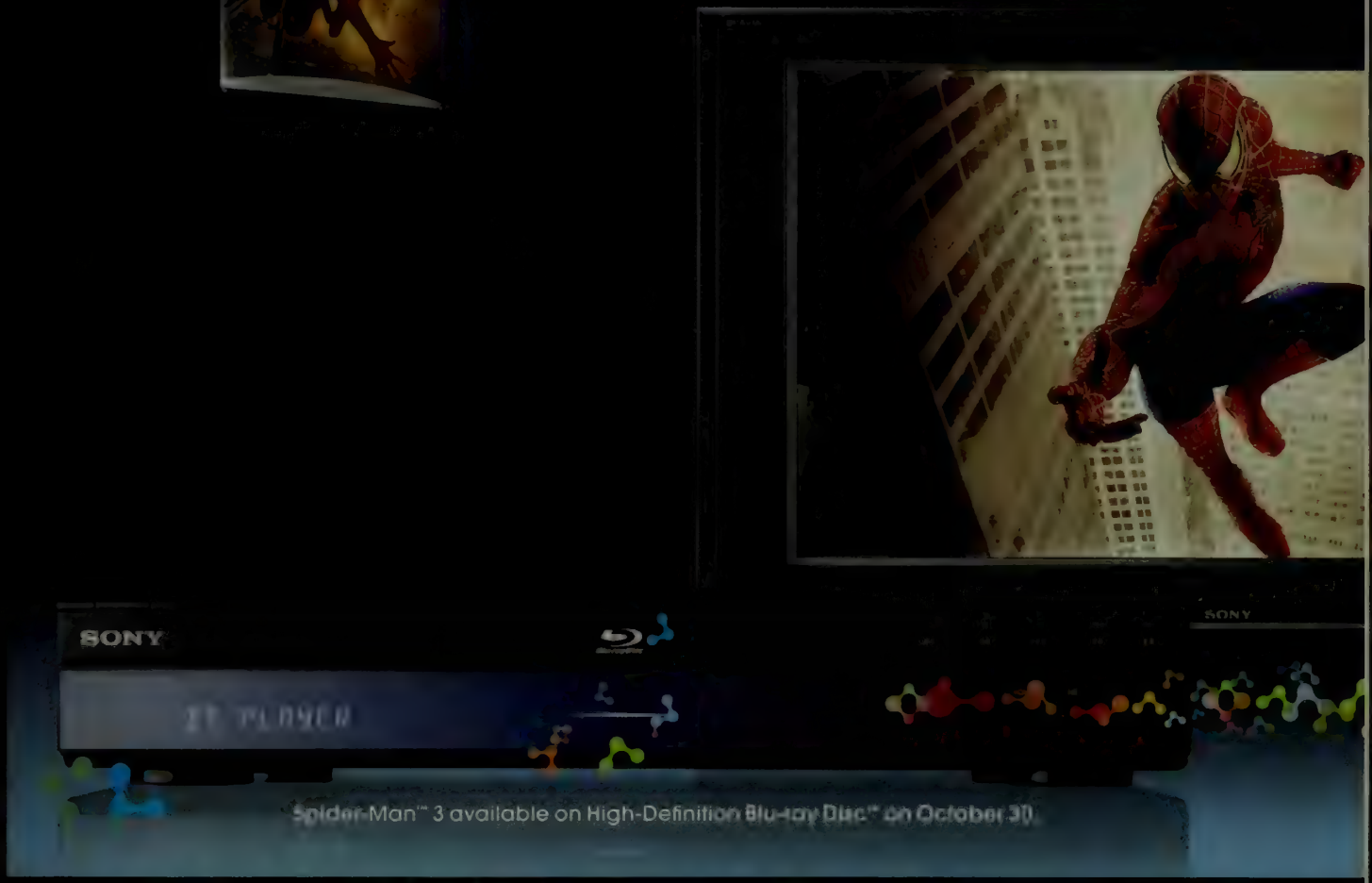
"Jimmy," Van Heusen's good friend and occasional lover Angie

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH BY PHIL STERN/CPI. INSET FROM

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LOVE AND MARRIAGE Unidentified man, Peter Lawford, Sinatra, and Van Heusen at Sammy Davis Jr.'s wedding to May Britt, Las Vegas, 1960.

FROM BROOK BABCOCK/VAN HEUSEN MUSIC

Dickinson recalls fondly, "could say 'cock' like nobody else."

He wasn't like anybody else. Not only was he the amazingly prolific and gifted writer of more than 400 songs (50 of them, with lyricist Sammy Cahn, for Sinatra), including such standards as "Imagination," "Swinging on a Star," "Polka Dots and Moonbeams," "Only the Lonely," "Come Fly with Me," and "All the Way"; not only was he a dauntless cross-country aviator and a test pilot for Lockheed during World War II, Van Heusen was also one of the legendary bachelors of the modern era, a sybarite of such Rabelaisian appetites and achievement that his foremost admirer was the Chairman of the Board himself. "They always said Frank really wanted to be Jimmy Van Heusen," says Dickinson, who knows whereof she speaks, having been close to both men beginning in the mid-1950s, and having loved them both, too.

And while Sinatra was Sinatra, she found the songwriter no less charismatic. Tall, powerful, gravel-voiced, Van Heusen—known to intimates as Chester (or, in Sinatra-ese, "Chezzuh")—had a bullish presence enhanced by a thick neck and shaved head. (He began the ahead-of-his-time practice when he started losing his hair in his mid-20s.) "You would not pick him over Clark Gable any day," Dickinson says. "But his magnetism [was] irresistible. He was clever and funny. He used to take his hand, spread the fingers, and roll them down a person's arm—naturally a woman—saying 'Beau-tee-ful.'" Playing her like a piano!

He had been born in 1913, in Syracuse, New York, to rock-ribbed Methodists named Arthur and Ida May Babcock. It was a time and a place of overpowering, Dreiserian drabness, a world of Sunday hymns and covered-dish suppers, and the youngest Babcock stood out almost instantly in that gray landscape: a daredevil, a wiseass, and some kind of musical genius. He sang in perfect tune while still a toddler; later in life, he would state solemnly that he composed some of his biggest hits in his head before he was 16.

His other area of precocity was sex. He discovered girls as soon as his voice changed, and they discovered him right back. At 17 he was expelled from high school for the third and final time (the school in this instance being Cazenovia Seminary, an institution for which he was hilariously mismatched from the beginning), for the most venial of reasons. As Van Heusen explained, disarmingly, in an unpublished biography by the late Robert de Roos, "it was just that I was fucking some of the little girls on the campus." He elaborated: "Actually, it wasn't even on the campus. It was in the cemetery, which was nearby and secluded. I don't know what all the fuss was about. We weren't bothering anybody."

"He had a great swagger," says Angie Dickinson. "He walked like he thought. Frank walked great. John Wayne and Robert Mitchum walked great. And Jimmy had an incredible walk."

Almost to the end of his days—though he was never a handsome man—he had *that thing* with women: they liked him, he liked them. Lots and lots of them. Paid or unpaid, pretty or homely, and sometimes, reportedly, several at once. He fell in love a couple of times in his adult life but didn't marry till age 56—to a woman 12 years his senior. For the four decades till then, he'd cut the broadest of swaths. Van Heusen was as blunt about his proclivities as any Henry Miller character. In the mid-60s, after the early death of his friend Nat King Cole, he wrote to the dean of students at Cazenovia, "However, we all must do that very same thing some day . . . and I feel that if I remain a drunk and a sex maniac, I'm liable to be very, very happy along the way."

At an ASCAP memorial service in 1991 (Van Heusen had died the year before, at 77), Angie Dickinson positively twinkled as she stood at the lectern. "Jimmy was the most confident man I ever met," she said.

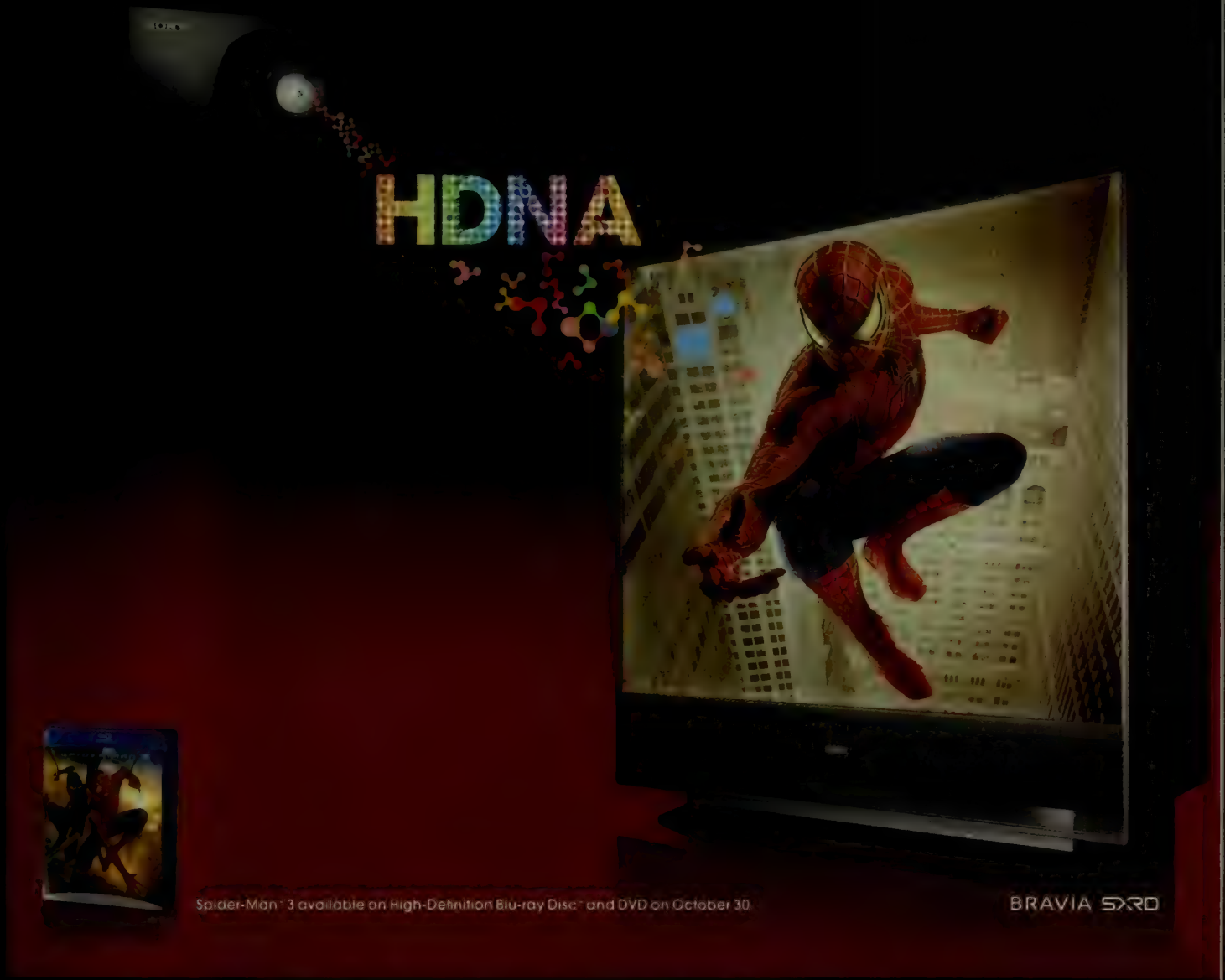
"He had a great swagger," Dickinson told me recently. "He walked like he thought. I am fascinated by walks. Frank walked great. John Wayne and Robert Mitchum walked great. And Jimmy had an incredible walk."

It all began with music. Once he had passed through the usual pubescent ennui at practicing the piano, young Chester Babcock made an astounding discovery: to be a musician—and especially a composer who could perform his work—was to be a chick magnet of the first order. "I kept writing songs," Van Heusen recalled, "and dedicating them to some little buck-toothed broad in the hope she would join me behind the tombstones and let me jiggle her goodies."

At the same time, he would wind up making his living—a very good living—in Tin Pan Alley and Hollywood, beginning in the early 1930s, at the artistic zenith of the American popular song. It was an era of prodigious output by a wide spectrum of craftsmen, ranging from pedestrian to brilliant, but the subject—rhymes with "above," "dove," and "glove"—was almost always the same. And Jimmy Van Heusen, though a deeply conflicted romantic, could write a love song with the best of them.

He could write with the best of them, period. On the ladder of songwriting skill, in a time of geniuses such as Gershwin, Kern, Porter, Ber-

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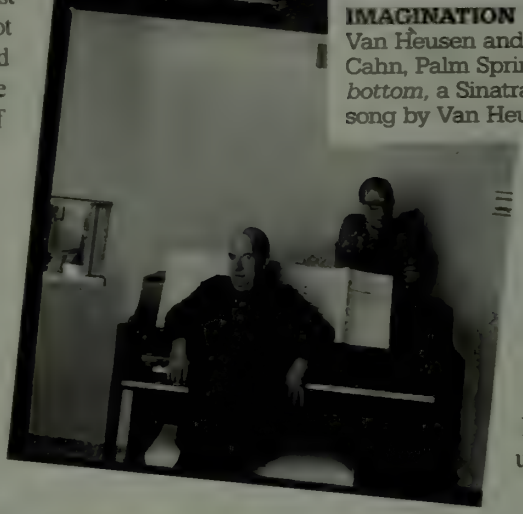
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lin, and Rodgers, Van Heusen, younger than those titans by half a generation, stood very near the top. His tunes were supple, grabby, deceptively simple. "Jimmy was a really interesting composer," says Sammy Cahn's son, jazz guitarist Steve Khan. "There's a lot of chromaticism in his melodies, which makes them not the easiest things to sing at times." Case in point: just try, sometime, a few bars of Van Heusen's greatest standard, "Here's That Rainy Day." Not easy. Yet the song has stuck around, and will continue to do so, precisely because its melodic subtleties make it a thing of enduring mystery.





IMAGINATION
Van Heusen and lyricist Sammy Cahn, Palm Springs, 1963; *bottom,* a Sinatra LP with title song by Van Heusen and Cahn.

He invented his sporty nom de plume at 16, as a boy disc jockey at WSYR, in Syracuse, where he not only spun records but played the piano and sang on the air. He also conducted a lucrative side business as a song doctor. For $10, an aspirant could send in lyrics, or music, or a tune in need of assistance, and young Chester Babcock would fix it and perform the result for his audience.

But his name posed a difficulty. For one thing, he was cutting school to do the show and didn't exactly want to publicize his dereliction. For another, "Babcock sounds like a dirty word," the station manager told him. "You've got to change it." And so, the legend goes, Chester glanced at a newspaper at that moment and saw an ad for Van Heusen shirt collars. As for the "Jimmy"—well, it just had that swing to it.

"I would rather write songs than do anything else—even fly," Van Heusen told an interviewer.

The inevitable escape from Syracuse began in 1930, when Van Heusen was 17, after he met Jerry Arlen, brother of the great songwriter Harold Arlen, and himself a would-be lyricist. (Jimmy had begun to realize that, while music flowed from his fingers, creating the words was backbreaking work. And collaboration, for a gregarious man, eased the sting of solitary creation.) After Jimmy and Jerry wrote a few numbers together, Harold Arlen, who was the house composer at the Cotton Club, in Harlem, got the call to report to Hollywood; Jimmy and Jerry gladly stepped into the breach.

Then Harold Arlen came back to the Cotton Club.

It was the depth of the Depression; Van Heusen was out of a job and dead broke. He worked for a while as an elevator operator at the old Park Central Hotel, at 56th and Seventh, for $15 a week; he lived across the street at the Wellington, for $14 a week. Hotel life was free and easy—there was always food and drink around; doors opened and closed, and opened again. Manhattan in the early 30s was a place of cheap hooch, button flies, rough fabrics, rolled stockings, sweaty couplings, all-night benders. Whenever Jimmy had a couple of spare dollars, he stopped by Rose Stewart's bordello. He became fast friends with the famous madam Polly Adler.

Manhattan in the 30s was also becoming a hotbed of great jazz: Jimmy Dorsey at the Hotel New Yorker, Tommy Dorsey at the Manhattan Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania, Artie Shaw at the Hotel Lincoln. You could stroll down 52nd Street at two A.M. and pop into Leon and Eddie's or the Famous Door or the Onyx Club and see Billie Holiday, Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Count Basie, Louis Prima. This was Jimmy Van Heusen's movable feast, a time and place he would remember forever.

He was in full possession of his creative powers, even if the world wasn't quite aware of it yet. Now and then, ferrying an elevatorful of swells up to the Coconut Grove supper club, on the top floor of the Park Central, Jimmy would catch a few bars of Charlie Barnet and his orchestra playing Van Heusen's very own song "Harlem Hospitality." Had he been an older man at the controls of that hotel lift, the situation might have seemed ripe with irony, but he was young, the world was full of promise, and soon he got a minor break: a job pitching tunes to performers as a song plugger for the music publisher Remick Music Corp.

While Van Heusen watched for his shot as an in-house songwriter, he sat at his piano, facing a daily tide of would-be bandleaders and vocalists eager to latch onto hot new material. One of the latter was a starved-looking kid from Hoboken, virtually unknown but so cocky he walked around in a yachting cap, in imitation of his idol, Bing Crosby, announcing to one and all that he was going to be the best singer ever. Van Heusen listened, and believed. What was more, he and Frank Sinatra had much in common: an eye for the ladies, a night-owl disposition, a sardonic sense of humor. Soon they were running together.

A funny thing happened in 1938: Jimmy wrote a set of lyrics for a Jimmy Dorsey tune, and the song, "It's the Dreamer in Me," became a hit. Go figure. Remick gave him that songwriting contract.

Composers and lyricists often played the field in those days, shifting collaborators as circumstances dictated. For a while Van Heusen hooked up with an established writer named Eddie DeLange; the pair would turn out a couple of hits, "Darn That Dream" and "Shake Down the Stars." Around the same time he teamed with the great Johnny Mercer to create another hit (and still an enduring standard), "I Thought About You." And, in 1939, Jimmy met Johnny Burke.

Just 31, Burke was already a superstar, Bing Crosby's favorite lyricist. Crosby called him The Poet. He was a dark-haired, dapper Irishman of melancholic temperament and alcoholic inclination, frequently crippled by black moods and health problems, but a sublime craftsman. Burke had worked with a number of songwriters thus far, yet he and the 26-year-old Van Heusen clicked immediately.

One of the first tunes Van Heusen presented to Burke was a melo-



TOP, BOTH BY ARNOLD NEWMAN/GETTY IMAGES; BOTTOM, FROM THE

SHOULD YOUR ALBUM GO PLATINUM, WE SUGGEST YOU DO THE SAME.



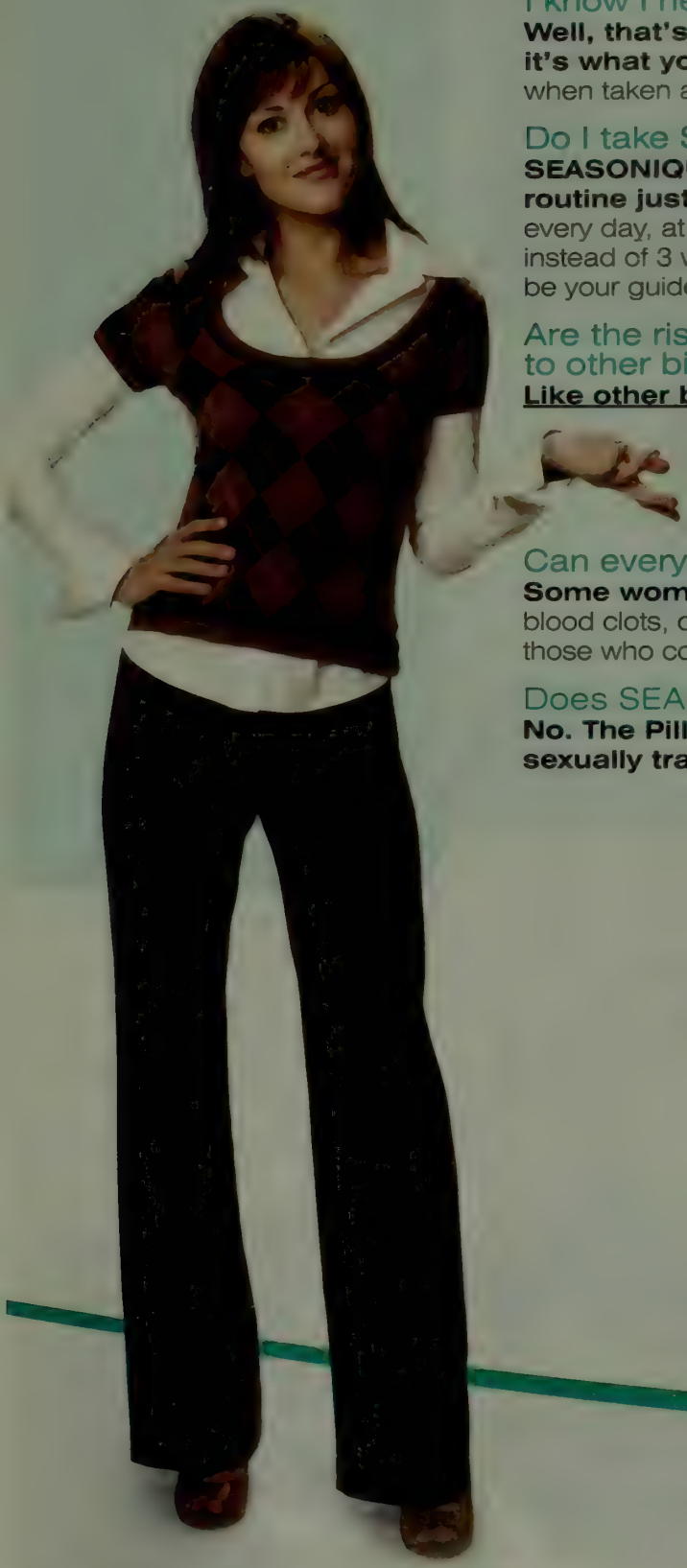
Handcrafted, triple-distilled, perfectly aged, elegantly bottled. **Simply perfect.**

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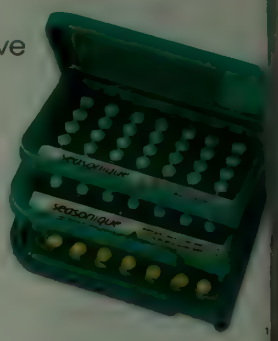
Birth control

Satisfy your **need-to-know** side.



I know I need highly effective birth control.

Well, that's prescription SEASONIQUE™— it's what you need your Pill to be. It's 99% effective when taken as directed.



Do I take SEASONIQUE™ every day?

SEASONIQUE™ has a simple once-daily routine just like the typical Pill. You take a pill every day, at the same time each day, for 3 months instead of 3 weeks. Just let the convenient pill pack be your guide.

Are the risks with SEASONIQUE™ similar to other birth control pills?

Like other birth control pills, SEASONIQUE™ has serious risks, which can be life threatening. They include blood clots, stroke, and heart attack. Smoking increases these risks, especially if you are over 35, so Pill users should not smoke.

Can everyone take SEASONIQUE™?

Some women should not take the Pill, including women who have blood clots, certain cancers, a history of heart attack or stroke, as well as those who could be pregnant.

Does SEASONIQUE™ protect against HIV or STDs?

No. The Pill does not protect against HIV infection and other sexually transmitted diseases (STDs).

seasonique™

levonorgestrel/ethinyl estradiol 0.15 mg/0.03 mg TABLETS
ethinyl estradiol 0.01 mg TABLETS

seasonique.com
1.866.610.FOUR (3687)

And your **get-up-and-go** side.

But part of me wants fewer periods.

That's SEASONIQUE™ too—it lets you have fewer periods than most Pills. That's why it's designed with 3 straight months of active pills instead of 3 weeks.

What will my periods be like?

You'll get 4 periods a year. They should last about days and be as light as with a typical monthly Pill.

What else should I expect?

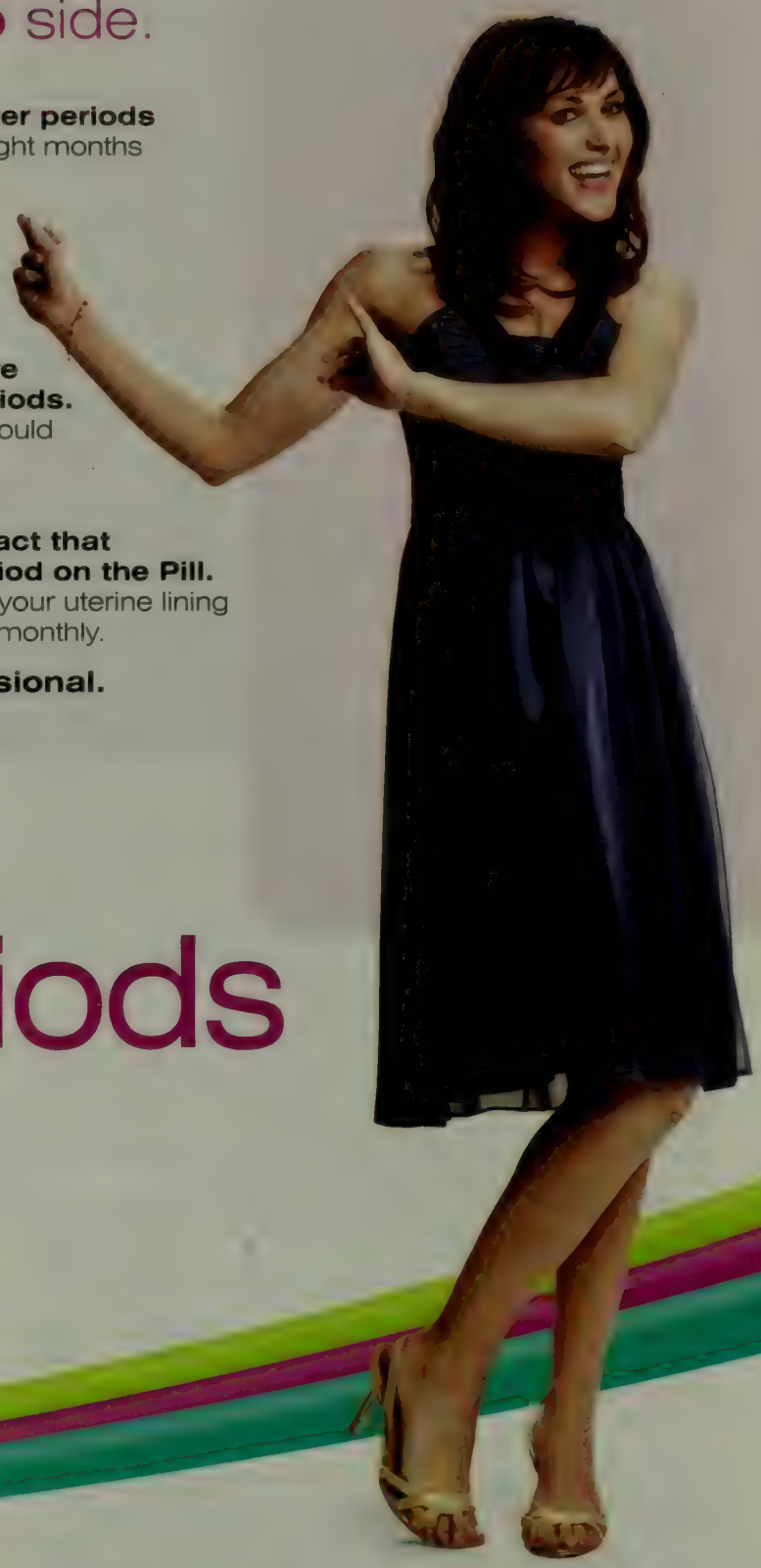
While you get 4 periods a year, you're also more likely to have bleeding or spotting between periods. This can be slight to a flow like a regular period and should decrease over time.

I can really have fewer periods?

Sure. SEASONIQUE™ takes advantage of the fact that there's no medical need to have a monthly period on the Pill. That's because you don't ovulate (release an egg). So your uterine lining doesn't build up much, and there's no need to shed it monthly.

To learn more, ask your healthcare professional.

plus fewer periods



SEASONIQUE™ tablets are indicated for the prevention of pregnancy.
Please see following page for brief summary of Prescribing Information.

SEASONIQUE™

(levonorgestrel / ethinyl estradiol tablets) 0.15 mg / 0.03 mg and (ethinyl estradiol tablets) 0.01 mg

Brief Summary. See full package brochure for complete information.

Patients should be counseled that this product does not protect against HIV-infection (AIDS) and other sexually transmitted diseases.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Oral contraceptives should not be used in women who currently have the following conditions: • Thrombophlebitis or thromboembolic disorders • A past history of deep vein thrombophlebitis or thromboembolic disorders • Cerebrovascular or coronary artery disease (current or history) • Valvular heart disease with thrombogenic complications • Uncontrolled hypertension • Diabetes with vascular involvement • Headaches with focal neurological symptoms • Major surgery with prolonged immobilization • Known or suspected carcinoma of the breast or personal history of breast cancer • Carcinoma of the endometrium or other known or suspected estrogen dependent neoplasia • Undiagnosed abnormal genital bleeding • Cholestatic jaundice of pregnancy or jaundice with prior pill use • Hepatic adenomas or carcinomas, or active liver disease • Known or suspected pregnancy • Hypersensitivity to any component of this product

WARNINGS

Cigarette smoking increases the risk of serious cardiovascular side effects from oral contraceptive use. This risk increases with age and with heavy smoking (15 or more cigarettes per day) and is quite marked in women over 35 years of age. Women who use oral contraceptives should be strongly advised not to smoke.

The use of oral contraceptives is associated with increased risk of several serious conditions including venous and arterial thrombotic and thromboembolic events (such as myocardial infarction, thromboembolism and stroke), hepatic neoplasia, gallbladder disease and hypertension. The risk of serious morbidity or mortality is very small in healthy women without underlying risk factors. The risk of morbidity and mortality increases significantly in the presence of other underlying risk factors such as certain inherited thrombophilias, hypertension, hyperlipidemias, obesity and diabetes.

Practitioners prescribing oral contraceptives should be familiar with the following information relating to these risks. The information contained in this brief summary is principally based on studies carried out in patients who used oral contraceptives with higher formulations of estrogens and progestogens than those in common use today. The effect of long-term use of the oral contraceptives with lower doses of both estrogens and progestogens remains to be determined. Throughout this labeling, epidemiological studies reported are of two types: retrospective or case control studies and prospective or cohort studies. Case-control studies provide a measure of the relative risk of a disease, namely, a ratio of the incidence of a disease among oral contraceptive users to that among nonusers. The relative risk does not provide information on the actual clinical occurrence of a disease. Cohort studies provide a measure of attributable risk, which is the difference in the incidence of disease between oral contraceptive users and nonusers. The attributable risk does provide information about the actual occurrence of a disease in the population. For further information, the reader is referred to a text on epidemiological methods.

1. Thromboembolic Disorders and Other Vascular Problems: Use of Seasonique™ provides women with more hormonal exposure on a yearly basis than conventional monthly oral contraceptives containing similar strength synthetic estrogens and progestins (an additional 13 weeks of exposure to birth control pill hormones per year). • *a. Myocardial Infarction:* An increased risk of myocardial infarction has been attributed to oral contraceptive use. This risk is primarily in smokers or women with other underlying risk factors for coronary artery disease such as hypertension, hypercholesterolemia, morbid obesity and diabetes. The relative risk of heart attack for current oral contraceptive users has been estimated to be two to six. The risk is very low under the age of 30. Smoking in combination with oral contraceptive use has been shown to contribute substantially to the incidence of myocardial infarction in women in their mid-thirties or older with smoking accounting for the majority of excess cases. Mortality rates associated with circulatory disease have been shown to increase substantially in smokers over the age of 35 and nonsmokers over the age of 40 among women who use oral contraceptives. Oral contraceptives may compound the effects of well-known risk factors, such as hypertension, diabetes, hyperlipidemias, age and obesity. In particular, some progestogens are known to decrease HDL cholesterol and cause glucose intolerance, while estrogens may create a state of hypersynilsinism. Oral contraceptives have been shown to increase blood pressure among users (see section 9 in **WARNINGS**). The severity and number of risk factors increase heart disease risk. Oral contraceptives must be used with caution in women with cardiovascular disease risk factors. • *b. Thromboembolism:* An increased risk of thromboembolic and thrombotic disease associated with the use of oral contraceptives is well established. Case control studies have found the relative risk of users compared to nonusers to be 3 for the first episode of superficial venous thrombosis; 4 to 11 for deep vein thrombosis or pulmonary embolism; and 1.5 to 6 for women with predisposing conditions for venous thromboembolic disease. Cohort studies have shown the relative risk to be somewhat lower, about 3 for new cases and about 4.5 for new cases requiring hospitalization. The approximate incidence of deep vein thrombosis and pulmonary embolism in users of low dose (<50 µg ethinyl estradiol) combination oral contraceptives is up to 4 per 10,000 woman-years compared to 0.5-3 per 10,000 woman-years for non-users. However, the incidence is less than that associated with pregnancy (6 per 10,000 woman-years). The risk of thromboembolic disease due to oral contraceptives is not related to length of use and disappears after pill use is stopped. A two- to four-fold increase in relative risk of postoperative thromboembolic complications has been reported with the use of oral contraceptives. The relative risk of venous thrombosis in women who have predisposing conditions is twice that of women without such medical conditions. If feasible, oral contraceptives should be discontinued at least four weeks prior to and for two weeks after elective surgery of a type associated with an increase in risk of thromboembolism and during and following prolonged immobilization. Since the immediate postpartum period is also associated with an increased risk of thromboembolism, oral contraceptives should be started no earlier than four weeks after delivery in women who elect not to breast-feed. • *c. Cerebrovascular Diseases:* Oral contraceptives have been shown to increase both the relative and attributable risks of cerebrovascular events (thrombotic and hemorrhagic strokes), although, in general, the risk is greatest among older (>35 years), hypertensive women who also smoke. Hypertension was found to be a risk factor for both users and nonusers, for both types of strokes, while smoking interacted to increase the risk for hemorrhagic strokes. In a large study, the relative risk of thrombotic strokes has been shown to range from 3 for normotensive users to 14 for users with severe hypertension. The relative risk of hemorrhagic stroke is reported to be 1.2 for nonsmokers who used oral contraceptives, 2.6 for smokers who did not use oral contraceptives, 7.6 for smokers who used oral contraceptives, 1.8 for normotensive users and 25.7 for users with severe hypertension. The attributable risk is also greater in older women. Oral contraceptives also increase the risk for stroke in women with other underlying risk factors such as certain inherited or acquired thrombophilias, hyperlipidemias, and obesity. Women with migraine (particularly migraine with aura) who take combination oral contraceptives may be at an increased risk of stroke. • *d. Dose-Related Risk of Vascular Disease from Oral Contraceptives:* A positive association has been observed between the amount of estrogen and progestogen in oral contraceptives and the risk of vascular disease. A decline in serum high-density lipoproteins (HDL) has been reported with many progestational agents. A decline in serum high-density lipoproteins has been associated with an increased incidence of ischemic heart disease. Because estrogens increase HDL cholesterol, the net effect of an oral contraceptive depends on a balance achieved between doses of estrogen and progestogen and the nature and absolute amount of progestogen used in the contraceptive. The amount of both hormones should be considered in the choice of an oral contraceptive. Minimizing exposure to estrogen and progestogen is in keeping with good principles of therapeutics. For any particular estrogen/progestogen combination, the dosage regimen prescribed should be one which contains the least amount of estrogen and progestogen that is compatible with a low failure rate and the needs of the individual patient. New acceptors of oral contraceptive agents should be started on preparations containing the lowest estrogen content, which is judged appropriate for the individual patient. • *e. Persistence of Risk of Vascular Disease:* There are two studies which have shown persistence of risk of vascular disease for ever-users of oral contraceptives. In a study in the United States, the risk of developing myocardial infarction after discontinuing oral contraceptives persists for at least 9 years for women 40 to 49 years old who had used oral contraceptives for five or more years, but this increased risk was not demonstrated in other age groups. In another study in Great Britain, the risk of developing cerebrovascular disease persisted for at least 6 years after discontinuation of oral contraceptives, although excess risk was very small. However, both studies were performed with oral contraceptive formulations containing 50 micrograms or higher of estrogens.

2. Estimates of Mortality from Contraceptive Use: Each method of contraception has its specific benefits and risks. One study concluded that with the exception of oral contraceptive users 35 and older who smoke and 40 and older who do not smoke, mortality associated with all methods of birth control is less than that associated with childbirth. The observation of a possible increase in risk of mortality with age for oral contraceptive users is based on data gathered in the 1970's--but not reported until 1983. However, current clinical practice involves the use of lower estrogen dose formulations combined with careful restriction of oral contraceptive use to women who do not have the various risk factors listed in this labeling. Because of these changes in practice and also because of some limited new data which suggest that the risk of cardiovascular disease with the use of oral contraceptives may now be less than previously observed, the Fertility and Maternal Health Drugs Advisory Committee was asked to review the topic in 1989. The Committee concluded that although cardiovascular disease risks may be increased with oral contraceptive use after age 40 in healthy nonsmoking women (even with the newer low-dose formulations), there are greater potential health risks associated with pregnancy in older women and with the alternative surgical and medical procedures which may be necessary if such women do not have access to effective and acceptable means of contraception. Therefore, the Committee recommended that the benefits of oral contraceptive use by healthy nonsmoking women over 40 may outweigh the possible risks. Of course, older women, as all women who take oral contraceptives, should take the lowest possible dose formulation that is effective.

3. Carcinoma of the Reproductive Organs and Breasts: Although the risk of having breast cancer diagnosed may be slightly increased among current and recent users of combined oral contraceptives (RR=1.24), this excess risk decreases over time after combination oral contraceptive discontinuation and by 10 years after cessation the increased risk disappears. The risk does not increase with duration of use and no consistent relationships have been found with dose or type of steroid. The patterns of risk are also similar regardless of a woman's reproductive history or her family breast cancer history. The subgroup for whom risk has been found to be significantly elevated is women who first used oral contraceptives before age 20, but because breast cancer is so rare at these young ages, the number of cases attributable to this early oral contraceptive use is extremely small. Breast cancers diagnosed in current or previous oral contraceptive users tend to be less clinically advanced than in never-users. Women who currently have or have had breast cancer should not use oral contraceptives because breast cancer is a hormone sensitive tumor. Some studies suggest that oral contraceptive use has been associated with an increase in the risk of cervical intraepithelial neoplasia or invasive cervical cancer in some populations of women. However, there continues to be controversy about the extent to which such findings may be due to differences in sexual behavior and other factors. In spite of many studies of the relationship between oral contraceptive use and breast cancer and cervical cancers, a cause-and-effect relationship has not been established.

4. Hepatic Neoplasia: Benign hepatic adenomas are associated with oral contraceptive use, although their occurrence is rare in the United States. Indirect calculations have estimated the attributable risk to be in the range of 3.3 cases/100,000 for users, a risk that increases after four or more years of use. Rupture of hepatic adenomas may cause death through intra-abdominal hemorrhage. Studies from Britain have shown an increased risk of developing hepatocellular carcinoma in long-term (>8 years) oral contraceptive users. However, these cancers are extremely rare in the U.S., and the attributable risk (the excess incidence) of liver cancers in oral contraceptive users approaches less than one per million users.

5. Ocular Lesions: There have been clinical case reports of retinal thrombosis associated with the use of oral contraceptives that may lead to partial or complete loss of vision. Oral contraceptives should be discontinued if there is unexplained partial or complete loss of vision; onset of proptosis or diplopia; papilledema; or retinal vascular lesions. Appropriate diagnostic and therapeutic measures should be undertaken immediately.

6. Oral Contraceptive Use Before or During Early Pregnancy: Because women using Seasonique™ will rarely have withdrawal bleeding only 4 times per year, pregnancy should be ruled out at the time of any missed menstrual period. Oral contraceptive use should be discontinued if pregnancy is confirmed. Extensive epidemiological studies have revealed no increased risk of [illegible] who have used oral contraceptives prior to pregnancy. Studies also do not suggest a teratogenic effect, particularly in so far as cardiac [illegible] are concerned, when taken inadvertently during early pregnancy (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). The administration of [illegible] who have bleeding should not be used as a test for pregnancy. Oral contraceptives should not be used during pregnancy to treat [illegible]tion.

7. Gallbladder Disease: Earlier studies have reported an increased [illegible]ency in users of oral contraceptives and estrogens. More recent studies, however, have shown that the relative risk of [illegible] contraceptive users may be minimal. The recent findings of minimal risk may be related to the use of oral contraceptive formulations containing lower hormonal doses of estrogens and progestogens.

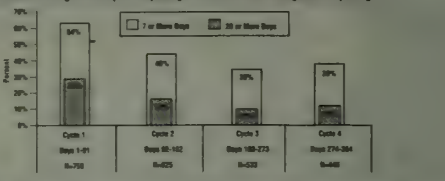
8. Carbohydrate and Lipid Metabolic Effects: Oral contraceptives have been shown to cause glucose intolerance in a significant percentage of users. [illegible] containing more than 75 micrograms of estrogens cause hyperinsulinism, while lower doses of estrogen cause less glucose intolerance. Progestogens increase insulin secretion and create insulin resistance, this effect varying with different progestational agents. However, in the nondiabetic woman, oral contraceptives appear to have no effect on fasting blood glucose. Because of these demonstrated effects, prediabetic and diabetic women should be carefully observed while taking oral contraceptives. A small proportion of women will have persistent hypertriglyceridemia while on the pill. As discussed earlier (see **WARNINGS** 1a. and 1d.), changes in serum triglycerides and lipoprotein levels have been reported in oral contraceptive users.

9. Elevated Blood Pressure: Women with significant hypertension should not be started on hormonal contraceptive. An increase in blood pressure has been reported in women taking oral contraceptives and this increase is more likely in older oral contraceptive users and with continued use. Data from the Royal College of General Practitioners and subsequent randomized trials have shown that the incidence of hypertension increases with increasing concentrations of progestogen. Women with a history of hypertension or hypertension-related diseases, or renal disease should be encouraged to use another method of contraception. If women with hypertension elect to use oral contraceptives, they should be monitored closely, and if significant elevation of blood pressure occurs, oral contraceptives should be discontinued (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). For most women, elevated blood pressure will return to normal after stopping oral contraceptives, and there is no difference in the occurrence of hypertension among ever- and never-users.

10. Headache: The onset or exacerbation of migraine or development of headache with a new pattern that is recurrent, persistent, or severe requires discontinuation of oral contraceptives and evaluation of the cause. (See **WARNINGS** 1c.)

11. Bleeding Irregularities: When prescribing Seasonique™ the convenience of fewer planned menses (4 per year instead of 13 per year) should be weighed against the inconvenience of increased intermenstrual bleeding and/or spotting. The primary clinical trial (PSE-301) that evaluated the efficacy of Seasonique™ also assessed intermenstrual bleeding. The participants in the study (N=1,006) were composed primarily of women who had used oral contraceptives previously (89.3%) as opposed to new users (10.7%). A total of 82 (8.2%) of the women discontinued Seasonique™ at least in part due to bleeding or spotting. The following figure shows the percentage of Seasonique™ subjects participating in trial PSE-301 with ≥7 days or ≥20 days of intermenstrual bleeding or spotting during each treatment cycle. During the first 91-day treatment cycle, 64% of subjects experienced 7 or more days of intermenstrual bleeding or spotting, and 29% of this cohort experienced 20 or more days of intermenstrual bleeding or spotting. During the fourth 91-day treatment cycle, these percentages were 39% and 11%, respectively.

Figure: Percentage of Women Taking Seasonique™ Reporting Intermenstrual Bleeding and/or Spotting.



As in any case of bleeding irregularities, nonhormonal causes should always be considered and adequate diagnostic measures taken to rule out malignancy or pregnancy. In the event of amenorrhea, pregnancy should be ruled out. Some women may encounter post-pill amenorrhea or oligomenorrhea (possibly with anovulation), especially when such a condition was preexistent.

PRECAUTIONS

1. Sexually Transmitted Diseases: Patients should be counseled that this product does not protect against HIV infection (AIDS) and other sexually transmitted diseases.

2. Physical Examination and Follow-up: A periodic history and physical examination are appropriate for all women, including women using oral contraceptives. The physical examination, however, may be deferred until after initiation of oral contraceptives if requested by the woman and judged appropriate by the clinician. The physical examination should include special reference to blood pressure, breasts, abdomen and pelvic organs, including cervical cytology, and relevant laboratory tests. In case of undiagnosed, persistent or recurrent abnormal vaginal bleeding, appropriate diagnostic measures should be conducted to rule out malignancy. Women with a strong family history of breast cancer or who have breast nodules should be monitored with particular care.

3. Lipid Disorders: Women who are being treated for hyperlipidemias should be followed closely if they elect to use oral contraceptives. Some progestogens may elevate LDL levels and may render the control of hyperlipidemias more difficult. (See **WARNINGS** 1d.) In patients with familial defects of lipoprotein metabolism receiving estrogen-containing preparations, there have been case reports of significant elevations of plasma triglycerides leading to pancreatitis.

4. Liver Function: If jaundice develops in any woman receiving such drugs, the medication should be discontinued. Steroid hormones may be poorly metabolized in patients with impaired liver function.

5. Fluid Retention: Oral contraceptives may cause some degree of fluid retention. They should be prescribed with caution, and only with careful monitoring, in patients with conditions, which might be aggravated by fluid retention.

6. Emotional Disorders: Women with a history of depression should be carefully observed and the drug discontinued if depression recurs to a serious degree. Patients becoming significantly depressed while taking oral contraceptives should stop the medication and use an alternate method of contraception in an attempt to determine whether the symptom is drug related.

7. Contact Lenses: Contact-lens wearers who develop visual changes or changes in lens tolerance should be assessed by an ophthalmologist.

8. Drug Interactions: Changes in contraceptive effectiveness associated with co-administration of other products: • *a. Anti-infective agents and anticonvulsants:* Contraceptive effectiveness may be reduced when hormonal contraceptives are co-administered with antibiotics, anticonvulsants, and other drugs that increase the metabolism of contraceptive steroids. This could result in unintended pregnancy or breakthrough bleeding. Examples include rifampin, barbiturates, phenylbutazone, phenytoin, carbamazepine, felbamate, oxcarbazepine, topiramate, and griseofulvin. Several cases of contraceptive failure and breakthrough bleeding have been reported in the literature with concomitant administration of antibiotics such as ampicillin and tetracyclines. However, clinical pharmacology studies investigating drug interaction between combined oral contraceptives and these antibiotics have reported inconsistent results. • *b. Anti-HIV protease inhibitors:* Several of the anti-HIV protease inhibitors have been studied with co-administration of oral combination hormonal contraceptives; significant changes (increase and decrease) in the plasma levels of the estrogen and progestin have been noted in some cases. The safety and efficacy of combination oral contraceptive products may be affected with co-administration of anti-HIV protease inhibitors. Healthcare providers should refer to the label of the individual anti-HIV protease inhibitors for further drug-drug interaction information. • *c. Herbal products:* Herbal products containing St. John's Wort (hypericum perforatum) may induce hepatic enzymes (cytochrome P450) and p-glycoprotein transporter and may reduce the effectiveness of combination contraceptive steroids. This may also result in breakthrough bleeding. **Increase in plasma levels of estradiol associated with co-administered drugs:** Co-administration of atorvastatin and certain combination oral contraceptives containing ethinyl estradiol increase AUC values for ethinyl estradiol by approximately 20%. Ascorbic acid and acetaminophen may increase plasma ethinyl estradiol levels, possibly by inhibition of conjugation. CYP 3A4 inhibitors such as itraconazole or ketoconazole may increase plasma hormone levels. **Changes in plasma levels of co-administered drugs:** Combination hormonal contraceptives containing some synthetic estrogens (e.g., ethinyl estradiol) may inhibit the metabolism of other compounds. Increased plasma concentrations of cyclosporin, prednisolone, and theophylline have been reported with concomitant administration of combination oral contraceptives. Decreased plasma concentrations of acetaminophen and increased clearance of temazepam, salicylic acid, morphine and clofibric acid, due to induction of conjugation have been noted when these drugs were administered with combination oral contraceptives.

9. Interactions with Laboratory Tests - See Package Insert for complete information.

10. Carcinogenesis: See **WARNINGS** 11. **Pregnancy:** Pregnancy Category X. See **CONTRAINDICATIONS and WARNINGS**. **12. Nursing Mothers:** Small amounts of oral contraceptive steroids and/or metabolites have been identified in the milk of nursing mothers, and a few adverse effects on the child have been reported, including jaundice and breast enlargement. In addition, oral contraceptives given in the postpartum period may interfere with lactation by decreasing the quantity and quality of breast milk. If possible, the nursing mother should be advised not to use oral contraceptives but to use other forms of contraception until she has completely weaned her child. **13. Pediatric Use:** Safety and efficacy of Seasonique™ tablets have been established in women of reproductive age. Safety and efficacy are expected to be the same in postpubertal adolescents under the age of 16 and users 16 and older. Use of Seasonique™ before menarche is not indicated. **14. Geriatric Use:** Seasonique™ tablets have not been studied in women who have reached menopause.

INFORMATION FOR THE PATIENT: See Package Brochure or complete information.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: An increased risk of the following serious adverse reactions has been associated with the use of oral contraceptives (see **WARNINGS**): • Thrombophlebitis • Arterial thromboembolism • Pulmonary embolism • Myocardial infarction • Cerebral hemorrhage • Cerebral thrombosis • Hypertension • Gallbladder disease • Hepatic adenomas or benign liver tumors. There is evidence of an association between the following conditions and the use of oral contraceptives: • Mesenteric thrombosis • Retinal thrombosis. The following adverse reactions have been reported in patients receiving oral contraceptives and are believed to be drug related: • Nausea • Vomiting • Gastrointestinal symptoms (such as abdominal cramps and bloating) • Breakthrough bleeding • Spotting • Change in menstrual flow • Amenorrhea • Temporary infertility after discontinuation of treatment • Edema/fluid retention • Melasma/chloasma which may persist • Breast changes: tenderness, enlargement, and secretion • Change in weight or appetite (increase or decrease) • Change in cervical ectropion and secretion • Possible diminution in lactation when given immediately postpartum • Cholestatic jaundice • Migraine headache • Rash (allergic) • Mood changes, including depression • Vaginitis, including candidiasis • Change in corneal curvature (steepening) • Intolerance to contact lenses • Decrease in serum folate levels • Exacerbation of systemic lupus erythematosus • Exacerbation of porphyria • Exacerbation of chorea • Aggravation of varicose veins • Anaphylactic/anaphylactoid reactions, including urticaria, angioedema, and severe reactions with respiratory and circulatory symptoms. The following adverse reactions have been reported in users of oral contraceptives and the association has been neither confirmed nor refuted: • Premenstrual syndrome • Cataracts • Optic neuritis which may lead to partial or complete loss of vision • Cystitis-like syndrome • Headache • Nervousness • Dizziness • Hirsutism • Loss of scalp hair • Erythema multiforme • Erythema nodosum • Hemorrhagic eruption • Impaired renal function • Hemolytic uremic syndrome • Budd-Chiari syndrome • Acne • Changes in libido • Colitis • Pancreatitis • Dysmenorrhea

OVERDOSAGE: Serious ill effects have not been reported following acute ingestion of large doses of oral contraceptives by young children. Overdosage may cause nausea, and withdrawal bleeding may occur in females.

DURAMED PHARMACEUTICALS, INC.
Subsidiary of Barr Pharmaceuticals, Inc. Pomona, New York 10970
Revised JUNE 2006 - SB-0017

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dy that had been rolling around in his head since he was a boy. Burke responded with a gorgeously simple, wistfully playful lyric:

Imagination is funny,
It makes a cloudy day sunny . . .

"Imagination," written for and sung by Frank Sinatra with the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, became a huge hit, No. 1 on *Your Hit Parade* in early 1940. Suddenly, Van Heusen's songs were all over the radio.

He'd gotten there through another one of his appetites: for work. He wrote 60 songs in 1940, including "Polka Dots and Moonbeams," another hit for Dorsey and Sinatra. Throughout Van Heusen's career, his productivity and his endurance were astonishing. Fueled by pots of coffee, he composed through the night and fell into bed at dawn. Alcohol, for which he also had a huge capacity, was a necessary decompressor. Booze binges (and sex binges, and eating binges) followed work binges.

He had real money for the first time, and he loved spending it. For the rest of his life, the money came and went, and came again, in great waves—Jimmy never bothered to keep especially careful track. He developed a lifelong reputation (one that Sinatra shared) for being unable to let anyone else pick up a check. And so it made perfect sense, by Van Heusen's system of logic—doing whatever he damn pleased, whenever he pleased—that with his first royalties he should buy an airplane.

It was a beautiful thing: a single-wing Luscombe Silvaire, an all-aluminum two-seater, with a top speed of 115 m.p.h. and a range of 350 miles. Jimmy took flying lessons at Floyd Bennett Field, and before long he was soloing.

And before long Hollywood came calling, in the person of Mark Sandrich—the renowned director of the Fred Astaire–Ginger Rogers movies for RKO—who had heard "Imagination" and sensed a gold mine in Burke and Van Heusen.

It was a long, slow trip across the country at 115 miles an hour, with a stop for fuel every 350 miles, but Jimmy Van Heusen loved it, loved looking down at the vast spread of fields, forests, rivers, towns, highways. Crossing the southwestern desert as he neared California, he decided he'd better fuel up for his final approach to Los Angeles—he wasn't quite sure where the Van Nuys airport was—and so he touched down at a primitive airstrip in the midst of the sand.

In the summer of 1940 the Palm Springs airport was nothing but a couple of adobe huts and a few fuel drums. The incredible heat shimmered off the tarmac, yet the minute Van Heusen stepped out of his plane, he was happy.

He had suffered all his life from sinus trouble; suddenly, for the first time, he could really breathe. He was in love with the desert.

He couldn't say the same for Hollywood. Jimmy Van Heusen detested the place from the moment he set foot there: the phoniness, the smiling cutthroat competition, the monotonous sunshine, the monotonous architecture, the company-town monomania. He and Johnny had 60 days to work on *Love Thy Neighbor,* a Jack Benny musical Sandrich was doing for Paramount, and Jimmy looked on it as a jail term. He and Burke sat through the nights at the piano in Johnny's house, on North Oakhurst, swilling coffee till they saw double, grinding out the songs. Mornings were for sleeping; afternoons, for trying to wake up. Then the work began again. The weekends vanished in a haze of alcohol. But then one afternoon Johnny Burke took Jimmy down to Del Mar, the seaside racetrack owned by Bing Crosby and the actor Pat O'Brien. "Bing wants to meet you," Burke said.

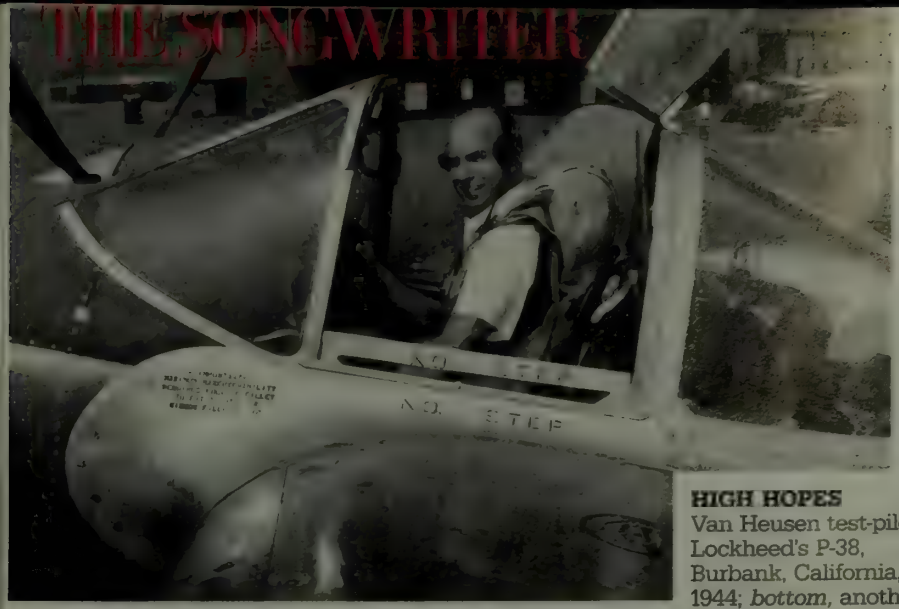
In his private box sat Der Bingle himself, cold-eyed and handsome in his floppy-eared way. He was a figure of awe to Jimmy—not just as a genius singer, not just as the most famous man in America, but also as, in Artie Shaw's memorable formulation,

SWINGING ON A STAR
On Sinatra's private plane, from left, unidentified woman, Audrey Meadows, Gene Kelly, Tony Martin, Joey Bishop, Chuck Moses, and Van Heusen, undated; *inset,* another Sinatra LP with a Van Heusen–Cahn title song.



It made perfect sense, by Van Heusen's logic—doing whatever he damn pleased—that with his first royalties he should buy an airplane.

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH FROM PERFORMING ARTS SPECIAL COLLECTIONS/U.C.L.A. INSET FROM THE ARCHIVE OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. COPY WORK BY EILEEN TRAVELL



HIGH HOPES
Van Heusen test-piloting Lockheed's P-38, Burbank, California, 1944; *bottom*, another Sinatra LP with a Van Heusen–Cahn title song.

"the first hip white person born in the United States."

This was a man so clear about his taste, and so shrewd about his image, that he had specifically stipulated to Johnny Burke that the words "I love you" were never to appear in the lyrics of a Bing Crosby song. He hadn't shoved aside an entire generation of eunuchoid tenors to wind up slinging mush on the silver screen.

Bing was canny enough to see that the hits Burke and Van Heusen were creating for this Sinatra kid were not only musically brilliant but also high on stardust and low on schmaltz. In his new songwriter, Crosby had encountered, without knowing it, a man even less sentimental about *amour* than himself.

Even though Jimmy hated Hollywood, the financial and artistic lures of working with Crosby, and Hope and Crosby, were irresistible. Starting with 1941's *Road to Zanzibar,* he would write the songs for all five of the team's remaining *Road* pictures. (In the final installment, *The Road to Hong Kong,* Bob Hope's character was named Chester Babcock.) Van Heusen and Burke wrote all the numbers for Bing's Holy Joe mega-hits, *Going My Way* and *The Bells of St. Mary's,* including, for the former, the Oscar-winning "Swinging on a Star."

But Manhattan still pulled at him. "As soon as I'd get through with a picture," Van Heusen told a BBC interviewer in 1975, "I'd get in my plane and fly back to New York. Then I would be called to come back at more money, and I kept getting more and more and more money. I made so many trips back and forth, and finally I hit some blizzards in New York, and when I got back to California the sun was shining. I said, 'What am I trying to prove?' So I rented a house and stayed."

By the early 1940s, the team of Burke and Van Heusen had acquired a Hollywood nickname: the Gold Dust Twins. At one point they were under contract to four studios at the same time, turning out songs such as "Moonlight Becomes You," "Aren't You Glad You're You?," and "The Road to Morocco." At the same time, Jimmy Van Heusen was living a secret life.

Passionate about aviation but at 29 too old to join the Army Air Corps, he had gone to work after Pearl Harbor as a test pilot at Lockheed's Burbank plant, flying P-38s and C-60s, under the name Edward Chester Babcock. Early in the morning or late in the afternoon, he was writing movie music, under his professional name. No one at Lockheed knew about his other life, and nobody at the studios was wise, either. As Johnny Burke said, "Who wants to hire a guy to write a picture knowing he might get killed in a crash before he's finished it?"

And there were plenty of crashes. Wartime aircraft production was so breakneck that quality control was often haphazard, making test-piloting an even more dangerous business. "I was at Lockheed more than two and a half years and I was scared shitless all of the time," Jimmy said.

Alcohol dulled the fear—and then, after V-J Day, there was plenty to celebrate. Jimmy had caroused with Bing just before Pearl Harbor, but the war seriously distracted both men. (Crosby traveled extensively to entertain the troops.) After the war, Bing would put aside his wild ways and concentrate on being a family man, but in the meantime an old friend of Jimmy's had come to town.

In the summer of 1944, Frank Sinatra, about to sign with MGM and pursue his movie career in earnest, had moved his wife, Nancy, and their two young children from New Jersey to a pink stucco mansion in Toluca Lake. The move had additional import for Sinatra: he was also earnest about pursuing the world's most beautiful women, and Hollywood was where the action was.

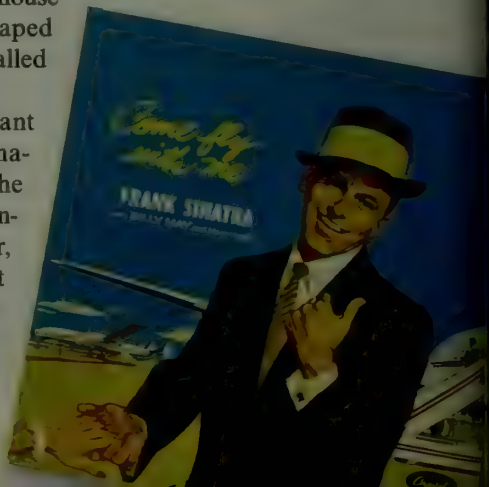
Jimmy Van Heusen, naturally, was at the center of it. In the mid-40s, Van Heusen and Axel Stordahl, Sinatra's beloved conductor-arranger, leased a luxury suite in the Wilshire Towers, one that quickly became the bachelor pad of bachelor pads, a 24-hour free-for-all of poker, booze, and sex. Sammy Cahn, an old Tin Pan Alley pal of both Jimmy's and Frank's, was a frequent attendee, as was Phil Silvers, another close friend to both men. How could Sinatra stay away?

The singer bedded Marlene Dietrich—among many others—in that apartment. Soon afterward he brought another visitor, though not yet a conquest: a dark, entrancingly beautiful starlet he'd first met at MGM in 1941. Her name was Ava Lavinia Gardner, and, as in one of those romantic comedies, she and Frank kept bumping into each other around town. And then out of town.

"They would finish work at Paramount and go across the street to Lucy's and get smashed. Then Frank would convince Jimmy to fly him down to Palm Springs."

Palm Springs in the late 1940s was still just a sleepy oasis of palm trees and orange blossoms, but it was quickly catching on as the getaway of choice for movie people. And Jimmy Van Heusen, up to his ears in Bing Crosby work (*Welcome Stranger, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*) and Hope-Crosby work, needed to get away. The desert represented freedom and sensuality. In later years, Jimmy would ride horses there, thundering across the sand, the dry wind in his nostrils. When he rhapsodized to Sinatra about the Springs, the singer had to take a look for himself. In 1947, Sinatra built a house there, with a piano-shaped swimming pool. He called the place Twin Palms.

The desert also meant freedom to Frank Sinatra. In the fall of '48, he and Ava Gardner had another chance encounter, this time at a party at Darryl F. Zanuck's in Palm Springs. They got loaded, climbed into



TOP, FROM BROOK BABCOCK/VAN HEUSEN MUSIC. BOTTOM, FROM THE


A DOLLAR A DAY
SAVES A LIFE
Every penny counts. We see every penny as something worth saving. Please join us in helping children and families in Africa and make get the vital AIDS drugs they need. For information on how you or your company can join the fight, contact www.keepachildalive.org.
keep a child
alive



THEY ALL LAUGHED Van Heusen, Sinatra, Angie Dickinson, and Errol Garner, circa 1955; *inset*, Errol Flynn, his wife, Nora Eddington, Rita Hayworth, and Orson Welles. Van Heusen was in love with Eddington, for whom he wrote "But Beautiful."



traordinary peaks and valleys for Frank Sinatra, mostly peaks: His twin comebacks in *From Here to Eternity* and with Capitol Records marked the most amazing turnaround in entertainment history. But in October, after two years of marriage, Ava Gardner definitively ended their relationship, and on the night of November 18, Sinatra cut his left wrist open in the bathroom of Jimmy Van Heusen's Manhattan pied-à-terre. Jimmy paid the doorman 50 bucks to shut up, took Frank to Mount Sinai Hospital, and put out a story about an accident with broken glass. Afterward, Van Heusen told Sinatra that if he didn't go see a psychiatrist they were through as friends. Sinatra went.

Only 10 days after the suicide attempt, Sinatra gathered enough strength to perform on *The Colgate Comedy Hour* back in L.A., where he met a consolingly gorgeous 22-year-old beauty-pageant winner originally from North Dakota named Angeline Brown Dickinson. Angie was a newlywed, but she was also an extremely practical girl, and her sights were set firmly on Hollywood.

She was very young, yet she had a humorous, easygoing presence about her that let her fit right in with Sinatra and his crew. And a hell of a crew it was. In short order, Dickinson found herself hanging out with the likes of Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Judy Garland, Ira Gershwin, and, inevitably, Jimmy Van Heusen.

Van Heusen took a particular interest. But Sinatra had his eye on her, too. And, in an arrangement that remains striking to this day, both singer and songwriter seem to have been able to maintain their interest in Dickinson, and she hers in each of them, without anybody's getting hurt. "They both loved women, that was something very much in common," she says. "And yet, never in competition. I saw both of them alternately. I mean, I just adored them both. When Jimmy asked me out, it was a natural. You don't have to plan to marry somebody to go out. Sometimes I'd say, 'Yes, I'm free, Jimmy,' and then, 'No, I'm not.' Whatever. I was very, very happy with either one, whomever I was with."

Frank and Jimmy "both loved women, that was something very much in common. And yet, never in competition," says Dickinson.

Frank's Cadillac Brougham convertible, and drove to the hamlet of Indio, where they took out Sinatra's two .38 pistols and began firing wildly, knocking out streetlights and store windows. After creasing a man across his stomach, they wound up in the local jail. The next morning Sinatra's publicist showed up with $30,000 in cash to make it all go away. Frank and Ava still hadn't consummated the relationship, but, without knowing it, had set its tone.

Even if Jimmy Van Heusen had been more sold on romance, Sinatra-Gardner couldn't have failed to serve as a cautionary example. For the next five years Jimmy sat up late and consoled his buddy through his busted career and through the Ava madness, a grand opera in umpteen acts, replete with fistfights, broken crockery, restaurant scenes, wild make-up sex, more broken crockery. Meanwhile, Jimmy never seemed to lose his own dry, romance-resistant candor. He was always a man who found it impossible to dissemble: he spoke bluntly and coarsely, shocking some and amusing many. Women, he said, tended to be either madams or whores; he liked a few of the former, but preferred the straightforward company of the latter.

Under the surface, though, his soul was divided. After he himself fell hopelessly in love, with the girlishly beautiful Nora Eddington, who was married to Errol Flynn, Jimmy found his own way both to wear his heart on [illegible] sleeve and has it [illegible] e wrote the standard "But Beautiful" for her [illegible] "Her name is engraved on my cock," he told friends.

His pal was all sleeve. Nineteen fifty-[illegible] was a ye[illegible]

Angie Dickinson was in a unique position to observe the Sinatra–Van Heusen friendship. "Frank, like any huge celebrity, needed privacy and needed to be comfortable with a few people," she says. "Jimmy was his easiest buddy. Now, later on, Jilly [Rizzo] became his best comfortable buddy. [But] Jimmy served that purpose in the period where I knew Frank. Frank could be his true self and totally comfortable with Jimmy, and that's a rarity. They were completely dedicated friends."

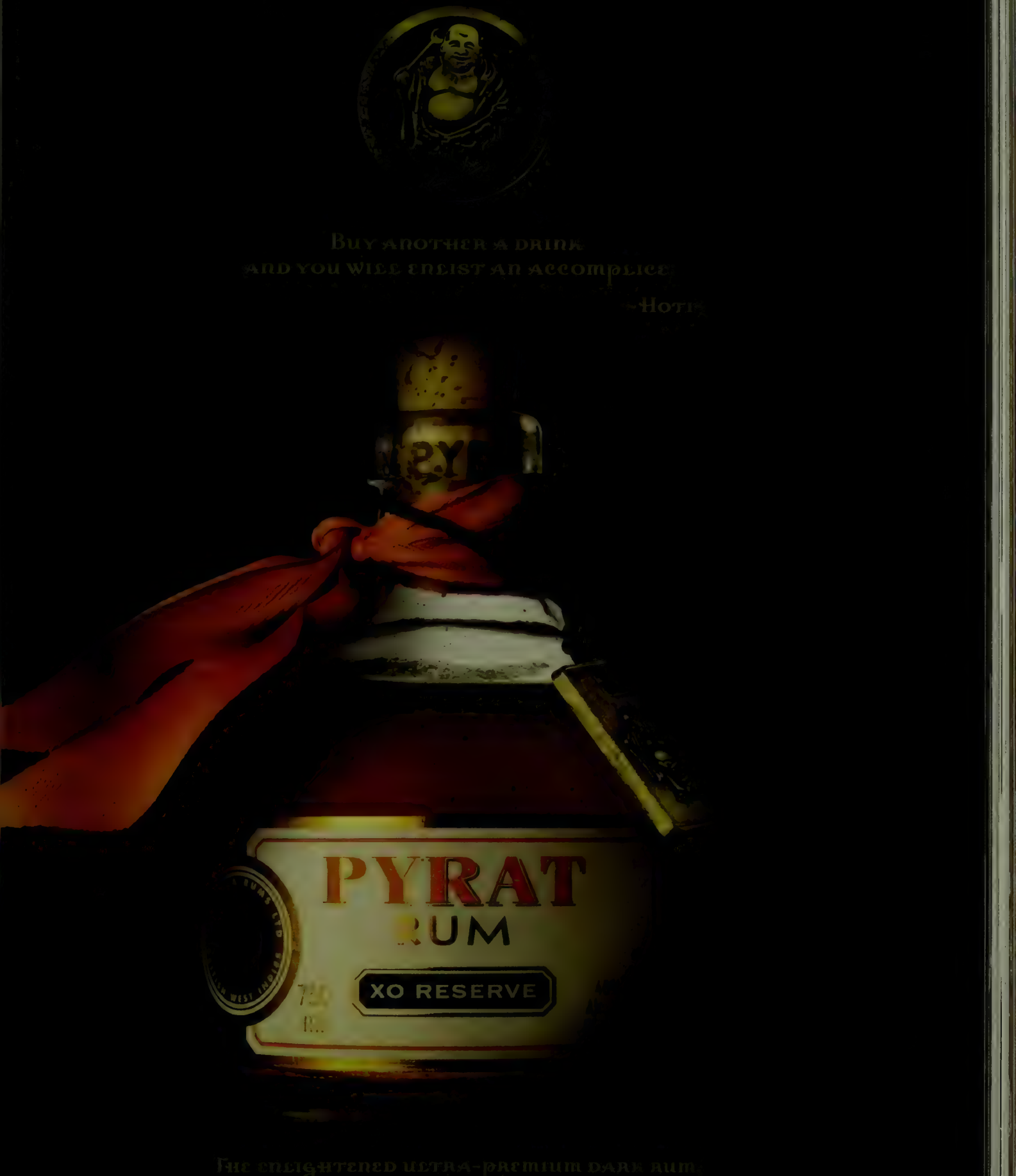
But even a comfortable friendship with Sinatra had its odd obligations. "Jimmy would do favors," Dickinson says, vaguely. "Frank could easily ask him to do this or that for him, where he might not be able to get somebody to do something for him so easily."

Could she, I ask, give me any sense of what kinds of favors?

"No, I can't," she says.

"Did it have to do with ladies at all?"

COURTESY OF ANGIE DICKINSON; PHOTOFEST


Buy another a drink
and you will enlist an accomplice
~Hoti
PYRAT
RUM
XO RESERVE
The enlightened ultra-premium dark rum

"Somewhat," Dickinson says. She laughs. "Not getting him ladies."

"No, he didn't have any trouble getting ladies."

"No, not at all," she says. "Neither one of them."

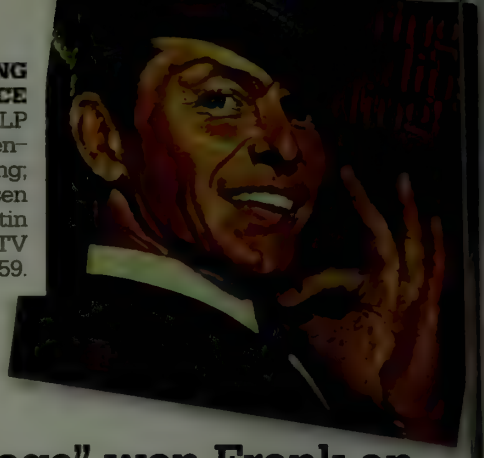
The late Peggy Connelly, Sinatra's serious girlfriend for several years in the mid-50s, put a finer point on it. Van Heusen, she told me, "was incorrigible. The girls that trailed in after him were always prostitutes. He had no scruples about bringing them among nice people. He was the whoremaster."

"Oh, I don't know anything about that," Angie Dickinson responds. "Jimmy looked like a busy enough man that he didn't have much time left over for that."

So she didn't encounter any working girls?

"No," she says. "But you can see why I wouldn't. I was on the stage, not in the audience." She continues: "[But] my answer to that would be 'Hey, why not?' He was a bachelor, don't forget."

In her 1986 biography of Sinatra, *His Way,* Kitty Kelley put a darker spin on the Sinatra–Van Heusen friendship, quoting a Van Heusen girlfriend who "was unable to comprehend why this very strong man acquiesced to Sinatra, whom he addressed as 'your eminence' to his face and referred to behind his back as 'the monster.' 'Why do you put up with his craziness?' she asked. 'Pick up hookers for him? Go over there all the time and stay up with him until all hours of the morning and sit back and watch him treat people like dirt?' 'Because he sings my songs, that's why,' [Van Heusen replied]. 'I'm a whore for my music.'"



SAME OLD SONG AND DANCE Another Sinatra LP with a Van Heusen–Cahn title song; *bottom,* Van Heusen and Dean Martin backstage at a TV studio, 1959.

"Love and Marriage" won Frank an Emmy. Suddenly, Cahn, Van Heusen, and Sinatra were a magical trifecta.

Then all those hookers our boy met
He had the kind of fun that no one could hardly rap
He banged the way you do on a tymp
And lived just like a musical pimp . . .

Sammy Cahn, who wrote these special-occasion lyrics for Jimmy Van Heusen's 54th birthday, in 1967, had been close to both Sinatra and Van Heusen since the hungry days of the 1930s. In 1955, the irrepressible rhyme-ster entered into a uniquely successful professional alliance with the singer and the songwriter, one that was to generate an unprecedented number of hits and define the age of Ring-a-Ding-Ding.

By the late 40s, Johnny Burke's alcoholism and ill health had all but incapacitated him. "When I wrote 'But Beautiful,' he was so sick that he couldn't pick up a cup of coffee off the table," Van Heusen recalled. "He had to put his face down and sip it." By the mid-50s, the days of the movie musical were swiftly drawing to a close anyway, and the great Burke–Van Heusen collaboration was history.



A new era was dawning in popular entertainment, and television and the long-playing concept record album (pioneered by Frank Sinatra and arranger Nelson Riddle) were on the cutting edge. When Sinatra needed tunes for a TV musical version of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town,* in which he was to star, he hit on a brilliant match: a couple of songwriting geniuses who not only were both in need of a new partner but also happened to be two of his best pals.

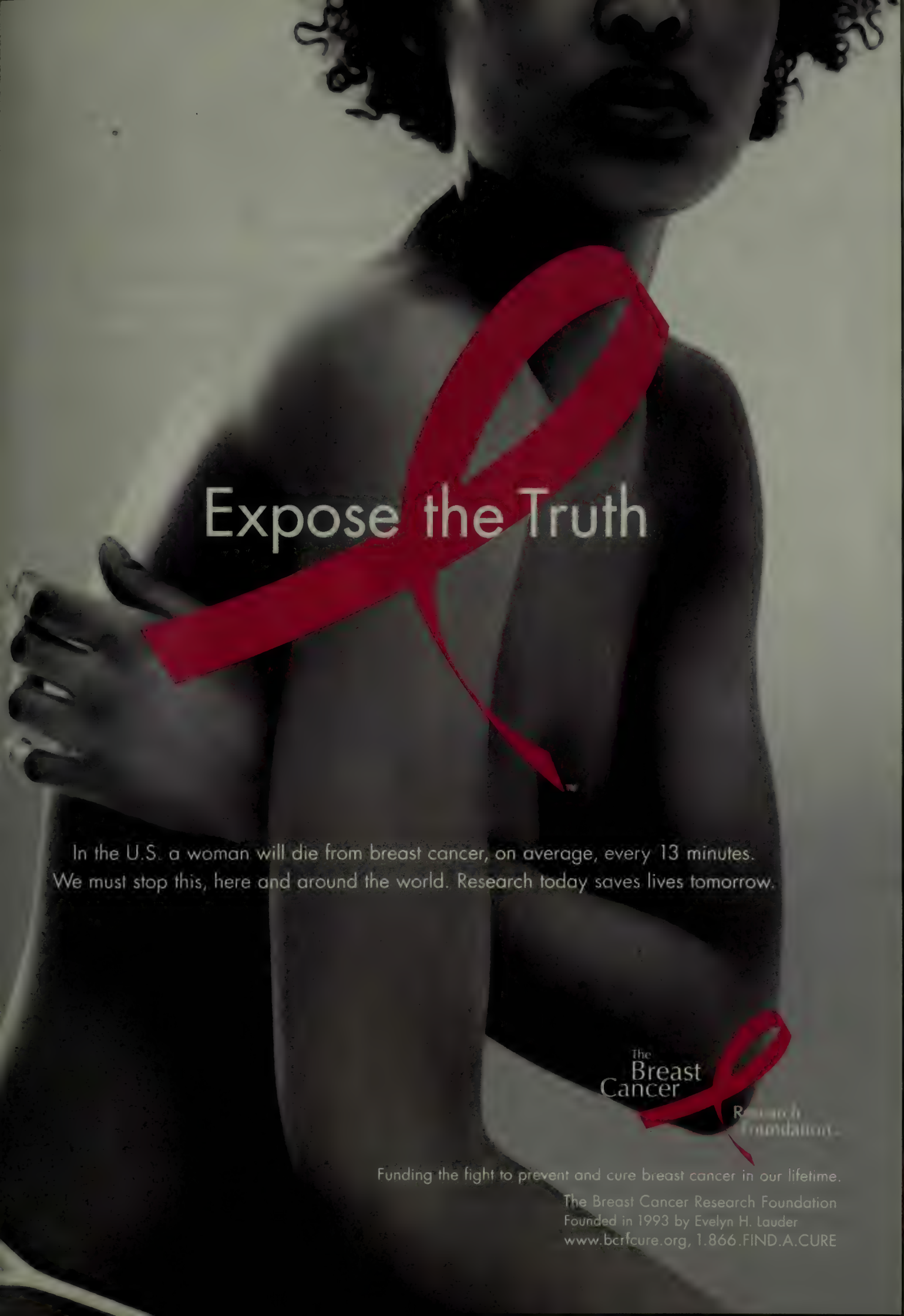
Cahn had been working with Jule Styne ("Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry," "I Fall in Love Too Easily," and "Time After Time" were all hits of theirs for Sinatra), but Styne itched to write Broadway shows, and Cahn, as Van Heusen put it, "wanted to stay in the sunshine." Jimmy, of course, didn't see much sunshine. In most ways, Cahn and Van Heusen couldn't have been more different: Sammy was the small, relentlessly clever Jew from the Lower East Side, self-assured to the point of abrasiveness, a non-drinker, and, once he had married Goldwyn Girl Gloria Delson, in 1945, steadfastly uxorious. And Jimmy was Jimmy. But they had one important thing in common.

"I would rather write songs than do anything else—even fly," Van Heusen told an interviewer. "That's the way Sammy is. He would rather spend all day and all night writing songs, or having a hit, or having a show, or whatever, and so would I. Except for the little flying that I've done, the only thing I've ever done all my life is write songs."

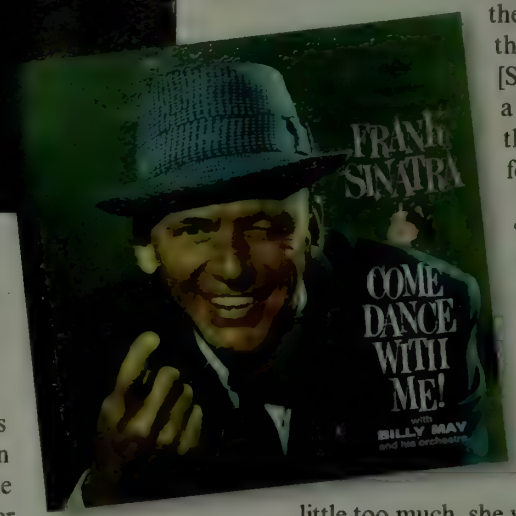
He was leaving out the drinking and fucking, but the essence was true. At heart, Van Heusen was a workaholic of mammoth proportions, as was Sammy Cahn. The two liked and respected each other, and, most important, struck artistic sparks. The hits started flowing immediately.

"Love and Marriage," written for *Our Town,* was the first. It was certainly an ironic song for Frank Sinatra to be singing at that point in his life, but he put it over as only he could, and it won an Emmy, the first song ever to do so. Quite suddenly, Cahn, Van Heusen, and Sinatra were a magical trifecta. "We wrote almost everything [Sinatra] sang in movies, and we would always have to write one or two songs for his albums," Jimmy said. "We would write title songs, like 'Come Fly with Me' or 'Come Dance with Me.' We'd have a song to open the album and a song to close the album."

So many great albums, so many terrific songs. And as Sinatra's house writers, Cahn and Van Heusen had several strings to their bow. They could do brightly superficial (see above), and they could do schmaltzy ("All the Way"), but they could also tap


Expose the Truth
In the U.S. a woman will die from breast cancer, on average, every 13 minutes.
We must stop this, here and around the world. Research today saves lives tomorrow.
The Breast Cancer
Funding the fight to prevent and cure breast cancer in our lifetime.
The Breast Cancer Research Foundation
Founded in 1993 by Evelyn H. Lauder
www.bcrfcure.org, 1.866.FIND.A.CURE





OUR TOWN
Eddie Fisher, Debbie Reynolds, Van Heusen, Doris Day, and Nat King Cole, at the Desert Inn in Palm Springs, late 1950s; *right,* another Sinatra LP with a Van Heusen–Cahn title song.

into Sinatra's three A.M., existential, struggling-to-get-over-Ava side—hence "Only the Lonely," "It Gets Lonely Early," and "September of My Years."

Even if Cahn's lyrics sometimes felt more like clever rhyming than poetry, Cahn and Van Heusen's best work had an irresistible, hyper-masculine snap—just listen to Sinatra performing "The Tender Trap," or Dean Martin singing "Ain't That a Kick in the Head"—that defined a glorious, heedless, unapologetic era.

Say it's sometime in 1956. By day, Sinatra is shooting at Paramount; in the evenings, he's recording at Capitol; at night, he's doing all the things Sinatra does, with his pal Chester at his side. Yet somehow, in the late mornings, the man Steve Khan (then Cahn) and his sister, Laurie, call Uncle Jimmy manages to show up for work at his partner's Holmby Hills house, just across the street from Bogie and Bacall, catercorner from Judy Garland and Sid Luft. Van Heusen stands in the foyer, effortlessly stylish in a stingy-brimmed fedora, untucked floral-print shirt, pressed khakis, and sandals. In his right hand he carries a worn leather briefcase containing musical manuscripts. The case has special cutouts that snugly enclose a fifth of gin and two shot glasses.

He walks through the house to the studio over the garage, where Sammy Cahn waits, fresh as a daisy. The two sit down, songwriter at the upright piano, lyricist at the worktable with the black Underwood. The clack of the typewriter filters down through the house all day; so too the glorious chords.

Late in the afternoon, Jimmy and Sammy take the day's work over to Frank at the studio. Later still, Sammy goes home to Holmby Hills, and Jimmy and Frank begin their long night.

"They would finish work at Paramount and go across the street to Lucy's and get smashed," recalls television producer and Sinatra buddy George Schlatter. "Then Frank would convince Jimmy to fly him down to Palm Springs. The two guys would go out to the Van Nuys airport, get in Jimmy Van Heusen's plane, and fly from here through that pass to Palm Springs. Well, the problem was, having been drinking, they would have to land a few times to pee! So Frank came up with the idea that they would take along a hot-water bottle so they wouldn't have to land."

Gloria Franks, Sammy Cahn's first wife, knew both sides of Van Heusen. "Jimmy would be this elegant gentleman at times, and then there was this guy with this debauchery that went on in Palm Springs that I used to hear about," she says. "Women were flying in and out of the house."

Angie Dickinson remembers: "We would go out in Palm Springs, and we would not be sure which house we'd end up in for the night, Frank's or Jimmy's. Jimmy had that attitude of 'Come on, let's go back to my house,' and Frank the same. They never stopped."

But the hedonism wasn't all fun. "Van Heusen was a wild man, they said—a crazy man as far as women were concerned," Gloria Franks says. "Sometimes not in a nice way, too; he abused a lot of women, apparently. Pushing them around. Whatever. I think there was a time when Nancy [Sinatra's first wife] felt he was a bad influence on Frank. Not that Frank was a choirboy before . . . "

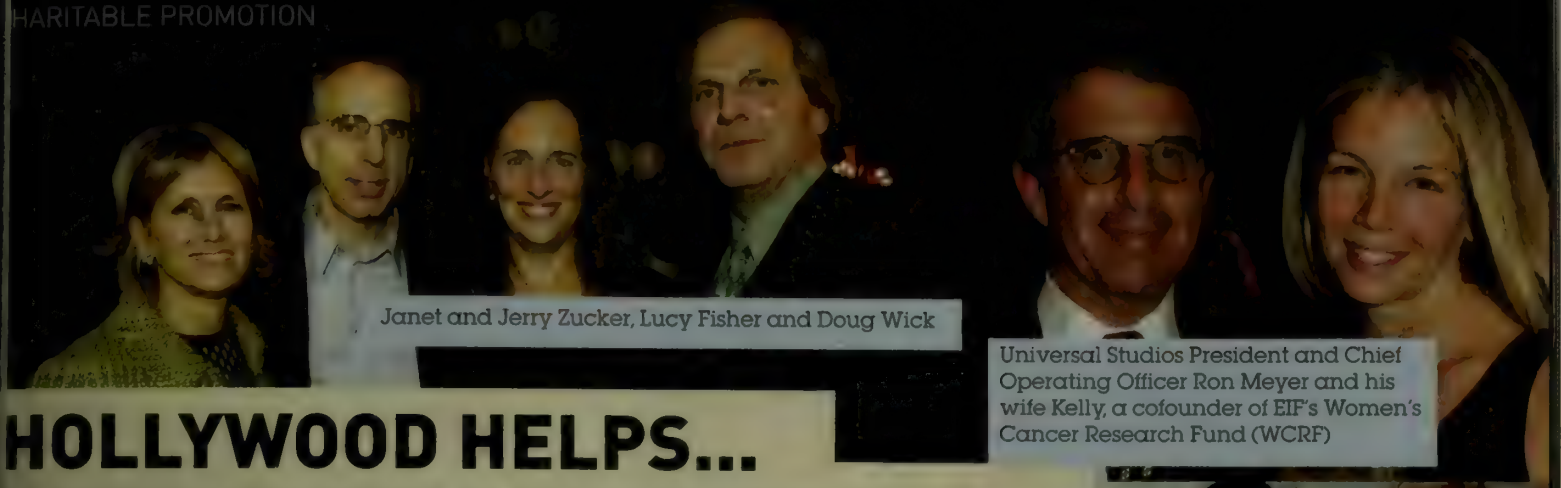
Peggy Connelly recalled, "Once I went down to Palm Springs before Frank; Jimmy was already there. In the evening, before Frank arrived, another girl appeared, an actress—I would rather not tell you her name. She became quite famous. Anyway, it seemed she had drunk a little too much, she wasn't quite able to defend herself, and Jimmy was so cruel in attacking. Not physically, but just trying to make her look bumbling. It was like an animal circling, waiting for the kill. I took her to the bathroom to throw up and put her to bed."

In 1959, Cahn and Van Heusen's "High Hopes," from the film *A Hole in the Head,* won Jimmy his third Oscar; with a slightly retooled lyric, the song became the official anthem of the 1960 Kennedy presidential campaign. But Sinatra and Van Heusen would have their one serious falling-out over J.F.K. In February 1962 the president at the last minute changed a plan to vacation at Sinatra's Palm Springs compound after Attorney General Robert Kennedy pointed out that it wouldn't do to stay in the same house in which Sam Giancana, the Chicago mobster, had been a regular guest. When the Secret Service scouted the area for a substitute, they hit on Bing Crosby's place—and Van Heusen's, which was right next door and could be used by the agents and other members of the president's support staff. Jimmy, over a barrel, couldn't say no.

"Jimmy would be this elegant gentleman at times, and then there was this guy with this debauchery in Palm Springs. . . . Women were flying in and out."

The incident infuriated Sinatra and permanently cooled him on the Kennedys. It didn't help his friendship with Van Heusen, either. Sinatra had excommunicated intimates for far smaller infractions. At a recording session in March, about to sing a Van Heusen number, he glared at Jimmy and said, "Tell you what,

TOP FROM PHOTOFEST; BOTTOM FROM THE ARCHIVE OF



Janet and Jerry Zucker, Lucy Fisher and Doug Wick

Universal Studios President and Chief Operating Officer Ron Meyer and his wife Kelly, a cofounder of EIF's Women's Cancer Research Fund (WCRF)

HOLLYWOOD HELPS...

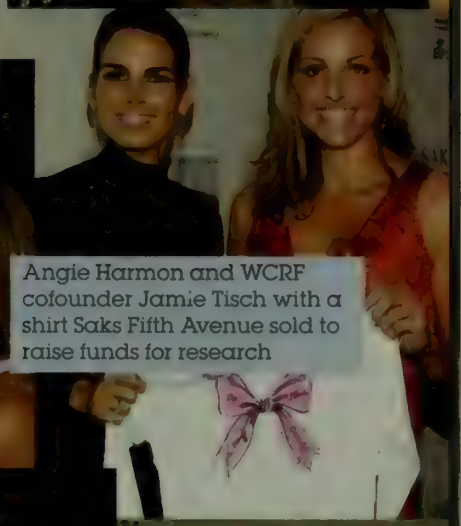
As movie-making evolved, so did the entertainment industry's philanthropic arm

In 1942, Samuel Goldwyn decided the entertainment industry should pool its charitable resources. He enlisted Gene Kelly and Joan Crawford as the first campaign chairs, and the group that became the Entertainment Industry Foundation (EIF) raised $1 million for war relief efforts that year.

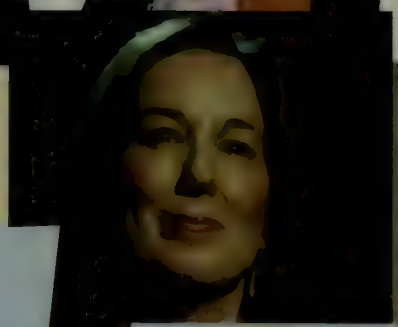
Fast forward to 2007. EIF now raises more than $28 million annually for a host of causes. Some are local to the entertainment industry's Los Angeles home base. On the national level, EIF supports cancer research, prevention and treatment; works to increase diabetes awareness; and promotes arts and music education. Many corporate donors outside of Hollywood, as well as caring individuals all across the country, also support this work.



EIF CEO Lisa Paulsen, CAA Partner Kevin Huvane and Katie Couric at a colon cancer fundraiser



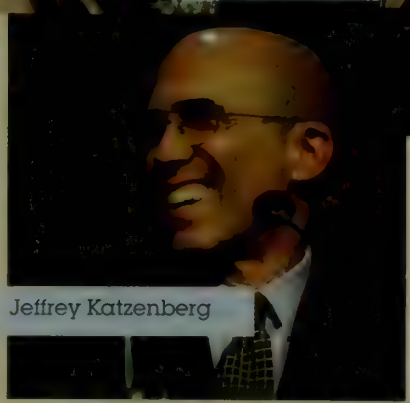
Angie Harmon and WCRF cofounder Jamie Tisch with a shirt Saks Fifth Avenue sold to raise funds for research



Kathleen Kennedy



Bruce Cohen



Jeffrey Katzenberg

Some of EIF's national health initiatives, spearheaded by industry leaders, have helped "fast-track" important medical discoveries:

• EIF's Women's Cancer Programs generate awareness and support treatment and early detection research. At the helm of one of these initiatives are Rita Wilson & Tom Hanks, Kate Capshaw & Steven Spielberg, Kelly Meyer, Jamie Tisch, Quinn Ezralow and Marion Laurie. EIF partnered with Revlon and Lilly Tartikoff to create the annual Revlon Run/Walk for Women. Funds raised helped accelerate work on the breast cancer drug Herceptin®, approved by the FDA years ahead of schedule.

• EIF's National Colorectal Cancer Research Alliance (NCCRA), cofounded by Katie Couric, encourages screening and provides funding to leading researchers. They've made important breakthroughs in the effort to knock this disease from its position as the country's #2 cancer killer.

Twenty million Americans are suffering from the diabetes epidemic, and filmmakers Lucy Fisher & Doug Wick and Janet & Jerry Zucker lead EIF's effort to marshal the star power of the entertainment community for Diabetes Aware, an initiative conducted jointly with Novo Nordisk.

EIF also partners with the Motion Picture & Television Fund Foundation — chaired by Jeffrey Katzenberg — on the Divided We Fail campaign with AARP, which focuses on health and financial security for all Americans.

Music and arts education is another key emphasis for EIF. The MOVIES ROCK collaboration with Condé Nast Media Group and The Producers Guild of America — led by Kathleen Kennedy and Bruce Cohen — will provide the public with insight into music's role in filmmaking and raise money to support EIF's charitable programs. Samuel Goldwyn would have liked that.

EIF ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY FOUNDATION™

Photo Credits: L to R, Top to Bottom: Frazer Harrison, Kevin Winter, Theo Wargo/Wireimage.com; Bryan Reuter, Bellmer Studio/BE Images; Evan Agostini, Ryan Miller

Chester. Why don't you get Jack Kennedy to record this fucking song, and then see how many records it sells?"

No one could stay mad at Jimmy Van Heusen for long, not even Sinatra, but still, the Ring-a-Ding-Ding years were coming to a close. The president's murder, in 1963, took a heavy toll on high hopes, and on machismo. After the arrival of the Beatles, the cultural waves came fast and mercilessly; the world was divided into the giddy and the seasick. Sinatra had plenty of jobs, but as he approached 50, he began to lose his bearings. Much as he detested the new generation, he also tried, quite uncomfortably, to fit in. In 1964 he met flower child Mia Farrow; the romance and marriage didn't even make it to the end of the Johnson administration. "What was *that?*" Sinatra said afterward.

He wasn't singing in movies anymore, and the Cahn–Van Heusen songs that had anchored his albums were no longer required. Panicked that his records weren't selling, the singer had drifted away from the material (and from the arranger, Nelson Riddle) that had lifted him to greatness, seeking out faster, harder-driving numbers, such as "Strangers in the Night" and "That's Life."

Asked once which came first with himself and Jimmy, the words or the music, Sammy Cahn famously replied, "The phone call." Sometime in the mid-60s, the phone stopped ringing. There was a disappointing fling at Broadway in 1965 (*Skyscraper,* with Julie Harris and future *Hollywood Squares* host Peter Marshall, ran 248 performances), and then, at the end of 1967, Sammy wrote his partner a Dear Jim letter:

> I am sure it will be a while before we are both over "our wounds". While I have been attending to mine, I have been doing a great deal of thinking about the show and about us and about the future in general. I am sure that you must know that it hasn't been the kind of "fun" it used to be for a long time and that the last two years became more and more difficult for me. What I'm thinking is it would be best for us both if we took a Holiday from each other.

The holiday, devastating to two men so addicted to work, and to working with each other, never ended.

Jimmy was getting to be a middle-aged gentleman; the decades of hard living were starting to catch up with him. Perhaps more to the point, the hard work that had always propelled him simply wasn't there anymore. He had always been a serious hypochondriac, with an odd propensity for jabbing himself in the behind with B_{12} hypodermics and scheduling elective surgeries. In the late 60s, a back operation left him in chronic, agonizing pain. He started taking pills for it, and then he couldn't stop.

Around the same time, his expansive casualness about money mutated into something darker. He had never kept very close track of his substantial royalty flows, and over the years, at moments of financial need, he'd simply sold off the rights to some of his songs as if he were clipping coupons. Now his business affairs were in serious disarray. And Van Heusen began to suspect that the two people he'd hired to put things in order, his secretary and his business manager, were conspiring to steal from him. He hired detectives, bugged his own house. Sinatra told friends he was worried about his old pal. Then Jimmy Van Heusen did something really strange: he got married.

Josephine Brock was her given name; her stage name was Bobbe. She was the middle sib of a Canadian-raised singing trio that went onto the American vaudeville circuit while still in their teens, changing their billing to the Brox Sisters when a producer told them it looked better on a marquee. Irving Berlin discovered the girls in 1921 and made them a regular feature of his yearly Music Box Revue. Bobbe Brock was petite, blonde, vivacious, as eccentric as Van Heusen (she carried a gold-plated derringer in her purse), and exceedingly well preserved: she was almost as old as the century itself.

Bobbe and Jimmy ran into each other riding horses in the desert, out of the Palm Springs stable of local restaurant owner Trav Rogers. Yet in fact they'd known each other since the early 1930s, when the Brox Sisters and Van Heusen all worked on a Bing Crosby movie. Bing was the one who first fell for Bobbe, but both were married, she to the agent and producer William Perlberg. After Perlberg died, in 1968, Bobbe and Jimmy were free to get together. Van Heusen was fond of saying, "I always loved her, and now I can have her."

The odd October-November relationship somehow worked; they married in 1969, when Jimmy was 56 and Bobbe was 68. "If you looked at the two of them together, you more likely thought Bobbe was the younger one," says Brock's niece Karen Meltzer. "The Brox Sisters were all very young-looking to a very old age."

Jimmy was getting to be a middle-aged gentleman; the decades of hard living were catching up with him.

At this point in his life, the former sex maniac was clearly looking for someone to take care of him, and Bobbe cheerfully and steadfastly undertook her major project. She weaned Jimmy from the painkillers; she tried to put his tangled affairs in order. For a while, she moved them from Palm Springs—the locus of all the trouble—into a hi-fi- and piano-equipped mobile home in which they drove cross-country, and then to a house on an island in Brant Lake, in upstate New York, not so very far from where Edward Chester Babcock had started out. He took up snowmobiling.

Then they returned to the desert.

He played the piano, he listened to his large collection of classical music, he sang and played at parties—he was always the life of a party. Palm Springs was full of pals, but Sinatra was still the main event. In 1976 the singer married for the fourth and final time; his new wife, Barbara, purged many of Frank's friends from the bad old bachelor days, yet Jimmy, mostly respectable now himself, stuck around. As did a ritual from back then: at 4 or 4:30 in the afternoon, Sinatra would call Chester up and simply turn on a blender full of ice next to the phone. Not a word was spoken; none needed to be. Margaritas were in process, the fun was starting.

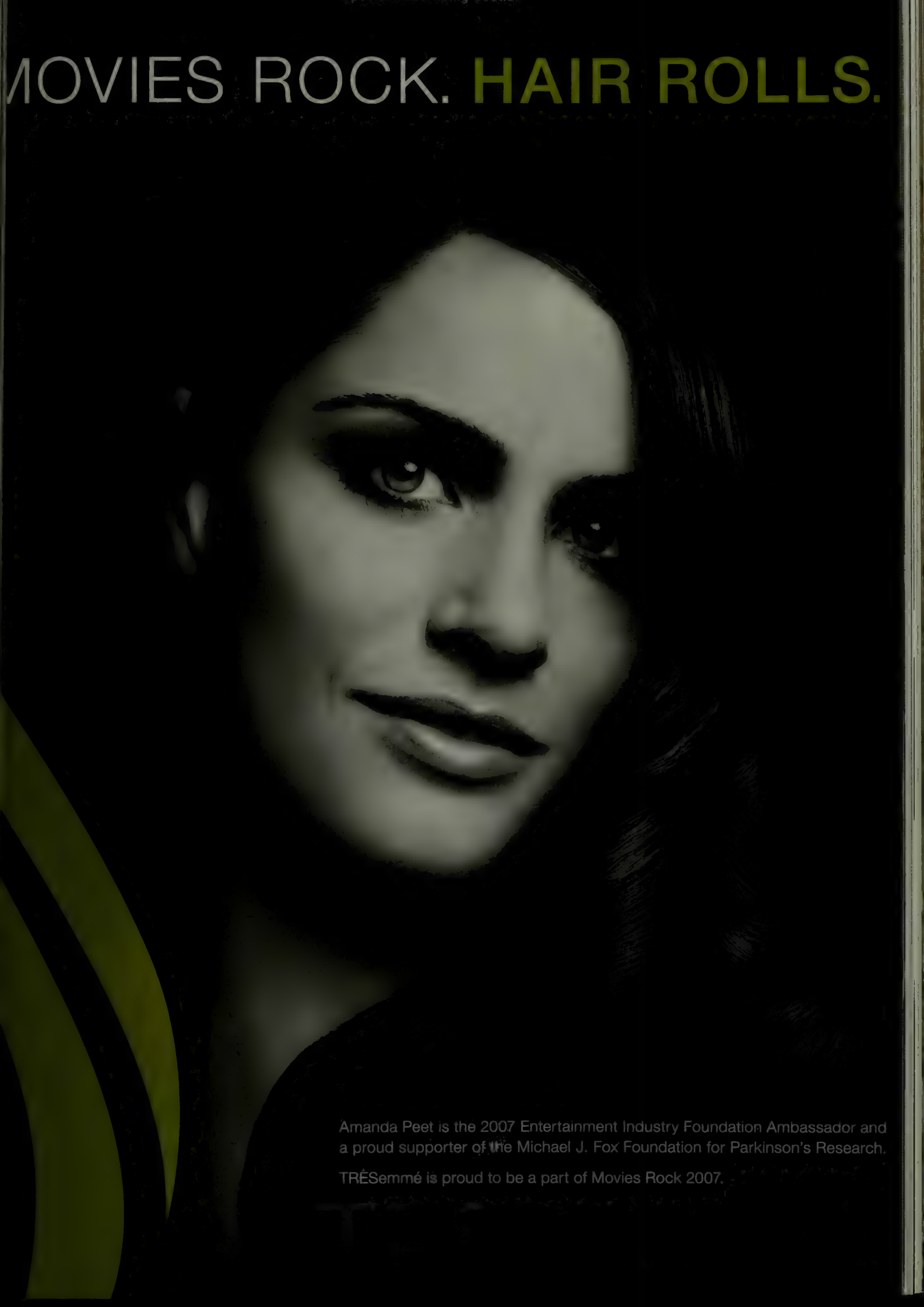
The fun wasn't the same anymore, though.

Around 1980, a stroke put him in a wheelchair and largely deprived him of the ability to speak—though, it's reported, the presence of a pretty woman would still cause him to light up. A decade later, just a few days past his 77th birthday, another stroke felled him for good.

He's buried in Desert Memorial Park, just east of Palm Springs, under a flat stone marked JAMES VAN HEUSEN/1913–1990. No mention of the true name he loved till the end of his days. Bobbe, who died at age 98, in 1999, is interred next to him. Just a few yards away, in the next row, lies his friend, his collaborator, his partner in crime, the Chairman himself, under a slab that reads, with heart-sinking falsity, THE BEST IS YET TO COME.

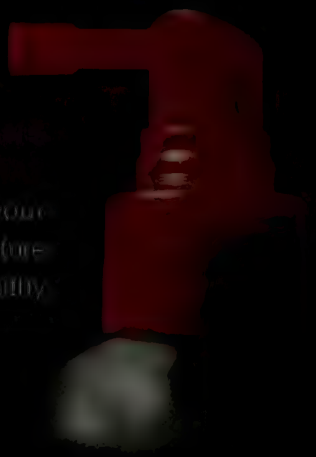
On Jimmy's stone is an engraved image of a grand piano and the apt but equally schmaltzy epitaph SWINGING ON A STAR. More to the point might have been something Peggy Connelly said about Jimmy Van Heusen: *He just did as he damn pleased, and very few people get to do that.* □

The author is grateful for the research assistance of Andrew Rosenblum, and the generosity of Brook Babcock of Van Heusen Music.


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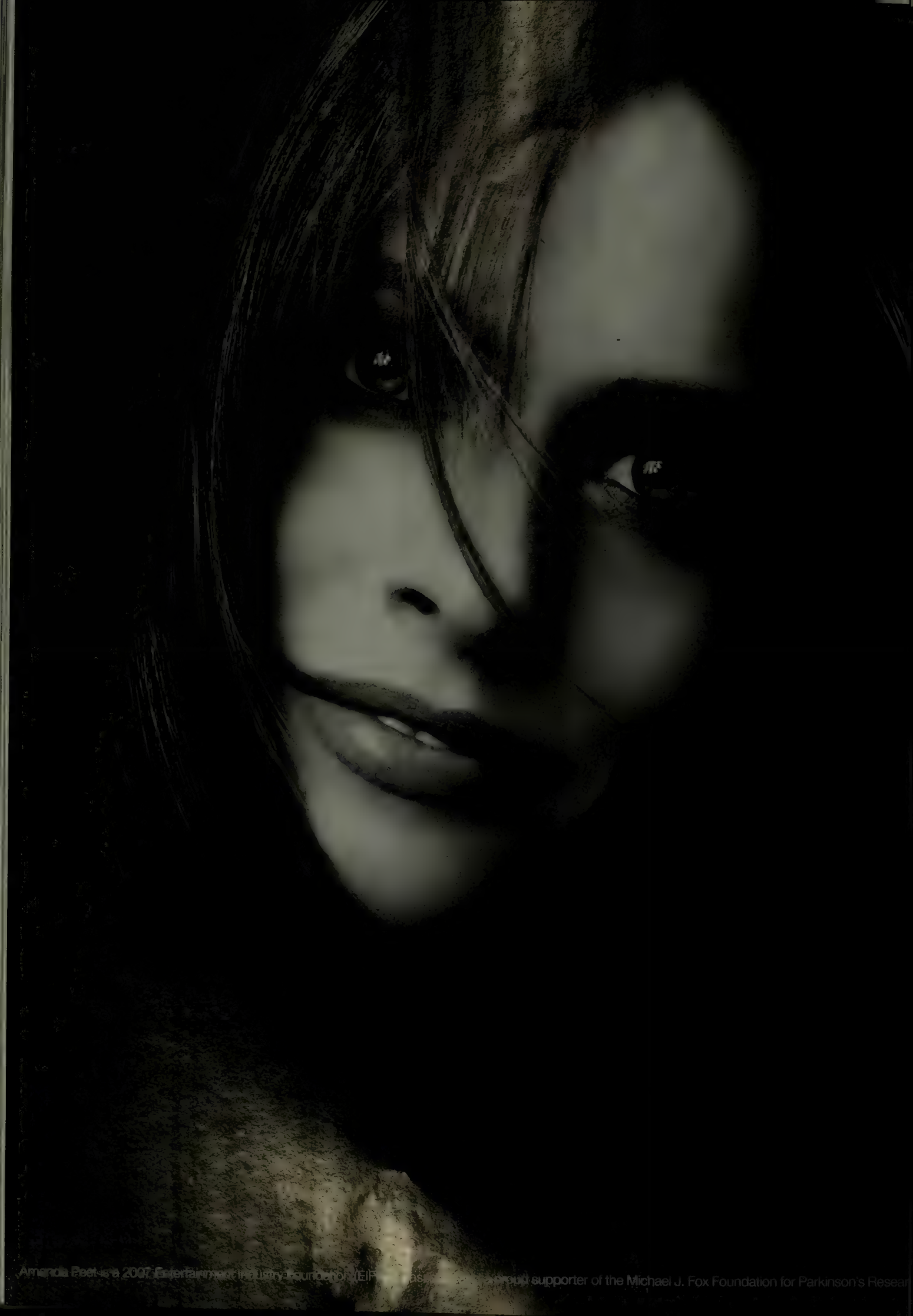
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STEP 1 Mist damp hair with **TRESemmé Heat Tamer Protective Spray** to condition hair before heat styling.

STEP 2 Squeeze a nickel-size amount of **Thermal Creations Straightening Gel** into palm and work it evenly into hair. Blow dry sections using a round brush.

STEP 3 Mist hair again with **Heat Tamer Protective Spray,** especially at the ends. Press hair in sections as wide as the flat iron. Some steam may come from the protective spray and means hair is well conditioned.

STEP 4 Finish with a tiny dab of **TRESemmé Anti-Frizz Secret Smoothing Crème** to tame flyaways.

RED CARPET LOOKS. AFTER-PARTY HOLD.

TO GET AMANDA'S UPDO:

STEP 1: Spray **TRESemmé Thermal Creations Instant Heat Tamer** on wet hair, then apply **Thermal Creations Volumizing Mousse** to roots using a vent brush. Using a paddle brush, dry hair completely in the opposite direction of hair growth to promote volume at the roots.

STEP 2: Finish your hair with a round brush to create maximum volume and movement.

STEP 3: When dry, apply **Anti-Frizz Styling Secret** on hands, rub together and evenly distribute through hair to add shine and control from root to tip.

STEP 4: Using your fingers (to create a softer, looser look) or styling brush (to create a more finished, polished look) roll hair into a loose, modern twist. Pin into place and finish with **TRES TWO Extra Hold Hair Spray** to lock in the style.





anda Peet is a 2007 Entertainment Industry Foundation (EIF) Ambassador and a proud supporter of the Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson's Research.



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LIGHTS. CAMERA. VOLUME.

TO GET AMANDA'S VOLUME:

After towel drying, mist damp hair with **TRESemmé Thermal Creations Heat Tamer Protective Spray.**

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Finish with a small amount of **TRESemmé Anti-Frizz Secret Smoothing Crème** to tame flyaways and **TRES TWO Hair Spray** for added control.

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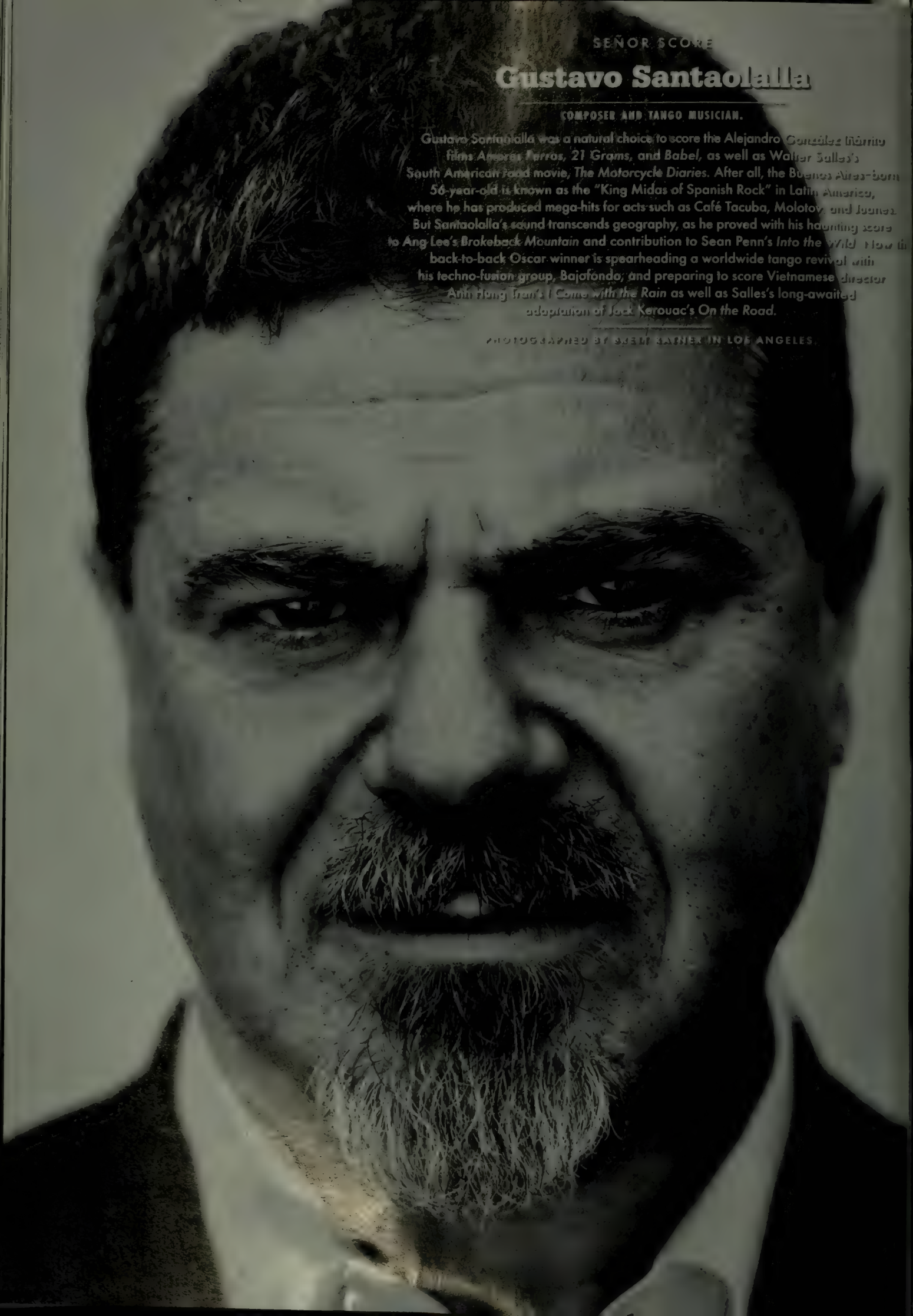
THE RAP PACK

Xzibit, Eve, Bow Wow, Ice-T, Ludacris, Kanye West, Nelly, RZA, T.I., Big Boi

BIG-SCREEN PLAYERS.

It used to be hard out there in Hollywood for a hip-hop star. Before Ludacris skewered the thug-life stereotype in *Crash* (2004), and before *8 Mile* (2002) helped propel Xzibit to *Gridiron Gang* (2006), Ice-T worried that playing Scotty Appleton in the 1991 gang classic *New Jack City* might hurt his music career. Today, rappers know that big-screen cred is at least as valuable as street cred, so there was Big Boi in the Outkast musical, *Idlewild* (2006), Bow Wow in the roller-skate flick *Roll Bounce* (2005), Eve holding her own against the boys in *Barbershop* (2002) and *Barbershop 2* (2004), and Nelly pounding the gridiron in *The Longest Yard* (2005). This fall, T.I. teams up with RZA and Common to toughen up *American Gangster*, which stars Denzel Washington as the Harlem heroin lord Frank Lucas. Kanye West, meanwhile, who was a producer before he was a rapper, is starting out on the other side of the camera: he's making a documentary with New York theater veteran George C. Wolfe.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK SELIGER IN LOS ANGELES.



SEÑOR SCORE

Gustavo Santaolalla

COMPOSER AND TANGO MUSICIAN.

Gustavo Santaolalla was a natural choice to score the Alejandro González Iñárritu films *Amores Perros*, *21 Grams*, and *Babel*, as well as Walter Salles's South American road movie, *The Motorcycle Diaries*. After all, the Buenos Aires–born 56-year-old is known as the "King Midas of Spanish Rock" in Latin America, where he has produced mega-hits for acts such as Café Tacuba, Molotov, and Juanes. But Santaolalla's sound transcends geography, as he proved with his haunting score to Ang Lee's *Brokeback Mountain* and contribution to Sean Penn's *Into the Wild*. Now the back-to-back Oscar winner is spearheading a worldwide tango revival with his techno-fusion group, Bajofondo, and preparing to score Vietnamese director Anh Hung Tran's *I Come with the Rain* as well as Salles's long-awaited adaptation of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SUELO GARNER IN LOS ANGELES.



THE CHANTEUSE

Charlotte Gainsbourg

ACTRESS, SINGER, GAMINE *EXTRAORDINAIRE*.

Serge Gainsbourg and Jane Birkin, poster couple of 1970s European iconoclasm, would have been shoo-ins for this portfolio. For their daughter, Charlotte, music and film were as natural a form of expression as French and English. When Serge launched her into the family business, more as muse than progeny, he made sure to steer her clear of the beaten path to starletdom by involving her in his cultural provocations. (He produced and sang on her first single, "Lemon Incest," when she was only 13.) Since then, she has appeared in more than 30 films—including, recently, Alejandro González Iñárritu's *21 Grams* and Michel Gondry's *The Science of Sleep*—and won two Césars. Last year, at 35, she finally recorded her second album. In *5:55*, she finds her own voice, seductive in its fragility and backed by the electro-pop wizards of Air. Now she's revisiting her parents' era, in Todd Haynes's experimental Bob Dylan biopic, *I'm Not There*.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN-BAPTISTE MONDINO IN PARIS.



TALENT FOR TWO

Minnie Driver

ACTRESS, SINGER-SONGWRITER, GUITARIST.

Minnie Driver is a master of the dual life, both on-screen and off. In her first TV series, *The Riches*, FX's deranged drama about a crooke southern gypsy family, Driver plays Dahlia Malloy, whose con-artist husband, Wayne (Eddie Izzard), has convinced the family to usurp a de couple's identity. The part has gained Driver an Emmy nomination for outstanding lead actress in a drama series, and fresh acclaim for a once bri career (see: *Circle of Friends*, *Good Will Hunting*) that had shown sign of dimming (maybe don't see: *Hope Springs*, *Ella Enchanted*). In real li the British-born actress doubles as a musician. Her second album, *Seaston* released this summer, features guest appearances by Ryan Adams an Liz Phair, and has attracted comparisons to Joni Mitchell. Driver's whisp voice, like her beauty, is subtly captivating, and her lyrics are those of a woman whose heart has weathered a storm. Or two.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK SELIGER IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE PRODIGY

Chris Brown

SINGER, DANCER, ACTOR, BALLER.

With his 2005 club hit "Run It!," which spent five weeks at No. 1 on the *Billboard* chart, Chris Brown proved that he could sing, dance, and induce Beatles-level hysteria in his female fans. This year, he proved that he can act too. In January, he made his feature-film debut in *Stomp the Yard*, and this month he'll play the lead in the holiday drama *This Christmas*. But don't think this multi-talented 18-year-old has given up on music: his album, *Exclusive*, is dropping this fall. Asked to choose which he likes more, music or movies, Brown says, "I just like to be an entertainer." Asked what he would do if he could do neither, he says, "probably play basketball." Asked if he is any good, he says, "Yeah." No surprise there.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUCE WEBER AT ST. NICK'S PUB, IN NEW YORK CITY.



THE WHIZ KID

Freddie Highmore

ACTOR, MULTI-INSTRUMENTALIST, QUICK STUDY.

Freddie Highmore's character in this fall's *August Rush* runs away from an orphanage, goes to New York City, and discovers that he is a musical prodigy. In a case of life imitating art—minus the orphanage part—Highmore proved to be something of a wunderkind himself, learning how to play the guitar and the organ, and how to conduct an orchestra, in a matter of months. "I thought it was better to actually know the songs and play them for real," Highmore says, "than to pretend to be playing and mime along." Highmore enjoyed rising to the musical challenge, but hanging out with Terrence Howard, Jonathan Rhys Meyers, Keri Russell, and Robin Williams wasn't bad, either. "Sometimes good actors are not so nice," he says, "but all these people were fantastic, so I was very lucky." The 15-year-old Londoner has a history of inspiring reciprocal admiration in his adult colleagues. After working with him on the 2005 best-picture nominee *Finding Neverland*, Johnny Depp reportedly suggested Highmore for the title role in *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, and Kate Winslet declared him to be "frankly the best child actor I have ever seen."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JULIAN BROAD IN NORMANDY, FRANCE





THE TOUR DE FORCE

Marion Cotillard

ACTRESS.

There is no American equivalent to Edith Piaf, no name that evokes such heights of romance and tragedy. For the lead of *La Vie en Rose*, his sweeping, big-budget Piaf biopic (of course Gerard Depardieu is in it), ench director Olivier Dahan insisted on a relative unknown whom he had never met and who, ith her statuesque beauty, bore no resemblance to the homely, frail songstress. The hunch paid off. Marion Cotillard made the most of the dream role, investing herself so completely s to be unrecognizable, lip-synching with spine-tingling abandon, and catching the early endorsement of *Variety* as a surefire Oscar contender. Not bad for the daughter of a mime (seriously). Perhaps Cotillard's most remarkable transformation is from love interest—which e played most recently opposite Russell Crowe in Ridley Scott's insipid *A Good Year*—to bona de leading woman, capable of carrying the weight of a national icon on her shoulders.

HOTOGRAPHED BY PAOLO ROVERSI IN PARIS.



THE VISIBLE MAN

John C. Reilly

ACTOR, COMEDIAN, BAR-BAND FRONT MAN.

"Everyone gets noticed now and then, unless of course that personage should be invisible, inconsequential me." Those words, from the musical *Chicago*, are sung by the moping cuckold Amos Hart—a role that earned John C. Reilly an Oscar nomination for best supporting actor back in 2003. Now, after nearly two decades of expertly dissolving into on-screen characters in films from *Boogie Nights* to, well, *Talladega Nights*, Reilly is finally getting the notice he deserves. With Jake Kasdan's upcoming *Walk Hard*, a parody of musician biopics such as *Ray* and *Walk the Line*, he's landed his first lead in a major movie, as Dewey Cox, a country-blues guitarist and singer-songwriter who struggles with fame, family, LSD, and the fashions of the 60s and 70s. Reilly—who's been known to sing and play harmonica in a band called Stereo Blues—brings an anarchic energy to Cox, who is as egocentric as Elvis, as unlucky as Johnny Cash, and as absurd as a bizarre gardening accident.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN JEAN ROY AT THE RAY CHARLES RECORDING STUDIO, IN LOS ANGELES

THE NATURAL

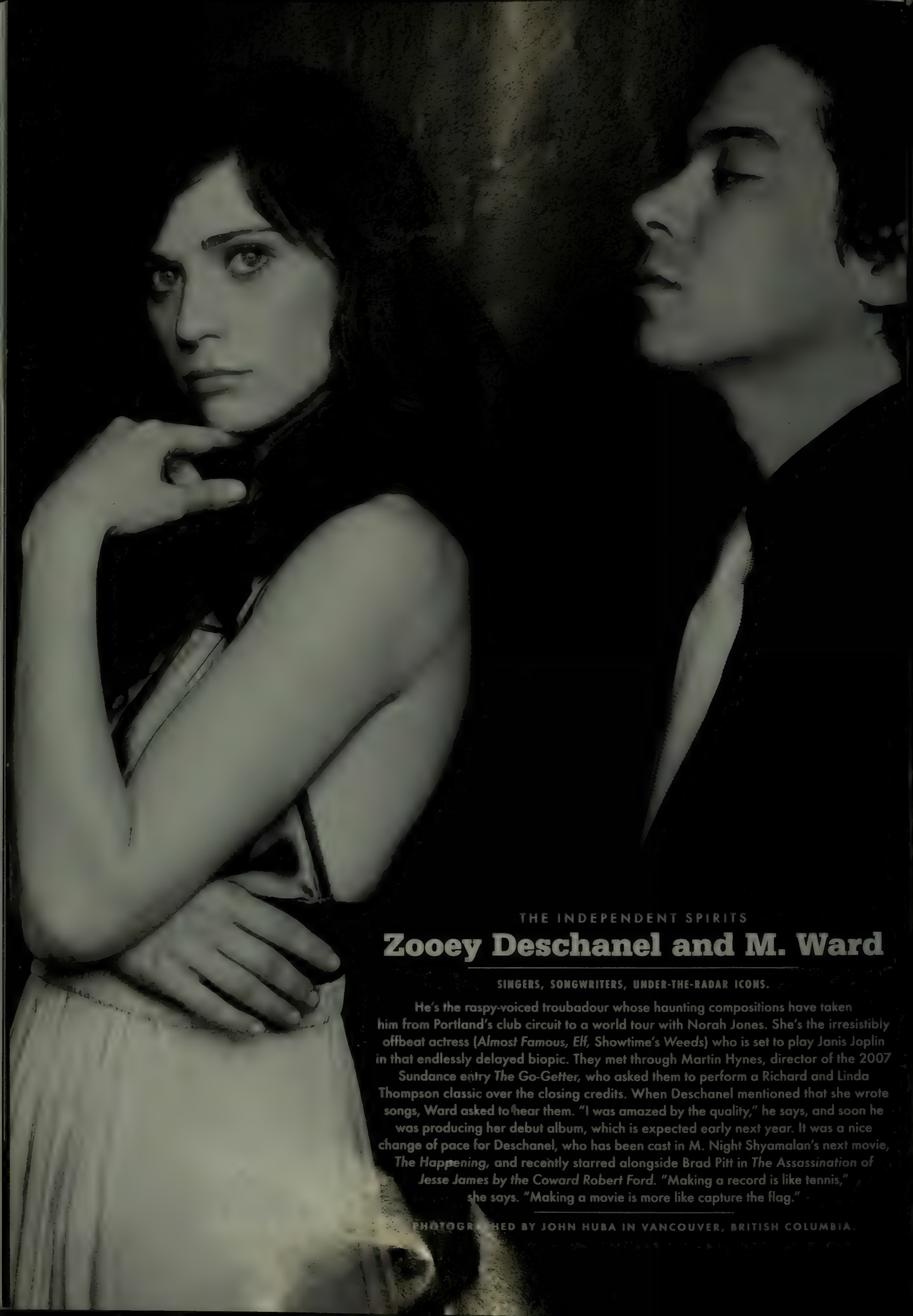
Corinne Bailey Rae

SINGER, SCORER, SOUL SERENADER.

The past year has been a whirlwind for Corinne Bailey Rae, the self-described "brainy church girl" from Leeds who was suddenly being compared to Sade, Norah Jones, even Billie Holiday after the overwhelming success of her eponymous debut album. It makes perfect sense that Bailey Rae, with her West Indian father and Yorkshire-bred mother, would draw on diverse influences ranging from Stevie Wonder to Nirvana. What's more surprising is that she's stayed so humble even after earning three Grammy nominations, including for Record of the Year and Song of the Year (for the irresistible hit "Put Your Records On"), and having her songs serve as a bouncy backdrop to *Venus*, starring Peter O'Toole. She once described her sound as "chilled-out, acoustic, kooky, atmospheric, and soulful," then added, "I'd also be tempted to say it comes from a very organic place, but that would sound pretentious, so I won't."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREW MACPHERSON IN LOS ANGELES.





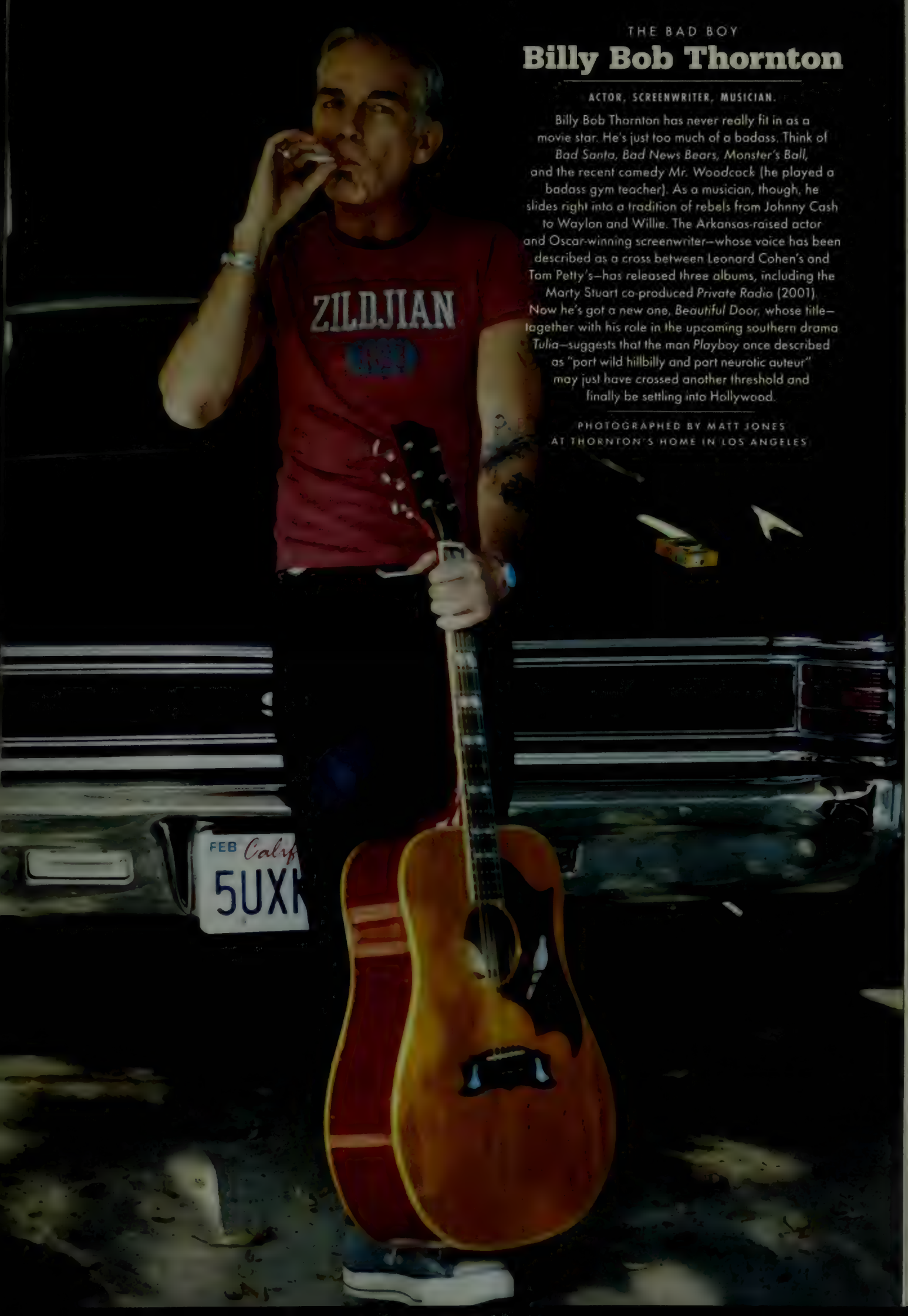
THE INDEPENDENT SPIRITS

Zooey Deschanel and M. Ward

SINGERS, SONGWRITERS, UNDER-THE-RADAR ICONS.

He's the raspy-voiced troubadour whose haunting compositions have taken him from Portland's club circuit to a world tour with Norah Jones. She's the irresistibly offbeat actress (*Almost Famous, Elf,* Showtime's *Weeds*) who is set to play Janis Joplin in that endlessly delayed biopic. They met through Martin Hynes, director of the 2007 Sundance entry *The Go-Getter,* who asked them to perform a Richard and Linda Thompson classic over the closing credits. When Deschanel mentioned that she wrote songs, Ward asked to hear them. "I was amazed by the quality," he says, and soon he was producing her debut album, which is expected early next year. It was a nice change of pace for Deschanel, who has been cast in M. Night Shyamalan's next movie, *The Happening,* and recently starred alongside Brad Pitt in *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford.* "Making a record is like tennis," she says. "Making a movie is more like capture the flag."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN HUBA IN VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



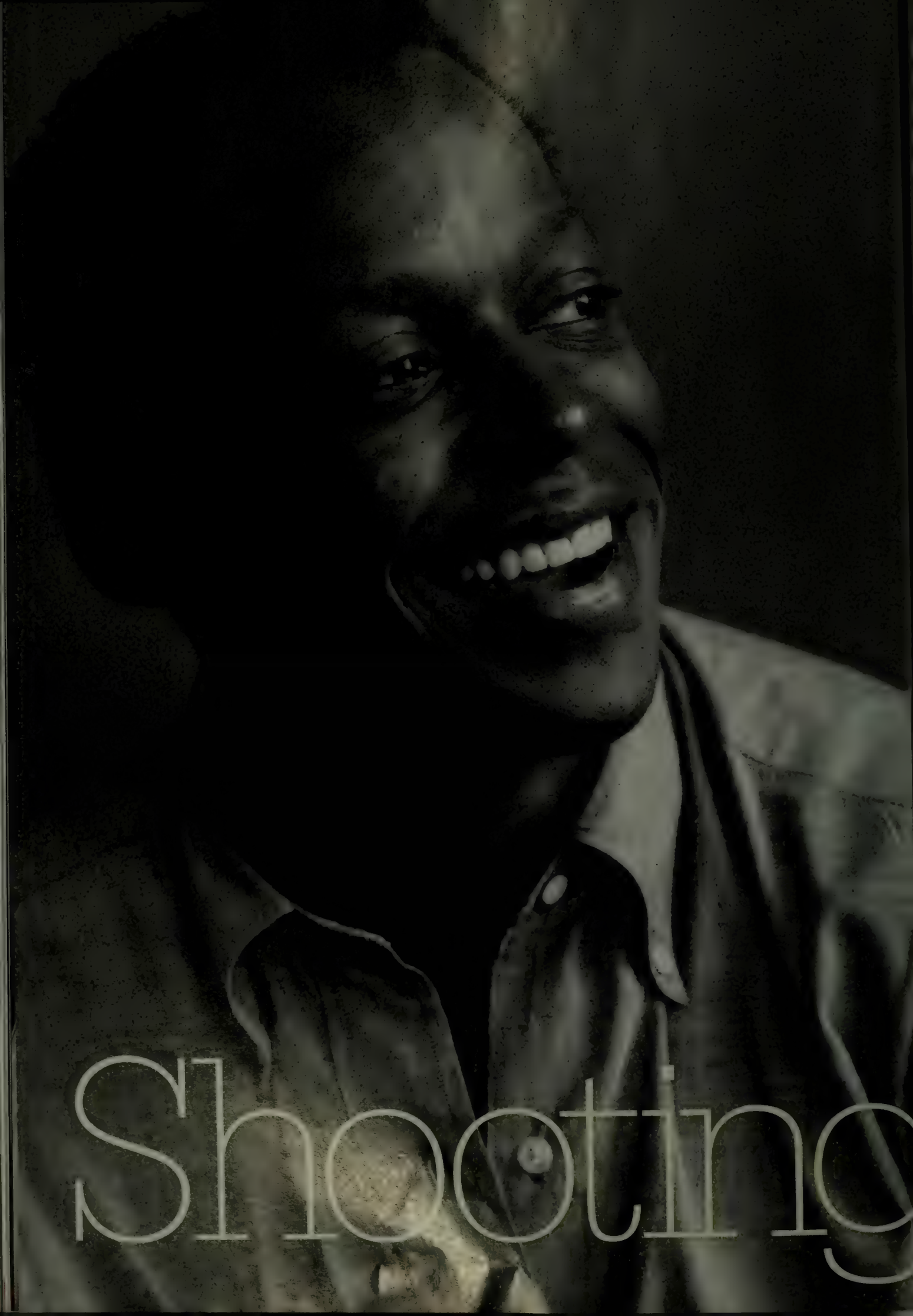
THE BAD BOY

Billy Bob Thornton

ACTOR, SCREENWRITER, MUSICIAN.

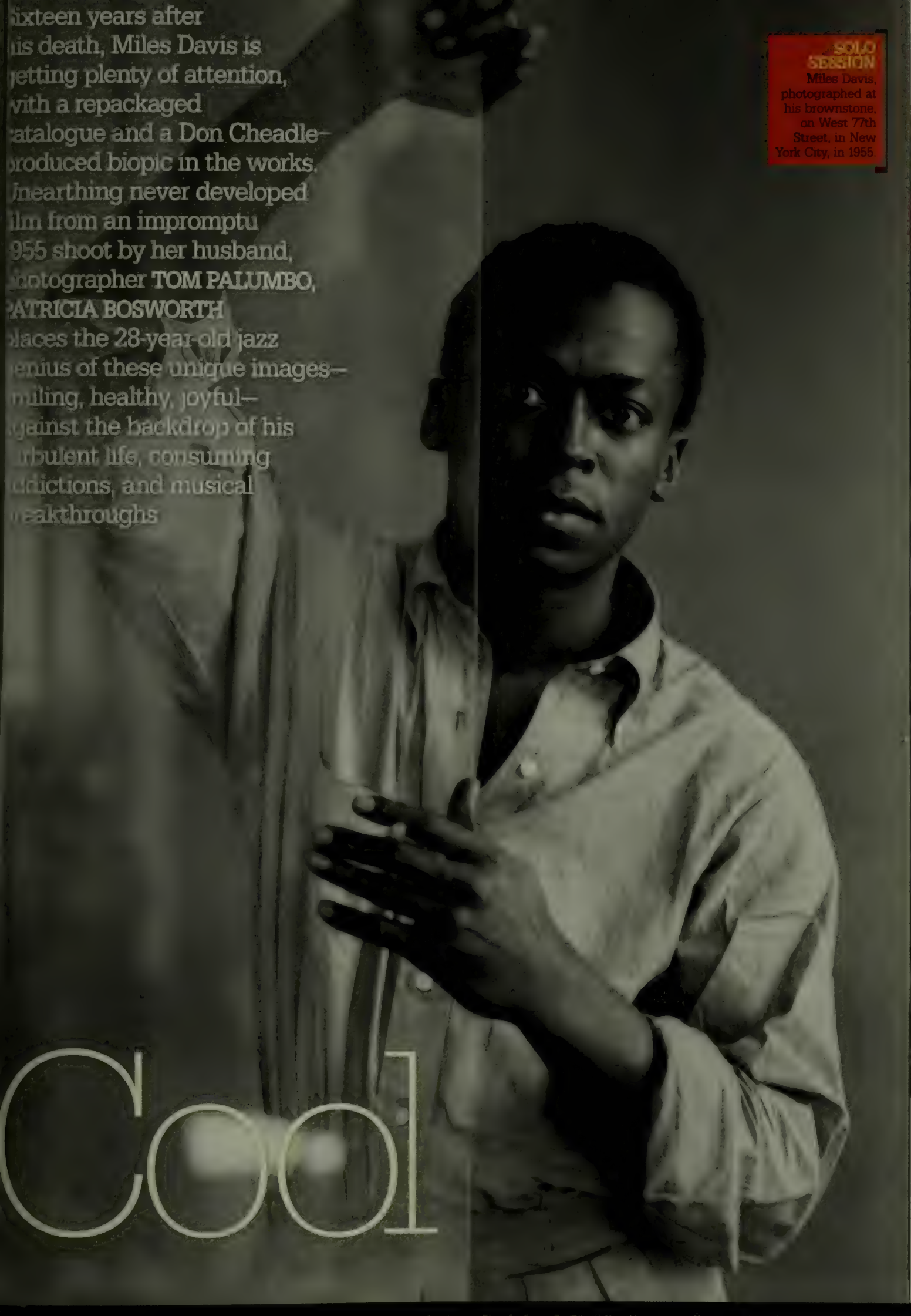
Billy Bob Thornton has never really fit in as a movie star. He's just too much of a badass. Think of *Bad Santa*, *Bad News Bears*, *Monster's Ball*, and the recent comedy Mr. Woodcock (he played a badass gym teacher). As a musician, though, he slides right into a tradition of rebels from Johnny Cash to Waylon and Willie. The Arkansas-raised actor and Oscar-winning screenwriter—whose voice has been described as a cross between Leonard Cohen's and Tom Petty's—has released three albums, including the Marty Stuart co-produced *Private Radio* (2001). Now he's got a new one, *Beautiful Door*, whose title—together with his role in the upcoming southern drama *Tulia*—suggests that the man *Playboy* once described as "part wild hillbilly and part neurotic auteur" may just have crossed another threshold and finally be settling into Hollywood.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MATT JONES
AT THORNTON'S HOME IN LOS ANGELES


Shooting

Cool

ixteen years after
is death, Miles Davis is
etting plenty of attention,
vith a repackaged
atalogue and a Don Cheadle–
roduced biopic in the works.
nearthing never developed
lm from an impromptu
955 shoot by her husband,
hotographer **TOM PALUMBO**,
ATRICIA BOSWORTH
laces the 28-year-old jazz
enius of these unique images—
miling, healthy, joyful—
gainst the backdrop of his
rbulent life, consuming
dictions, and musical
eakthroughs



SOLO SESSION
Miles Davis, photographed at his brownstone, on West 77th Street, in New York City, in 1955.

THE NEGATIVES HAD BEEN hiding for more than 50 years inside a yellowed glassine envelope labeled MILES DAVIS CIRCA 1955. The images had been taken by my husband, Tom Palumbo, when he was a photographer at *Harper's Bazaar.* Since they weren't shot for an assignment, he never printed them. Instead, they ended up in a storage bin near Hudson, New York, where they were discovered last spring by Tom's art director, Astrida Valigorsky.

As soon as the recovered portraits were printed, we knew they were unique. Davis supposedly never smiled, yet here he was, looking almost joyful. In no way did he resemble the Miles Davis of the popular imagination: the abusive womanizer, the cokehead, the jazz antihero who would play the trumpet with his back to the audience and lash out at fans. His life had already been touched by violence and scandal, but in Tom's pictures there wasn't a suggestion of that.

Tom had met Davis in the early 1950s. They hung out in bars together, ate spaghetti with Jack Kerouac, and attended the same all-night parties in the West 50s, where young musicians and painters used to rent shabby brownstones near all the jazz clubs.

Davis was a legend even then. Born just outside St. Louis, in Alton, Illinois, he had studied music theory at Juilliard and joined Charlie Parker's classic bebop group at age 18. He played alongside Dizzy Gillespie and Charles Mingus before forming his own group, Miles Davis and His Orchestra. Columbia Records soon signed him to a contract, in 1955.

One afternoon in the fall of that year, Davis invited Tom over to see the gym he was building in his brownstone, on West 77th Street. Davis loved boxing. He once told Sugar Ray Robinson that the champ's discipline had inspired him to kick heroin.

The trumpeter welcomed Tom with his usual hoarse greeting—"*Howyadoinmotherfucka?*"—then showed him around the gym. Davis was in a mellow mood, and Tom began clicking away with his Leica. He filled three rolls with shots of Davis perched on a funny little chair, rocking back and forth, smoking and teasing, and then fixing his huge, dark, unblinking eyes on Tom.

Davis had good reason to be happy. He'd recently formed "the Great Quintet": John Coltrane on sax, Philly Joe Jones on drums, Red Garland on piano, Paul Chambers on bass, and himself on trumpet. "The music we played together was unbelievable," Miles wrote in his autobiography. "It used to send chills up and down my spine."

Their first album, released by Prestige in 1956, was called *Cookin' with the Miles Davis Quintet.* Tom bought it, and he and Davis continued to see each other periodically. When Tom went to Paris in 1957 to photograph the fashion collections, he ran into Davis at the Club St. Germain.

That was the summer Davis composed the score for Louis Malle's *Elevator to the Gallows,* which starred Jeanne Moreau. "Since it was about a murder . . . I used this old gloomy dark building where I had the musicians play," Davis later said. "The score transformed the film," Malle told the writer Philip French. Davis would go on to compose music for other movies, but none of it approached the greatness of that first effort.

After Paris, Tom lost touch with Davis. Tom started [illegible] TV and theater. As for Davis, he soon recorded such land[illegible]ms as *Milestones, Porgy and Bess,* and the supremely elegant *K[illegible]ue,* one of the most popular and admired jazz records of the LP era. In the 60s, Davis and the arranger Gil Evans took jazz in a new direction with a nonet (a group with nine musicians) that played a challenging style he called "cool jazz." By 1968, Davis was incorporating electric keyboards and electric guitars into a "fusion" of rock and jazz that filled the sprawling masterpiece *Bitches Brew.*

In the space of the next two decades, Davis created a prodigious and diverse body of work. He made a great deal of money and he spent it. He was very extravagant.

His private life had always been turbulent. He had four children, three failed marriages, and numerous girlfriends, some of whom he treated brutally. He also suffered from poor health. His diabetes was made worse by his fondness for sweets and his relapse into drug addiction. As he wrote in his autobiography, "I took a lot of cocaine (about $500 a day at one point). . . . was addicted to pills, like Percodan and Seconal, and I was drinking a lot, Heinekens and cognac."

From 1975 to 1979, he stopped playing music almost entirely and rarely left his house. Cicely Tyson, who became his third wife, got him to go cold turkey in 1980. Eventually he felt well enough to book tours in Europe and Asia. He also did some acting, appearing in the 1988 comedy *Scrooged,* co-written by this issue's editor, Mitch Glazer.

But the joy that Tom had captured with his Leica was buried deeper than ever. By 1989, he'd left Tyson, and his new lover was a sculptor and painter named Jo Gelbard. They began collaborating on paintings; sometimes he'd paint all night.

He died on September 28, 1991, of heart failure brought upon by diabetes and pneumonia. When Gelbard saw that he was dying, she climbed into his bed and held him until he breathed his last.

Last year was a historic one for Davis, who would have turned 80 on May 26, 2006. Columbia Records remixed and repackaged his music, and there is at least one movie project in the works. Davis biographer Quincy Troupe is said to be developing a screenplay based on his 2000 memoir, *Miles and Me,* which tells the story of their close friendship.

Meanwhile, Don Cheadle is set to direct, produce, and star in an authorized biopic that has the blessing of the Davis estate. According to Cheadle's agent, Stephen Huvane, filming is set to begin early in 2008.

It will be interesting to see how these projects handle Davis's complicated life. For example, will either of them mention the incident that haunted Davis throughout his life—the 1917 St. Louis race riots, when white men savagely killed scores of black men, women, and children? The survivors told Davis the story when he was a little boy, and he never forgot it. He had white managers, and the last woman he loved was white, but he always remained mistrustful of the white world.

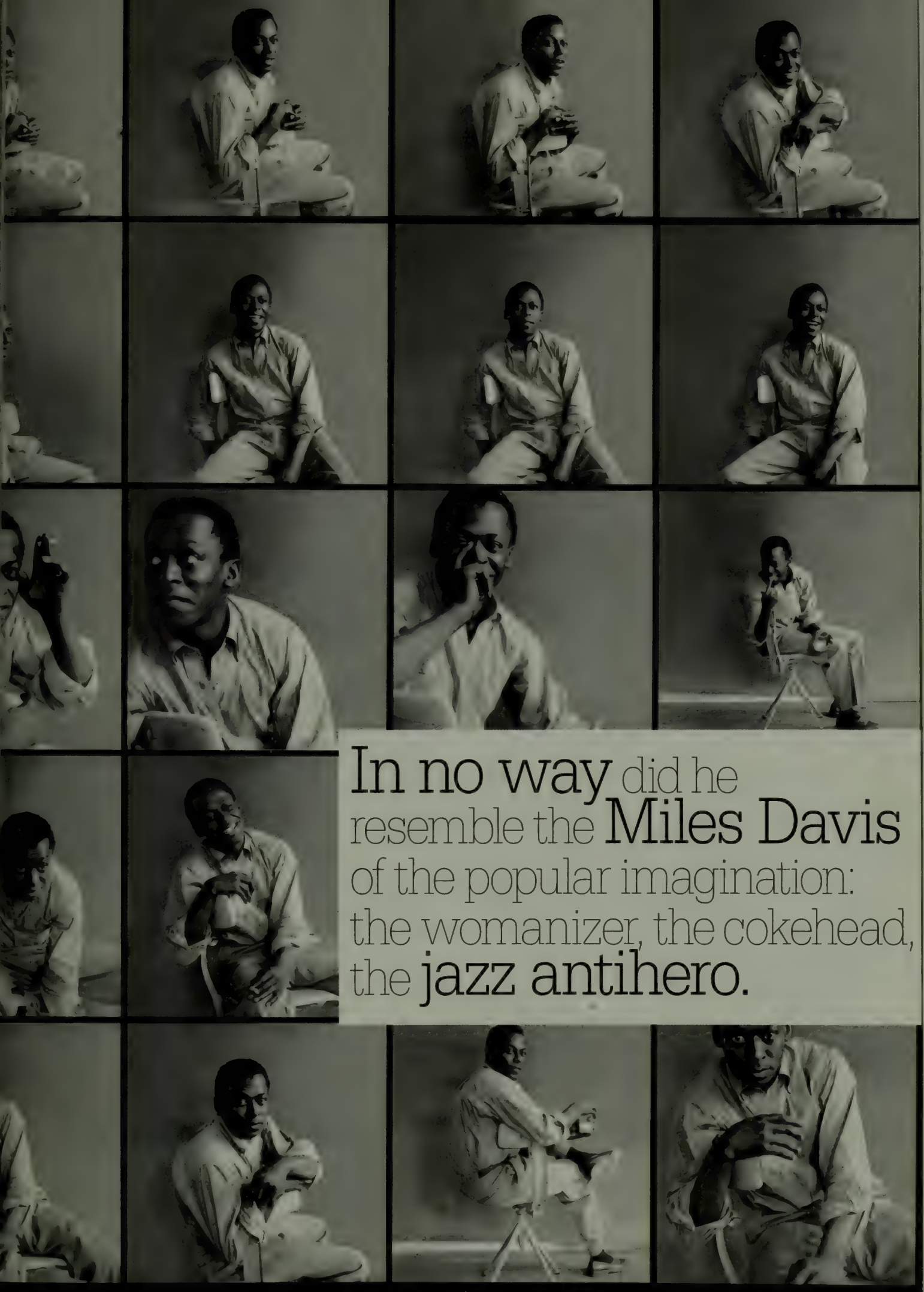
I have a funny memory of Davis. In 1987, I covered a fashion show at the Tunnel nightclub, in Chelsea. Davis was modeling outfits by the Japanese designer Kohshin Satoh. For the finale, he stepped onstage in a gold lamé suit with a flowing cape. Trotting along behind him was Andy Warhol, who was holding up the hem of the cape. The audience went wild.

Years later, I read Quincy Troupe's account of what had happened. It was totally unplanned—improvised, like so much in Davis's life. Backstage, Davis had suddenly ordered Warhol to "pick up my motherfuckin' cape!" Warhol obeyed. To him, Miles Davis was more than just a celebrity.

"I am remarkable," Davis once said. And he was. □

MILES SMILES

A contact sh[illegible] Tom Palumbo never-before-published shoot. Davis had just form[illegible] the Great Quintet" with John Coltrane, Philly Joe Jo[illegible] Red Garland, and Paul Chambers.



In no way did he resemble the Miles Davis of the popular imagination: the womanizer, the cokehead, the jazz antihero.



The Maestro and the Master

John Williams and Steven Spielberg

Plot, acting, and special effects are all well and good, but for a blockbuster to really soar it has to have a mind-blowing score. That's what John Williams does better than anybody. Steven Spielberg handles all the other stuff pretty well, so for the past 30 years he and Williams have collaborated on no fewer than 20 movies, starting with 1974's *The Sugarland Express* and continuing through *Jaws* (Williams's two-note theme was scarier than the shark), *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *E.T.*, *Schindler's List*, and *Munich*. Now they've got two more in the works: an Abraham Lincoln biopic based on Doris Kearns Goodwin's book *Team of Rivals*, and *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull*, co-produced by another guy Williams has had some success with, *Star Wars* director George Lucas.

Photographed by Art Streiber in Los Angeles

SIGHT AN

The great ones know it—movies and music are one. These directors (some shot h score, whether it's the two-note "shark alert" in Steven Spielberg's *Jaws*, Sofia Coppo take on Sondheim in this Christmas's *Sweeney Todd*. Portraits by David LaChape



D SOUND

th maestros or muses) specialize in unforgettable unions of image and
achronistic "I Want Candy" in the halls of Versailles, or Tim Burton's Gothic
gitte Lacombe, Mary Ellen Mark, Melodie McDaniel, and Art Streiber



The Pop Princes

Sofia Coppo

Ex[illegible]e her dad cast her in *The Godfather* when she was a baby, Sofia Copp[illegible] has known filmmaking to be a family affair, and has learned to keep [illegible] friends close, too. She's at the center of the hipster-cinéaste mafia that inclu[illegible] br[illegible]her Roman, cousin Jason Schwartzman, and the unofficial don, Bill Mur[illegible] whose turn as a world-weary movie star in Coppola's *Lost in Translation* earned h[illegible] an Oscar nomination in 2003. (Coppola took home the award for best origi[illegible] screenplay, and became the first American woman to be nominated for l[illegible] director.) Her singular use of pop music—however anachronistic—to create m[illegible] has helped establish her as an *auteur* in her own right, notably with the all-[illegible] score of her debut, *The Virgin Suicides,* and the 80s postpunk soundtrack[illegible] her teeny-queeny-bopper *Marie Antoinette.* It's only fitting she repay her deb[illegible] music by directing videos, famously the Kate Moss pole-dancing clip for [illegible] White Stripes' "I Just Don't Know What to Do with Myself." Her union w[illegible] Thomas Mars, of the French band Phoenix, has recently led to her greatest cr[illegible] disciplinary effort: their one-year-old daughter, Ro[illegible]

Photographed by Melodie McDaniel in Coppola's Paris apartme[illegible]



The Fright Club

Johnny Depp and Tim Burton

Tim Burton may be best known for his ghoulish sensibility and his visual virtuosity, but he's also an actor's director—especially if the actor in question is Johnny Depp. The pair have already collaborated on *Edward Scissorhands, Ed Wood, Sleepy Hollow, Corpse Bride,* and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory,* and now comes *Sweeney Todd,* a brand-new movie version of the venerable musical thriller. First staged on Broadway in 1979, Stephen Sondheim's masterpiece of horror, black humor, and soaring musicality has intrigued film directors for years, but it's easy to see why Burton became the one to bring its wickedness to the screen. Meanwhile, Depp is suitably pale and possessed as the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, his eyes burning with vengeance as he wields that lethal straight razor, and Helena Bonham Carter plays the besotted but treacherous Mrs. Lovett, whose juicy meat pies complement his efforts so well. Contributing to the fun, not to mention the meat pies, are Alan Rickman, Timothy Spall, and Sacha Baron Cohen. The film arrives just in time for Christmas, and why not? Rivulets of blood seeping through the floorboards add such a festive touch to those color-coordinated holiday decorations.

Photographed by Mary Ellen Mark on location in London.

The Blood Brothers

Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez

No one, not even Harvey Weinstein, has ever been able to tell Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez what to do. After all, Tarantino knows more about movies than any studio chief in town, and Rodriguez has been writing, directing, producing, shooting, editing, and scoring his own films since 1992's *El Mariachi*. Only a pair of artists so autonomous could be so thoroughly dependent on each other. Quick rundown: *Desperado* (Rodriguez directed; Tarantino stole a scene); *Four Rooms* (each directed a segment); *From Dusk Till Dawn* (Rodriguez directed; Tarantino wrote and tried, unsuccessfully, to steal several scenes); *Kill Bill: Volume 2* (Tarantino directed; Rodriguez composed some of the score); *Sin City* (Rodriguez co-directed all but one scene: Tarantino's). And then came *Grindhouse*, their scratched, torn, blood-soaked double-feature tribute to 70s exploitation cinema, in which each director's segment seems to have been made largely for the other's enjoyment. In a temporary separation, Rodriguez will return to audience-friendly ground with a *Sin City* sequel as Tarantino continues work on the script to *Inglorious Bastards*, the World War II movie he's been laboring over for the past decade.

Photographed by David LaChapelle in Los Angeles.


TARANTINO
RODRIGUEZ / SHOOT

SOUL SURVIVORS

Nobody does rock 'n' roll like the Rolling Stones. Nobody uses it like Martin Scorsese. MITCH GLAZER joined the team as the legendary band and director filmed *Shine a Light*

Producer Steve Bing has an idea: Martin Scorsese and the Rolling Stones. It's February 2006, 36 years since the last, best Stones film, the Maysles brothers' masterful *Gimme Shelter,* and the Rolling Stones are in the middle of a record-shattering world tour, playing with more daring and heart than ever. It's time, way past time, for the world's greatest director to capture the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band in concert. Bing's just co-financed Jonathan Demme's soulful Neil Young–concert film, *Heart of Gold,* but to a lifelong music fan, a Stones-Scorsese movie is the holy grail. Steve Bing is in.

Nobody uses rock 'n' roll like Martin Scorsese. Nobody gets rock 'n' roll like Martin Scorsese: Robert De Niro's slow-motion, "Jumpin' Jack Flash" descent into a hellish Little Italy bar in *Mean Streets* or Ray Liotta's coke-fueled implosion in *GoodFellas* (a 10-minute rocket sled: Nilsson, Stones, the Who, Muddy Waters, George Harrison) or Jack Nicholson in *The Departed,* humiliating a pedophile priest to the Beach Boys' breezy "Sail On, Sailor." Scorsese has a great musician's feel. He finds the groove, weds the ideal song to a scene like a bluesman bending a note. It's instinct and immersion.

He heard doo-wop (and Verdi) on the stoops of Little Italy, rocked in the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre in '57 to Buddy Holly, Little Richard, and Jerry Lee Lewis, and then found himself onstage at Woodstock with N.Y.U. buddy director Michael Wadleigh and (future Scorsese editor-for-life) Thelma Schoonmaker. Scorsese actually edited Sly Stone's delirious, defining "I Want to Take You Higher" sequence from *Woodstock.* A couple of years later Scorsese cut the King, receiving "montage supervisor" credit on the 1972 film *Elvis on Tour.* And all of this a prelude to his grand re-invention of the concert film, the Band's rocking elegy, *The Last Waltz.* Toss in Michael Jackson's "Bad" video; producing an encyclopedic blues tribute, *Lightning in a Bottle;* and a peek behind the mask in the revelatory Bob Dylan documentary *No Direction Home,* and you have the greatest practitioner, interpreter, and champion of rock 'n' roll in film.

The Rolling Stones are special for Scorsese as well. They are a constant in some of his finest work; "Gimme Shelter" alone floats ominously through *GoodFellas, Casino,* and *The Departed.* As Scorsese says, "No matter what, we always thought of the Rolling Stones as our band. New York's band. The conviction, the soul, the attitude . . . there's something New York in their music, you know? They may be from London, but they're a New York band."

Scorsese is in.

Mick Jagger has an idea. Actually two ideas: Scorsese should multi-camera-shoot a huge stadium show in Amsterdam. (Jagger sees the size and spectacle, the theater, of the Rolling Stones' stadium show

Photographs by Brigitte Lacombe





The Dream Team

Director Martin Scorsese (second from right) with the Rolling Stones—Charlie Watts, Mick Jagger, Ronnie Wood, and Keith Richards—backstage at New York's Beacon Theatre, October 2006.

as inherently cinematic.) He also has a notion for a scripted narrative, a written intro and coda that will frame the concert, give shape and drama to the movie.

Steve Bing has another idea . . . me. After the *Heart of Gold* premiere, on February 7, 2006, he calls and asks me, "Would you be interested in writing the scripted intro to . . . " Yes. I'm in.

The next night, Scorsese calls. I don't remember too many details of our first chat—it's like Randy Newman fantasizing about hanging with Bruce Springsteen in "My Life Is Good": "Oh, we talked about some kind of woodblock or something. And this new guitar we like . . . " Me and Marty (that's how he introduced himself), you know, two movie guys talking about everything from Robert Graves and the ancient Greek philosophy of performance to the Rolling Stones. I do remember he's inspired (inspiring), funny, fast, and collaborative. He recommends one of his favorite concert films, Bert Stern's documentary about the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, *Jazz on a Summer's Day.* Scorsese and Jagger have spoken about using it as a template—it's Jagger's favorite as well. Scorsese is neck-deep in editing his new movie, *The Departed,* and eager for ideas. This can't just be another concert film. The Rolling Stones have shot and sold virtually every world tour they've ever done. There has to be a reason: the bittersweet finality of *The Last Waltz,* murder and the death of the hippie dream in *Gimme Shelter,* Newport's class-color war in *Jazz on a Summer's Day.* A context, a story.

A few weeks later, I fly to New York for the first of several meetings with Scorsese. They take place in his office, on 57th Street, and in his Upper East Side town house. He invariably strides in from editing *The Departed,* shaking his head, laughing about the insanity, the chaos of the movie: "Is it shit? Is it great? I don't know. I have no idea. What the hell is it? We've got some great things. I know that. Some great scenes, but it's crazy, a crazy puzzle. This one could go any way. It's happening right now. Right next door." Sitting down on the other side of the coffee table. "So . . . the Rolling Stones." And off we'd go. Our meetings, prefaced by Emma Tillinger (Scorsese's Sikelia Productions head) with "Marty's only got an hour today," always wonderfully stretch all afternoon. Somewhere in the middle of these marathons, we find the heart of the beast, the reason for his concert movie—the Stones, the city, and, at my insistence, Scorsese. Create the dream Rolling Stones concert in a small, sweaty venue in New York City and let Martin Scorsese's passion loose in front of and behind the camera. Simple. Bliss.

Keith Richards says he'll do whatever Martin Scorsese wants.

Steve Bing gets Mick Jagger to agree to a meeting in New York where he and Scorsese can present their notion of a more intimate venue, officially pitch the idea of a Stones-Scorsese-New-York-City concert film, face-to-face. I'm invited, I assume, as a human sacrifice.

We meet in the Carlyle lobby around three in the afternoon, March 14, 2006. Everybody seems slightly . . . jangly, Scorsese more caffeinated than usual. Bing calls up to Jagger's room; we pile into the elevator and head to the penthouse. Somebody ushers us into the suite's living room. A love seat and a single chair face an overstuffed armchair positioned in front of the picture window. Michael Cohl, the Stones' longtime tour director, greets us and gestures to our seats. Cohl is bearded, intense, and seems to be glowering. Fortunately, Victoria Pearman, president of Jagged Films and an ally, steps into the suite behind him.

Bing takes the offered chair, and Scorsese and I sit side by side in the love seat. As Mick Jagger glides in, smiling, subdued, regal, sits in the armchair facing us, I can't help but notice that Scorsese a

are staring into a blinding sunset. The sun is setting in the pictu window directly behind Jagger. His face is completely in shadow total eclipse of the Mick. After a few moments of casual industry ch chat, Bing says something like, "Well, I think Mitch has some ide for the movie." I swallow, fix my gaze at what I assume are Jagge eyes, and launch into the Stones-Scorsese-and-the-city pitch about intimate, roots, rock 'n' roll venue, the band sharing the stage, he a Richards sharing a mike . . . Fairly quickly we're in the elevator hea ing down to the lobby. Silence. Bing clears his throat: "Hey, I thi that went pretty well." Scorsese jerks a look at me and says, "Cou you see his face? I couldn't see his face. Was he happy? Sad? Did hate us? Could you tell? I don't know. I couldn't tell. I have no idea

Six months later, on Sunday, October 29, and Wedne day, November 1, 2006, in New York's elegantly wa ed Beacon Theatre, the Rolling Stones give two hea stopping performances (the second show is alrea considered legendary by Stones aficionados). Mart Scorsese and his hall-of-fame cinematographers (Albe "*Gimme Shelter*" Maysles, Bob "*The Aviator*" Richardson, John "*T Thin Red Line*" Toll, Emmanuel "*Children of Men*" Lubezki, Ell "*Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*" Kuras, Stuart "*Once We Warriors*" Dryburgh, etc.), with their 17 cameras, shoot the sho to death, while Scorsese hunches over a bank of monitors in the da director's booth, in the rear of the theater. The band roars, the h shudders, all 17 camera shots flicker before him, total rock 'n' r chaos. "I'm gonna vomit," Scorsese says to no one in particular. Months later he'll reflect, "It's pure adrenaline. It's like a car race. I mean, you're just going. And it felt to me the concert was over in 20 minutes. I have no idea what happened. That's the fun of it. The fun of it is the anxiety. The fun is not knowing what you're going to get."



The concert film, *Shine a Light,* is everything the shows were: raw, soulful, furious, ageless rock 'n' roll . . . and more. The cameras are where we've never been before: a shot from behind Charlie Watts's drum kit catches Jagger as he spins his crazy, teenage body away from the audience, smiling an rolling his eyes at his exertion; Richards's hands, permanentl gnarled around his guitar neck; Ronnie Wood, all Popeye gri and rooster cut, delighted at his own newly sober skills; Mick an Keith, brothers for 50 years, touching foreheads, sharing a mik and a wink during "Far Away Eyes."

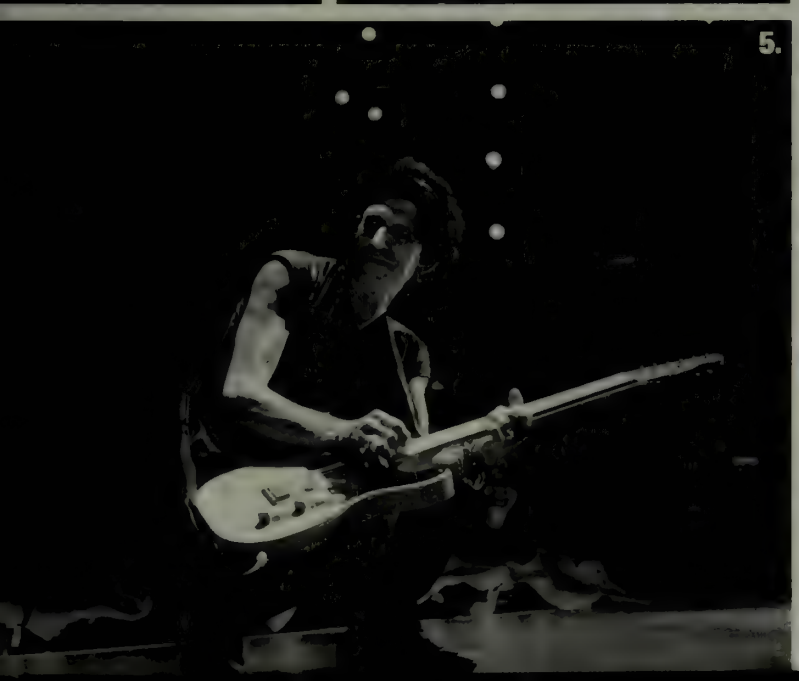
The context, the reason for Scorsese's Rolling Stones film, in th end, transcends the venue or the city or Marty Scorsese himsel it's the fragility and triumph of this wonderful moment. Last yea Keith Richards underwent brain surgery, Ronnie Wood fought hi addictions in rehab, and Charlie Watts battled throat cancer. Thi will not go on forever, and they know it. And the Rolling Stone are still younger, tougher, cooler, and play better than you. Thi show, this film, is the Stones' gift. Their joy and virtuosity, the casual rock 'n' roll heroism, is caught and celebrated by perhap our finest director. Rip this joint, indeed. □

"IT'S PURE ADRENALINE. I mean, you're just going. That's the fun of it. The fun is not knowing what you're going to get," says Scorsese.









The Shining Night

1. Mick Jagger onstage at the Beacon. 2. Cinematographer Bob Richardson and Scorsese's longtime assistant director, Joe Reidy, confer with the director backstage. 3. Guest performers Christina Aguilera and Jack White loosen up with Scorsese. 4. A guitarist's dream; a guitar tech's nightmare. 5. Richards carves out a lick.



DANCE REVOLUTION

Donna Pescow and John Travolta heat up the dance floor at 2001 Odyssey in a scene from *Saturday Night Fever.*

FEVER

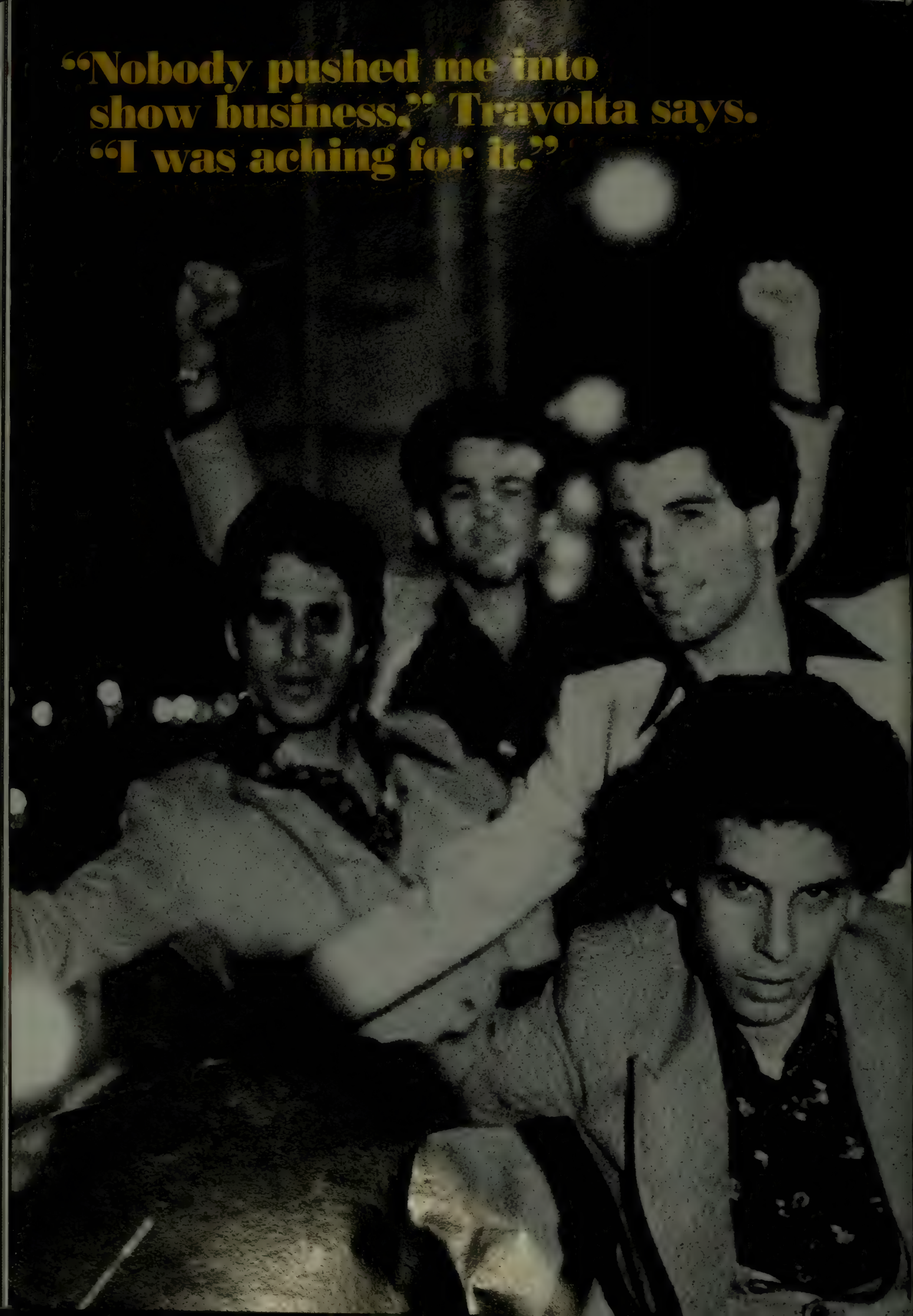


In 1976, producer Robert Stigwood placed a million-dollar bet on a young TV star, signing John Travolta to a three-movie deal. First up, a low-budget production based on a *New York* magazine article about disco-crazy Italian-American kids in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn: *Saturday Night Fever*. From Travolta's famous "Stayin' Alive" strut to the mid-filming death of his girlfriend, to three harrowing nights on the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, **SAM KASHNER** has the story of a culture-bending hit, whose music—by a revitalized 60s band called the Bee Gees—became the best-selling soundtrack of its time

PITCH

How Travolta and the Bee Gees Shook the Night

"Nobody pushed me into show business," Travolta says. "I was aching for it."





BROOKLYN'S FINEST
Travolta, in white suit, as Tony Manero on the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge with the Faces (from front to back): Barry Miller (Bobby C.), Joseph Cali (Joey), and Paul Pape (Double J).

ROBERT STIGwood, the 42-year-old Australian impresario known as "the Daryl Zanuck of pop," was out of his mind. That was the talk in Hollywood, Bill Oakes remembers, on September 25, 1976, when his boss held a lavish press conference at the Beverly Hills Hotel to announce that the Robert Stigwood Organisation—RSO—had just signed John Travolta to a million-dollar contract to star in three films. Oakes, then in his mid-20s, had worked for the Beatles and had once been Paul McCartney's assistant. By this time he was running RSO Records, which boasted Eric Clapton and the Bee Gees among its roster of pop stars. "Everyone thought it was madness," says Oakes, "because nobody had ever made the transition from television to movie stardom. So, a lot of us thought to pay a million dollars for Vinnie Barbarino [Travolta's character on the TV sitcom *Welcome Back, Kotter*] is going to make us a laughingstock."

Stigwood wanted Travolta to star in the movie version of *Grease,* the long-running Broadway musical (in which Travolta had already appeared as Doody, one of the T-Bird gang members, in a road company). Five years earlier, Stigwood had auditioned the actor—then just 17—for *Jesus Christ Superstar,* and though Ted Neeley got the job, Stigwood had penciled himself a note on a yellow pad: "This kid will be a very big star."

But Stigwood's option for *Grease*

stipulated that production could not begin before the spring of 1978, because the musical was still going strong. While they waited, Stigwood and his lieutenants began to look around for a new property.

A few months before, an English rock critic by the name of Nik Cohn had published a magazine article entitled "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night." Appearing in the June 7, 1976, issue of *New York,* the article followed the Saturday-night rituals of a group of working-class Italian-Americans in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, who held dead-end jobs but lived for their nights of dancing at a local disco called 2001 Odyssey. Cohn's hero, named Vincent, was a tough, violent guy but a great dancer who yearned for a chance to shine, and to escape the mean streets of Brooklyn.

On an icy winter night in 1975, Cohn had made his first trip to Bay Ridge with a disco dancer called Tu Sweet, who would serve as his Virgil. "According to Tu Sweet," Cohn later wrote, "the [disco] craze had started in black gay clubs, then progressed to straight blacks and gay whites and from there to mass consumption—Latinos in the Bronx, West Indians on Staten Island, and, yes, Italians in Brooklyn." In 1975, black dancers like Tu Sweet were not welcome in those Italian clubs; nonetheless, he liked the dancers there—their passion and their moves. "Some of those guys, they have no lives," he told Cohn. "Dancing's all they got."

A brawl was in progress when they arrived at 2001 Odyssey. One of the brawlers lurched over to Cohn's cab and threw up on his trouser leg. With that welcome, the two men hightailed it back to Manhattan, but not before Cohn caught a glimpse of a figure, dressed in "flared, crimson pants and a black body shirt," coolly watching the action from the club doorway. "There was a certain style about him—an inner force, a hunger, and a sense of his own specialness. He looked, in short, like a star," recalled Cohn. He'd found his Vincent, the protagonist of his New Journalism–style piece.

Later, Cohn went back to the disco with the artist James McMullan, whose illustrations for the article helped persuade Cohn's underwhelmed editor in chief, Clay Felker, to run it. The title was changed from "Another Saturday Night" to "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night," and a note was added insisting that "everything described in this article is factual."

In the 1970s it was almost unheard of to buy a magazine article for a movie, but "Tribal Rites" attracted enough attention that producer Ray Stark (*Funny Girl*) and a few others bid on it. Cohn had known Stigwood back in London and liked him. Stigwood came from humble stock: farm people in Adelaide, Australia. He'd made his way to London in the early 1960s and ended up managing the Beatles organization for Brian Epstein. Ousted in the power struggle that followed Epstein's death, Stigwood went on to create RSO Records, and in 1968 he branched out into theater, putting together the West End productions of *Jesus Christ Superstar, Hair,* and *Grease.* His movie-producing career began five years later, with the film version of *Jesus Christ Superstar,* followed by *Tommy,* the rock musical written by the Who and directed by the flamboyant Ken Russell, which became one of the biggest movies of 1975.

So the deal was made, and Cohn was paid $90,000 for the rights.

Now they had to find a director.

In Los Angeles, Stigwood's assistant, Kevin McCormick, a brilliant, lean 23-year-old from New Jersey, went from office to office looking for one. "Kid, my directors do movies," one agent promptly told him. "They don't do magazine articles." But while McCormick was packing to return to New York, the phone rang, and it was the agent saying, "Kid, you're in luck. My client came in and looked at this, and he's interested. But you should see his movie first."

"So we saw *Rocky* on Monday, and we made a deal," recalls McCormick, now executive vice president of production at Warner Bros. The client was director John Avildsen, and he brought in screenwriter Norman Wexler, who had earned his first Academy Award nomination for the screenplay for *Joe,* the popular 1970 film about a bigoted hard hat, played by Peter Boyle. (Incidentally, the film gave Susan Sarandon her first screen role.) Wexler had also co-adapted Peter Maas's *Serpico* for the screen (which brought him a second Oscar nomination). That seemed fitting, as Al Pacino was something of the patron saint of Cohn's article, as well as of the film—in the story, Vincent is flattered when someone mistakes him for Pacino, and in the movie, the poster from *Serpico* dominates Tony Manero's Bay Ridge bedroom, going face-to-face with Farrah Fawcett's famous cheesecake poster.

Wexler, a tall man, often wrapped in a trench coat, puffed on Tarrytons so continuously he was usually wreathed in cigarette smoke. McCormick thought of him as "a sort of tragic figure, but enormously sympathetic." A manic-depressive, Wexler was on and off his meds; when he stopped, all hell broke loose. Karen Lynn Gorney, who played Stephanie Mangano, Tony's love interest in the movie, remembers, "He would come into his agent's office, or try to pitch a script to somebody, and start giving nylons and chocolates to the secretaries." He could turn violent, and was known to sometimes carry a .32-caliber pistol. In the grip of a manic episode, he once bit a stewardess on the arm; on another flight he announced that he had a plan to assassinate President Nixon. "You've heard of street theater?" he yelled, holding up a magazine picture of the president. "Well, this is airplane theater!" He was arrested and escorted off the plane.

But McCormick was pleased when the script came in. At 149 pages, "it was way, way, way too long, but quite wonderful. I think what Norman did so well was to create a family situation that had real truth, an accurate look at how men related to women in that moment, in ways that you would never get away with now." Wexler transformed Vincent into Tony Manero and gave him a young sister and a favored older brother who breaks his mother's heart by leaving the priesthood. During one row at the dinner table, Tony explodes at his mother when she refuses to accept that her eldest has turned in his collar: "You got nuthin' but three shit children!" he yells. Tony's mother—played by acclaimed stage actress and Off Broadway playwright Julie Bovasso—bursts into tears and Tony is overcome with remorse.



Before John Travolta became a teen idol he was a dancer. "I think my first turn-on to dance was James Cagney in *Yankee Doodle Dandy,* when I was five or six," recalls Travolta on a break from filming the musical version of John Waters's *Hairspray* in Toronto. "I used to try to imitate him in front of the television set. I liked black dancing better than white dancing. I used to watch *Soul Train,* and what I wanted to create was a *Soul Train* feel in *Saturday Night Fever.*" That famous strut to the Bee Gees' "Stayin' Alive" in the opening scene? "It was the walk of coolness. I went to a school that was 50 percent black, and that's how the black kids walked through the hall."

"Nobody pushed me into show business," Travolta says. "I was aching for it." Born in 1954 in Englewood, New Jersey, he was one of six kids, five of whom pursued careers in show business. His mother

Helen, was an actress who taught in a high-school theater-arts program and who set a record for swimming the Hudson River. His father, Salvatore (known as "Sam"), once played semi-pro football and was a co-owner of Travolta Tyre Exchange. John's parents agreed to let him drop out of Dwight Morrow High School, in Englewood, at 16, for one year, to pursue a theatrical career. He never went back. Soon after, in 1970, Travolta caught the attention of agent Bob LeMond when he appeared as Hugo Peabody in a production of *Bye Bye Birdie* at Club Benet in Morgan, New York. LeMond quickly got him work in dozens of TV commercials, including one for Mutual of New York, in which Travolta played a teenager crying over the death of his father.

"We were fairly dead in the water at that point," Barry Gibb recalls. "We needed something new."

Travolta moved to Los Angeles in 1974 and auditioned for *The Last Detail,* but lost the role to Randy Quaid. He landed a small role as Nancy Allen's creepy, sadistic boyfriend in Brian De Palma's *Carrie,* just before auditioning for *Welcome Back, Kotter,* the ABC sitcom about a group of unteachable Brooklyn high-school students called the "Sweathogs" and their local-boy teacher, played by the show's creator, Gabe Kaplan.

After signing to play the dumb but sexy Italian kid, Vinnie Barbarino (who thrilled the girls with his goofy grin, curly forelock, and swiveling snake hips), Travolta landed the lead role in Terrence Malick's *Days of Heaven.* But ABC wouldn't let him out of the *Welcome Back, Kotter* production schedule, and Richard Gere took his place. "I thought, What's happening here? Will I ever get my big break?" Travolta recalls.

What Travolta didn't know was that he had already gotten his big break. The network was receiving 10,000 fan letters a week—just for him. Soon there were beefcake Vinnie Barbarino posters everywhere—that cleft chin, those cerulean eyes. His public appearances were mobbed. When his 1976 debut album was released, thousands of female fans packed E. J. Korvette's record department in Hicksville, Long Island, and an estimated 30,000 fans showed up at what was then the world's largest indoor mall, in Schaumburg, Illinois. When *Carrie* was released, Travolta's name appeared above the title on some movie marquees.

ABC asked him to star in his own show, based on the Barbarino character, but Travolta turned it down, worried about ever getting a major film role. Then Robert Stigwood called.

While still appearing on *Welcome Back, Kotter,* Travolta had played the lead in an ABC TV movie called *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble,* the true story of a teenage boy who had been born without an immune system. It aired November 12, 1976, and his co-star was Diana Hyland, who played his mother. Hyland—often described as "a Grace Kelly type"—had appeared on Broadway with Paul Newman in *Sweet Bird of Youth,* but was best known as Susan, an alcoholic wife on the TV series *Peyton Place.* A romance flowered between 22-year-old Travolta and 40-year-old Hyland, which baffled many who knew the young actor, and was toned down so as not to raise too many eyebrows in the press or alienate his teen fan base.

It was Diana who persuaded Travolta to take the role of Tony Manero. "I got the script, I read it that night," Travolta recalls. "I wondered if I could give it enough dimension. Diana took it into the other room, and in about an hour she burst back in. 'Baby, you are going to be great in this—great! This Tony, he's got all the colors! First he's angry about something. He hates the trap that Brooklyn and his dumb job are. There's a whole glamorous world out there waiting for him, which he feels only when he dances. And he grows, he gets out of Brooklyn.'" Travolta remembers answering, "'He's also king of the disco. I'm not that good a dancer.' 'Baby,' she said, 'you're going to learn!'"

Stigwood "just had blithe confidence that the movie's going to be up and ready to go," according to McCormick. "And he had no financier. He was financing it himself with his new partners, for two and a half million dollars. I knew that the budget was at least $2.8 [million] already. I had a stomachache every day. We were making this low-budget movie out of 135 Central Park West—we literally put together the soundtrack in Stigwood's living room."

And they had to hurry: Travolta and Stigwood were slated to film *Grease* soon after. This was just a little movie to get out of the way.

After six months of prepping, a huge problem reared its head: the director turned out to be all wrong. McCormick noticed that Avildsen was becoming increasingly difficult. "First he couldn't figure out who the choreographer should be. We met endlessly with [New York City Ballet principal dancer] Jacques D'Amboise. [Alvin Ailey star] Judith Jamison we talked to for a while. So, it just got to a point where Avildsen wanted to be put out of his misery. He was acting provocatively: 'Travolta's too fat. He can't dance, he can't do this, he can't do that.'"

Avildsen brought in a trainer, ex-boxer Jimmy Gambina, who had worked with Sylvester Stallone on *Rocky,* to get Travolta into shape, "which was really good," McCormick says, "because Travolta is prone to be soft and not that energetic, and Gambina ran him like he was a fighter." But Avildsen still wasn't satisfied, and wondered if maybe Travolta's character "shouldn't be a dancer—maybe he should be a painter. It was just weird. It became Clifford Odets," recalls McCormick. Travolta, ultimately, wasn't happy with Avildsen, either; he felt the director wanted to smooth Tony's rough edges, make him the kind of nice guy who carries groceries for old ladies in the neighborhood—another Rocky Balboa.

Just weeks before filming was set to begin, Stigwood summoned Avildsen to an emergency meeting. That morning, Stigwood had learned, Avildsen had been nominated for an Oscar for *Rocky.* McCormick says, "Robert walked in and said, 'John, there's good news and bad news. The good news is you've just been nominated for an Academy Award. Congratulations. The bad news is you're fired.'" (Avildsen won the Oscar.)

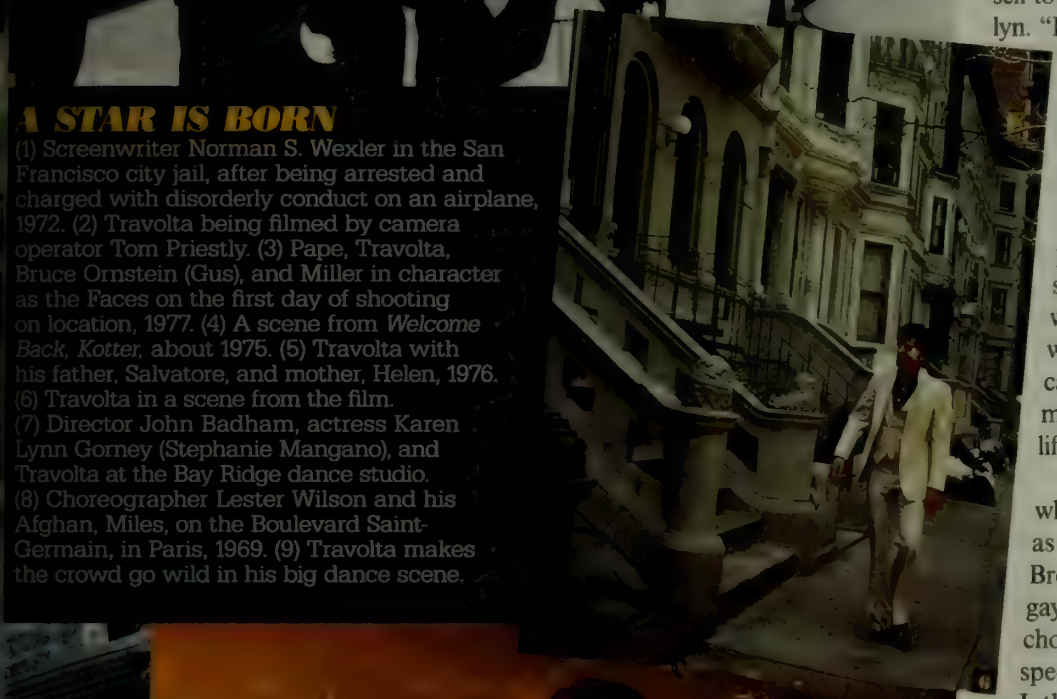
"Now what do we do?" McCormick asked Stigwood.

"We get another director."

So, John Badham came on the scene, three weeks before principal photography was to begin. Badham was born in England, raised in Alabama, and educated at the Yale School of Drama. Like Travolta, he came from a theatrical family. His mother was an actress and his sister, Mary, had played Scout, Atticus Finch's daughter, in *To Kill a Mockingbird.* It was her connec-


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A STAR IS BORN
(1) Screenwriter Norman S. Wexler in the San Francisco city jail, after being arrested and charged with disorderly conduct on an airplane, 1972. (2) Travolta being filmed by camera operator Tom Priestly. (3) Pape, Travolta, Bruce Ornstein (Gus), and Miller in character as the Faces on the first day of shooting on location, 1977. (4) A scene from *Welcome Back, Kotter,* about 1975. (5) Travolta with his father, Salvatore, and mother, Helen, 1976. (6) Travolta in a scene from the film. (7) Director John Badham, actress Karen Lynn Gorney (Stephanie Mangano), and Travolta at the Bay Ridge dance studio. (8) Choreographer Lester Wilson and his Afghan, Miles, on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, in Paris, 1969. (9) Travolta makes the crowd go wild in his big dance scene.



tion to Gregory Peck that had gotten her brother's foot in the door in the industry: in the mailroom at Warner Bros. At 34, Badham still had few credits to his name—some television and a baseball movie starring Billy Dee Williams, Richard Pryor, and James Earl Jones (*The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings*). He had just jumped from—or been pushed out of—directing *The Wiz,* because he objected to 33-year-old Diana Ross being cast as Dorothy. McCormick sent him the *Saturday Night Fever* script and promptly flew him to New York.

When Travolta met Badham, he was surprised that his new director knew so little about New York. The actor took it upon himself to show Badham Manhattan and Brooklyn. "I said, 'Let me be your guide. Let me take you by the hand and show you New York and its environs—the real New York. I know this town.'" He was a quick study, says McCormick. "Badham, the most unmusical guy in the world, brought in the choreographer, who was fantastic"—Lester Wilson. Travolta had already been working with Deney Terio, a disco dancer who would later host a TV disco competition called *Dance Fever,* but it was Wilson, many in the crew believe, who breathed life into the movie.

Wilson was a black choreographer who had worked with Sammy Davis Jr. as a featured dancer in *Golden Boy* on Broadway and in London. A legend in gay dance clubs, he'd won an Emmy for choreographing Lola Falana's television specials. Paul Pape, who played Double J, the most aggressive member of Tony Manero's entourage, says, "Deney Terio did show John the moves, and I give him credit for that. But I don't think Lester Wilson got nearly the credit that he deserved. The movie was Lester."

Travolta describes Wilson as "such an interesting guy. He taught me what he called his 'hang time.' He would smoke a cigarette to greet the day, and he infused my dancing with African-American rhythm. I'm the kind of dancer who needs thought and construction—an idea—before I dance. I need an internal story. Lester would put on some music and he would say, 'Move with me, motherfucker—move with me!'"

Before they could start filming, they had to get the setting just right. Lloyd Kaufman, co-founder of Troma Entertainment and the film's executive in charge of locations, says, "We looked at every disco in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Queens, and even considered converting a loft to our own specifications, before deciding to go with 2001 Odyssey, in Bay Ridge. That

was always our first choice, since that's where the story really happens." The movie, except for two days' filming on the West Side of Manhattan and the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge scenes, was shot entirely in Bay Ridge.

"There were 10,000 kids on the streets, and we only have four security guys," says Kevin McCormick.

Filming in Brooklyn brought a whole new set of challenges. It was a rough place, and the production started to have some neighborhood problems. A firebomb was thrown at the discotheque, but it didn't cause any serious damage. McCormick asked John Nicolella, the production manager on the shoot and a tough Italian character, "'What the fuck is this about?' And he said, 'Well, you know, it's a neighborhood thing. They want us to hire some of the kids.' Then these two guys appeared on the set, pulled me off to the side. 'You know, you're being disruptive to the neighborhood. You might need some security. And if you want to put lights on the bowling alley across the street, Black Stan really wants seven grand.'" They paid him.

Tom Priestley, then a camera operator on his first feature film, says, "We all grew up on locations in New York because Hollywood had all the studios. We had one or two stages that were decent. But most of the time, all our work was in the streets. We didn't have all the bells and whistles that Hollywood had. And that's what made us, I think, tough and adaptable. You figure if you can work in New York you can work anywhere."

To research his character, Travolta began sneaking into 2001 Odyssey with Wexler. So great was his popularity as Vinnie Barbarino he had to disguise himself in dark glasses and a hat. Before he was spotted, he watched the Faces—the cool, aggressive dancers Cohn had based his article on—concentrating on every detail of their behavior. When he was recognized—"Hey, man! Hey, it's fuckin' Travolta!"—the actor noticed how the disco's alpha males kept their girls in line. "Their girlfriends would come up, and they'd say, 'Hey, stay away from him, don't bug Travolta,' and they'd actually push the girls away. Tony Manero's whole male-chauvinist thing I got from watching those guys in the discos," says Travolta.

Priestley remembers, "I would've thought the real guys [in Brooklyn] would have resented a film like this, like we've come to make fun of them or something, but they loved it. There was one brother-and-sister team that was very good. Remember, all those people in the show are extras. You see them dancing next to Travolta and Donna Pescow [who played Annette]. They were really good dancers."

There were no special effects in *Saturday Night Fever,* except for the smoke rising from the dance floor. Bill Ward, the film's sole gaffer, explains that it wasn't from dry ice or a smoke machine—it was "a toxic mix of burning tar and automobile tires, pinched from a Bay Ridge alley." It created such heat and smoke that at one point they had to wheel in oxygen for Travolta. The filmmakers also went to great trouble and expense—$15,000—to put lights in the dance floor, designed to pulsate to the music. The walls were covered with aluminum foil and Christmas lights. When the club's owner saw the dailies for the first time, he said, "Holy shit, you guys made my place look great!"

Filming began on March 14, 1977. "The first day's location was outside the dance studio," recalls McCormick. "I got a phone call from the production manager, and he said, 'This is chaos!' I came out and there were 10,000 kids on the streets, and we only have four security guys. So we had to shut down for a couple of hours while we just regrouped and tried to figure out a way to make it work. It was the first time that we actually had a sense of who John was." By the end of the first day, they had to shut down and go home because "there was no [illegible]ld point the camera without [illegible]ople. We'd have to put out fake ca[illegible]s and get out there at 5:30 in the morning" to avoid the crush of fan

Brooklyn-born actress Donna Pescow who breaks your heart as Annette, th foolish local girl whose adoration of Tor nearly destroys her, was in th makeup trailer with Travolta whe fans surrounded them and starte rocking the trailer back and fortl "That was terrifying," she remem bers. "So, they got the right peop in the neighborhood, who saic 'Don't do that anymore.' They wer practically paying protection- mean, it was really tough." Kare Lynn Gorney, however, felt that th sheer energy released by thousand of Travolta's female fans yelling "Barbar no!" added to the set. "It helped the film she says. "A lot of female hormones ra ing around—that might have been a goo thing. Women aren't supposed to expres their sexuality, but that's what you get, a that screaming and crying, because they' sitting on their gonads."

A personal tragedy was unfolding for Tra volta, however: Diana Hyland's struggle wit breast cancer. By the time he began prepa ing to play Tony Manero, she was dying Travolta made many trips from New York t Los Angeles to be with her through her il ness, so he was in a state of constant jet la and distress. Two weeks after shooting began he flew to the West Coast to be with Dian one last time. "He did not know Diana wa sick when he fell in love," Travolta's mother Helen, later told *McCall's* magazine, "bu he stuck with her when he did know." O March 27, 1977, Hyland died in his arms.

Andy Warhol was on Travolta's return flight to New York. He later wrote in his di ary, "John Travolta kept going to the bath room, coming out with his eyes bright red drinking orange juice and liquor in a pape cup, and he put his head in a pillow and start ed crying. I saw him reading a script, too, so I thought he was acting, really cute and sensitive-looking, very tall.... You can see the magic in him. I asked the stewardess why he was crying and she said, 'death in the fam ily,' so I thought it was a mother or father, un til I picked up the paper at home and found out that it was Diana Hyland, who'd died of cancer at forty-one, soap-opera queen, his steady date."

Karen Lynn Gorney later said that she could feel Diana's spirit on the set, "protect ing him, because he was going through deep grief and he had to get through it. If he fell into the grief, he wouldn't be able to pull him self out of it. But he was very professional and he was right there on the money. I remember the scene at the Verrazano Bridge when I lean over and kiss him. The poor thing was suffering so, and that kiss was totally sponta-

us. That wasn't Tony and Stephanie—that because I really saw he was hurting."

here's another lovely scene between volta and Gorney, when Stephanie es to accompany Tony to a Brooklyn aurant. "We wanted to see how much t we could do in one shot," Badham about that scene, which was filmed ugh the restaurant's window, so you see n through a glorious, dreamlike reflec- of a city skyline—"magic and distant." y try to impress each other with their y and their cool, but they are hilari- ly unpolished. (Stephanie informs Tony worldly New Yorkers drink tea with on.) "These kids are trying to pretend they're a lot more sophisticated than are," Badham says, "though obviously body that says 'Bonwit Taylor' hasn't e got it all together." As the scene un- s, the light subtly changes, late after- n moving into dusk.



adham and Travolta clashed on a number of occasions. When Travolta first saw the rushes of the opening scene, in which a stand-in—shot from the knees down—takes that famous walk along Brooklyn's 86th Street to the beat of "Stayin' ve," he insisted that his character ldn't walk like that. He made Badham noot the scene, this time with Travolta tting down the avenue. Later, when Tra- a got his first look at how his big dance had been edited, he had a meltdown. "I s crying and very angry because of the y the dance highlight was shot. I knew w it should appear on-screen, and it sn't shot that way. You couldn't even see feet!" The sequence had been edited for se-ups, so that all his hard work—the ee drops, the splits, the solo he had la- red over for nine months—had been cut at the knees. He knew that for the scene work, he had to be seen head to toe, so one would think someone else had done dancing for him. One of the most fa- us dance numbers in the history of film nost didn't make it to the screen.

"I called Stigwood," Travolta says, "cry- and furious, and said, 'Robert, I'm off movie. I don't want to be a part of it more.'"

Stigwood gave Travolta license to re-edit the scene, over Badham's objections. At 23, Travolta knew what he wanted and what he could do, and he was protecting his character and his dazzling moves.

"The Bee Gees weren't even involved in the movie in the beginning," says Travolta. "I was dancing to Stevie Wonder and Boz Scaggs." Once they came in, however, everything changed.

Afterward, Stigwood thought of the Bee Gees as co-creators of the movie. "Those first five songs," says Bill Oakes, "which I put on the first side of the soundtrack double album—'Stayin' Alive,' 'How Deep Is Your Love,' 'Night Fever,' 'More than a Woman,' and 'If I Can't Have You' [written by the brothers Gibb but sung by Oakes's wife at the time, Yvonne Elliman]—that's the side you couldn't stop playing." But in 1976, before Stigwood bought the rights to Cohn's article, "the Bee Gees were broken," remembers McCormick. "They were touring Malaysia and Venezuela, the two places where they were still popular. They were a mess. Everybody [in the group] had their own little soap opera." But Stigwood "still had this innate ability to spot where a trend was going, like he had this pop gyroscope implanted in him," he adds.

The Bee Gees are three brothers—Barry, Robin, and Maurice Gibb—who were born on the Isle of Man and grew up in Australia, and whose first big hit, "New York Mining Disaster 1941," had some people believing that it was secretly recorded by the Beatles under a pseudonym. It was followed by two more hits: "To Love Somebody" and "How Can You Mend a Broken Heart." Quick fame and riches put tremendous strains on the group—they broke up, tried solo acts, regrouped, and by the time of *Saturday Night Fever* were considered a dated 60s band, awash in drugs and alcohol and legal problems. Nonetheless, Stigwood signed them to his record label and released "Jive Talkin'" to radio stations anonymously, because no one wanted to hear from the Bee Gees. Oakes recalls that in the early 1970s "it was hard just getting the Bee Gees back on the radio, because they were virtually blacklisted." But when "Jive Talkin'" hit, people were surprised to learn that "these falsetto-singing disco chaps were in fact your old Bee Gees—that again was Stigwood's genius." The song and the album it came from, *Main Course,* were huge hits. Even though they weren't a disco band—they didn't go to clubs, they didn't even dance!—Stigwood felt they had "the beat of the dance floor in their blood," Oakes says.

When Stigwood told the band about Cohn's article and asked them to write songs for the movie, they were back living on the Isle of Man, for tax reasons. Barry Gibb suggested a few titles, including "Stayin' Alive" and "Night Fever," but it wasn't until they convened at the Chateau D'Heuroville studio, in France, to mix a live album called *Here at Last Live,* did they flesh out those songs—and they wrote them virtually in a single weekend.

Stigwood and Oakes turned up in Heuroville, and the Bee Gees played their demos: "How Deep Is Your Love," "Stayin' Alive," "Night Fever," "More than a Woman." "They flipped out and said these will be great. We still had no concept of the movie, except some kind of rough script that they'd brought with them," according to Barry Gibb. "You've got to remember, we were fairly dead in the water at that point, 1975, somewhere in that zone—the Bee Gees' sound was basically tired. We needed something new. We hadn't had a hit record in about three years. So we felt, Oh jeez, that's it. That's our life span, like most groups in the late 60s. So, we had to find something. We didn't know what was going to happen."

Oakes mixed the soundtrack on the Paramount lot. Senior executives would call across the commissary to ask, "'How's your little disco movie, Billy?' They thought it was rather silly; disco had run its course. These days, *Fever* is credited with kicking off the whole disco thing—it really didn't. Truth is, it breathed new life into a genre that was actually dying."

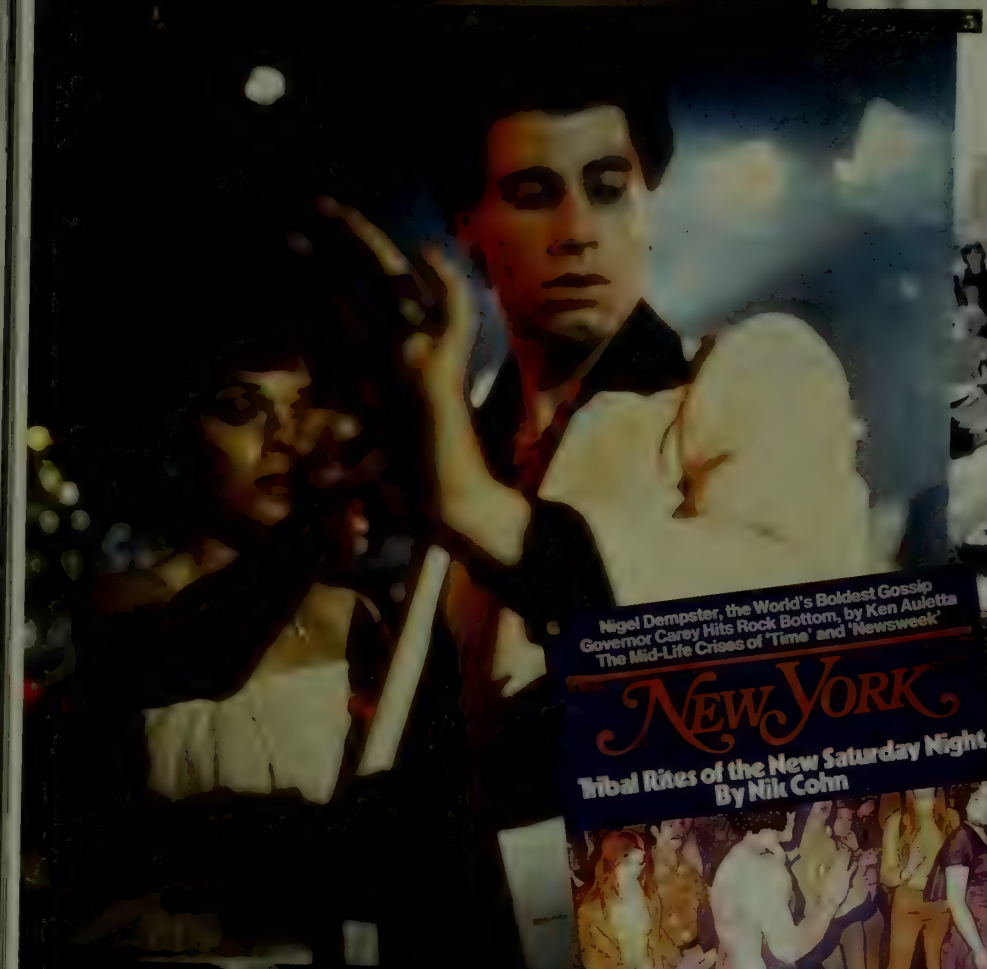
The music had a profound effect on cast and crew. Priestley remembers, "We all thought we'd fallen into a bucket of shit, and then we heard that music. It changed everything. We didn't hear the soundtrack until we were about three weeks into the movie. But once you heard it, you said, 'Whoa!' An aura came over it. I mean, I'm not a disco fan, but that music transcends disco." For the first time, everyone dared to think this movie could be big. Gorney, whose father was Jay Gorney, the songwriter who wrote such hits as "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime" and "You're My Thrill," had the same reaction: "The first time I heard the music I said, 'Those are monster hits.'"

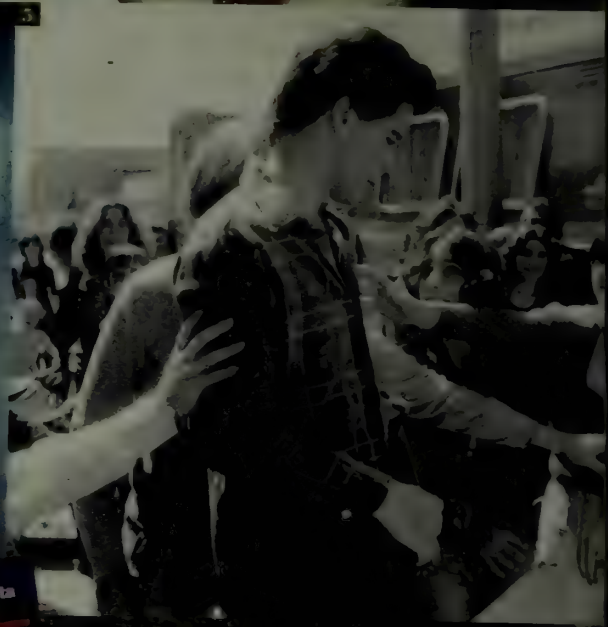
"How long was the *Fever* shoot?" asks Karen Lynn Gorney rhetorically. "Three months and 30 years, and it's not over yet. I seemed to be always working on the film, because of the dancing. Physically, I was weak when I started. I was terrified, because the first time I danced with John he'd been working for half a year on this stuff. I felt like I was trying to dance with a wild stallion—he was that strong."

An actress and dancer who was well known at the time as Tara Martin Tyler Brent Jefferson on ABC's endlessly run-









Nigel Dempster, the World's Boldest Gossip
Governor Carey Hits Rock Bottom, by Ken Auletta
The Mid-Life Crises of 'Time' and 'Newsweek'

NEW YORK

Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night
By Nik Cohn







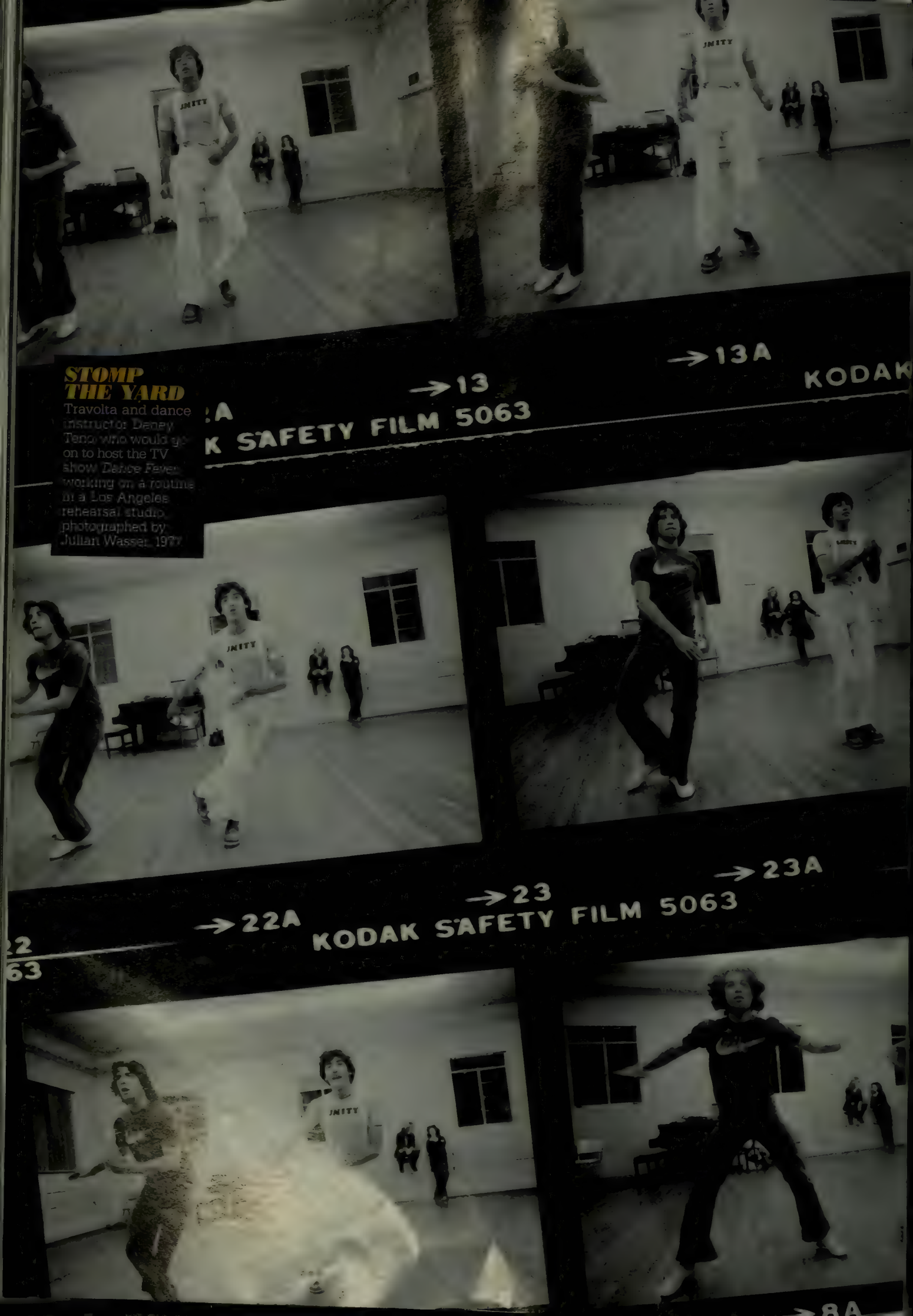
THE FIRST DAYS OF DISCO

(1) Travolta in a scene from the film. (2) Barry Gibb, promoter Robert Stigwood, Maurice Gibb, and Robin Gibb, 1978. (3) Julie Bovasso (Flo Manero), Sean S. Coppola (Dan Fusco), and Travolta argue in a scene from the film. (4) Gorney and Travolta putting on their moves. (5) Travolta with fans during a lunch break from filming. (6) The June 7, 1976, *New York* magazine issue featuring Nik Cohn's "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night," with cover illustration by James McMullan. (7) Outside 2001 Odyssey, photographed by McMullan. (8) Travolta, Priestly, and Travolta assistant Gary Muller on the rehearsal set. (9) Travolta and Sylvester Stallone at the 50th Annual Academy Awards, 1978. (10) Travolta and girlfriend Diana Hyland, 1976. (11) Travolta in 1976









STOMP THE YARD
Travolta and dance instructor Deney Terrio, who would go on to host the TV show *Dance Fever*, working on a routine in a Los Angeles rehearsal studio, photographed by Julian Wasser, 1977

"I'm not that good a dancer," Travolta told Hyland. "Baby," she said, "you're going to learn!"

ning soap opera *All My Children,* Gorney landed the part after sharing a cab with Stigwood's nephew. When he described the movie to her, she asked, "Am I in it?" She then auditioned for Stigwood in his apartment in the San Remo, on Central Park West. "I remember this giant silk Chinese screen along the wall—the whole history of China. I did the best acting of my life in front of him." She landed the part of Stephanie, a Brooklyn climber who has already made the big move to "the city" and is hell-bent on self-improvement—taking college courses and drinking tea with lemon. Tony reminds her of the neighborhood she's trying to escape. It's a touching and comic role—at one point, while showing off her erudition in her Brooklyn accent, she insists that *Romeo and Juliet* was written by Zefferelli. "I was trying to convince myself to stay away from Tony," she says about her role, "because he wasn't going to get me anywhere. I wanted you to see the voices in her head saying, 'Oh, he's too young. He doesn't have any class.'"

There was some early grumbling about Gorney when filming began. Certain crew members felt she was too old for the part, and that her dancing wasn't up to par. (She had sustained serious injuries in a motorcycle accident a few years earlier.) But Pauline Kael, in her review of the film, found the performance affecting: "Gorney wins you over by her small, harried, tight face and her line readings, which are sometimes miraculously edgy and ardent. The determined, troubled Stephanie ... is an updated version of those working girls that Ginger Rogers used to play." Her toughness, her ambition—even her comic cluelessness—contribute to the authenticity of the film. As does an accent so thick it needs subtitles.

The other important female character is Annette, played by Donna Pescow. She auditioned for the role six times—three for Avildsen, three for Badham. When she got the part, at 22, she said it was the first Christmas in years she wouldn't have to work at Bloomingdale's selling ornaments. She had spent two years at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, in New York, trying to get rid of her Brooklyn accent, but when she finally landed the role, she had to reclaim it. Legendary casting director Shirley Rich told her, "Donna. Move back home, hang out with your parents. You sound like you don't come from anywhere."

"I grew up never calling it 'Manhattan.' It was always 'the city'—'We're going to the city,'" Pescow recalls. "I was living with my folks because it was close to the set, and I didn't drive. And so the Teamsters used to pick me up. My first night of shooting, my grandfather Jack Goldress drove me to the set in Bay Ridge. He was a former lighting man in vaudeville and then a movie projectionist at the RKO Albee, so movies were not a big thing for him. He was more interested in finding parking."

Badham rehearsed Pescow and the Faces for a couple of weeks, "just to get us to be kind of a gang. We went to the clubs together. Travolta couldn't go because he was too recognizable, but the other guys went. I'd never been in a discotheque, ever."

One of the first scenes shot with Donna was the gang-rape scene, still a harrowing thing to watch. An acting coach at the American Academy once told her, "If you play a victim, you're lost." and she seems to have followed that advice. Though we cringe at the way her character is abused, we see her strength and her resilience. In her effort to become the kind of woman who can attract Tony, she allows herself to be abused by the boys she probably grew up with, went to school with, danced with. Yet her character has the most insight into how women's roles were changing: Tony contemptuously asks her, "What are you anyway, a nice girl or you a cunt?" To which she replies, "I don't know—both?"

"John Badham and I had a running disagreement" about that scene, Pescow remembers. "I said, 'She's a virgin.' He said, 'No, she's not.' That's why I never played it as if she were really raped—she wasn't—she was off in her own little world," offering up her virginity, by proxy, to Tony Manero.

Pape admits how difficult it was to film that scene. "What Donna did was an incredible piece of acting. We were really worried it was going to affect our friendship. We talked about it a lot before we did it. We had to go into this choreographed situation where you're violating your friend with no concern for her feelings whatsoever. We had to go to a place where we weren't protecting her at all. She was willing to give it up to the wrong guy. And what did she really want? She just wanted to be loved."

Everyone on the set seemed to respond to Pescow's vulnerability. Says Priestley, "The crew just loved her. She was so great. But we all felt sorry for her. There's that great scene where she walks up to Tony and says, 'You're gonna ask me to sit down?' And he says, 'No,' but she said, 'You'd ask me to lie down.' She was perfect—it was so Brooklyn. I mean, the little outfit with the white fur jacket? It makes you feel bad for every girl you screwed over."

Tony Manero's Faces—his entourage of homeboys who watch his back, admire his dancing, keep the girls from bothering him, and rumble with the Puerto Ricans—were played with pathos and humor by Pape (Double J), Barry Miller (Bobby C.), and Joseph Cali (Joey). When he first moved to New York from Rochester, Pape says, "Pacino was the actor to be—he was the hottest thing. He was the presiding spirit of the movie. When Tony comes out of his room in his underwear and his Italian grandmother crosses herself, he says, 'Attica! Attica!'—that's from *Dog Day Afternoon.*" Pape managed to land this, his first film role, on his first audition—almost unheard of—and his character was a kind of "lieutenant figure who could easily have been the leader. But he had one flaw: he

had a bad temper. That's why he was in second position."

Like his cohorts, Cali, a stage-trained actor, would end up being typecast by the role of Joey. "People thought I was that street guy. I had to be Joey," he later said. Miller, as the hapless Bobby C., has the most shocking moment in the film when he falls—or jumps—to his death from the Verrazano Bridge. He's depressed because his girlfriend is pregnant and he knows he has to marry her, ending his carefree days as one of Tony's entourage.

The actors rehearsed for a few weeks in Manhattan, around Eighth Street and Broadway. "We just played basketball together and did that scene where we're making fun of the gay guys," Pape says. "We were all brand new—it's what we'd been dreaming about, having a chance to prove ourselves. We all improvised well together." (Travolta, in fact, was an inspired improviser. Manero's overbearing father slaps him on the head during an argument at the dinner table. Travolta improvised, "Would you just watch the hair? You know, I work on my hair a long time, and you hit it! He hits my hair!")

In prepping for their roles, the Faces went to Times Square with the costume designer, Patrizia von Brandenstein (who would later win an Oscar for her art direction on *Amadeus*). The wardrobe was bought off the rack, adding to the film's authenticity. "We were buying all these polyester things, picking out all this costume jewelry. She had a great feel for it," Pape says. Von Brandenstein found Travolta's famous white suit at a boutique in Bay Ridge just under the El. "It was 1977," says Priestley. "You had to have bling—all the gold around your neck, the pointy shoes. You had to have the suit. It was called 'the Hollywood Rise.'"

Pape took inspiration from the crush of local Barbarino fans hanging around the shoot. "It wasn't just that they were there to see Travolta," he says. "If they could get within five feet of you, they wanted to be sure you were doing them right. They didn't want Hollywood bullshit. These were the guys who went to the clubs on the weekends, who worked in the paint stores, who had the dead-end jobs. This was important to them. It wasn't just about hanging around movie people. It was like, Yeah, you're welcome to be here. But regardless of what you think, respect it. This is our life, this is our world. One of the guys said, 'You can touch it, but don't spit on it.'"

The Verrazano-Narrows Bridge looms over *Saturday Night Fever* as a nearly mythical structure. Named after the 16th-century Italian explorer Giovanni da Verrazano, the bridge is a source of ethnic pride for Italian-Americans. When it opened on November 21, 1964, it was the longest suspension bridge in the world, connecting Brooklyn and Staten Island. An American achievement with an Italian name, it symbolizes the realization of unreachable dreams. Tony knows that bridge, and in one scene he lovingly describes its history, its dimensions, its grandeur. It's where Tony's entourage—full of alcohol and sheer animal energy—hang from the girders and dare one another to climb higher. The crew spent three harrowing nights filming on the Verrazano, and it was a nightmare, as the March weather veered from freezing on one occasion to nearly 90 degrees on another. The high winds posed additional threats to the camera crew and stuntmen. Doubling as Travolta's stand-in and wearing Tony Manero's shoes and pants, Priestley, the camera operator for the scene, took a handheld camera out on the bridge's main beam and filmed himself with just a key grip holding his waist. "I was young. You couldn't sense danger then. But you're 600 feet off the water. I had my camera in my hand and we just did it. We wanted to show Hollywood we could make great films."

"They were talking about putting a guy wire on us," Pape reminisces, "and I said, 'No.' I just jumped up on the cable to show them I could swing around. There was no safety net. I was [hundreds] of feet above the water. All that was improvised—it wasn't planned. I just jumped up there and said, 'Let's do it, let's get it done.'"

The cast and crew thought that Paramount didn't care about *Saturday Night Fever*. "They gave us an office on the lot the size of a broom closet," Oakes says. "They didn't believe in it. Only Stigwood knew it was going to be something big. It was just the studio's 'little disco movie'—that was the phrase that haunted me."

In fact, word was getting back to Michael Eisner, newly ensconced as Paramount's head of production, that the movie was too vulgar. At previews in Cincinnati and Columbus, half the audience walked out because of the language and sex scenes. McCormick remembers being paged in Kennedy Airport: "I pick up the phone and it's Eisner, who starts screaming at me because we'd only taken two 'fuck's out. It became one of those ridiculous arguing sessions, where they said, 'Take out two "fuck"s and I'll let you have one "spic."' Stigwood finally agreed to take two 'fuck's out of the movie, and that was it—he wouldn't change." They did leave in the term "blow job," however, which, some believe, is the first time the phrase was uttered in a feature film. (Attempts to reach Eisner were unsuccessful.)

It wasn't just the language. Some of the suits at Paramount were made uncomfortable by the way Travolta was so lovingly photographed in one scene—preening in front of the mirror in his bikini briefs, a gold chain nestled in his chest hair—by cinematographer Ralf D. Bode. "We got kinds of hassle," remembers Badham. "were letting some man walk around in underwear, showing his body off." The age of lean, sexually vibrant Travolta so homoerotic that the production design Charles Bailey, put up that Farrah Fawc poster just to cool things off.

There was another little problem Paramount had to deal with before the could ever be released. *Hairspray* wo not be the first time John Travolta dress in drag. Letting off steam at the end of shoot, Travolta and members of the cr filmed a mock wedding at the disco—laughs—with John dressed as the bride a one of the grips appearing as the groo "They wanted to blow Paramount's min Bill Ward explains. But when the studio ecutives arrived, according to Tom Prie ley, "they didn't see the humor in it. Th sent someone to take control of the fil and I'm sure they burned it."

Stigwood released the music befo the film—his strategy not only worked, changed the game. "He basically pioneer an entirely new way of doing business the distribution of films, records, stag and television," Oakes believes. "I thi his being from Australia had a lot to with it—that sort of buccaneering adventu ism, that entrepreneurship. I don't think would have been as successful if he'd be English."

Eisner was skiing in Vail two weeks befo the movie opened, on December 7, 1977. heard 'Stayin' Alive' at the lift, at the bo tom, and then we went up to the top, to t restaurant, and they were playing 'Stay Alive' there, too, so I called up Barry Dill head of Paramount, and I said, 'Do we ha a hit here?' And then it opened," Eisn recounted, and Travolta "was the bigge thing that ever happened." When the fil debuted, at Grauman's Chinese Theatr it was a phenomenon. In its first 11 days, grossed more than $11 million—it would on to gross $285 million, and the soundtra became the best-selling movie soundtra album of all time (until Whitney Houston *The Bodyguard,* in 1992).

Travolta, who thought they were ju "doing a little art film in Brooklyn was stunned. Not only did it breathe ne life into disco, it changed the way America youth looked: "Thousands of shaggy-haire blue-jean-clad youngsters are suddenly pu ting on suits and vests, combing their ha and learning to dance with partners," wro *Newsweek*. The Abraham & Straus depar ment store in Brooklyn even opened "Night Fever" men's-wear boutique. Joh Travolta look-alike contests were drawin

nes two blocks long. Fans no less prominent than Jane Fonda and *Chicago Tribune* ovie critic Gene Siskel—who saw *Saturday Night Fever* 20 times—bid on Travolta's uit when it was auctioned at a charity benfit in 1979. Siskel outbid her at $2,000. t's now valued at $100,000 and has ended p in the Smithsonian Institution.)

Pape and Pescow went to see the film a theater in Brooklyn. "It was my first me seeing it with the people that we ade it about," recalls Pape. "It was mazing. They were talking back to the creen, they were screaming and yelling, nd as we came out of the theater, we were aught. But the crush was not mean—the rush was, 'You nailed it! What part of Brooklyn are you from?' It was a crush of ffirmation."

The film was, finally, so authentic, Kaen Lynn Gorney believes, that it was nore of a documentary. "We improvised or two weeks, so that by the time it came o filming, Badham just shot what was appening. It wasn't acting."

For the Bee Gees, once the music hit, ife became insane. "*Fever* was No. 1 every week," remembers Barry Gibb. "It wasn't just like a hit album. It was No. 1 very single week for 25 weeks. It was just n amazing, crazy, extraordinary time. remember not being able to answer the hone, and I remember people climbing ver my walls. I was quite grateful when t stopped. It was too unreal. In the long un, your life is better if it's not like that n a constant basis. Nice though it was."

When the reviews came out, Travolta noticed his manager, Bob LeMond, quietly weeping in the Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel. He was reading Pauline Kael's review in the December 26, 1977, *New Yorker*. To this day, Travolta treasures Kael's words: "[He] *acts* like someone who loves o dance. And, more than that, he acts like someone who loves to act.... He expresses shades of emotion that aren't set down in scripts, and he knows how to show us the decency and intelligence under Tony's uncouthness ... he isn't just a good actor, he's a generous-hearted actor."

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences nominated Travolta for a best-actor Oscar, along with Richard Dreyfuss, Woody Allen, Richard Burton, and Marcello Mastroianni (Dreyfuss won, for *The Goodbye Girl*). But the Bee Gees were snubbed. Stigwood threatened legal action, and McCormick threw an "anti–Academy Awards party" at his house, in Los Angeles, in protest. The guest list included Marisa Berenson, Tony and Berry Perkins, Lily Tomlin, and the writer Christopher Isherwood—even Ava Gardner showed up. "It was the last blush of *Saturday Night Fever*" for McCormick. "It was over after that, for me."

The movie changed John Travolta's life. What Brando and James Dean had been to the 1950s, Travolta was to the 1970s. *Saturday Night Fever,* believes Travolta, gave the decade its cultural identity. Pape felt that it was just Travolta's fate: "Sometimes it's time for you to have the brass ring. It's like, in John's life, it was meant to happen, and everybody just has to get out of the way." When movie stardom hit for Travolta, there was no one else in his stratosphere. "I had the field to myself," he recalls. "A few years later, Cruise would come along, and Tom Hanks, and Mel Gibson, but for a long time there was no one else out there. It was like Valentino-style popularity, an unimaginable pinnacle of fame. It's not that I wanted competition. I just wanted company."

For Pape, the movie "was like getting strapped onto a rocket ship. I became almost a victim of my own success. All the stage training I'd had, all the stuff that I'd done, it was starting to work against me, because the only work I was being offered were similar kinds of things. The very thing that made us trapped us." Pescow, who won the New York Film Critics Circle Award for best supporting actress for the film, later got rave reviews playing a waitress on television in the short-lived *Angie.* After that, she "spent years waiting for a film part to come through. And when it didn't I realized I was turning my entire life into a waiting room. I wasn't going to do that anymore." Today, Pape is in demand doing voice-overs for television and film, and he's C.E.O. of his own production company, Red Wall Productions. And Pescow's return to acting was not an insignificant one. As if to forge a link between Tony Manero and Tony Soprano (could there possibly be a white suit hanging among the other skeletons in Soprano's closet?), Pescow appeared in the controversial final episode of *The Sopranos.*

By the end of the 90s, Joseph Cali had occasionally turned up on television, in shows such as *Baywatch* and *Melrose Place,* but he now primarily sells high-end home-theater equipment for Cello Music & Film Systems, a company he founded six years ago. Gorney has appeared in dozens of independent films since *Saturday Night Fever.* She might well have ushered in the era of the tough heroine with the thick Brooklyn accent, embodied by actresses such as Marisa Tomei, Debi Mazar, and Lorraine Bracco.

McCormick now says that working on *Fever* "was the most exciting time of my life. I couldn't get up early enough, and I couldn't wait to see the dailies every night. It went from a dark winter of John losing Diana to a glorious summer. And we didn't know at

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FEVER PITCH

the end how it was going to work out. All I prayed for was that it would be enough of a success that I'd get to work on another movie." His prayers were answered. At Warner Bros., McCormick has overseen such films as *Syriana, Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, The Perfect Storm, Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood, Fight Club,* and *Blood Diamond.*

Stigwood's comet also continued to burn—for a while. *Fever* was followed by *Grease,* which did even better at the box office. But inevitably, perhaps, Stigwood and the Bee Gees fell out. The band filed a $120 million lawsuit against him, which would later be settled out of court. RSO folded in 1981. "I know I'd worked for a magician—an alchemist," McCormick says, but after *Saturday Night Fever* "you could never get him interested in anything again. He really had no serious desire. He wanted to be safe. And all that money went offshore to Bermuda," where Stigwood maintained a baronial estate for a number of years. Oakes says, "He removed himself from everyday life, almost like Howard Hughes. He was literally on his yacht, or in a suite somewhere. To get him to go out was a major achievement."

Travolta believes that "the big difference between me and Stigwood was, when something is that big, people feel in a way that they'd rather get out if they can't replicate that incredible success. He pulled up his ladder, moved to Bermuda, decided to get out of the game." For Travolta it was different. "It was never just about money. I'd wanted to be a film actor my entire life. For Stigwood, if it wasn't the pinnacle every time, he wasn't going to stay."

Travolta found himself in the wilderness, too, after the success of *Grease.* His third film for RSO, *Moment by Moment,* with Lily Tomlin, was a disappointment for everyone. (Critics nicknamed it *Hour by Hour.*) In 1983, Stigwood co-produced a sequel to *Saturday Night Fever* called *Staying Alive,* with its writer-director Sylvester Stallone. Although Norman Wexler co-wrote the screenplay, the movie was a disaster. "I called it *Staying Awake*—it was ego gone mad," recalls Oakes. "It was shorter, five times more expensive, and not any good." Oakes withdrew from Hollywood soon after. "That's when I said, 'I'm putting down my tools.'" After writing a film for Arnold Schwarzenegger (*Raw Deal,* in 1986), Wexler started turning down work. "I was fired by my agent," he told friends gleefully, before returning to playwriting. His last play, in 1996, was a comedy, *Forgive Me, Forgive Me Not.* He died three years later.

Travolta's career had a brief boost with two comedies, *Look Who's Talking* and *Look Who's Talking Too,* in 1989 and 1990, but by 1994, when he came to the attention of an intense young filmmaker new in Hollywood, his asking price had plummeted to $150,000. Quentin Tarantino was a huge fan of Travolta's, and he cast him in the role of Vincent Vega, a hit man who can dance, in *Pulp Fiction.* After *Welcome Back, Kotter* and *Saturday Night Fever,* it was the third time a character named Vincent would transform Travolta's career.

As for Nik Cohn, he admits that "in America I have always, and will always be, the guy that did *Saturday Night Fever.*" Twenty years after its release, he published an article in *New York* magazine explaining how he had come to create the character of Vincent, cobbling him together from all the Faces he'd seen while trawling through pop-culture venues in the U.K. and America. There was in fact no Tony Manero, except for the one made flesh by Wexler's screenplay and Travolta's performance. For Cohn, "the whole phenomenon was just Travolta, because his particular gift is sympathy. There's something about those puppy-dog eyes and the wetness around the mouth. And the other ingredients—my character, the Bee Gees' music, Wexler's script—they all had their function. But it would not have been a touchstone, it wouldn't have worked with anybody else—nobody else could have done it."

In the early 80s the disco craze ended with a thud, followed by a backlash, from which the Bee Gees have never quite recovered. Those embarrassing white suits and platform shoes went to the back of the closet, or have been sold on eBay, and the disco sound evolved into the four-on-four beat of club divas such as Madonna and hip-hop artists such as Wyclef Jean (who remade "Stayin' Alive" as "We Trying to Stay Alive"). In 2005, a memorabilia company called Profiles in History put the 2001 Odyssey dance floor up for auction, but the attempt just ended up in a lawsuit. The nightclub continued to exist, for a while anyway, at 802 64th Street in Brooklyn, with a new name—Spectrum—ending its life as a gay, black dance club, where the disco craze first began.

But the characters of *Saturday Night Fever* live on in the collective imagination. I remember a moment nearly 10 years after the film when the poet Allen Ginsberg asked the Clash's Joe Strummer if he believed in reincarnation, and Strummer jumped the gun and said he'd like to come back as "Tony Manero, the guy from *Saturday Night Fever*—he had great fucking hair." Bay Ridge calling! Bay Ridge calling! □

CREDITS



ON THE COVER

BILL MURRAY styled by Jessica Diehl. Suit, cape, belt, short necklace, and costume ring from B & J Enterprises Costume Co., or go to b-k-enterprises.com; boots from Dealers Room, Las Vegas, or call 702-732-3952; wig by Bob Kelly Wig Creations. **CHARVET** scarf from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. **DE BEERS** long necklace and pinky rings from De Beers, N.Y.C., Beverly Hills, and Las Vegas, or go to debeers.com. Hair by Jeff Francis for Kerastase/The Wall Group; grooming by Rebecca Restrepo for the Wall Group. Set design by Wade & Strauss; production by Rhoda Boone. Photographed exclusively for *Movies Rock* by Mark Seliger.

EDITOR'S LETTER

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CHRIS BROWN

VALENTINO shirt, pants, and tie from Valentino, N.Y.C., or call 212-772-6969; Deborah Watson for Walter Schupfer. Kweli Calderon for rootsagency.com. Produced on location by Stacey Hug.

FREDDIE HIGHMORE

For **TOPMAN** shirts, go to topshop.com; for **DIESEL** jeans, go to diesel.com; guitar courtesy of Gibson Guitar. Produced on location by pureproduction.net.

MARION COTILLARD

ALEXANDER McQUEEN dress from Alexander McQueen, N.Y.C., or call 212-645-1797; Isabelle Peyrut for Call My Agent. Hair styled with **REDKEN** Straight 05 Straightening Balm; Yannick d'Is for Redken/Cutler Salon. On her face, **MAYBELLINE** Shine Free Oil Control Loose Powder in Light, and Superstay Silky Foundation in Porcelain Ivory Light 1; on her eyes, Expert Wear Eye Shadow Duos in Indian Summer, and Define-A-Lash Lengthening Washable Mascara in Soft Black; on her cheeks, Expert Wear Blush in Dusty Rose; on her lips, Moisture Extreme Lipcolor in Sugar Plum Ice; Max Delorme for Maybelline Paris–New York. Manicure by Elsa Deslande for Majeure et Evénements.

JOHN C. REILLY

Lori Guidroz for the Rex Agency. Produced on location by Tarah Kennedy.

CORINNE BAILEY RAE

LANVIN dresses from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Neil Rodgers for celestineagency.com. Hair styled with **REDKEN** Crystal Curls 06 Defining Shine Gel; Yiotis Panayiotou for Redken/celestineagency .com; Justin Henry for artmixbeauty.com.

THE INDEPENDENT SPIRITS

ZOOEY DESCHANEL'S LANVIN dress from Barneys New York stores nationwide. For **M. WARD'S DIESEL** blazer, go to diesel.com; for **JOHN VARVATOS** shirt and tie, go to johnvarvatos.com; **COSTUME NATIONAL** pants from Costume National, N.Y.C. and L.A. Anda Gentile and Masha Mandzuka for the Wall Group. Deschanel's hair styled with **REDKEN** Headplay 12 Pliable Working Spray; Aaron Light for Redken/celestineagency.com. On her face, **MAC** Studio Fix Foundation in NC30; on her eyes, Pro Lash Mascara in Coal Black; on her lips, Lipstick in Syrup; Fiona Stiles for MAC/The Wall Group. Produced on location by Jeanie Lamb.

SIGHT AND SOUND

THE MASTER AND THE MAESTRO

Robin Glaser and Sharon Williams for celestinetalent .com.

SOFIA COPPOLA

Delphine Courteille for L'Atelier 68.

THE BLOOD BROTHERS

QUENTIN TARANTINO'S and **ROBERT RODRIGUEZ'S DOLCE & GABBANA** suit from Dolce & Gabbana, N.Y.C. and L.A. For Tarantino's **PRADA** shirt, call 888-977-1900; **DIOR HOMME** tie from Dior Homme, N.Y.C., Las Vegas, and L.A., or go to dior.com; Dolce & Gabbana shoes from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide. Rodriguez's **YVES SAINT LAURENT** shirt from Yves Saint Laurent boutiques nationwide, or call 212-980-2970; **LANVIN** shoes from Barneys New York stores nationwide. Model's **MAX MARA** dress from selected Max Mara stores, or call 866-MAXMARA; **CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN** shoes from Christian Louboutin boutiques, or go to christianlouboutin.fr. Kim Goodwin for cloutieragency.com. Sharon Gault for photogenics .com. Annie Sperling for Sheldon Prosnit. Art direction by Greg Jackson. Produced on location by Jake Greenwald.

WHERE TO FIND BEAUTY PRODUCTS

KÉRASTASE, selected hair salons, or go to kerastase.com. **MAC,** MAC stores and department stores nationwide, or go to maccosmetics.com. **MAYBELLINE,** drugstores nationwide. **PRESCRIPTIVES,** Prescriptives counters nationwide. **REDKEN,** Redken Gallerie, N.Y.C., or go to redken.com.

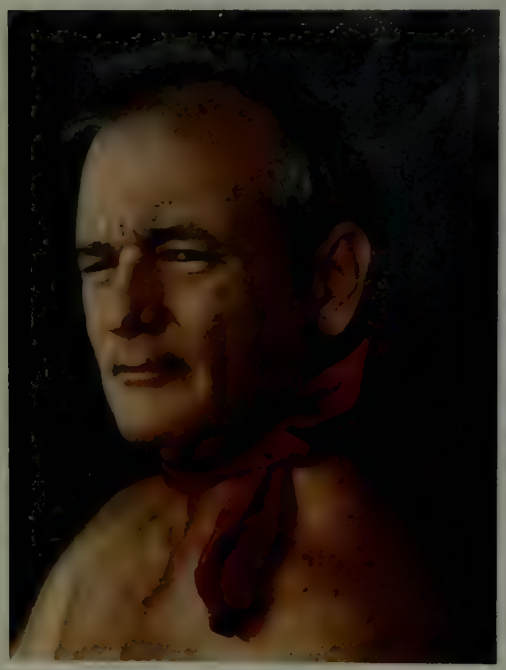
FEVER PITCH

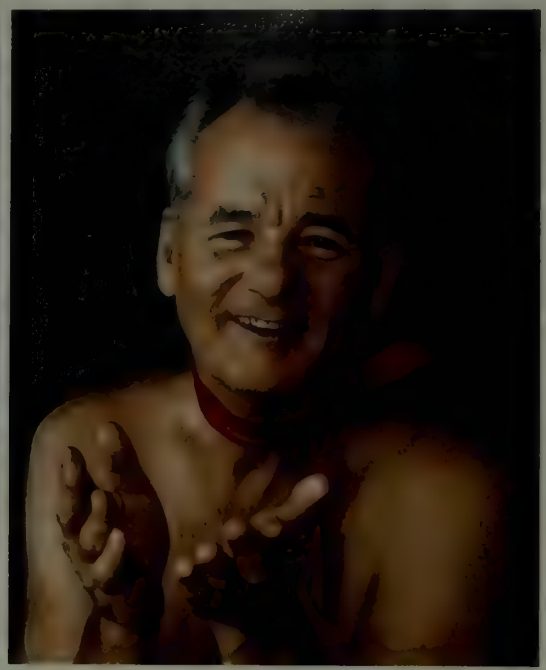
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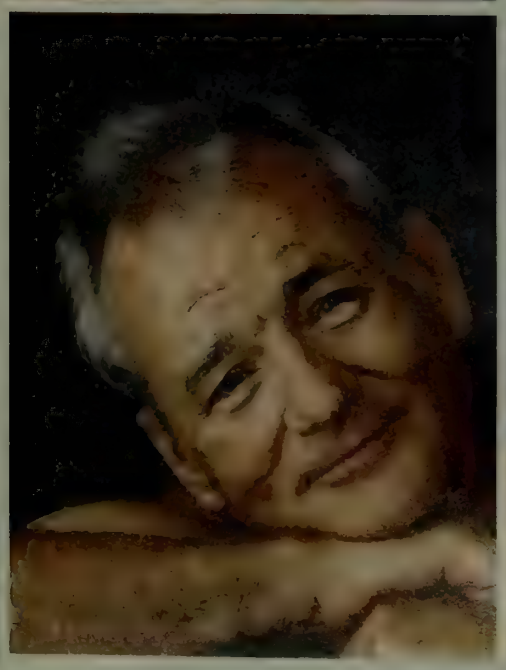
TIGER BEAT QUESTIONNAIRE

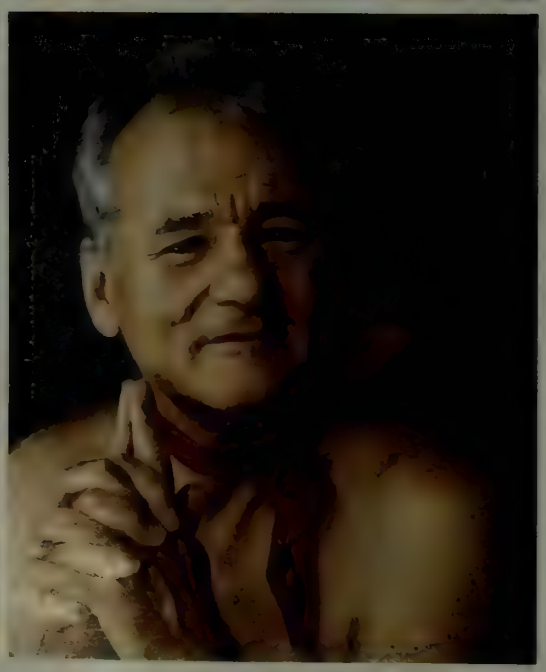
BILL MURRAY

In 1967, the editors of *Tiger Beat* magazine devised a set of questions for the Monkees. Now *Movies Rock* puts them to Bill Murray.









PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK [illegible]LIGER

How would your mother describe you in one word?
Troublemaker.

What is your favorite flower?
Columbine.

What is the most insane question you've ever been asked?
"Bill, can I ask you a question?"

What word in the English language do you wish you had invented?
Blubber.

Where would you like to live?
On the dark end of the street.

What is the first quote that comes to your mind?
"Sit down and shut up!" —Various

What animal best describes the kind of girl you'd be interested in?
Wounded duck.

What do you miss about your childhood?
My mom and dad.

If you could change your name, what would you change it to?
Bill Murphy.

What is the main fault in your character?
Caring about others.

Who is your favorite historical figure?
Abe Lincoln of Illinois.

Describe how you kiss in one word.
Semi-sloppy. (Is that one word?)

If you met the right girl today, would you propose tomorrow?
I met her twice, pal.

What in the world do you least desire?
My neighbor's wife and lawn.

Why do you think most girls date you?
Morbid curiosity.

Finish this sentence: "Happiness is a thing called . . ."
Freedom.

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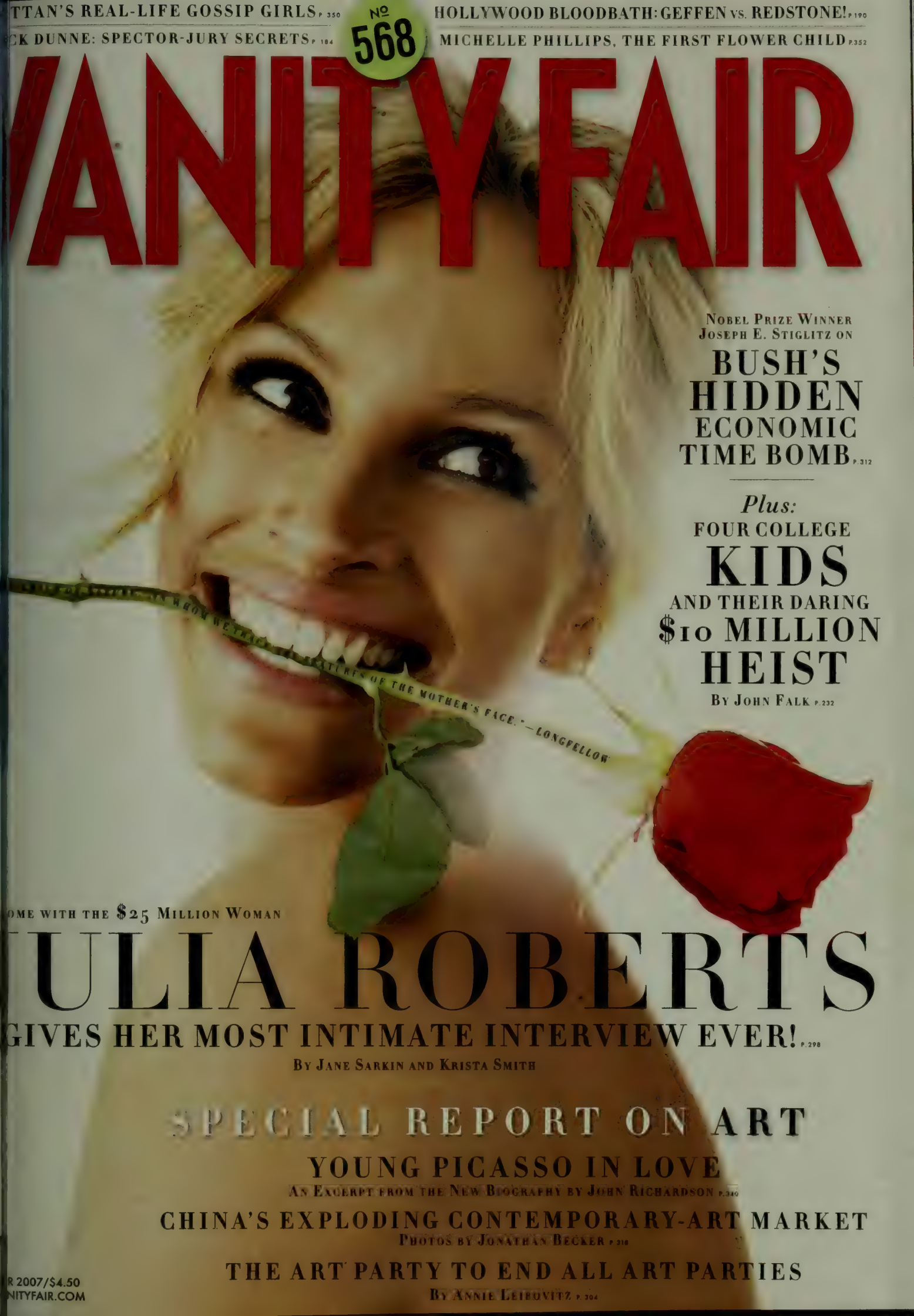
CK DUNNE: SPECTOR-JURY SECRETS P. 184

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VANITY FAIR



NOBEL PRIZE WINNER JOSEPH E. STIGLITZ ON

BUSH'S HIDDEN ECONOMIC TIME BOMB P. 312

Plus:

FOUR COLLEGE

KIDS

AND THEIR DARING

$10 MILLION HEIST

BY JOHN FALK P. 232

OME WITH THE $25 MILLION WOMAN

ULIA ROBERTS

GIVES HER MOST INTIMATE INTERVIEW EVER! P. 298

BY JANE SARKIN AND KRISTA SMITH

SPECIAL REPORT ON ART

YOUNG PICASSO IN LOVE

AN EXCERPT FROM THE NEW BIOGRAPHY BY JOHN RICHARDSON P. 340

CHINA'S EXPLODING CONTEMPORARY-ART MARKET

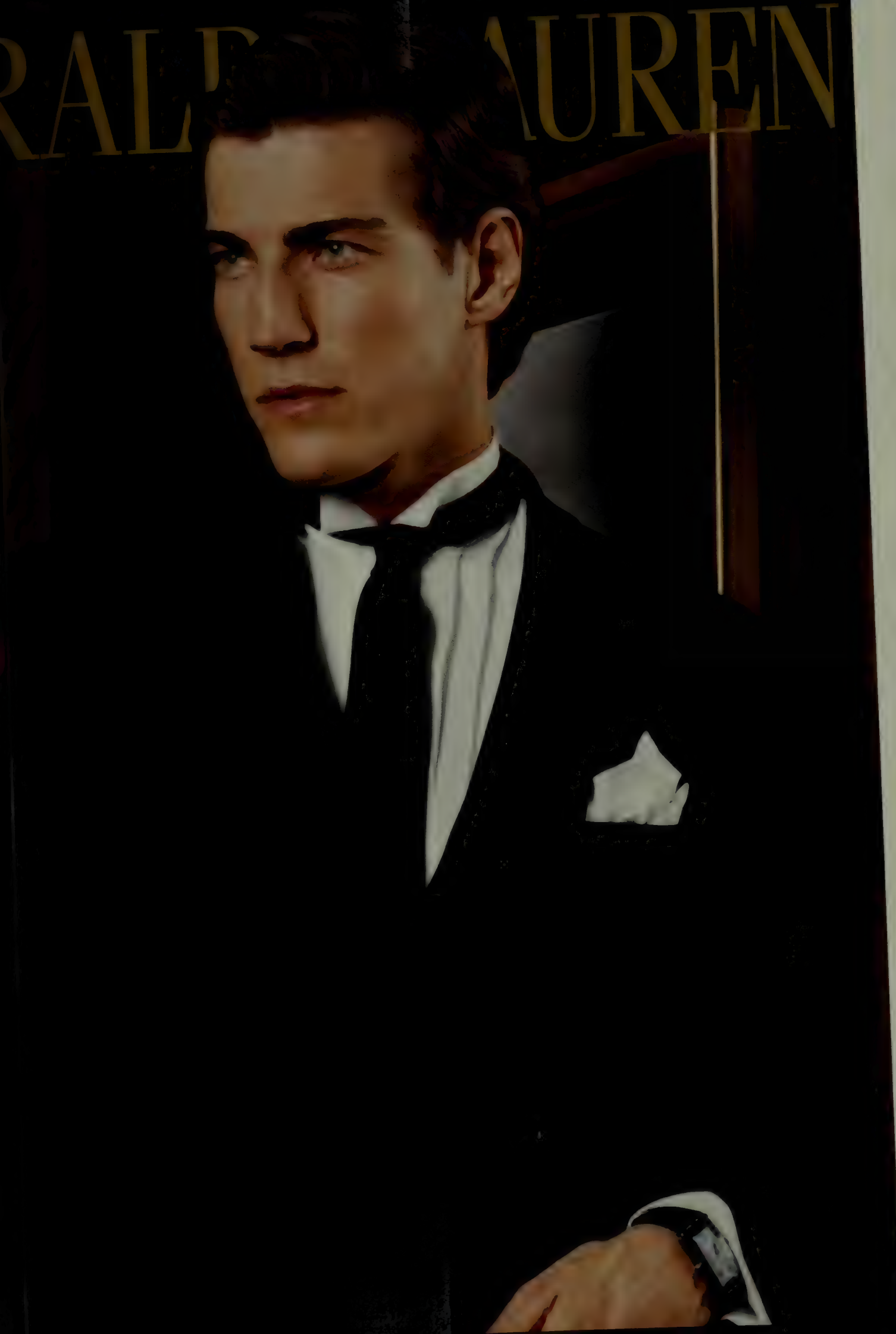
PHOTOS BY JONATHAN BECKER P. 318

THE ART PARTY TO END ALL ART PARTIES

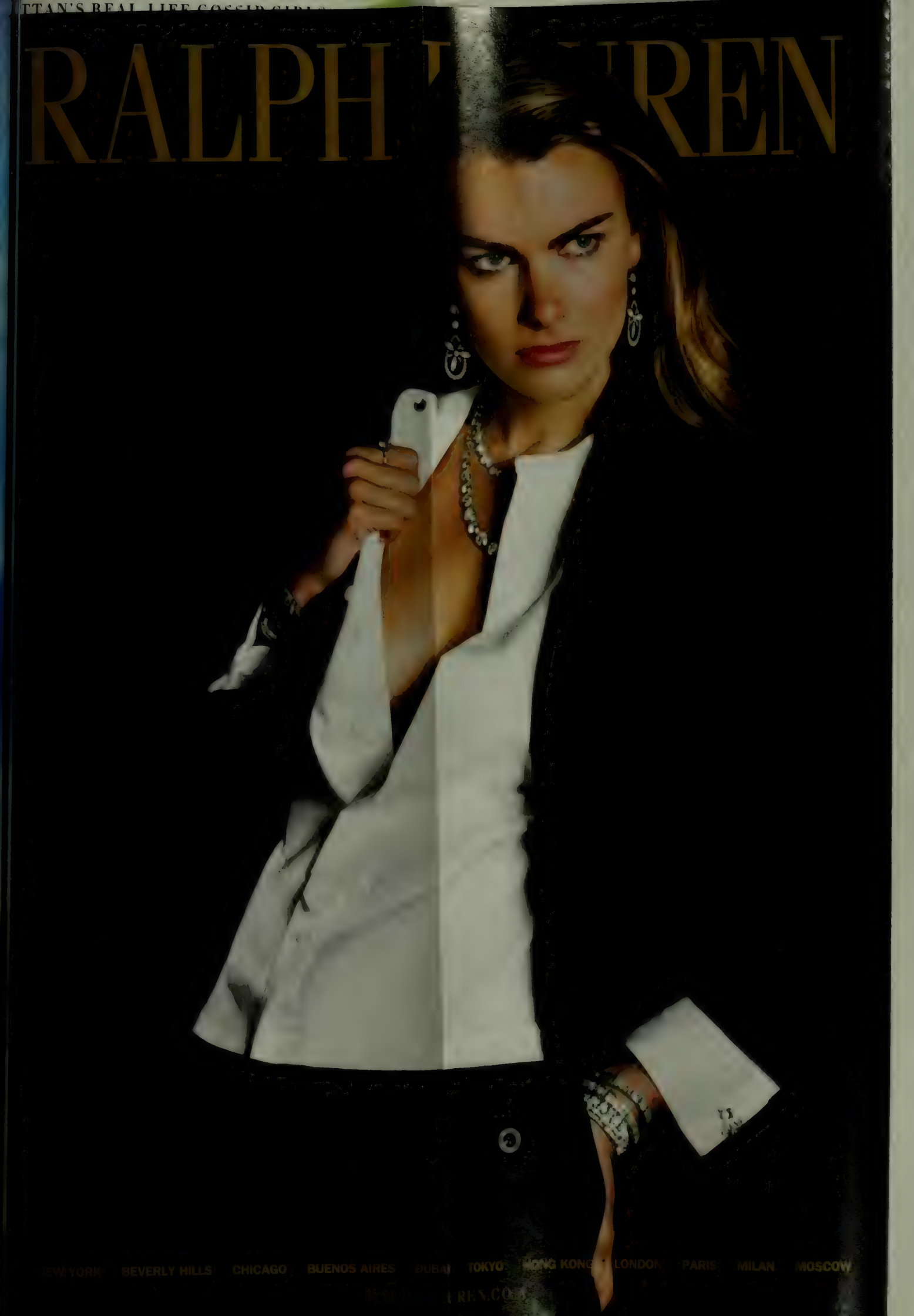
BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ P. 304

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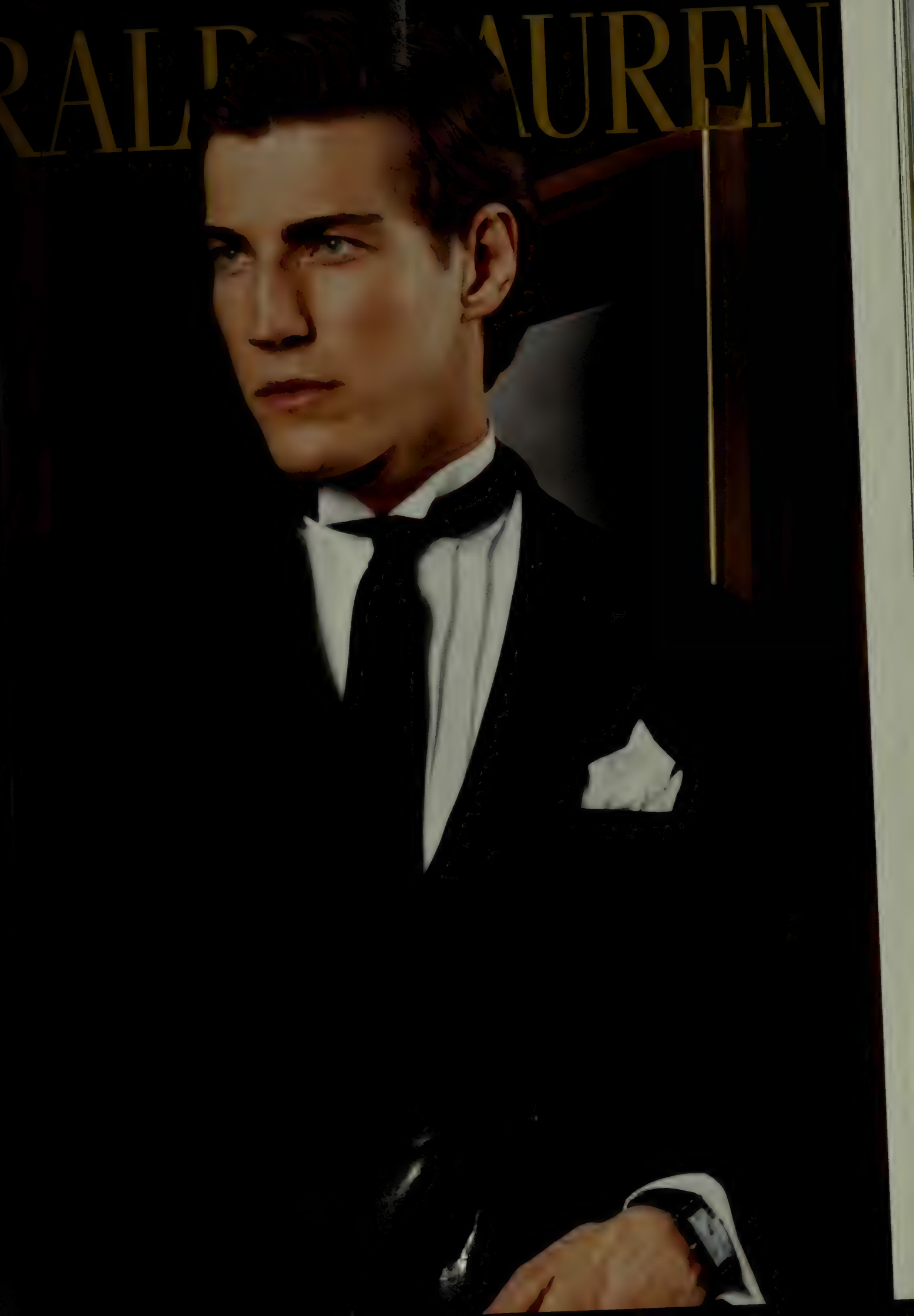



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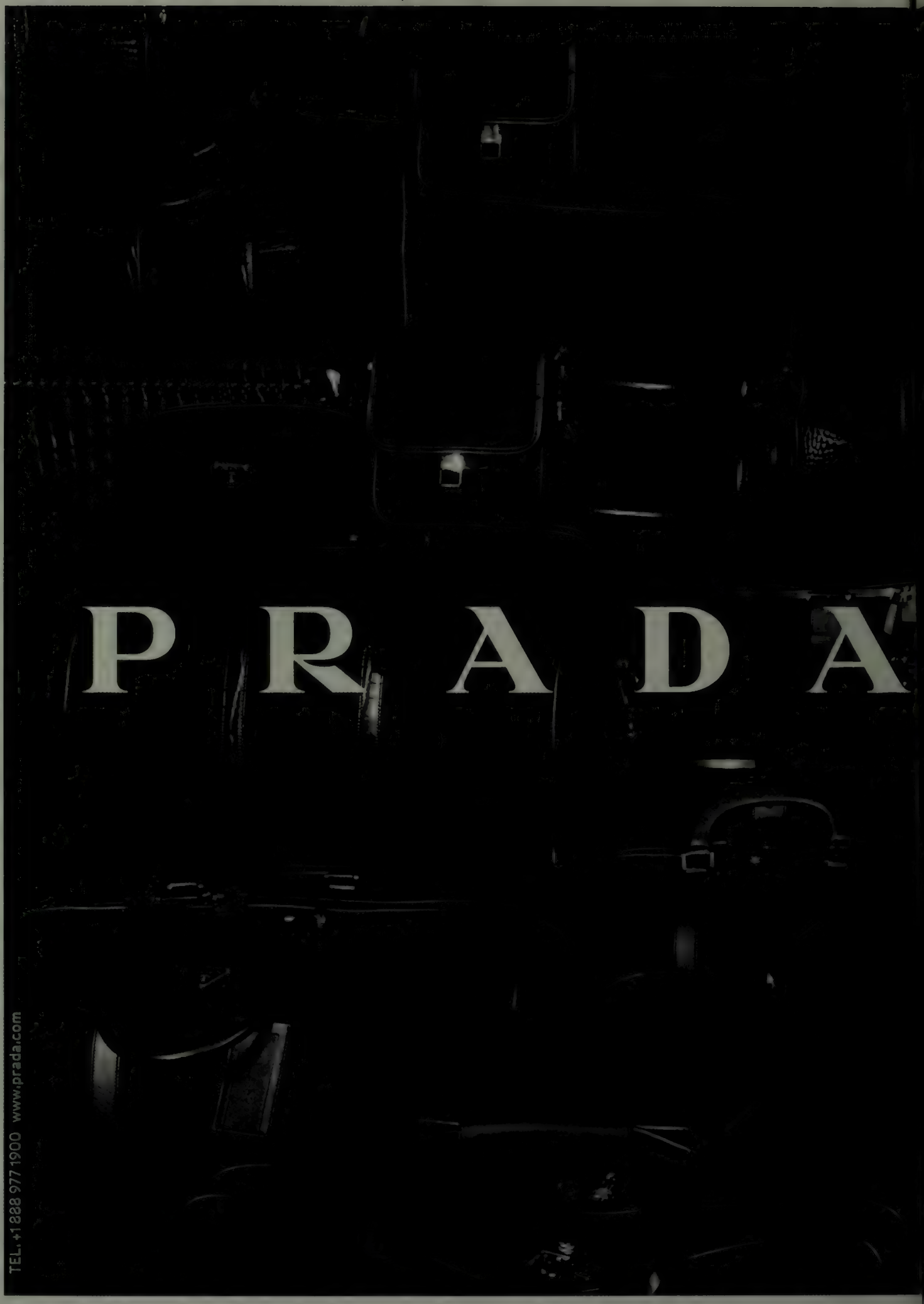

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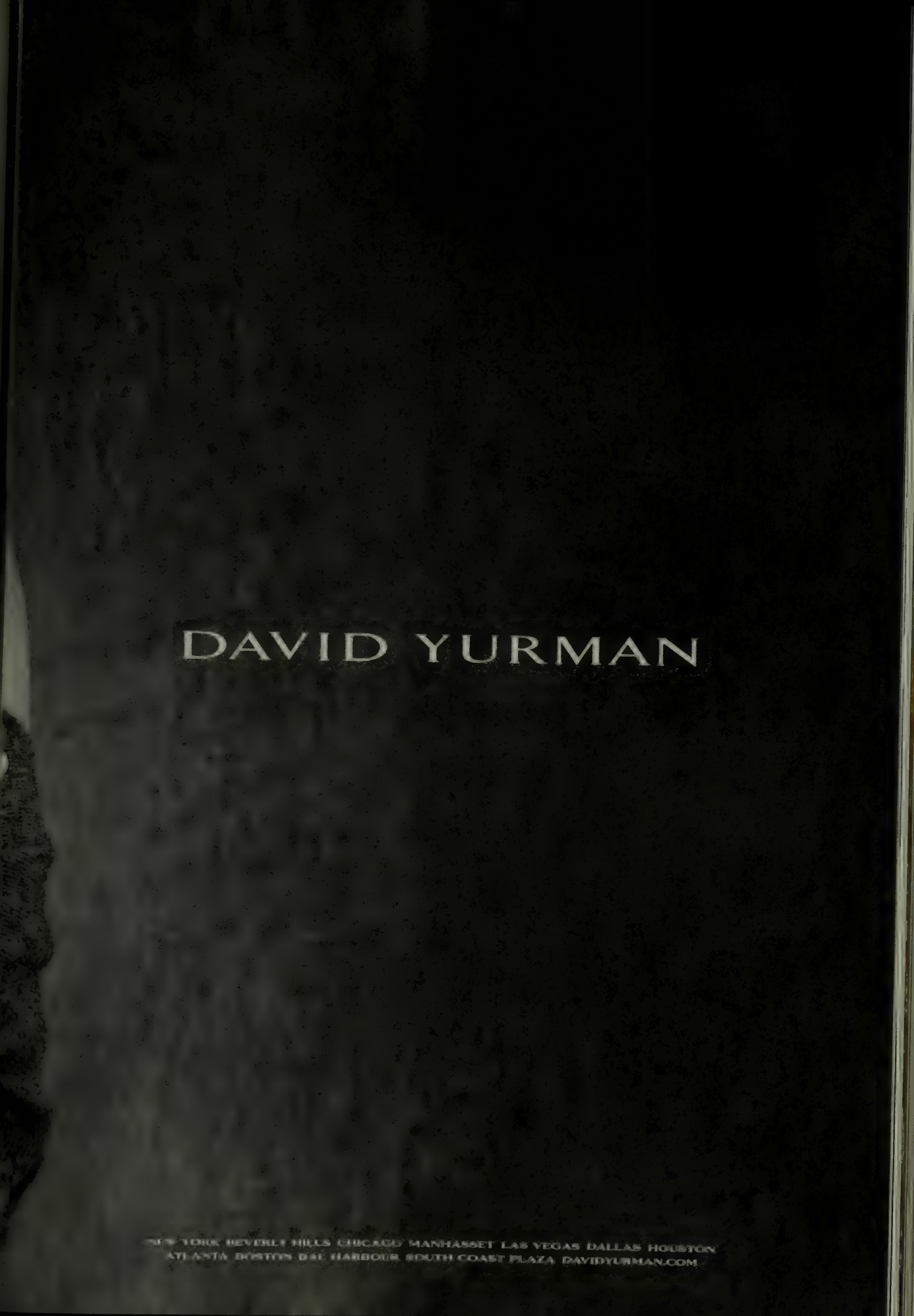
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This Month's Online Exclusives



■ PHOTOS
JULIA ROBERTS: A RETROSPECTIVE
A look back at our gorgeous cover girl's many appearances in the pages of *Vanity Fair*.

■ PHOTOS
CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS
Outtakes from Part II of our brave columnist's ongoing self-improvement project.



■ PHOTOS AND VIDEO
PADMA LAKSHMI
It's been a very good year for the *Top Chef* host, who is profiled by Nancy Jo Sales in this issue. We bring you exclusive footage and images from Lakshmi's session with photographer Alexi Lubomirski.

■ Q&A
FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA
Bruce Handy, the author of this month's Coppola story, shares outtakes from his conversations with the legendary director, whose *Youth Without Youth* hits theaters in December.

■ FROM THE ARCHIVES
BRYAN BURROUGH
Our reporter's past coverage of Sumner Redstone and Paramount, including his December 2006 Redstone profile and "The Siege of Paramount," from February 1994.

■ COLLECTION
DOMINICK DUNNE ON THE PHIL SPECTOR TRIAL
First time online: the diarist's full coverage of the case, from the crime scene to the hung jury.



■ VIDEO
THE ROCKETTES
For Laura Jacobs's piece in this issue about the ensemble's 75th anniversary, Mark Seliger photographed the leggy ladies in the middle of Times Square. Our video cameras were there.

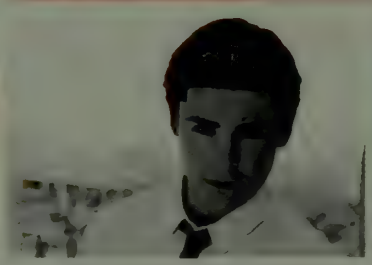
RECENTLY ON VF.COM

VIDEO



Annie Leibovitz's sessions for the Folk-Music Portfolio, featuring Ray LaMontagne.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS



A portfolio of Hollywood's next-gen men, including *Hairspray*'s Zac Efron.



Outtakes from Norman Jean Roy's session with Amy Adams, of *Charlie Wilson's War*.

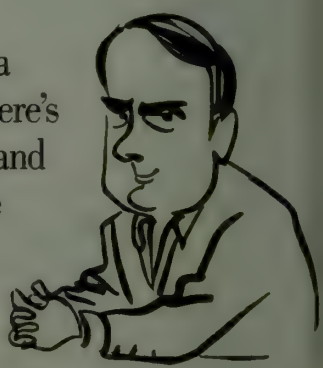
EXCLUSIVE FEATURE



David Margolick on the 1957 integration of Little Rock Central High School.

James Wolcott's Blog "Hillary Clinton has acquired an armor-coated Aura of Inevitability as the next Democratic presidential nominee. . . . But perhaps there's a darker explanation for why so many Republican brainstormers are also ready and eager to crown Hillary victor—they're fluffing her up to bring her down because they've spotted and plotted the perfect angle of attack."

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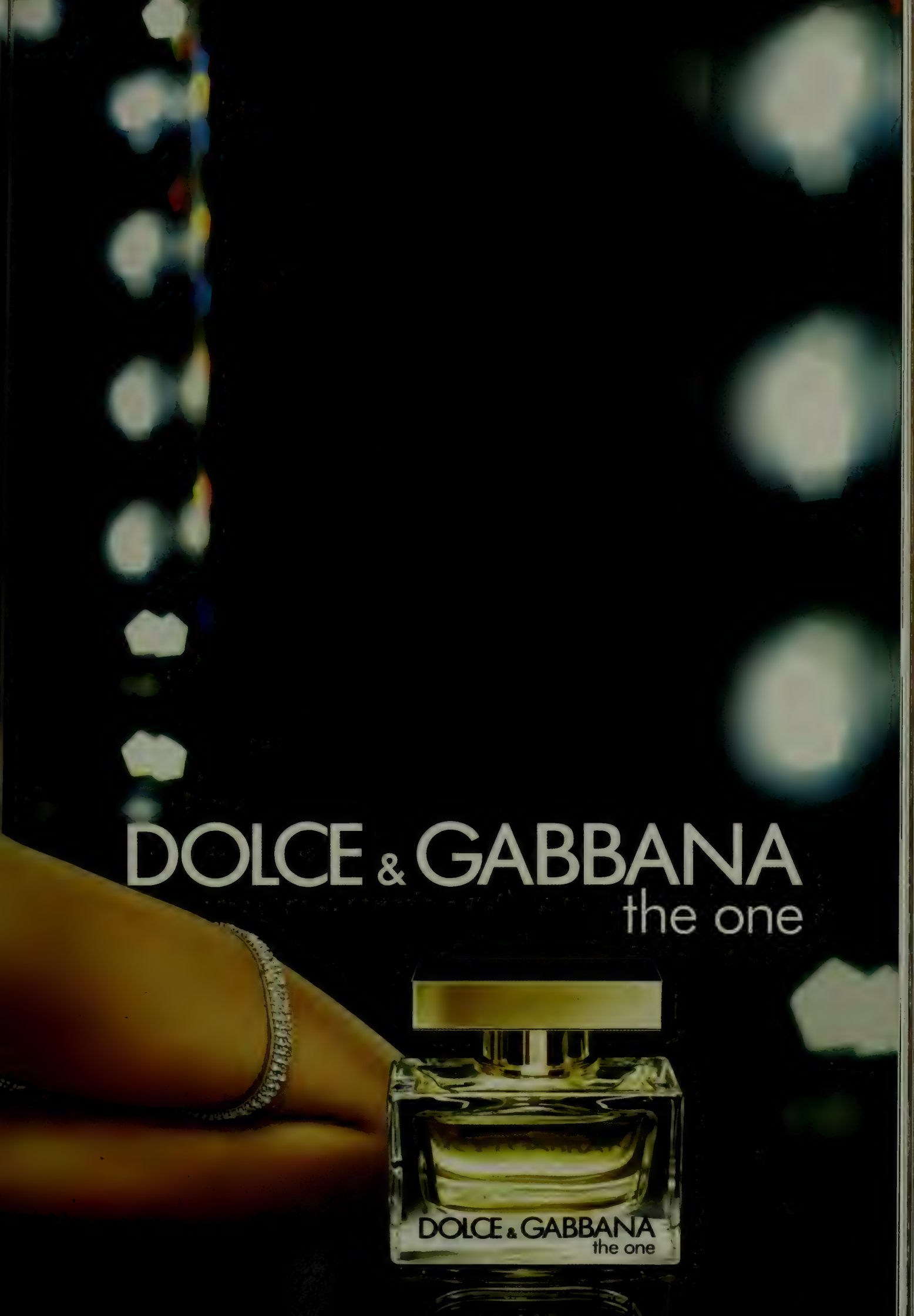
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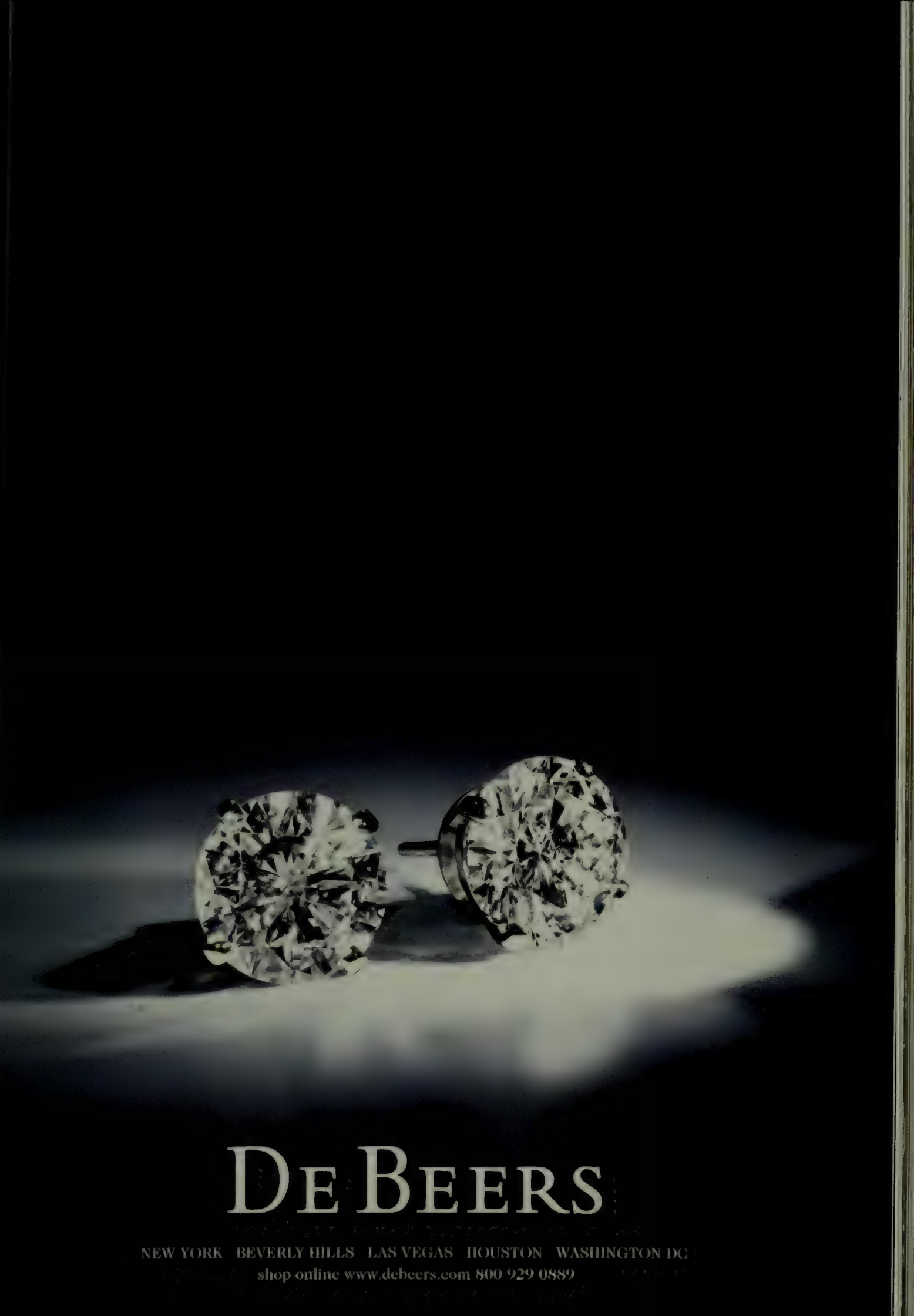


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VANITY FAIR

December 2007 No. 56



PRETTIER THAN EVER
JULIA ROBERTS STARS IN CHARLIE WILSON'S WAR 298

ON VANITYFAIR.COM THIS MON
- PHOTOS: JULIA ROBERTS, A V.F. RETROSPECTI
- AN EXCLUSIVE Q&A WITH FRANCIS FORD COPP
- VIDEO FROM MARK SELIGER'S ROCKETTES SHO
- FROM THE ARCHIVES: JAVIER BARDEM, THE BRUCE WEBER PHOTOS

FEATURES

298 MOMMY'S BEING FAMOUS RIGHT NOW When did the world's most famous actress become a stay-at-home mother of three? As Julia Roberts stars in *Charlie Wilson's War,* Jane Sarkin and Krista Smith get an intimate interview. Photographs by Michael Thompson.

304 TATE-À-TÊTE Annie Leibovitz photographs the Tate museum's American supporters—a Who's Who of the art-world establishment.

312 THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF MR. BUSH Iraq isn't George W. Bush's only devastating legacy. Nobel laureate Joseph E. Stiglitz tallies the damage to the U.S. economy. Illustration by Edward Sorel.

316 L.A. *NOIR* David Friend spotlights David Hume Kennerly's new book of photographs, with a revelatory shot of President Ford and Governor Reagan.

318 ART'S NEW SUPERPOWER The booming contemporary-art scene in Beijing and Shanghai is fueled by China's new money, as well as record prices in the West. Barbara Pollack identifies the stars on this vast new canvas. Photographs by Jonathan Becker.

330 ACT OF *ATONEMENT* Julian Broad and Ned Zeman spotlight Joe Wright, Keira Knightley, and James McAvoy, who are being faithful to Ian McEwan's novel.

332 RICHARD PRINCE'S OUTSIDE STREAK Richard Prince, famous for "re-photographing" magazine ads, has been called both joker and genius. While the Guggenheim cements his status as grand curator of Americana, the artist gives Steven Daly a tour of his private stash. Photographs by Mark Heithoff.

338 PRIDE OF LIONS Richard Corman and Elissa Schappell spotlight 15 New York Public Library lions—from Martin Scorsese to Robert Caro—who were inspired in the stacks.

340 PORTRAITS OF A MARRIAGE Picasso's first marriage, to Olga Khokhlova, became a brutal emotional conflict. In an excerpt from the final volume of his biography, John Richardson shows that it also produced some of the painter's greatest work.

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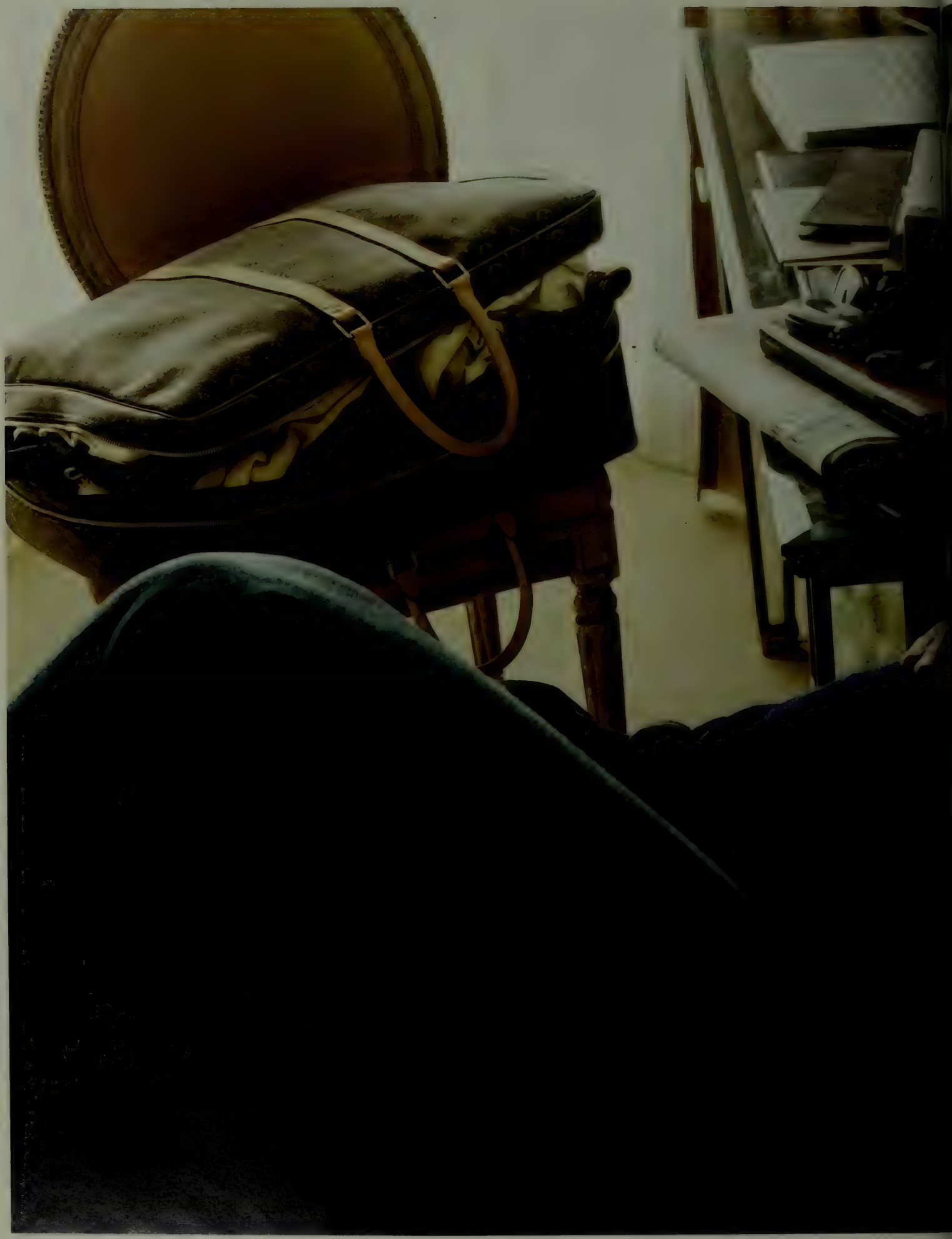


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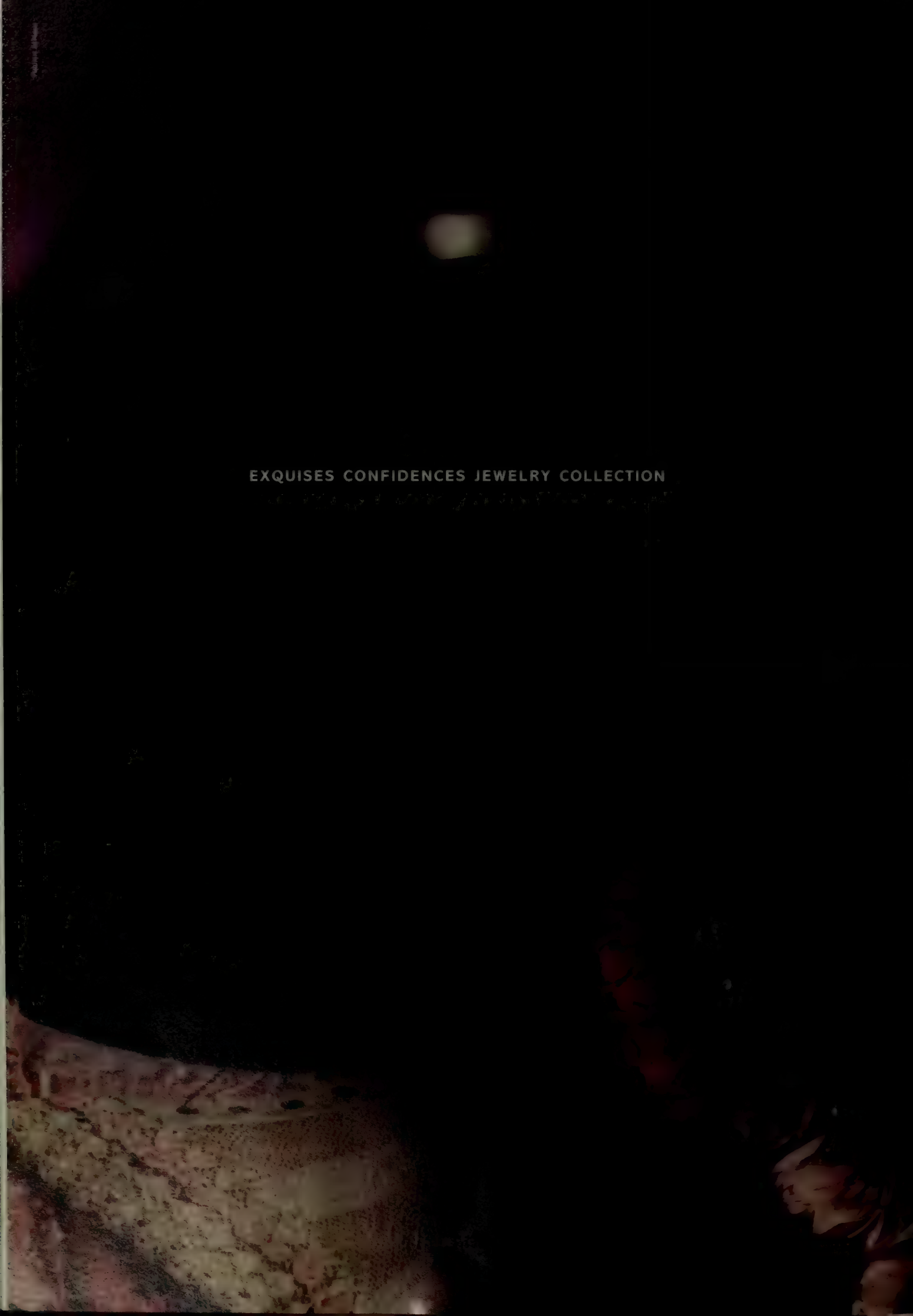


Is there any greater journey than love? Room 27. Late June. New York.

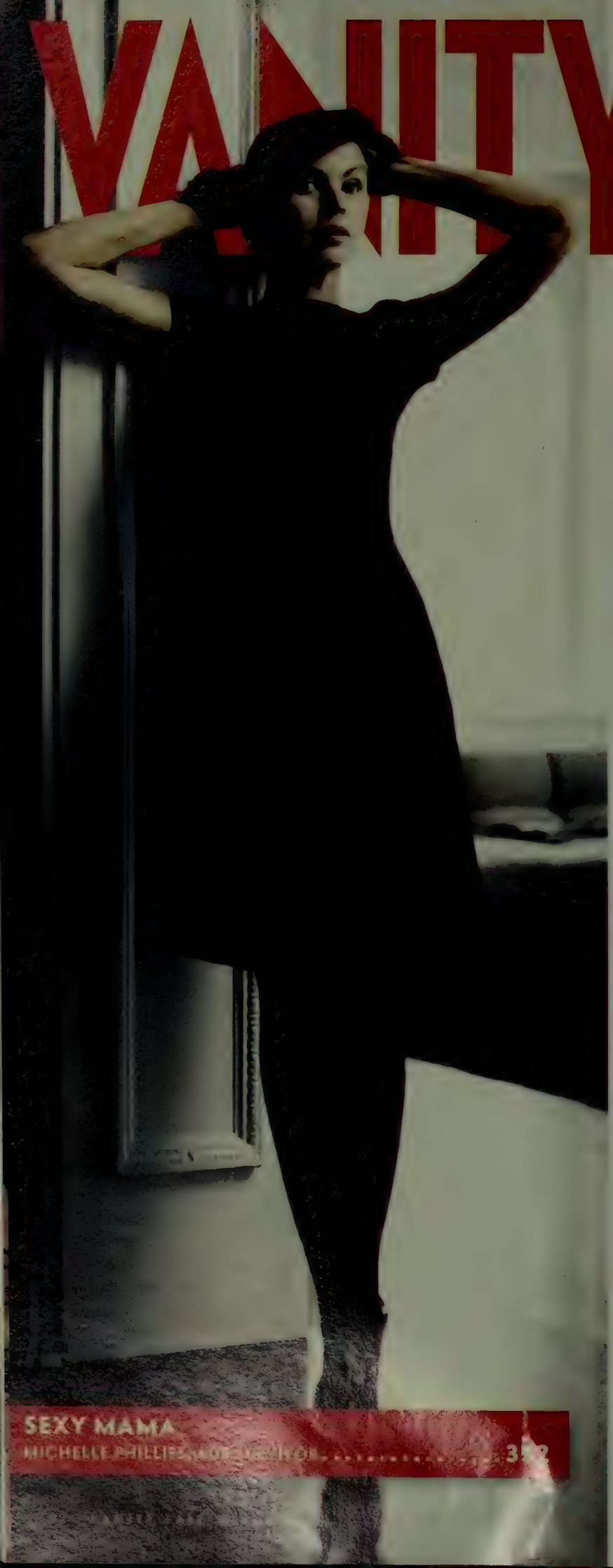
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350 THOSE BRIGHT YOUNG FACES As *Gossip Girl* puts a TV gloss on New York's private-school elite, Norman Jean Roy spotlights a few real class acts.

352 CALIFORNIA DREAMGIRL Michelle Phillips, sole survivor of the Mamas and the Papas, tells Sheila Weller of her many loves—including John Phillips, Warren Beatty, and Jack Nicholson—and few regrets. Photographs by Norman Jean Roy.

FANFAIR

131 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE The Cultural Divide. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Lisa Robinson picks the season's best boxed sets. Edward Helmore discovers Truth or Consequences. Todd S. Purdum applauds the Kennedy Center Honors; Night Table Reading; Julian Sancton celebrates the Montreux Jazz Festival. My Stuff: Simon Hammerstein; Olivia Strand buckles up with Barbara Shaum. My Desk: Lorne Michaels. Private Lives—boutique hotelier Jason Pomeranc. Punch Hutton's favorite gifts. Beauty booty for the holidays; Y.S.L.'s bright new fragrance; Aveda gives back.

COLUMNS

172 ON THE LIMITS OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT, PART II Christopher Hitchens submits to a second round of upgrades, involving laser acupuncture, fang-doctoring, and hot wax. Photographs by Art Streiber.

176 GENERALS, GADGETS, AND GUERRILLAS The age of the media gadget has one clear rule: Thou shalt steal. Michael Wolff wonders how any corporate warrior, even Steve Jobs, can conquer anarchy.

184 THE VERDICT IS MISSING Dominick Dunne concludes his coverage of the Phil Spector murder trial with details about the deadlocked jurors, the disappointing ending, and O.J.'s uncanny return to the media spotlight. Photograph by William Claxton.

188 ROCKETTES AROUND THE CLOCK Mark Seliger and Laura Jacobs spotlight those marvels of precision, the Rockettes, who have been revamped for their 75th Christmas.

190 SHOWDOWN AT FORT SUMNER With DreamWorks and Paramount squaring off, David Geffen and Sumner Redstone drop the gloves. Both sides vent to Bryan Burrough.

202 INTERACTIVE MAN Yes, he's Caroline Kennedy's brainiac husband, but what does he *do?* Stephen Wilkes and Evgenia Peretz demystify Edwin Schlossberg.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



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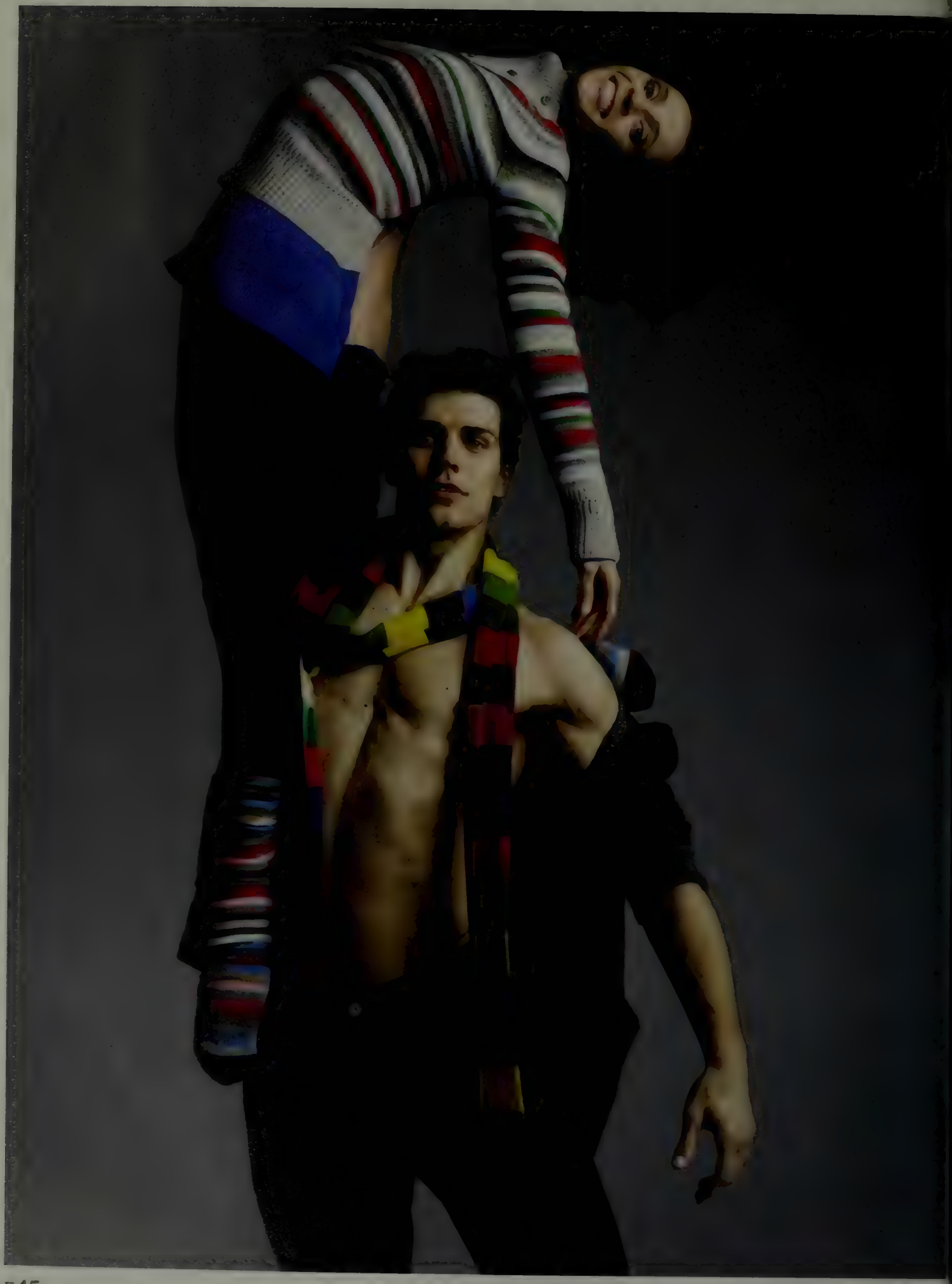
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rn by: **AMANDA PEET,** ACTOR, WITH HER DAUGHTER, **FRANCES PEN**

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The Crazy Stripe Button-Neck

as worn by: **GRETA HODGKINSON**, WITH **ROBERTO BOLLE**, DANCERS

price: **$69.50**



6

Crazy Stripe Crew

orn by: WILL.I.AM, ARTIST & THINKER

e: $39.50

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The Color Collection

as worn by: THE BROADWAY CAST OF SPRING AWAKENING

price: $19.50-168.00



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The Color Crew

as worn by: JAMES MARSDEN, ACTOR

price: $39.50



eater Hoodie
n by: ZOE SALDANA, ACTOR, WITH HER SISTERS, CISELY & MARIEL
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The Pea

as worn by: JOHN KRASINSKI, A

price: $12

‹ Agenda ›

ADVERTISING | PROMOTION | EVENTS | OPPORTUNITIES

13 SEPTEMBER

BOOKS

A *Hollywood* Novel

This fall, W Hotels and *Vanity Fair* joined forces to celebrate Courtney Thorne-Smith's first book, *Outside In*. On September 13, more than 150 guests, including Jim Belushi, Michael Hitchcock, and Larry Joe Campbell, gathered on the outdoor terrace at the W Los Angeles–Westwood to toast the author. Everyone took home a signed copy of the book.



JENNIFER SLOAN, JIM BELUSHI, AND COURTNEY THORNE-SMITH

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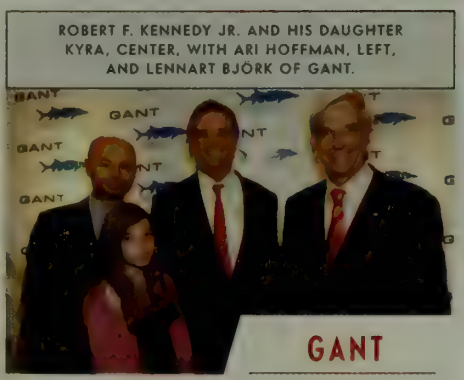
EVENTS

Introducing *Calvin Klein MAN*

On September 25, Calvin Klein Fragrances and *Vanity Fair* hosted a cocktail reception to launch Calvin Klein MAN, the brand's newest men's fragrance. The evening drew more than 100 Calvin Klein Fragrances beauty advisors to the Collins Building, in Miami's Design District, to learn about the essence of Calvin Klein MAN, enjoy hors d'oeuvres by Touch Catering, and dance to tracks spun by D.J. Cue.



MODELS OFFERED GUESTS THE OPPORTUNITY TO SAMPLE CALVIN KLEIN MAN.



ROBERT F. KENNEDY JR. AND HIS DAUGHTER KYRA, CENTER, WITH ARI HOFFMAN, LEFT, AND LENNART BJÖRK OF GANT.

GANT

EVENTS

Gant's *Newest* Look

On September 18, Gant and *Vanity Fair* unveiled the newly re-created Gant global flagship store, on Fifth Avenue in New York. The evening centered on the first-ever Gant Patterns of Green environmental guest lecture, featuring Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and benefiting Waterkeeper Alliance. Guests enjoyed champagne and hors d'oeuvres while exploring the all-new Gant store designed by Annabelle Selldorf, which includes four floors and a gallery space.



ONLINE

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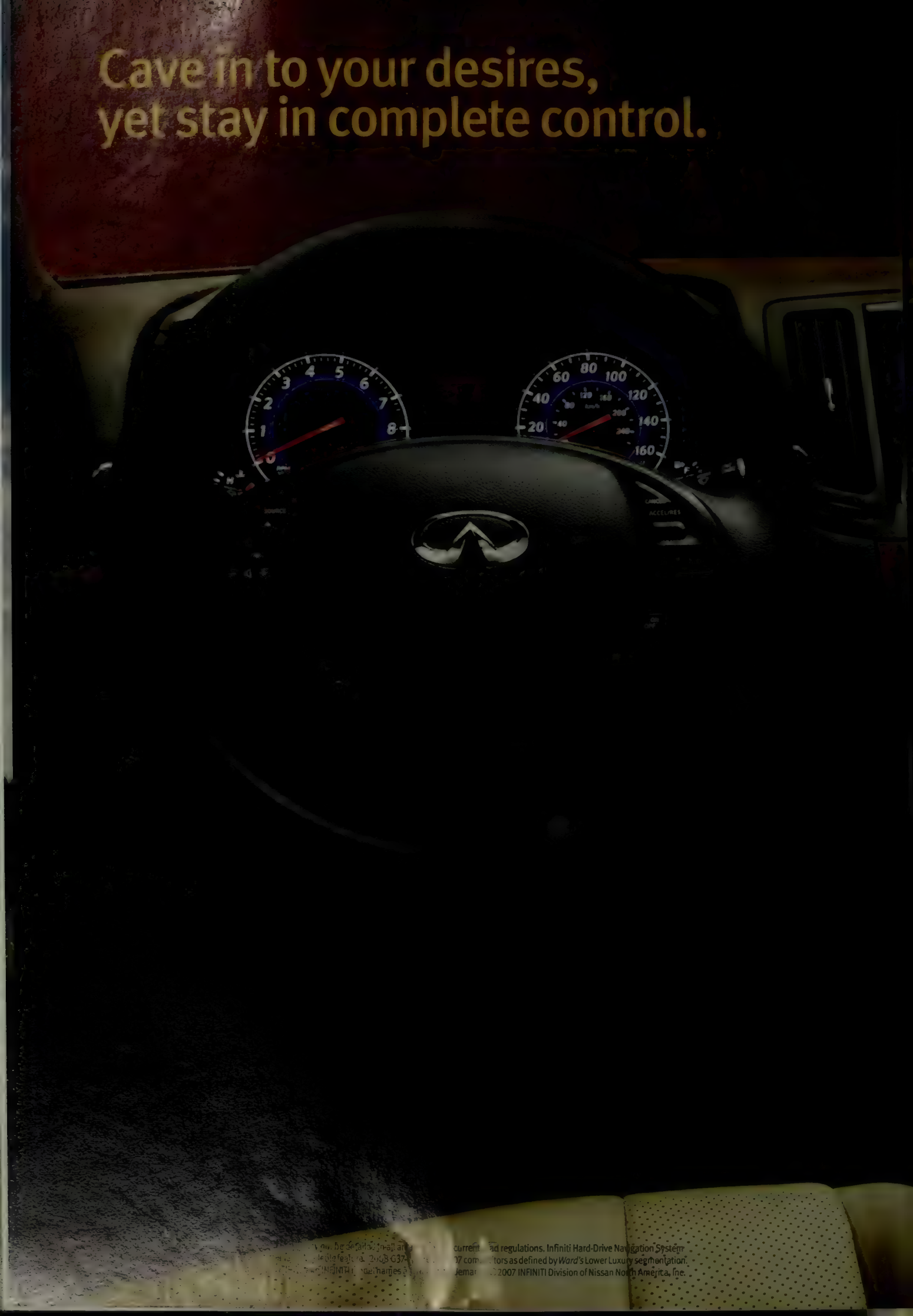
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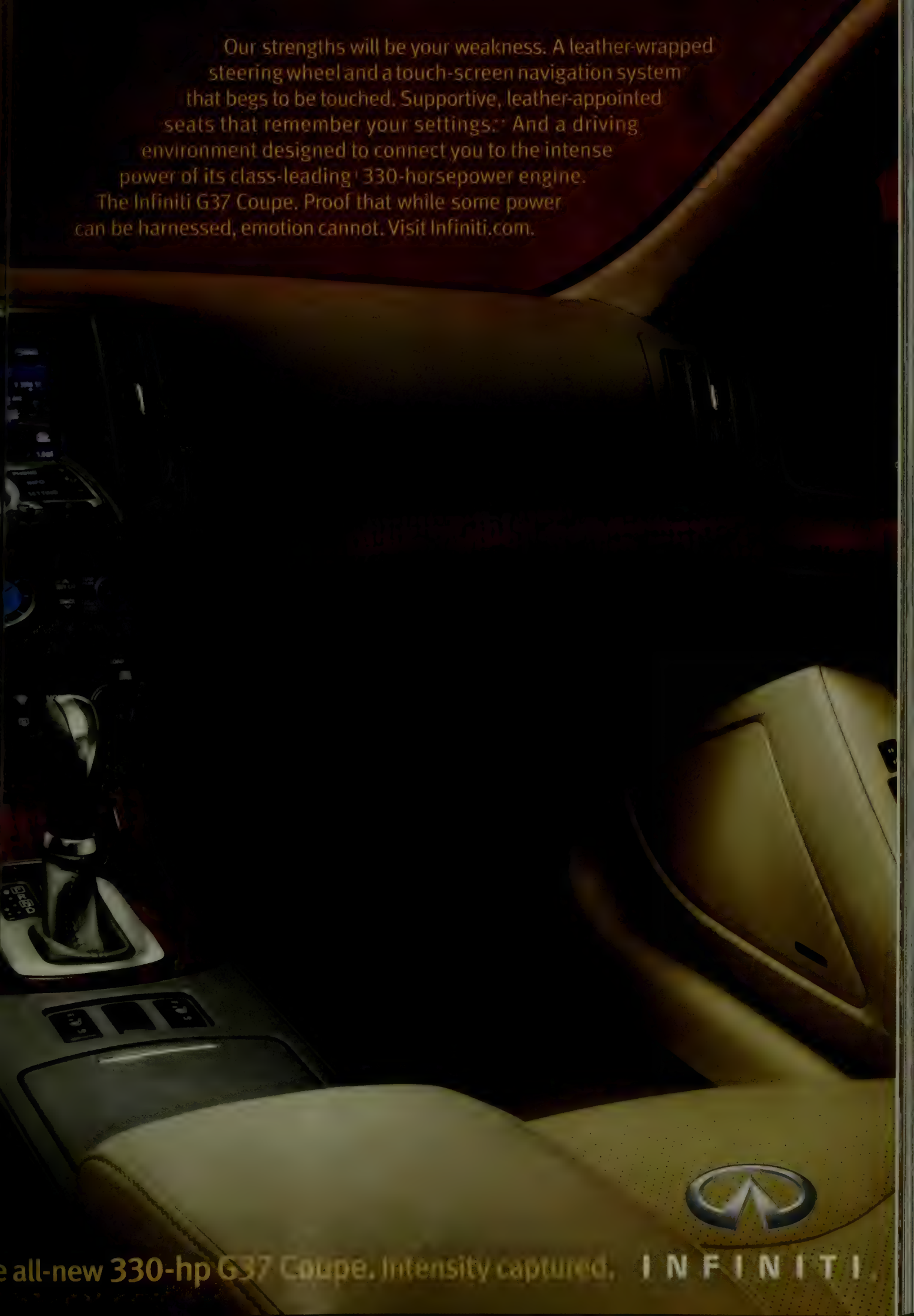



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December 2007 No.

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204 WAITING FOR THE PLAGUE Every 48 years, in the remote state of Mizoram, vast swaths of bamboo bloom, spawning a biblical scourge of rats that devour everything in sight. Alex Shoumatoff reports on the race to avert a famine. Photographs by Steve McCurry.

222 FRANÇOIS PINAULT'S ULTIMATE LUXURY Vicky Ward finds the "Rosebud" of luxury tycoon François Pinault—"the Gallic Citizen Kane"—at his new museum in Venice. Photograph by François Halard.

232 MAJORING IN CRIME In 2004, four college kids pulled off a rare-book heist that Danny Ocean might have applauded—except for one mistake. John Falk gets the untold story. Photographs by Doug Bruce.

248 BARDEM CODE Brigitte Lacombe and Peter Biskind spotlight Javier Bardem, Spain's latest gift to Hollywood.

252 THE LIBERATION OF FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA *Youth Without Youth* marks Francis Ford Coppola's return to directing. At the film legend's Napa Valley retreat, Bruce Handy learns what a difference a wine empire makes. Photograph by Robert Maxwell.

260 A TASTE OF FAME *Top Chef* host Padma Lakshmi is divorcing Salman Rushdie—and emerging as a foodie goddess. Nancy Jo Sales has the dish. Photograph by Alexi Lubomirski.

270 WHEN WASHINGTON WAS FUN Washington society used to be about bipartisan friendship—and a damn good time. Maureen Orth learns how the party died.

VANITIES

289 GIOVANNA KISS? Then & Now; seven years of McCartney and Gore. Philip Roth tells a Christmas story to Craig Brown; Mark O'Donnell computes celebrities. Ed Coaster on the Web? George Wayne matches wits with Larry the Cable Guy.

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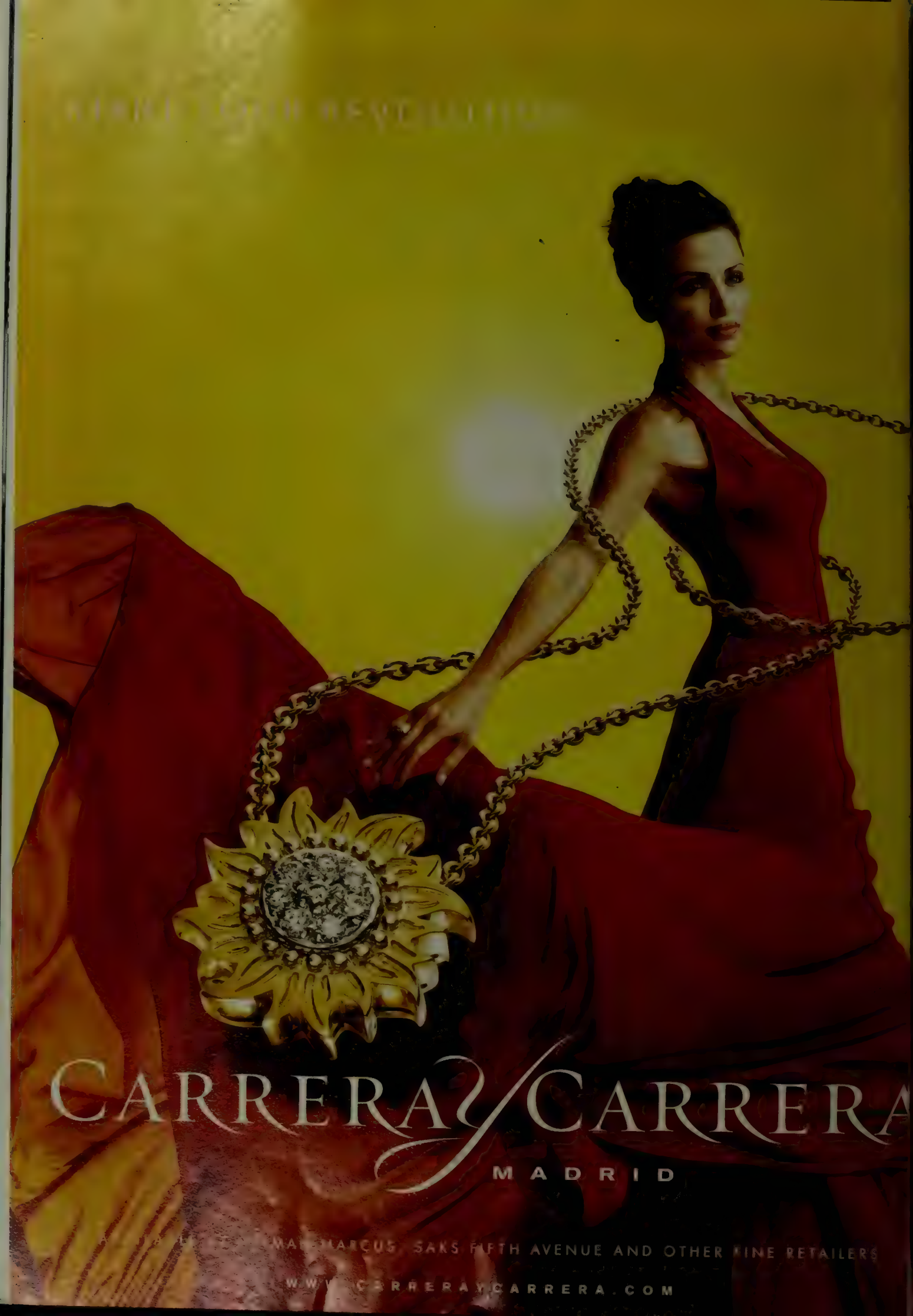






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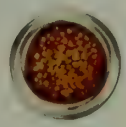


Stuffed poodle **Smitten dog**

With all the howling Max was doing, my husband Eric and



I just figured he was lonely. So we used our Citi card to buy a new mirror and tried putting it at floor level. No dice. We tried changing the dog food.



Treats. A new dog bed.

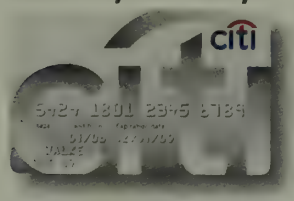


We even brought in a pet therapist, and still Max seemed so sad. Then it dawned on us – maybe he just needed a companion.



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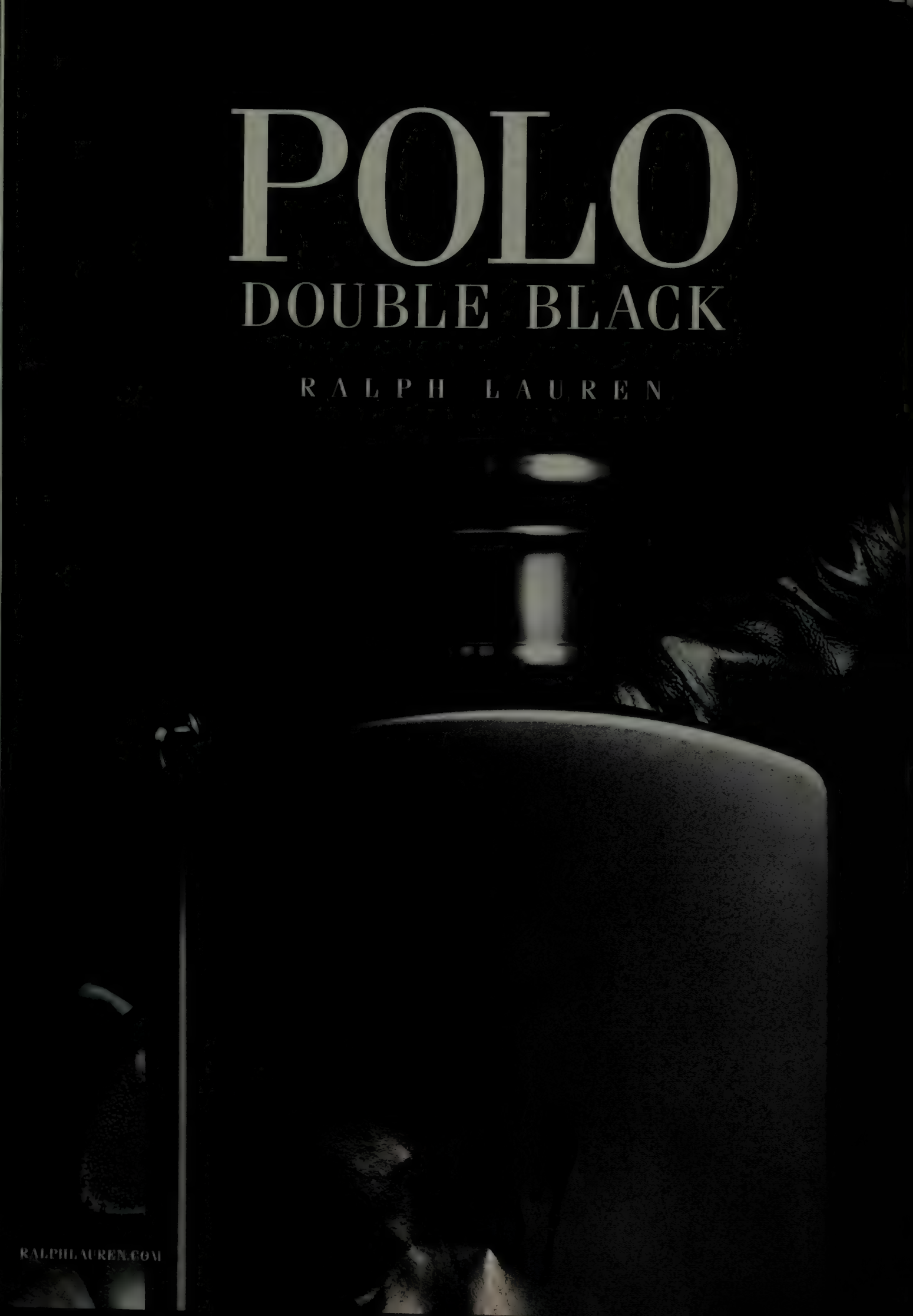
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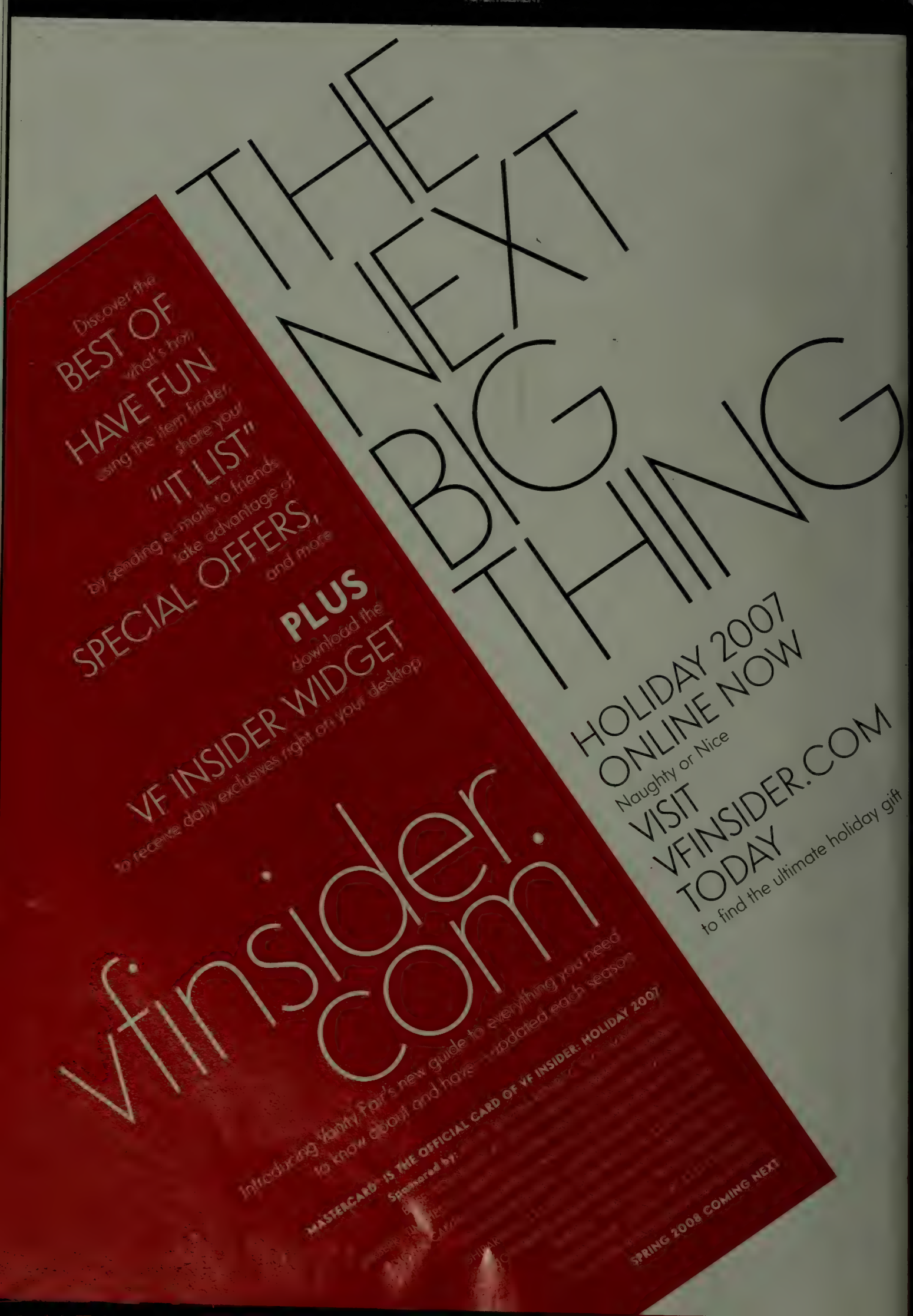
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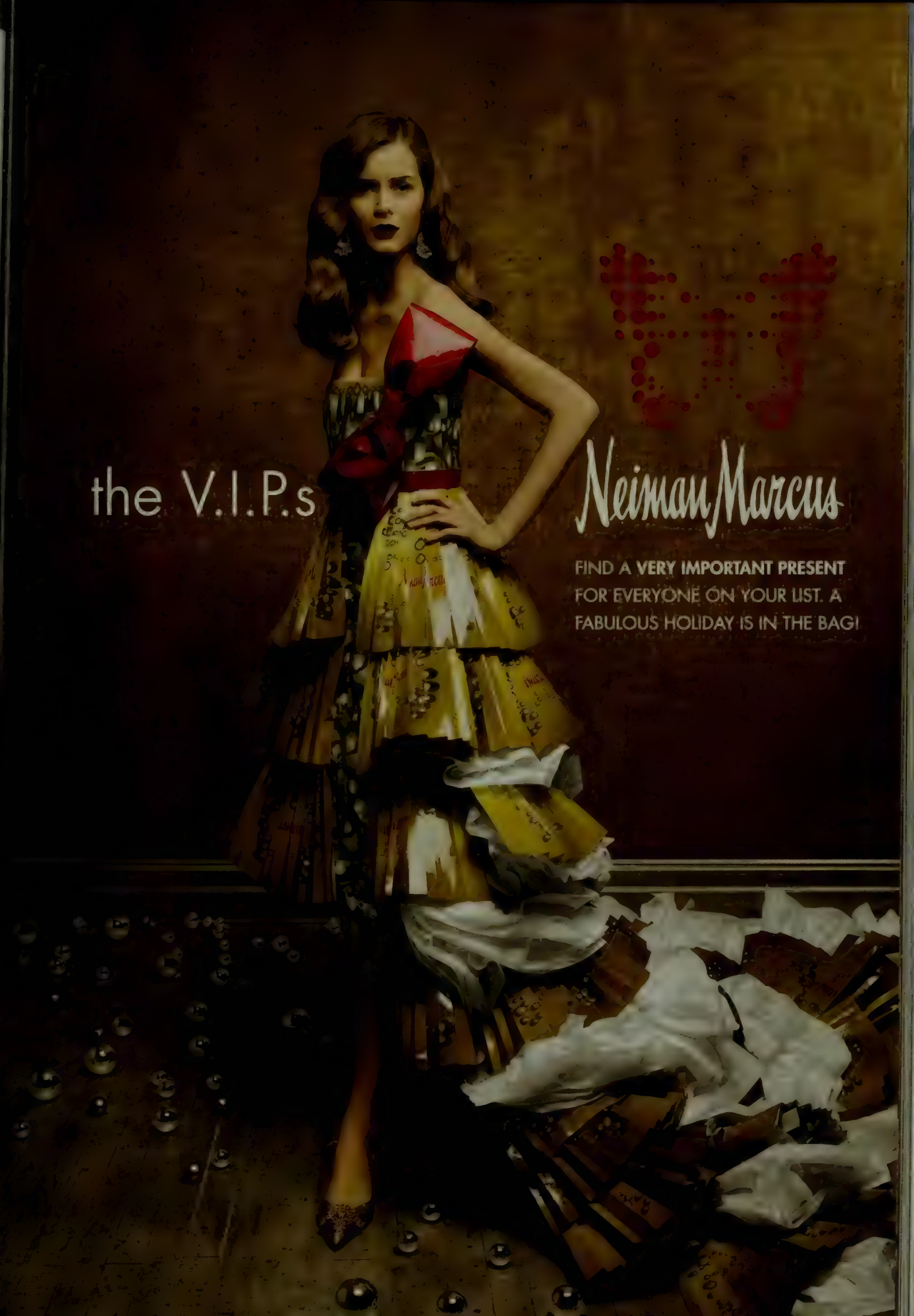
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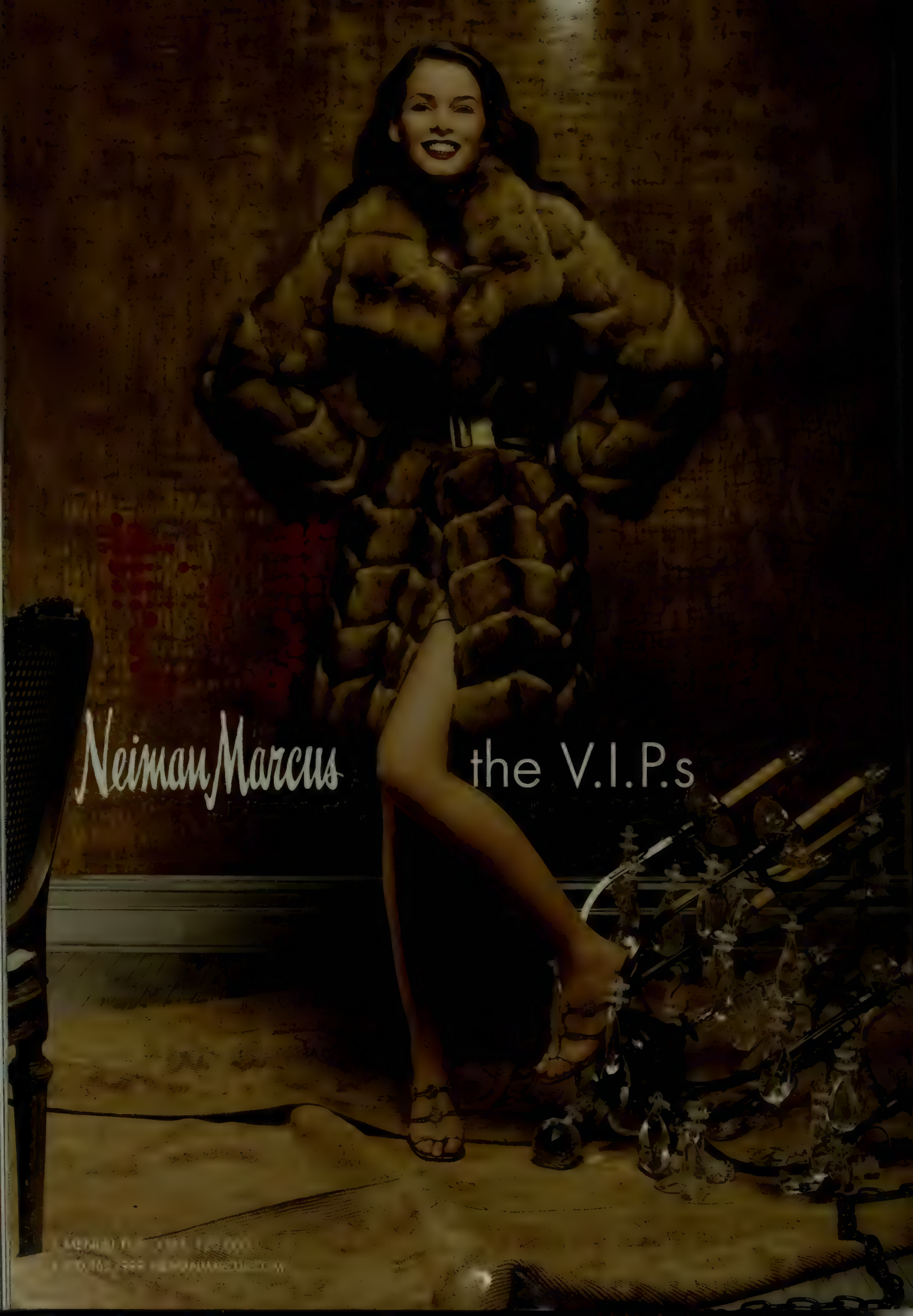

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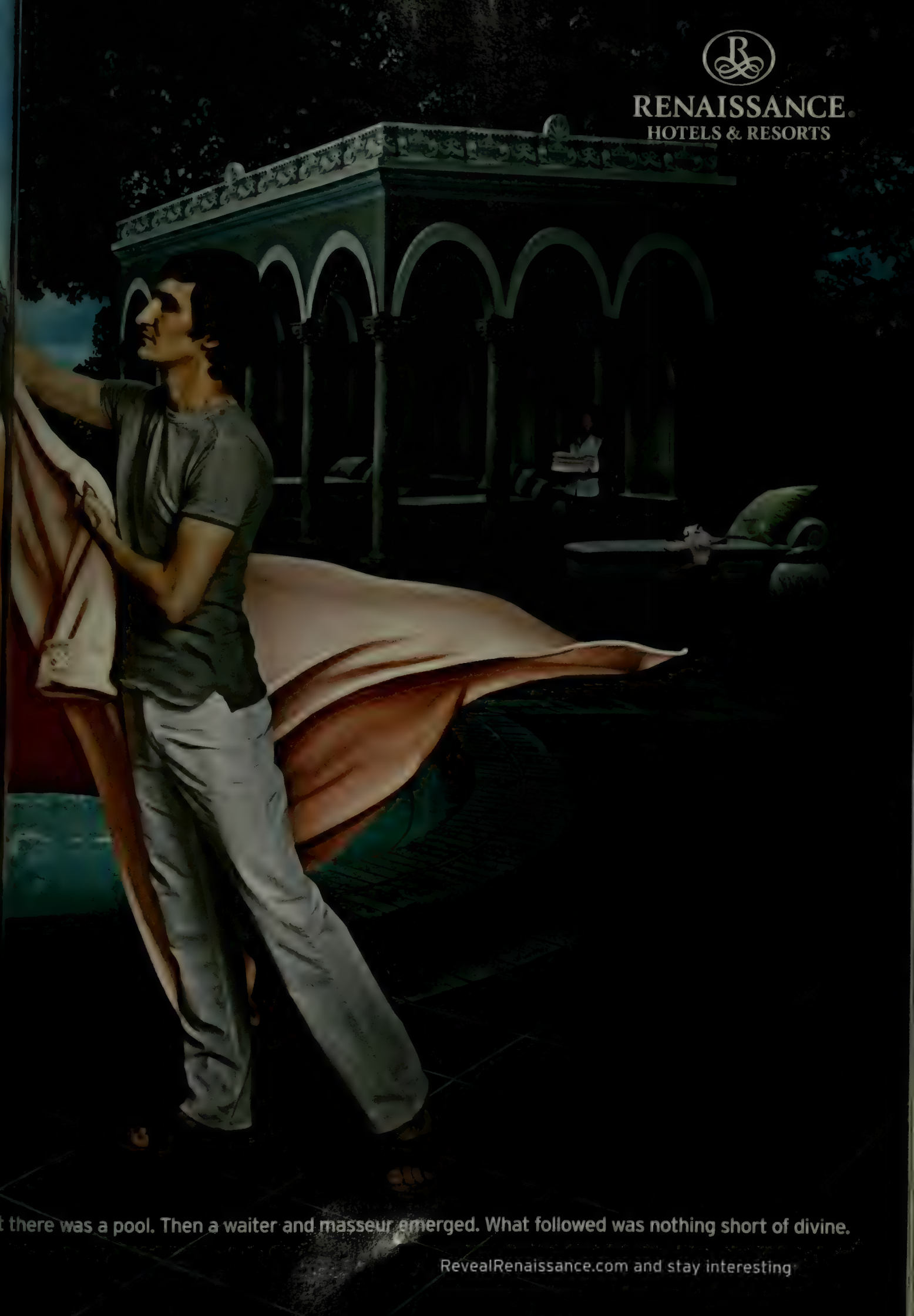
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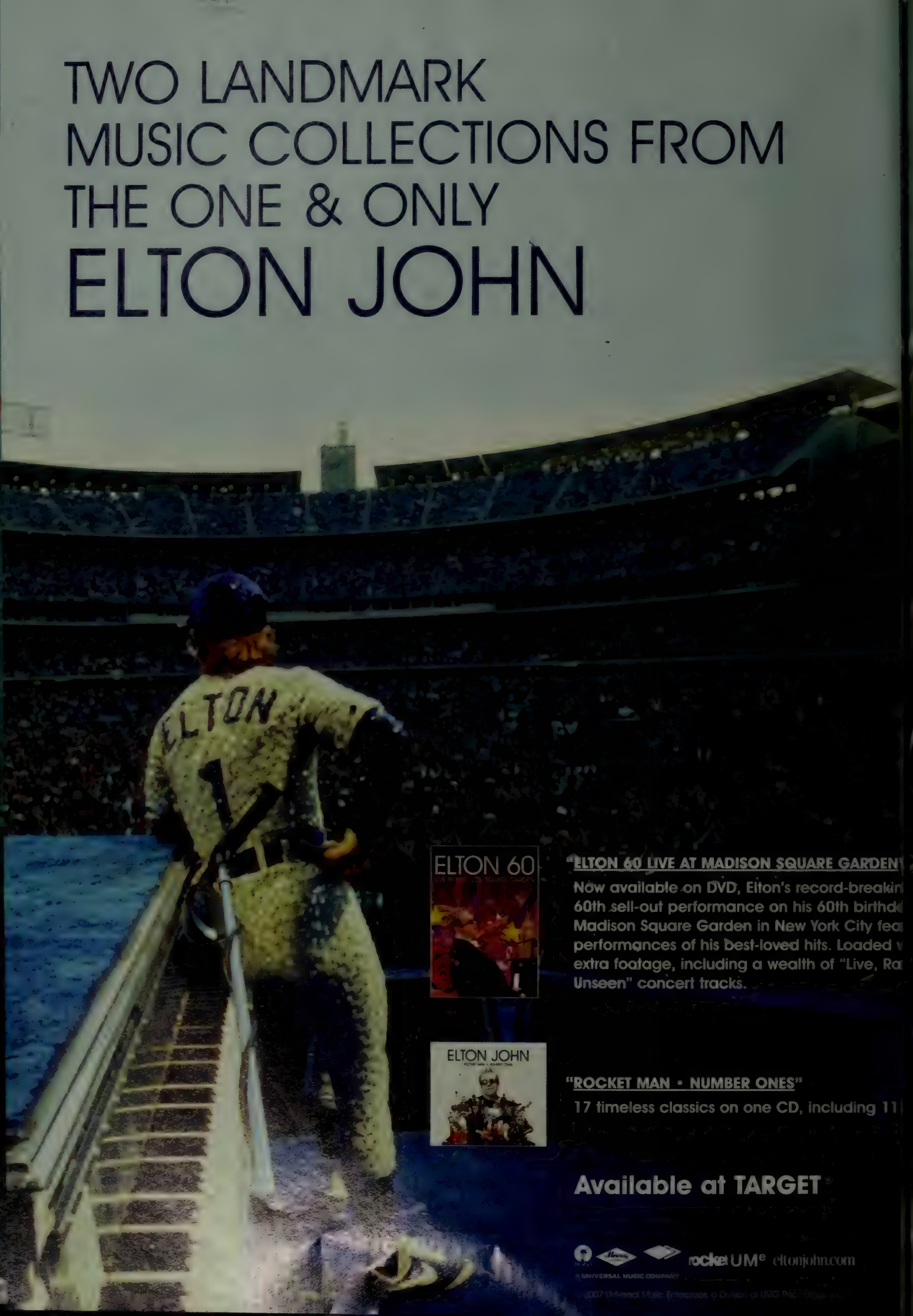
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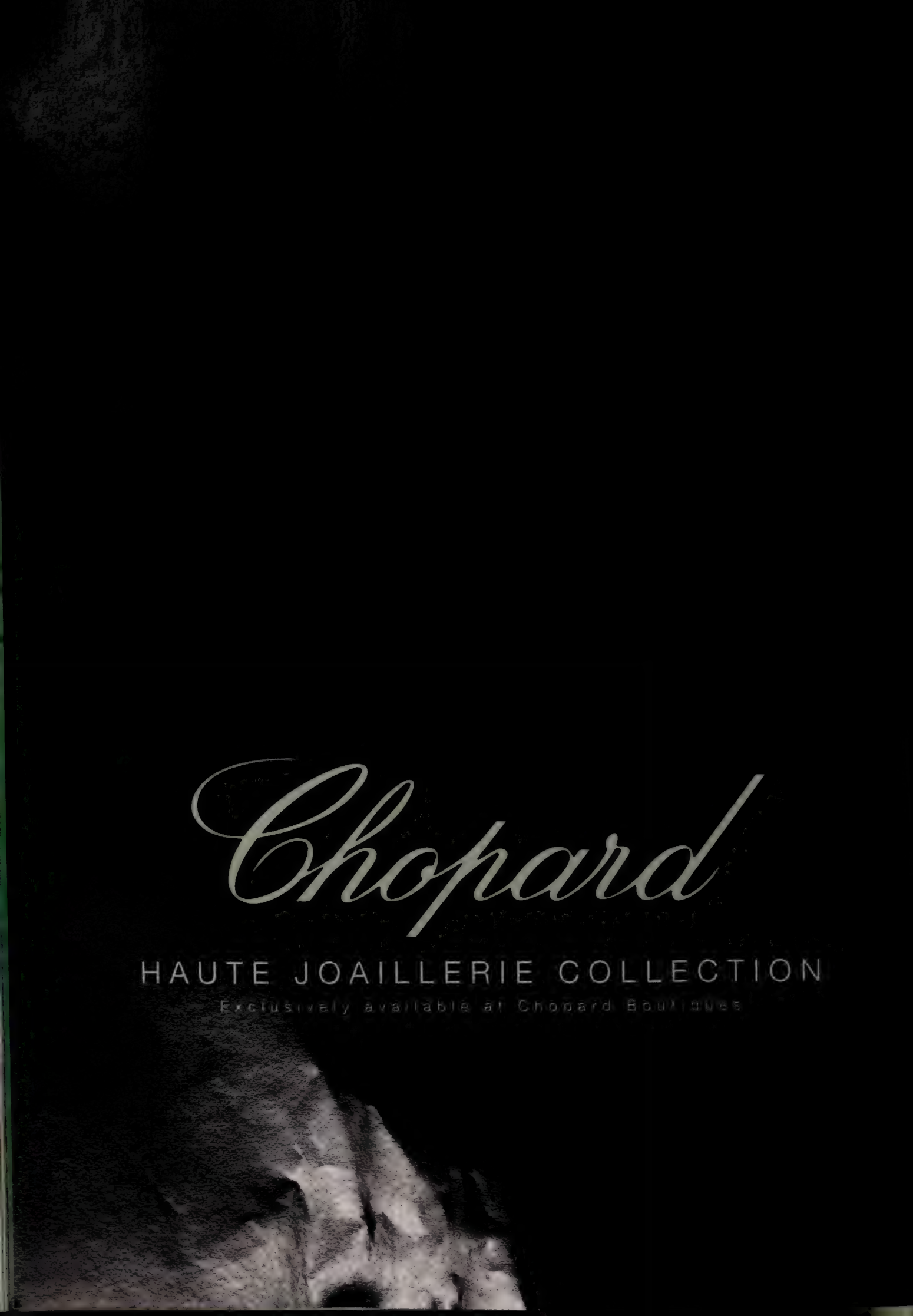

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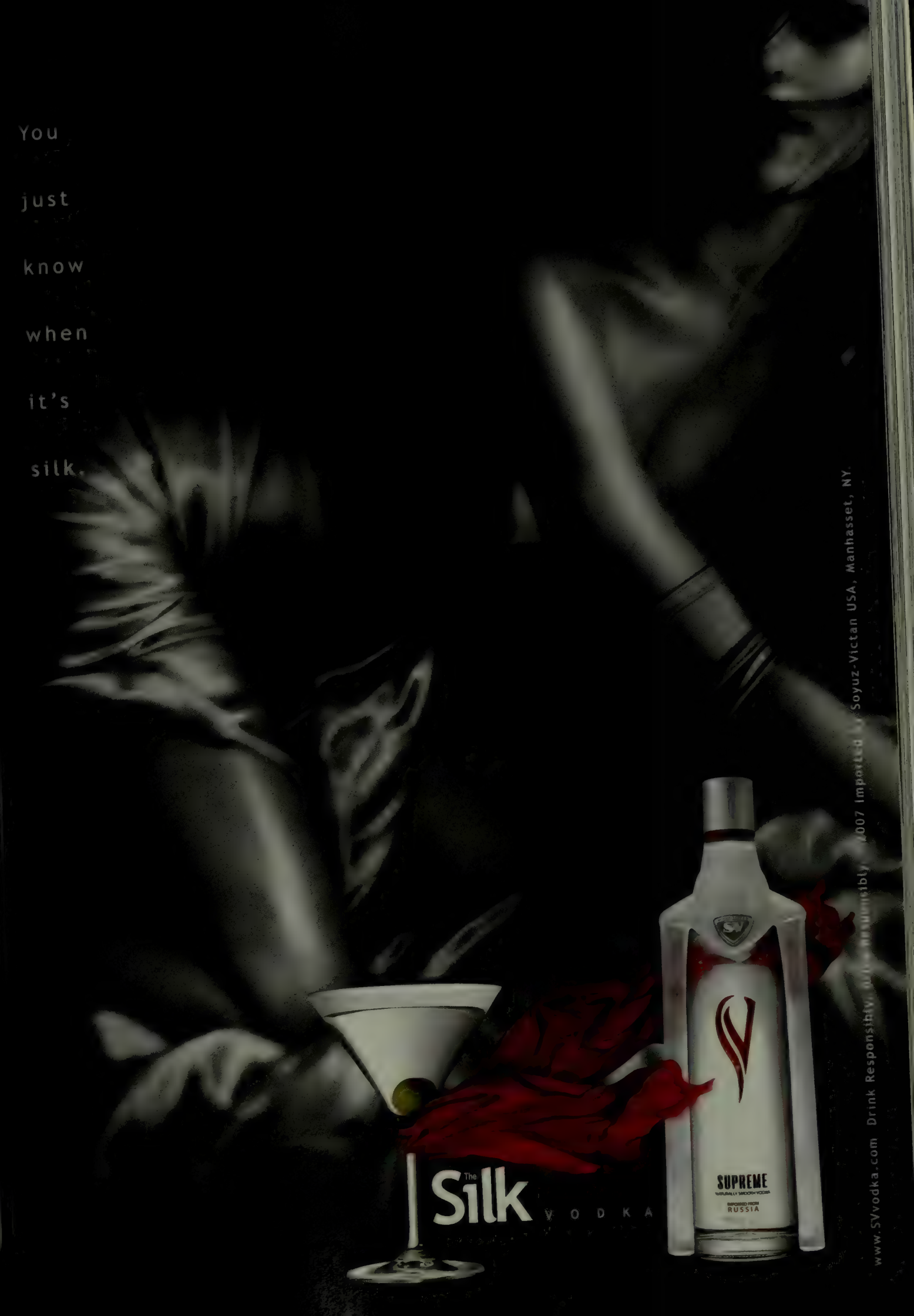
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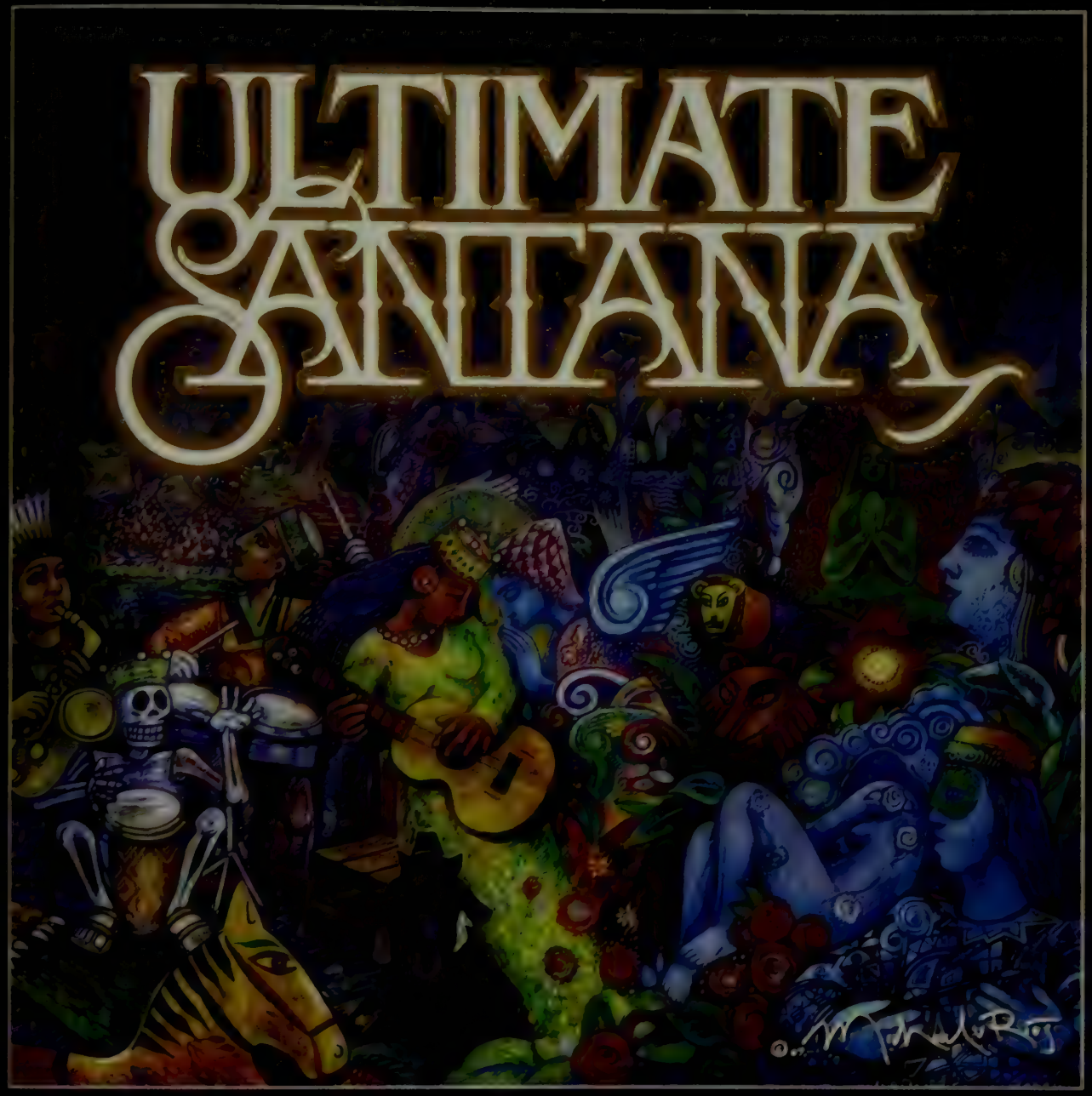
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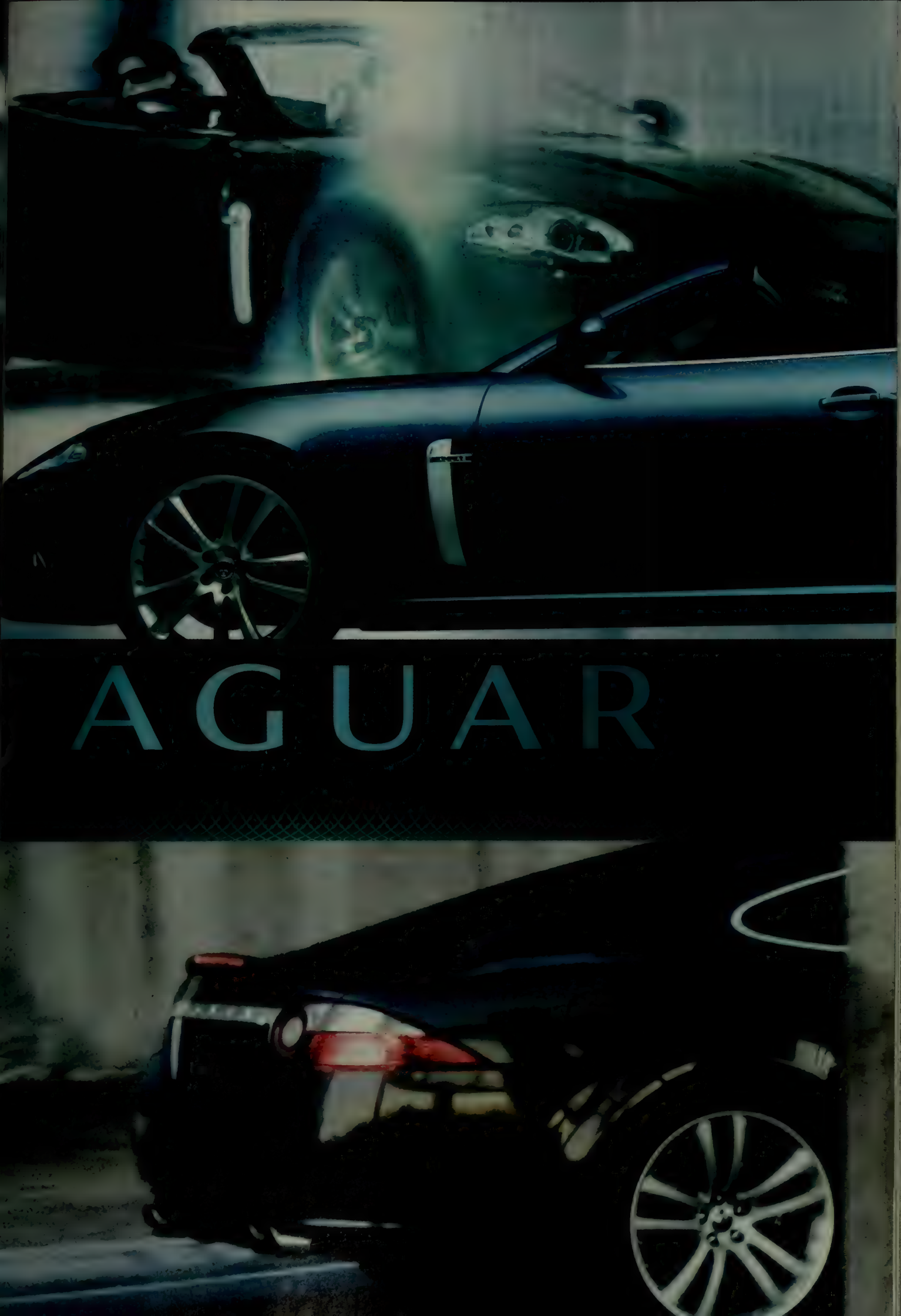
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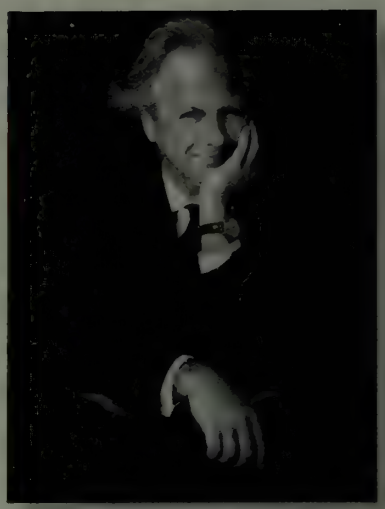
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We Are All Guilty



In Robert Harris's crackerjack new political thriller, *The Ghost,* a former British prime minister has settled into a borrowed house on Martha's Vineyard to work on his memoirs. The ex-P.M. happens to be very much like the one who just stepped down—indeed, he has a wife very much like the one the real one has, as well as a mistress very much like the one the real one is rumored to have had. This ex-P.M. is a glib, callow fellow, far more concerned with appearances than with substance. And, also like his real-life counterpart, this ex-P.M. envisions a comfortable life of big paydays as a newly minted member of the speaker/board-member fraternity. His grand plan begins to unravel when he is ordered by the International Criminal Court to stand before a war-crimes tribunal. It seems that the ex-politician's recent past, in the form of extraordinary rendition and torture methods such as water-boarding, has followed him out of office.

Harris was a superb journalist prior to becoming the best-selling author of such works as *Fatherland, Enigma,* and *Pompeii.* When Tony Blair watched the 1997 election returns that gave him the keys to 10 Downing Street, Harris, then working for *The Sunday Times,* was right there with him—the only journalist in the room. Blair's former top adviser, Peter Mandelson, is godfather to one of Harris's children. He knows his stuff, in other words.

All things being equal, such a legal fate may well await not only Tony Blair but our own President Bush, once his clenched-white fingers have been pried from the nuclear "football" for the last time, in January 2009. It is now evident that the United States, beginning at the very top levels of the administration, has been engaged in a coordinated and widespread campaign of extraordinary rendition and real torture—offenses that would have appalled most thinking Americans an administration ago. Thanks to a major report in *The New York Times* in October, we furthermore know that the Bush White House was enabled at every stage by a compliant Justice Department that clandestinely re-wrote U.S. laws so that the president wouldn't technically be in violation of them when he broke them.

A year before his Iraq invasion, Bush sent a memo to his Cabinet declaring that the administration would hereafter not be constrained by the principles of the 1949 Geneva Convention Relative to the Treatment of Prisoners of War. The White House document argued that, because a war on "terrorism" was not a conflict with a particular state or "High Contracting Parties," the rules of war as stipulated by the Convention—especially those involving torture and due process—did not apply. Detainees suspected of having ties to al-Qaeda would thus not be covered by the historic conventions of war, because al-Qaeda is not a conventional nation-state. The administration then sought to legally and narrowly define what torture was. (Remember those balmy days of our youth when we got in a snit over a president who was parsing what was or was not sex?) Almost every manner of humiliation and punishment short of major-organ failure or death was declared permissible under the administration's definition of torture. Note: the *Concise Oxford English Dictionary* defines torture as the infliction of severe bodily pain—as punishment or means of persuasion. [illegible] remembering that America and her allies emerged victorious from [illegible] War II and the Cold War without resorting to any form of [illegible] horized torture.

Water-boarding, as we all know, gets tw[illegible] from this administration. I've read many descriptions of it, but Robert Harris has one in *The Ghost* that is to the point. The prisoner is tightly bound to an inclined board with his feet higher than his head. His face is covered with cloth or cellophane, and when water is poured over it—some of which might leak into his lungs—the prisoner experiences an immediate drowning sensation. Harris says C.I.A. officers who have been subjected to water-boarding during their training have lasted an average of 14 seconds before giving up. Water-boarding can result in damage to the lungs and the brain, as well as long-term psychological trauma. In 1947, Harris says, a Japanese officer was convicted of war crime for water-boarding an American prisoner and was sentenced to 15 years' hard labor.

Last year, the Supreme Court ruled that the administration's program for trials of accused terrorists by military commissions violated the Uniform Code of Military Justice as well as Common Article 3 of the Geneva Conventions. Article 3 is very clear on two points this White House has chosen to ignore. Subsection (c) forbids "outrages upon personal dignity, in particular, *humiliating and degrading treatment*" (my italics), and Subsection (d) forbids "the passing of sentences and the carrying out of executions without previous judgment pronounced by *a regularly constituted court affording all the judicial guarantees which are recognized as indispensable by civilized peoples*" (my italics again).

Should this all follow the president out of office, as it did Harris's former leader, the lieutenants and functionaries who provided enabling documentation should recall that, when it comes to war crimes, following orders is no defense. No less an authority than Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's chief propagandist, had this to say on the subject in an article he published in May 1944: "No international law of warfare is in existence which provides that a soldier who has committed a mean crime can escape punishment by pleading as his defense that he followed the commands of his superiors. This holds particularly true if those commands are contrary to all human ethics and opposed to the well-established international usage of warfare." Goebbels was talking not about the Nazi atrocities—war criminals rarely discuss their own atrocities—but about Allied aerial-bombing attacks on Germany. And just as his words came back to haunt him, the White House's re-writing of our own codes of conduct will most surely come back to haunt them and us.

About the only thing stopping the International Criminal Court from going after the president, the vice president, and the former secretary of defense and attorneys general is that the U.S. is not a signatory to its conventions of warfare. Most nations (and all other Western nations) are, but not us. China's not a signatory; neither is Iraq. Such is the company we keep these days. You don't even have to care about the safety of detainees in our custody to care about this issue, because it also governs how other nations treat our sons and daughters (or, in the case of the Iraq war, fathers and mothers of people in their 20s) when they are captured.

At the end of the day, the torture conversation is a reflection of how much America's moral compass has shifted since 9/11. The administration's colossally wrongheaded reaction to the attacks has caused the U.S. to retreat to the dark, Cheney-esque shadows. The issue of torture goes to the heart of any discussion of who we are as a world citizen. It is not just the top levels of the administration that bear the guilt of war crimes committed in our name. Every government lawyer who helped construct the legal paper trail for the White House is guilty. So are the administration underlings who turned blind eyes to things they knew were wrong. Every legislator and journalist who chose silence over the slithering furies of right-wing demagogues and talk-radio hosts is guilty, too. We are all guilty, and we should be ashamed. A nation that used to be better than its enemies has, under the Bush administration, become its own worst enemy.

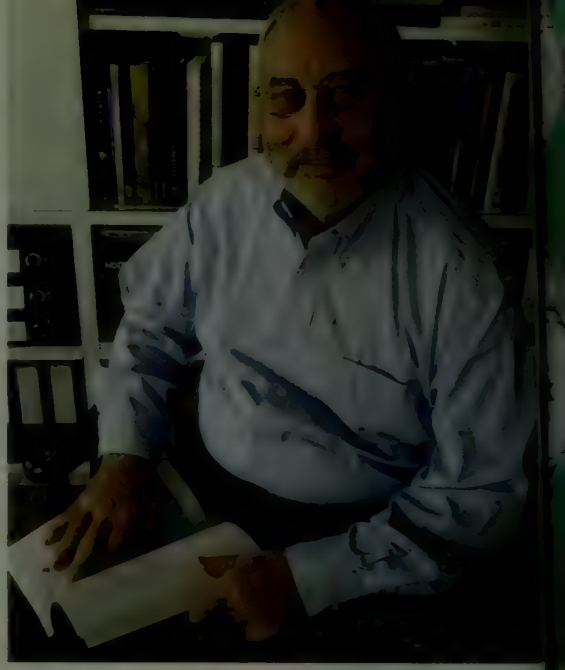
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Joseph E. Stiglitz



In his first contribution to *Vanity Fair,* Joseph E. Stiglitz, Nobel laureate and a chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers during the Clinton administration, calls attention to Bush's economic policies and reveals the insidious effects they have already had on our economy and the effects they will have for generations to come. "Obviously, the Iraq war was a major foreign-policy mistake and a national calamity of enormous proportions, but it is also a major economic mistake," Stiglitz says. "Simply put, for a fraction of what the war will cost our economy, we could have solved many of our nation's problems—such as fixing Social Security for the next century." In his piece "The Economic Consequences of Mr. Bush," page 312, he assesses the damage done. "With the Bush administration, it's often difficult to separate the different roles played by ideology, special-interest corruption, incompetence, and arrogance. Together, they are a potent mixture, which we have seen in Iraq and we are also seeing in the economy."



GAVIN BOND

John Richardson

This month, art historian John Richardson writes about Picasso's tragic and all too often overlooked first wife, Olga Khokhlova. "My predecessors have tended to sweep Olga under the rug," Richardson says. "In fact, she played an enormously important role and inspired some of Picasso's most profoundly troubling works, as well as some of his most beautiful and classic ones." In the 1950s and 60s, Richardson "lived in France, close to Arles and Nîmes, where bullfights take place all summer in Roman arenas. Douglas Cooper, with whom I shared a house, and I would have lunch with Picasso before the bullfights, and then give dinners for him, Jean Cocteau, the bullfighters, and their entourages afterwards. We would get Gypsies from the Camargue to sing and dance for him. Picasso loved to join in." The third volume of Richardson's Picasso biography, *A Life of Picasso: The Triumphant Years, 1917–1932* (Random House), is available this month.

Jane Sarkin and Krista Smith



DANNY MODER

Vanity Fair's ambassadors to Hollywood—features editor Jane Sarkin and senior West Coast editor Krista Smith—are familiar with the well-protected inner sanctums of celebrities. For this month's issue, Sarkin and Smith combine forces to interview the world's most recognizable actress, Julia Roberts, who invited the reporters into her home. "When we walked into Julia's home, everything felt organic, all very natural, very calm," Sarkin says. "Even though a household of three small children isn't calm, she seemed very peaceful about it all. It's clear that her priority right now is raising her babies, having a close-knit family, and working when the timing is right for them." In an age of celebrity meltdowns and overexposure, Roberts presents a welcome respite. "It seems like a cliché, but she really has such a good sense of humor about being Julia Roberts," Smith explains. "She refuses to give her life up to the paparazzi—she doesn't let the fame affect her. She's determined to live a grounded life."



MARA SCHIAVOCAMPO

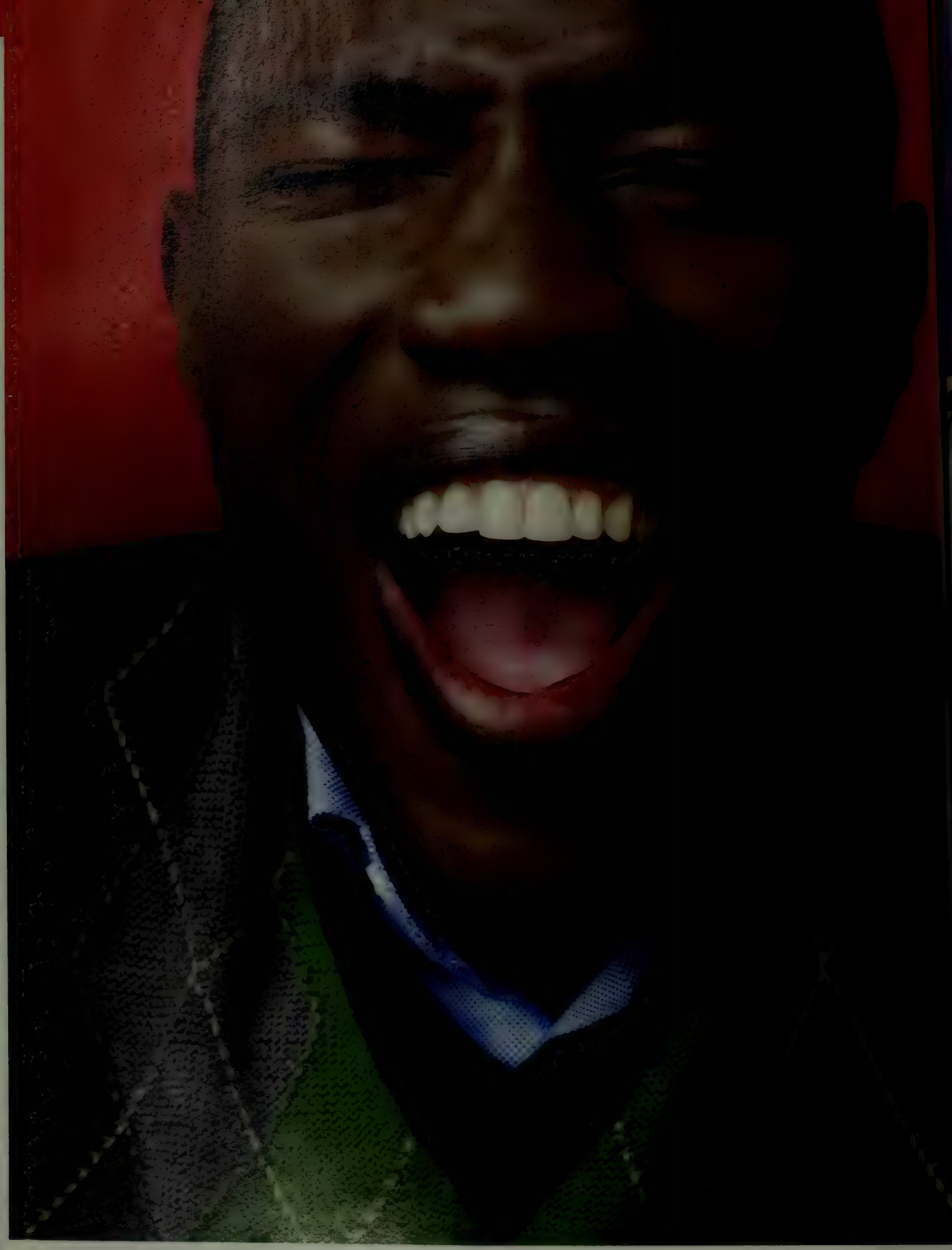
John Falk

Every time intrepid field reporter John Falk goes to Kentucky, "something weird happens." He was there investigating a marijuana-growing ring when he read about the Transylvania University library heist in a local paper. In his first story for *Vanity Fair,* Falk, one of the journalists who inspired the recent Richard Gere film *The Hunting Party,* speaks with three of the four studious schemers who stole nearly a million dollars' worth of rare books from the school's collection, established underworld art contacts in Amsterdam, met with an appraiser at Christie's in New York, and were caught simply through a chain of careless e-mails. Falk says, "Their only regret is that they have zero access to women in prison," but otherwise they're all on the same page. "They're behind bars, thinking, We're totally free." His next project will take him to Sudan with a lost boy in search of his mother.

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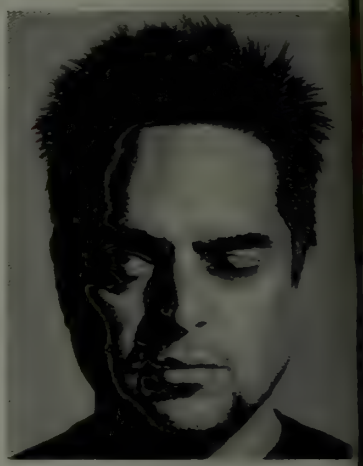


BRIAN NORDSTROM

Jonathan Becker

For the article "Art's New Superpower," which begins on page 318, photographer-at-large Jonathan Becker traveled throughout China to capture some of the artists, dealers, and collectors who are contributing to the booming art world there. "I hadn't been to mainland China in 13 years," Becker (seen here with curator Johnson Chang at the China Club in Hong Kong) says, "and I found the art scene to be a huge and wonderful surprise. It's straightforward, hopeful, and industrious—the whole experience was greatly inspiring." Becker, who has been working at *Vanity Fair* for more than two decades, began his career as a portraitist for *Interview* magazine. The New York City–based photographer's many books include *Bright Young Things* (Assouline) and *Studios by the Sea: Artists of Long Island's East End* (Abrams).

Michael Thompson



For this month's cover, photographer Michael Thompson, whose past *V.F.* subjects have included Teri Hatcher and Reese Witherspoon, captures a fresh-faced Julia Roberts. Thompson and Roberts have now collaborated on five separate occasions, and "each time she is an incredibly refreshing person to be around," says Thompson. "She is very truthful, and I simply allow Julia's inner self to come through." In addition to his first celebrity photograph book, due out in fall 2008, Thompson is currently working on a one-man show that will debut at the Hasted Hunt Gallery, in New York, in March.



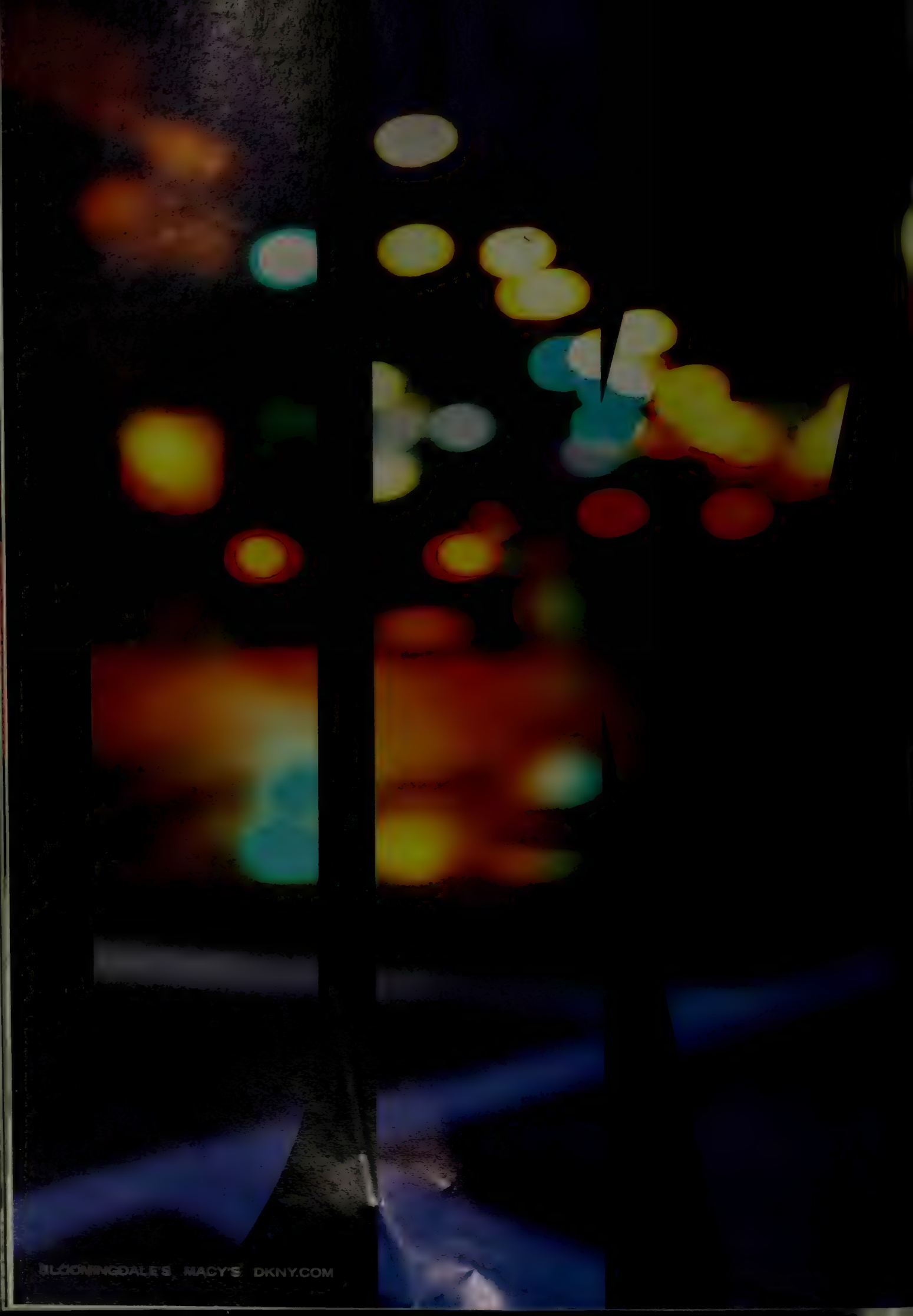
GASTON PRINCE ART

Sheila Weller

Sheila Weller had Michelle Phillips on her mind while she was writing her forthcoming book, *Girls Like Us: Carole King, Joni Mitchell, Carly Simon—and the Journey of a Generation* (Atria). "Phillips grew up as a gorgeous baby bohemian in the 1950s and, in a very real sense, became America's first flower child, modeling a guilt-free sexuality that brought strong men such as John Phillips to their knees." While tracing Phillips's uniquely glamorous life, Weller realized that the last living member of the Mamas and the Papas had stayed on her feet not out of luck but out of smarts: "Where others fell, she knew how to be a survivor, in a classic, pragmatic, ingenious way." The senior contributing editor at *Glamour*, Weller, whose son, Jonathan Kelly, is an executive assistant to the editor of *Vanity Fair*, has explored other iconic players and subcultures for *V.F.*, most recently in her story "Malibu's Lost Boys," in August 2006.

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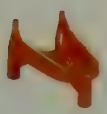

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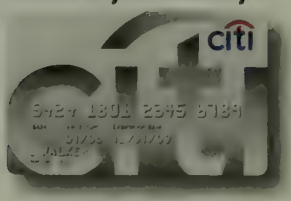
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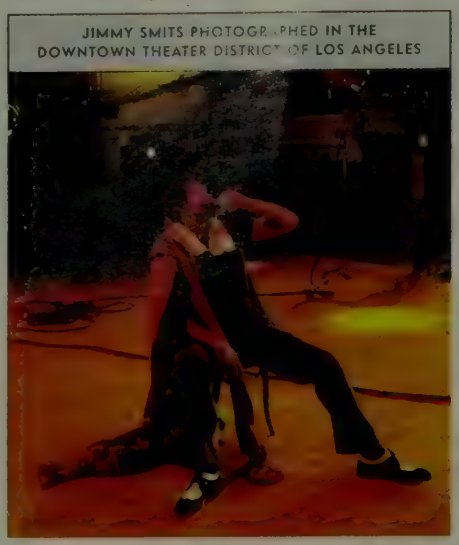
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Bruce Handy



Deputy editor Bruce Handy traveled deep into the heart of Napa Valley to seek out Francis Ford Coppola, at the legendary director's wine estate, and discuss his upcoming film, *Youth Without Youth*. "Coppola is part of that generation of filmmakers who fled L.A. for the Bay Area," says Handy, "like George Lucas and Walter Murch. Besides being movie geniuses, those guys are also lifestyle geniuses." Handy's wide-ranging conversation with Coppola, "The Liberation of Francis Ford Coppola," page 252, covers the many ups and downs of the director's career and even touches on his abandoned dream project, a many-layered movie about utopian New York, called *Megalopolis*. Coppola says he's abandoned the expensive, effects-heavy project, but Handy isn't so sure: "Who knows? In another five years, new technology might make it so cheap he could actually pull it off."

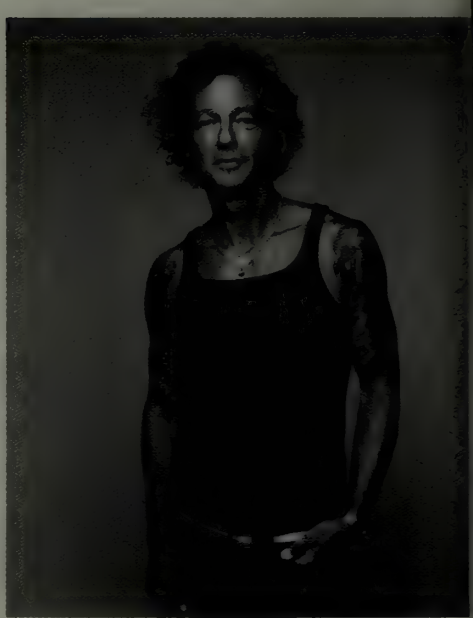


GASPER TRINGALE

Wendy Stark Morrissey

For this month's issue, L.A.-based contributing editor Wendy Stark Morrissey took on the task of researching the major players in the rapidly expanding Shanghai and Beijing art worlds (page 318). Visiting the Far East with writer Barbara Pollack and photographer-at-large Jonathan Becker, Morrissey, an established figure on the global art circuit, found that the timing for the trio's trip couldn't have been better. "This is the place of the moment," says Morrissey, who has traveled to China three times since 2005. "The Chinese contemporary-art scene is cutting-edge, and this is truly its breakout hour. It's at the forefront of the international market."

Robert Maxwell



Francis Ford Coppola may be known for being demanding, but according to photographer Robert Maxwell, when the director is the one being directed he couldn't be more easygoing. "He was very affable, very nice," Maxwell says. "He agreed to do everything I asked him to. I was charmed by his lack of pretense." The clean, natural look of Maxwell's portrait of Coppola, which accompanies Bruce Handy's article "The Liberation of Francis Ford Coppola" (page 252), can be found in much of his work. "Simple, direct, and honest is what I try to do," Maxwell says. "Simple things, in a way, have more bells and whistles than actual bells and whistles."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112


Trésor
Love is a treasure
LANCÔME
PARIS
E WINSLET. TRÉSOR

Trésor

Love is a treasure

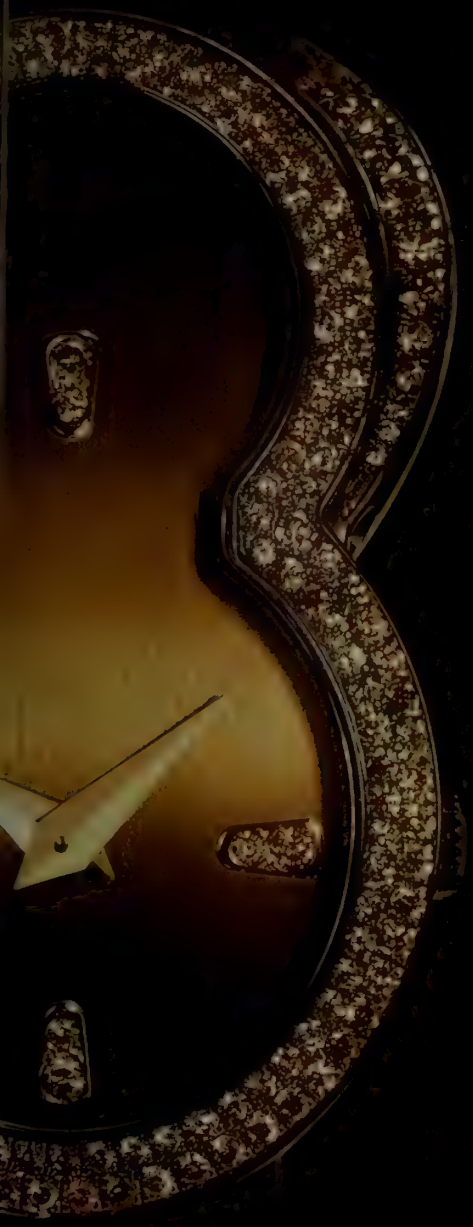


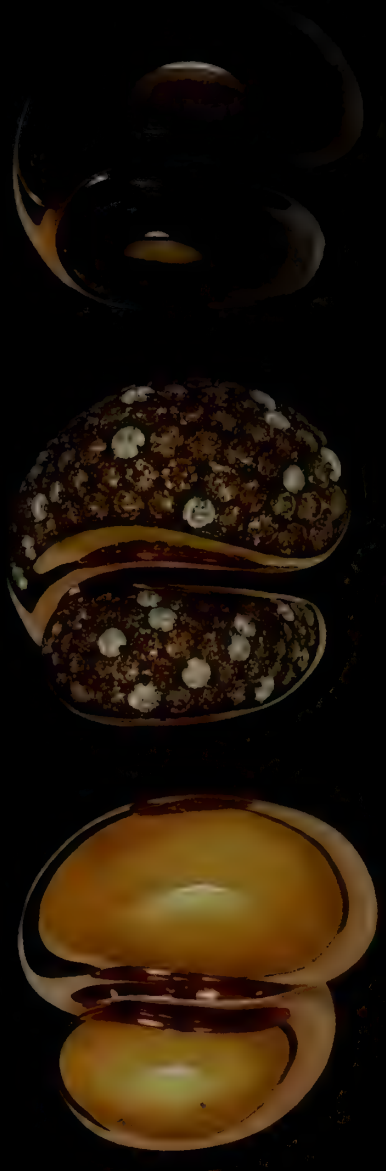
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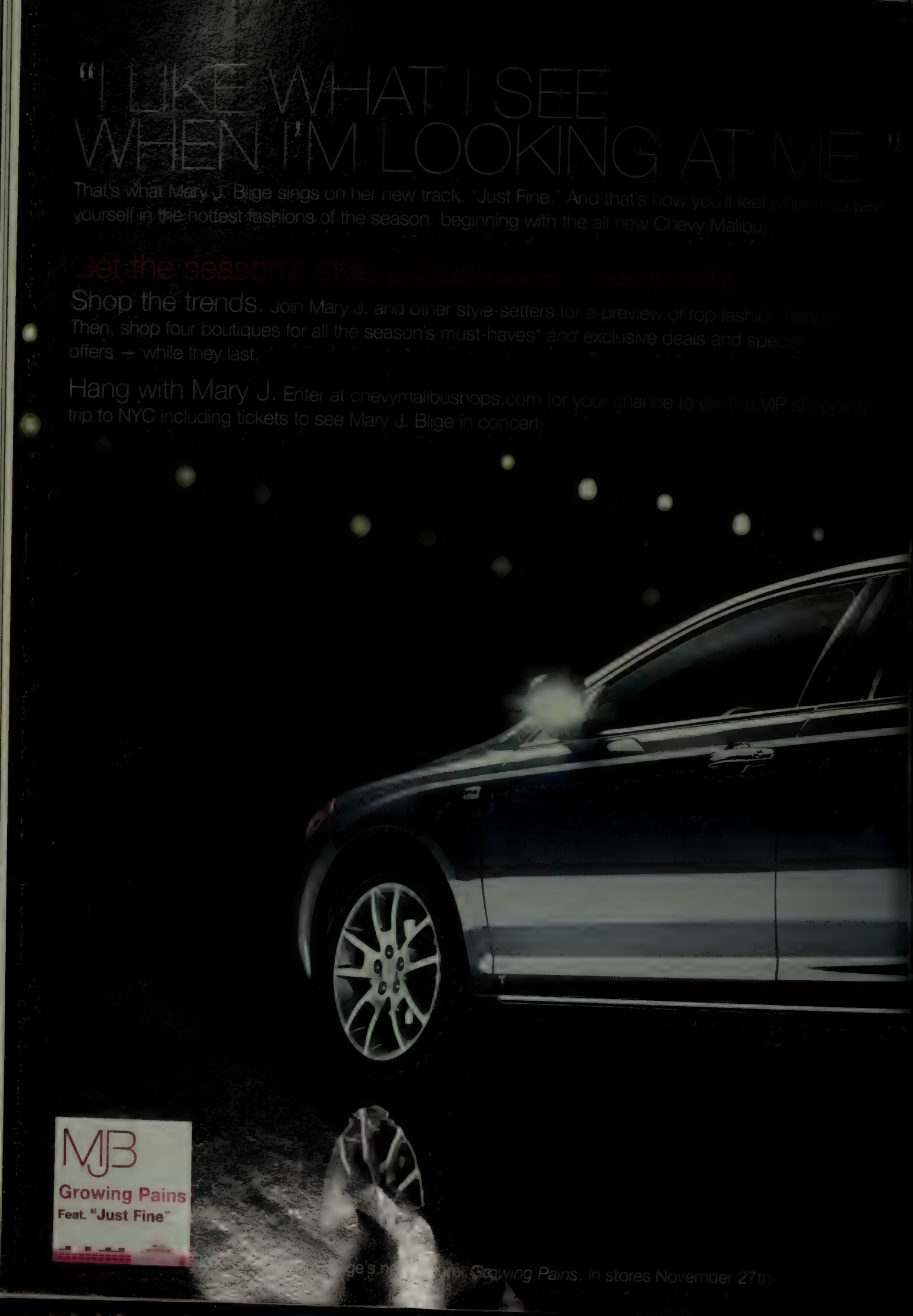
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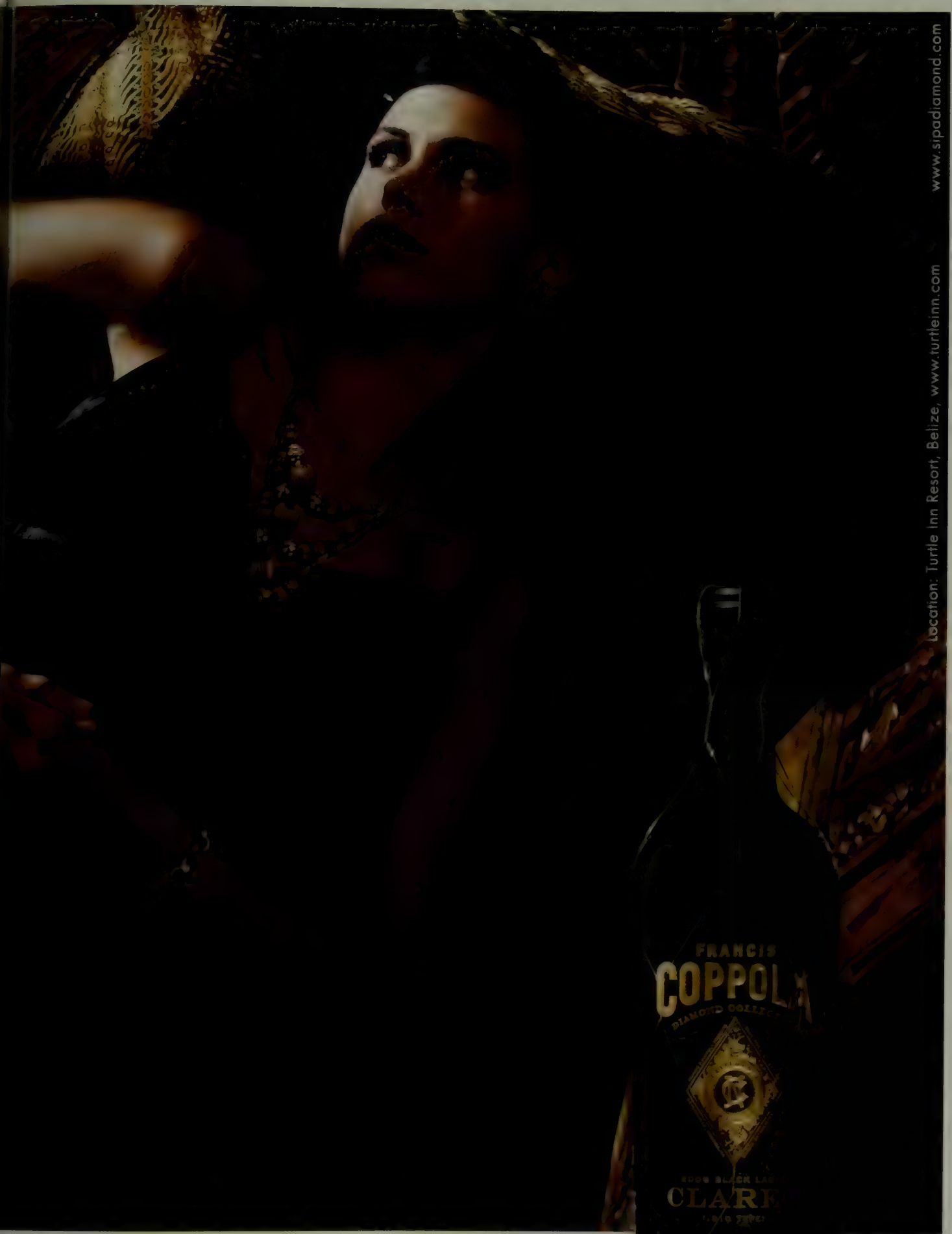


[illegible]ge's ne[illegible] *Growing Pains*, in stores November 27th





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COPPOLA DIAMOND COLLECTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

PROMOTION

VANITY FAIR

‹ Agenda ›

Beverly Hills VERSACE

EVENTS

Fashionably Artful

The Versace boutique in Beverly Hills was the site of a luncheon, hosted by Versace and *Vanity Fair,* to celebrate the artwork of Kimberly Brooks. More than 60 V.I.P. guests, including Albert Brooks, Laurie David, and Tracey Ross, gathered to enjoy an exhibition, a classical piano performance, lunch, and shopping the Versace collection to benefit the Greater Los Angeles Zoo Association.



GUESTS ENJOYED THE KIMBERLY BROOKS EXHIBITION AT VERSACE.

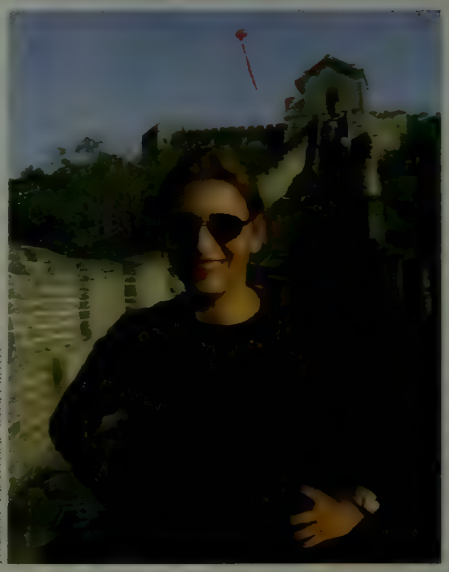
ONLINE

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SELECT



JASON EDWARD KAUFMAN

Barbara Pollack

In researching her first *Vanity Fair* piece, "Art's New Superpower," on page 318, writer Barbara Pollack, a veteran of the art world, spent one month visiting Shanghai, Beijing, and Hong Kong to snag interviews with typically reticent Chinese contemporary-art dealers, artists, collectors, and curators. Of the process of pulling a story like this together, Pollack says, "It's always a surreal experience finding art players on such a foreign turf, but a trust exists that allowed me to enter their homes, galleries, and studios to view their collections and see firsthand the inner workings of art in China." Pollack has been covering the contemporary-art scene since 1994 for *The New York Times, Art & Auction,* and *Art News,* and is currently working on a book entitled *Zoomerang,* which predicts that China will eventually steal the international art scene.

Alex Shoumatoff



Contributing editor Alex Shoumatoff has a well-earned reputation as a far-flung correspondent, and it doesn't get much more remote than Mizoram, an Indian state blanketed by a species of bamboo that, when it flowers (every 48 years or so), precipitates an explosion of rats that devour the region's crops. As he recounts in "Waiting for the Plague" (page 204), Shoumatoff (pictured at right in Varanasi, India) visited on the cusp of the bamboo flowering. "The people were very anxious, but they were lovely," he says. "One night I jammed with some of their top musicians, and their singing was as sweet and beautiful as birdsong." Shoumatoff brings his guitar on most of his reporting trips, and he plans to release his debut album, *Suitcase on the Loose,* 40 years in the making, in early 2008.



DAVID [illegible]

Richard Corman

Richard Corman can add a roomful of intellectual heavyweights to the list of personalities he has worked with for *Vanity Fair,* having shot this month's "Pride of Lions," spotlighting the New York Public Library's distinguished honorees in the arts and sciences. "Over the years I have had a number of memorable experiences with the magazine," he says. "Whether photographing Tom Wolfe with Kurt Vonnegut or Robin Williams with Saul Bellow or, this month, Martin Scorsese with a group of cultural luminaries, the assignments have always been intriguing and inspiring." Corman recently returned from photographing participants in the Special Olympics World Summer Games.


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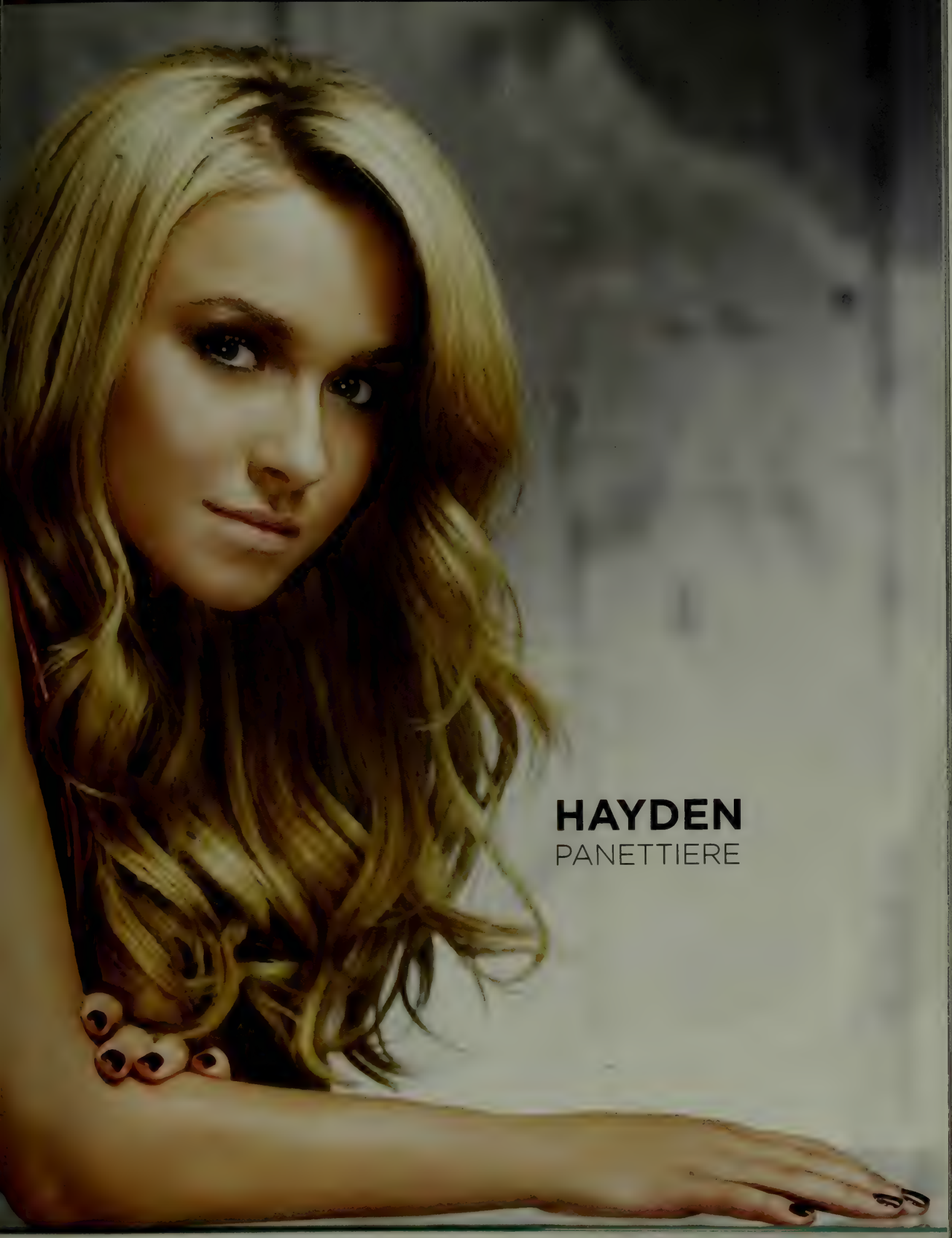
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NOBEL CRUSADER
Vice President (and now Peace Prize winner) Al Gore and his wife, Tipper, wave from the steps of Air Force Two at Andrews Air Force Base, August 28, 2000.

I applaud Evgenia Peretz for exposing some of the true villains of the 2000 election ["Going After Gore," October], those supposedly esteemed journalists who so obviously favored the aw-shucks flash of George W. over the true substance of Al Gore. How valuable and yet heartbreaking it is that, almost eight years later, each one can witness what havoc ultimately was wreaked, partly due to their misquotes and sucker punches. I wonder if any one of them possesses enough of a conscience to look within and ask, What hath we wrought?

LAURIE BROOKINS
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

"GOING AFTER GORE" is a fascina[illegible] say, but it seems to miss an important [illegible] of the story. Armed with money, influence, and the protection of the First Amend-ment, the media bravely went out and inaccurately reported the story, not just once but repeatedly. Gore's message was distorted because the reporters covering him were out of their intellectual depth, overwhelmed by any reference to recent political history, and completely uneducated about the issues. Now they offer the reassuring suggestion that "he probably could have overcome" their incompetence.

As for *Vanity Fair*, it is good to see that, seven years too late, you have noticed that there was a problem. But to explain it by saying, "George Bush made it easy," without progressing to the corollary that the media took the easy way out because they lacked the character, honesty, education, self-awareness, and intelligence to do the hard work that their jobs entail, is, at best, [illegible].

JAMES MACMILLAN
Toronto, Ontario

EVGENIA PERETZ'S article regarding the treatment of Al Gore by the press in 2000 highlights a primary reason why I no longer read newspapers for news: the coverage proved that many reporters and columnists are so enamored of their own words that they will write almost anything just to get print space. That a large group of reasonably intelligent people overlooked the facts is astounding to me. Here's hoping every one of them does better in 2008, although given the softball coverage of Fred Thompson and Rudy Giuliani and the trashing of Senator Clinton on a regular basis already, I rather doubt it. Perhaps the voting public will be smarter this time.

PENNEY KOLB
Granville, West Virginia

IN 1999 AND 2000, GORE came off as pompous and detached. George W. Bush

MIKE NELSON


CHROME
REFLECTIONS OF MEN
CHROME
AZZARO
★macy's

appeared to be the opposite. And in the end that was his appeal to the voters and the media. He was the "anti-Gore." The press did not do a bad job covering the election. Let's remember, Gore lost his home state. So while the media may have piled on, the reality of his losing Tennessee will remain a far more damning fact than any column Maureen Dowd ever wrote. I can understand the desire to lament the Gore loss, given what has transpired these past seven years. But it is time to move on. After all, once the country got to see G.W.B. in action we still preferred "four more years" to the alternative. You can't blame the media for that.

MICHAEL MARINELLO
Seattle, Washington

I APPRECIATED Evgenia Peretz's article, but there seems to be an important question left unanswered: Why did Gore, and why do Democrats in general, get measured by a different ruler than Republicans? Why is Hillary Clinton's taking money from a criminal somehow worse (and more likely to make headlines) than Mitt Romney's taking money from a criminal (visible only on the blogs)? Why is the cost of John Edwards's haircut reported without comparative information about the other 17 candidates' haircuts? Although the G.O.P. has suffered expensive losses over the years, perhaps its greatest accomplishment is this: having convinced the country that the "liberal media" are so terrifying that reporters are afraid to play fairly for fear they will be called biased. I suspect the tune hasn't changed and will not change until media ownership is decentralized.

HEIDI PERRYMAN
Lafayette, California

EVGENIA PERETZ'S vapid article would be pointless were it not so inadvertently telling. News outlets do not have the ability to define presidential nominees. Nominees define themselves both directly and indirectly over the course of long careers. The various caricatures of Gore presented by the media and ostensibly picked up by the unwashed masses are a result of his desire to be everything to everyone. The irony is that this was the death knell

FOR MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR GO TO VF.COM.

POSTSCRIPT



British physicist Stephen Hawking with his daughter, Lucy, in his office at the Centre for Mathematical Sciences, in Cambridge, England, September 3, 2007.

In June 2004, contributing editor Judy Bachrach reported on a series of injuries Stephen Hawking, the world-famous British physicist and author of the best-selling *A Brief History of Time*, had endured between 1999 and 2002 ("A Beautiful Mind, an Ugly Possibility"). Hawking's daughter, Lucy, had learned of these horrifying mishaps and informed the police in Cambridge, England, where Hawking lives and works, of her suspicions of abuse, but after two investigations no charges were brought.

As Stephen Hawking is also, since the age of 22, the victim of Lou Gehrig's disease, the reports of these traumas (including, on different occasions, a broken wrist, a cut lip, swollen limbs, a black eye, and pain from a fall in the bathtub) made headlines around the world. The question on everyone's lips: Who was responsible for the injuries? Suspicion centered on Hawking's second wife, the flame-haired Elaine, who had been, until their 1995 wedding, his devoted nurse. It was she, another nurse claimed, who had been with him when he slipped in the bathtub; other caretakers had seen her scream at her husband, wound and humiliate him in public. But when confronted about his injuries, Hawking told Lucy, the press, and the police not to interfere and that the abuse allegations were "wholeheartedly" false. Nonetheless, something changed: in October 2006, the couple separated and lodged divorce papers.

"My father is very, very well, and very happy," Lucy, now 36, says, with special emphasis on the word "well." She also says he is healthy. (In fact, he participated in a zero-gravity flight—allowing him to move without the aid of his wheelchair for the first time in 43 years—last April.) About the divorce of her 65-year-old parent she will not utter a syllable. The same cannot be said of the British press, which published reports claiming everything from new significant others, each having played a part in the Hawking split, to the scientist having an affair. His family told the press that the rumors are completely untrue.

Lucy is talkative, however, when it comes to the book for children, called *George's Secret Key to the Universe*, that she recently wrote with her father. Lucy describes the co-authoring experience as "very therapeutic for both of us." Indeed, it is her belief that the collaboration "re-united us."



In February 2005, Michael Shnayerson reported that crews of burglars—and one solo bandit—had been robbing high-hedged fortresses in affluent areas of West Los Angeles ("Nightmare on Sunset"). Almost a year later, he updated the story (Postscript, December 2005): although the burglars remained at large, robberies in the area had been reduced by 80 percent.

But in January 2006 a new rash of burglaries began; it lasted nearly 18 months, and this time had more sophisticated crooks. To date, the two—possibly three—ski-masked men have targeted at least 75 Westside residences and have stolen up to $8 million. The thieves break windows to get into houses, then quickly ransack the master bedroom, taking only expensive jewelry, cash, and occasionally whole safes. "I hate to say it, but they're pretty good," says the L.A. Police Department's Lieutenant Ray Lombardo, who is leading the burglary task force. "They've left us very few clues."



At least 75 houses in and around Bel Air were robbed between January 2006 and July 2007.

Because the Platinum Triangle (Beverly Hills, Bel Air, Holmby Hills) is home to scores of celebrities, it's no surprise that boldfaced names—such as Duran Duran bass guitarist John Taylor and his wife, Juicy Couture president Gela Nash-Taylor, and country-music stars Tim McGraw and Faith Hill—are among the victims.

The L.A.P.D. went public with the robberies in July, after obtaining a picture of the men from a security camera, and since then this crime wave seems to have ceased. Still, the burglaries are cause for alarm—or at least a reminder for hillside and canyon residents to turn their alarm systems on.

To read the original stories, go to VANITYFAIR.COM.

LEFT, BY LEON NEAL; BOTTOM RIGHT, BY PAUL HARRIS


Nº3
Very famous amongst very few people
BEDAT & Cº
GENEVE
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PROMOTION

‹ Agenda ›



BEYOND THE BOARDROOM HOST JONATHAN TISCH.

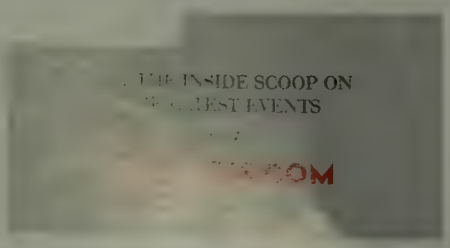
BEYOND THE BOARDROOM

TELEVISION

Direct Questions, Revealing Answers

CNBC invites you to go *Beyond the Boardroom,* featuring a series of one-on-one interviews with America's preeminent CEOs. In this extraordinary weekly program, hosted by Jonathan Tisch, today's leaders speak candidly about how they got started and what it takes to stay on top and their bold predictions for the future. Howard Schultz, Ian Schrager, Susan Lyne, and other business luminaries reveal that success in business is about more than just a series of numbers—rather, it's about guts, hard work, imagination, and people. *Beyond the Boardroom* is presented by Cadillac.





for both his candidacy and his character. It was clear Gore did not have a philosophical or moral baseline from which he operated and, by extension, would govern.

STEVE BRIDGES
Atlanta, Georgia

NICOLE, UNBUTTONED

READERS are accustomed to provocative magazine covers from *Vanity Fair.* October's, of Nicole Kidman, is hardly daring when you compare it with some of the others. However, it is surprising to see an actress such as Kidman, who I previously thought had taste, class, and good judgment, allow herself to appear in such a cheap, cheesy photograph. The images by Patrick Demarchelier that accompanied the article ["The Lady Is Yar," by Kristin Smith] were lovely and elegant. What a shame one of them couldn't have been the cover, instead of a picture of a woman flashing her underwear.

REBECCA GILCHRIST
Los Angeles, California

ALL NEWS, ALL THE TIME

READING MICHAEL WOLFF'S thought-provoking "Is This the End of News?" (October), I was left with the feeling that

MORE FROM THE *V.F.* MAILBAG

The world's gone to hell in a handbasket—is that smug, strutting disaster in human shape still decidering?—but never mind: there's a Gabor hassock with a tear in it. "Is that really a ripped cushion on the ottoman behind Zsa Zsa?" asks Martha Cushing, of Corrales, New Mexico. "Couldn't you have turned the ottoman around? Or was there an even bigger rip on the other side?" wonders Aideen Carroll, of Toronto. And this from Cathy Jones, in Pittsburgh (we think it might be a haiku!):

Zsa Zsa in Chanel: classic
The Prince in Prada: impeccable
Having Jonathan Becker turn the shabby-chic ottoman to hide the torn side before the *V.F.* shoot: priceless



Apparently the matter of just how torn up that ottoman was, 360-degrees-wise, remains an open question.

Distracted, apparently, by the classic beauty of Amy Adams ("Wild About Amy," October), *V.F.* misidentified the car she's in—small portions of which are visible in the photo with her—as a 1960 Cadillac. It is of course a 1960 Corvette. Distracted, apparently, in equal parts by the Corvette and Ms. Adams were K. Gumm, of West Bend, Wisconsin; Bruce Moore, of Hancock, New York; Craig Wexelblatt, of East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania; and Mike Davitt, of Saline, Michigan—all of whom were kind and astute enough to point out the error.

The Nicole Kidman cover spoke deeply to readers. "Why?!!! Is Nicole selling bras? . . . SHAME! SHAME!" (Karen Patrick, Burlington, Ontario). "Why is it that all bras and other undergarments seem to have the consistency of swimsuits nowadays? It's no wonder that the population of the Western world is in decline, given the lack of visual titillation the young male of today must be encountering" (W. W. Padgett, Daly City, California).

And now a word from those readers who have just discovered the joys of CAPS LOCK:

"IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE HOW MANY SPAS MR. HITCHENS VISITS, OR HOW THEY ATTEMPT TO MAKE HIM LOOK MORE HUMAN; HIS INNER BEING WILL ALWAYS RESEMBLE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY." Barry Ross Parnell, of Palm Desert, California, is referring to Part I of Christopher Hitchens's account of his recent descotchification (among other things) regimen. And from Sylvia McLeod, of Cedar Crest, New Mexico: "I WAS ABOUT TO CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION. BUT I WILL HAVE TO RECONSIDER NOW THAT YOU HAVE AN ONGOING FEATURE ON CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS'S MAKEOVER."

What is it about Hitchens that brings out the uppercase in our souls?

The Mailbag wanted to close with an update on the Graydon-Carter-should-he-or-shouldn't-he-change-his-hairstyle controversy (Jacquelyn Jernigan, of Pensacola, Florida, says, "Definitely, you need a trim. Darling, you are handsome; flaunt it"—bringing the running tally to 6–4 in favor of Change), but we were too charmed by these thoughts from Mrs. Rivi Wechsler, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania: "In your mention of Giraffe Manor in Nairobi (Fanfair, October), you neglected to mention what I think is as much fun as the giraffes, and that is seeing gorgeous little warthogs grazing with them."


DANCE WITH THE ORANGE RIBBON

PROMOTION

VANITY FAIR

‹ Agenda ›



HEROES CAST MEMBERS JACK COLEMAN, HAYDEN PANETTIERE, MILO VENTIMIGLIA, AND MASI OKA.

EXTRA 14 SEPTEMBER

EVENTS

Celebrating *Heroes*

On September 14, Perry Ellis, Universal Media Studios, and *Vanity Fair* hosted a V.I.P. party for the cast, producers, and crew of NBC's *Heroes*, which received eight Emmy® nominations. Held at the Chateau Marmont penthouse, in Los Angeles, the festive evening drew notables, including Masi Oka, James Kyson Lee, Ali Larter, Jack Coleman, Hayden Panettiere, Milo Ventimiglia, Greg Grunberg, and Adrian Pasdar, from the show.

AMY FRITSCHE OF VISA INC. AND DOUG ESCRIBANO AND DEBBIE BLOOM OF CHRISTIE'S.



EVENTS

Visa Signature *and* Christie's

This fall, Visa Signature cardholders indulged in intimate evenings of fine art and fine dining at Christie's, in Los Angeles on September 27 and in New York on October 3. Guests had the rare opportunity to try on fine jewelry, preview art and other treasures featured in upcoming auctions, and enjoy a lavish four-course dinner with wine pairings.

there is simply too much news. It is everywhere and available immediately through the Web, TV, and radio. It has lost its impact through overkill. Just imagine the excitement before radio, when you heard a newsboy shouting, "Extra! Extra!," in your neighborhood. It had to be something big—and it was: The *Titanic* had struck an iceberg and gone down with enormous loss of life. Charles Lindbergh had flown across the Atlantic alone. That was the news.

LOUIS C. KLEBER
Las Vegas, Nevada

SLACKIDEMIC

IN "Lazy-Ass Nation" [October], Jim Windolf managed to take a serious subject, the fact that Americans are woefully inactive and alarmingly obese, and water it down with examples that were often not only ill-informed but downright mean. Yes, the Clapper may seem to encourage laziness, but I do seem to remember those early commercials for the product showing an elderly woman clapping the lights off from her bed. And attacking cup holders? For crying out loud, it seems to me that these convenient devices actually encourage the questionable but unlazy practice of multitasking. The holders allow a person to drink coffee while driving to work, where they will no doubt perform several tasks at the same time all day.

JIM ROMANOFF
South Burlington, Vermont

I WAS GOING TO WRITE and mail my letter of praise for Jim Windolf's hilarious take on our "lazy-ass nation," but I couldn't find a pen or a stamp. Then I thought I could fax it over, but, alas, who faxes anything anymore? Dialing 10 numbers is much too taxing. Finally, I resorted to the tried-and-true e-mail method. Voilà! (But could someone work on a way for readers to text in our comments—or, better yet, ESP?)

LAURA DODD
Los Angeles, California

JIM WINDOLF proves himself to be the quintessential citizen of the "lazy-ass nation." No contact was made before he gave incorrect information about Soho Parenting, the family-counseling service in New York City. Instead, he seems to have relied on inaccurate reporting from other publications. We do *not* toilet-train children for parents, and one simple call would have clarified our philosophy. Soho Parenting is a service, not an outsource, for parents who are struggling to maintain a clearheaded, hands-on, balanced approach to raising children in a sped-up and pressured world. His shortcut cheapened *Vanity Fair*'s reputation for accuracy and honesty.

JEAN KUNHARDT AND LISA SPIEGEL
Co-founders and co-directors, Soho Parenting
New York, New York

EXTREME MAKEOVER: HITCHENS EDITION

SUICIDE is a matter of velocity: a bullet to the head is instant, while smoking, for example, is a much slower method. Underneath what I believe to be Christopher Hitchens's God-given gift of brilliant writing ("On the Limits of Self-Improvement, Part I," October) one detects a bald lack of faith, self-hatred disguised as humor, a pooh-poohing of the value of good health, and the consequence of a life without meaning.

DHANI SCHIMIZZI
Rochester, New York

V.F. CLASSIC



While President George Herbert Walker Bush's approval rating took a tumble during his four-year stint in the White House, his wife, Barbara, with her well-honed image as America's favorite grandmother, retained close to universal popularity. The First Lady appeared, after all, to be a champion political wife. But in August 1992, Marjorie Williams chiseled away at Barbara's public persona, revealing how the president's spouse had managed to hide not only her combative fierceness but also her deep unhappiness behind a façade of cheerful photo ops and eager activism. As Williams reported, the devoted Mrs. Bush had become trapped within the domestic destiny she created for herself. To read Williams's "Barbara's Backlash," please visit **VANITYFAIR.COM.**

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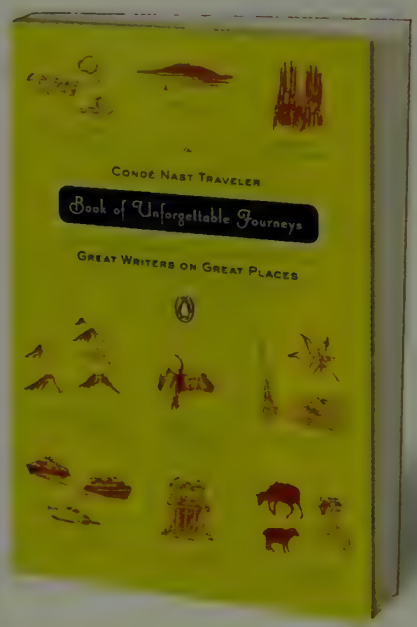
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FINALLY! I was so glad to hear that Christopher Hitchens *may* start to take care of himself. There is no one quite like him, and it would be a shame to lose his voice to booze and cigs.

HOLLY HANSFORD
Encinitas, California

THE GRILL, SOME PLAYING FIELDS, AND THE V.F. 100

AS A LONGTIME SUBSCRIBER, I enjoy *Vanity Fair* cover to cover every month. Imagine my surprise to read that Michael Milken's wife, Lori, owns the Grill in Beverly Hills ["The New Establishment," October]. Please be advised that, although Lori is the largest shareholder in our company, the Grill on the Alley continues to be owned and operated by Grill Concepts, Inc.

TERRI HENRY
Vice president of marketing, Grill Concepts, Inc.
Los Angeles, California

THE NAMELESS and "undeveloped" New York City pier to which *Vanity Fair* refers in Robert De Niro's New Establishment entry is called Pier 40, and it holds in its center many soccer and baseball fields, which are practically in constant use. Dozens of schools and team organizations, including the Downtown United Soccer Club and the Greenwich Village Little League, consider it their "home field." Related Companies has proposed to build 12 movie theaters (to be used by De Niro's Tribeca Film Festival), a banquet hall, and a permanent home for Cirque du Soleil on this 14-acre site. The proposal would turn Tribeca, a quiet family neighborhood where children ride their bikes to soccer practice, into a tourist destination. If Related's proposal is accepted, the new facility could bring in, by some estimates, nearly 7,500 visitors a day, making it seemingly impossible for schools and families to enjoy their local fields (which would be relocated to the roofs of the new buildings). If De Niro still lived in the neighborhood, I am quite sure he would feel differently about the prospect of turning "his Tribeca" into a Disneyland of the East.

MARA SINGER
New York, New York

LEAVING YOUR MARK

I WAS EXTREMELY DISAPPOINTED to find that there was no advice for assholes over 55 years of age in "Know Your Asshole Footprint" (Vanities, October). It's a sad day in this country when there's an age prejudice against even assholes.

MICHAEL MANGANO
Greenwich, Connecticut

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S LIFE

"THE CULTURAL DIVIDE" [Fanfair] for October made reference to the Barnstorm photography workshop, in the Catskills. The description implies that the program is still conducted by photojournalist Eddie Adams. Mr. Adams, the founder of this important workshop, died on September 19, 2004.

ASHER PAVEL
West Cornwall, Connecticut

BY GEORGE!

I FOUND George Wayne's October Q&A, with Sarah Silverman, to be raw, raunchy, and refreshing! So many of us get intimidated by celebrities and feel that we must somehow worship the ground they walk on, but then an interview like this one comes along and it puts everything into perspective. Their volleying comments back and forth like two schoolyard brats made the dialogue not only enjoyable but laugh-out-loud funny.

DANA NODJOUMI
London, Ontario

EDITOR'S NOTE: Vanity Fair *regrets that Carol Polsgrove's book* It Wasn't Pretty, Folks, but Didn't We Have Fun: Surviving the Sixties with *Esquire*'s Harold Hayes *was not cited as a source for the article "The* Esquire *Decade" (January 2007). A reference to the book was lost during the editorial process.*

CORRECTIONS: On page 386 of the September issue ("Final Blow," by Edward Helmore), we misstated where Isabella Blow discovered designer Alexander McQueen. It was at Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design.

On page 266 of the October issue ("The Vanity Fair 100"), we stated inaccurately that Michael Bloomberg declines to name the charities he supports. He releases the names of these organizations every year.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair.*


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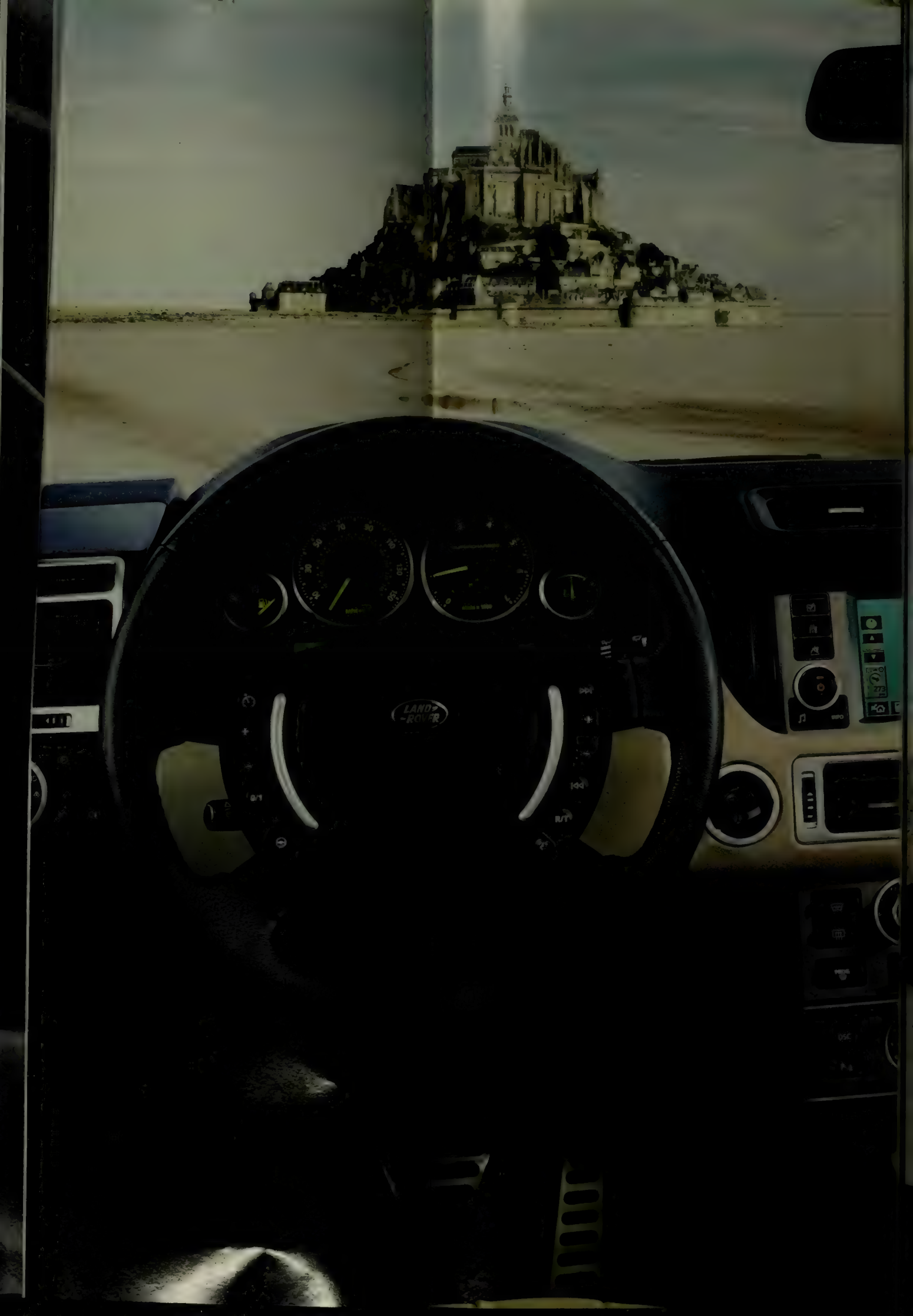
31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE

DECEMBER 2007



LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Ray Charles and record executives strategize about Ray's album Together Again at the ABC Records offices in Manhattan, June 1966. Photographed by Steve Schapiro and included in Schapiro's Heroes (Powerhouse Books), out now.


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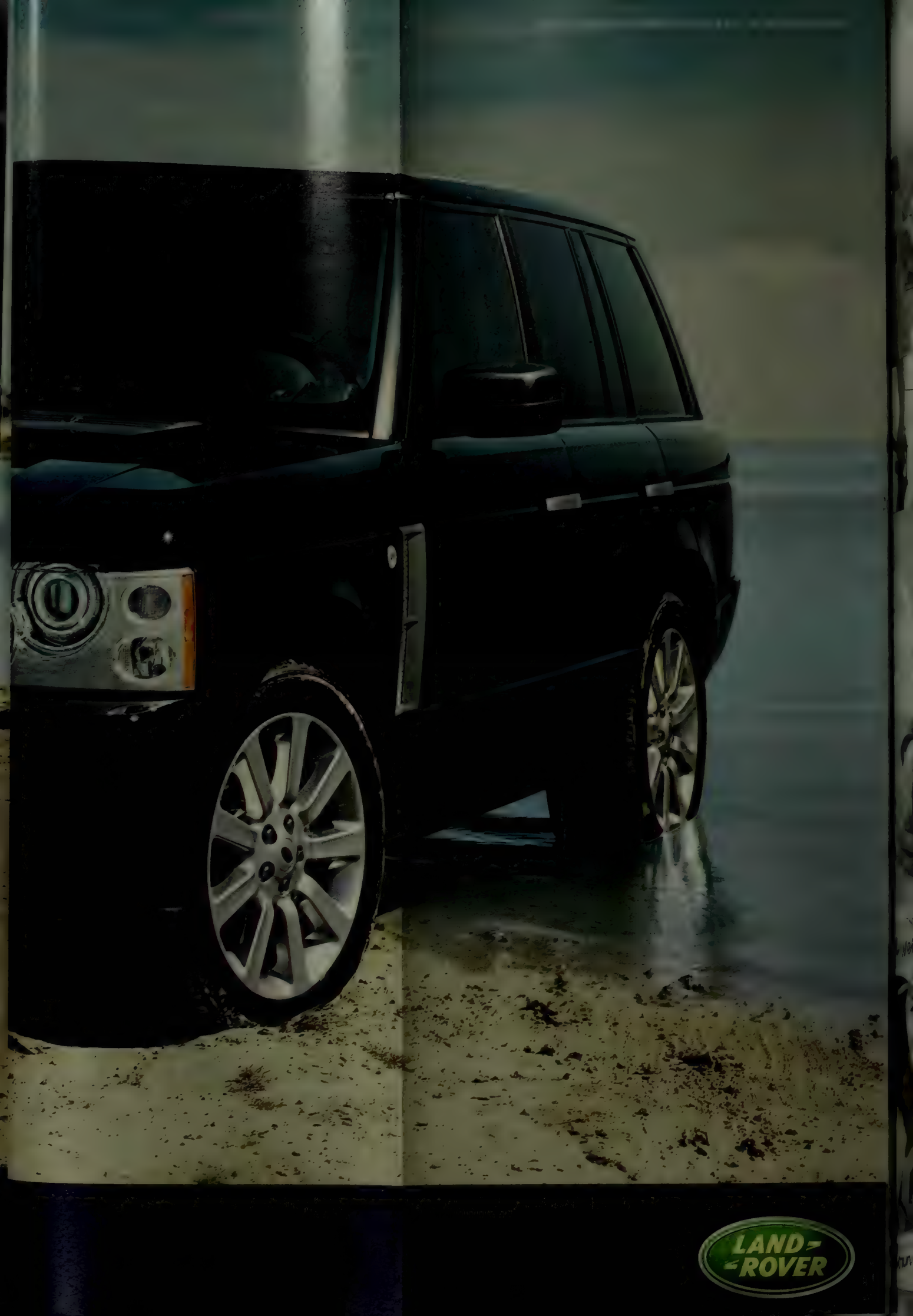
HAVE YOU EVER?

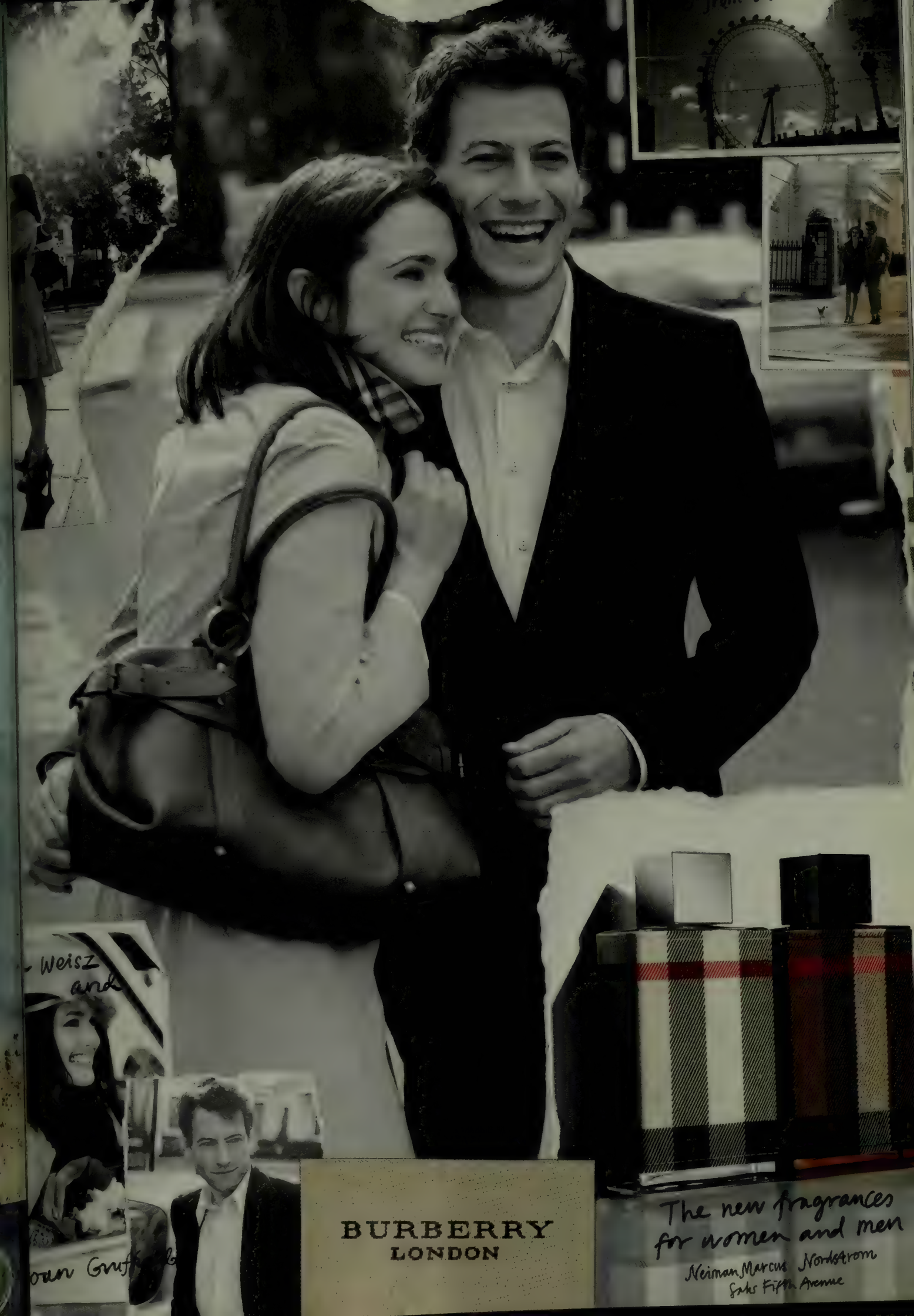
The tides change quickly around Mont-Saint-Michel. The surge, wrote Victor Hugo, arrives "as swiftly as a galloping horse." Within hours, a footpath becomes an ocean and a mountain becomes a medieval isle. Those walking across the tidal flats to Mont-Saint-Michel have five hours before the route is swallowed by the sea. In the Range Rover, they have five and a half.

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HAVE YOU EVER?



Hotels on Collins Avenue, South Beach

04

Collectors, critics, dealers, curators, and art enthusiasts from around the world flock to South Beach each winter for the annual **Art Basel Miami Beach.** This year, 200 galleries will exhibit work by established artists and cutting-edge newcomers in the city's beautiful Art Deco District. (12/6–12/9; artbasel.com)

Vibrant Visions

On December 11 the **AIDS Community Research Initiative of America** hosts its 12th annual holiday gala at the Stephan Weiss Studio, in N.Y.C. The silent auction features works by **Ross Bleckner** and **Robert Rauschenberg,** and the evening's proceeds benefit ACRIA. (acria.org)



Donald Sultan's *Red Poppies,* for the ACRIA auction.

Sparkle Plenty

More than 350 pieces of jewelry go on the block at Sotheby's **Magnificent Jewels Auction** on December 4. The most-buzzed-about lots are **Calvin and Kelly Klein's** pearl pieces, formerly owned by **Queen Mary** and the **Duchess of Windsor.** (sothebys.com)



Black and white natural pearl-and-diamond ear clips, estimated at $300,000 to $500,0



03

For the first time, the ceremony to award the **Turner Prize** for contemporary art is held outside London, at the Tate Liverpool. The short-listed are **Zarina Bhimji, Nathan Coley, Mike Nelson,** and **Mark Wallinger.** (12/3; tate.org.uk)

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

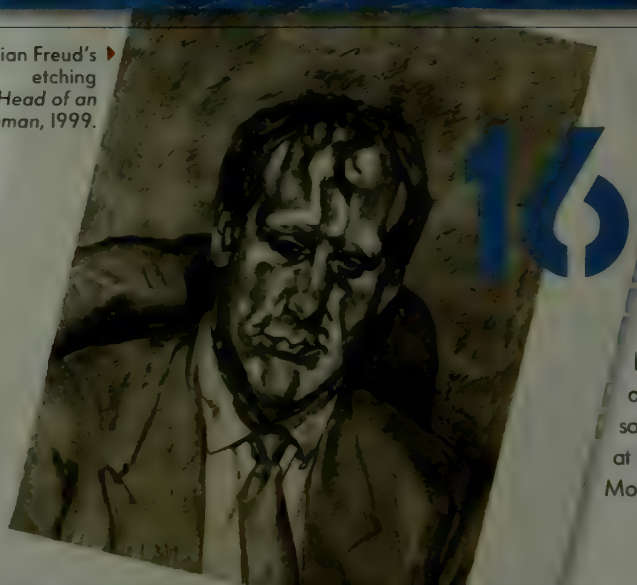
December



Mick Jagger in Palm Beach in 1969, from *Let It Bleed.*

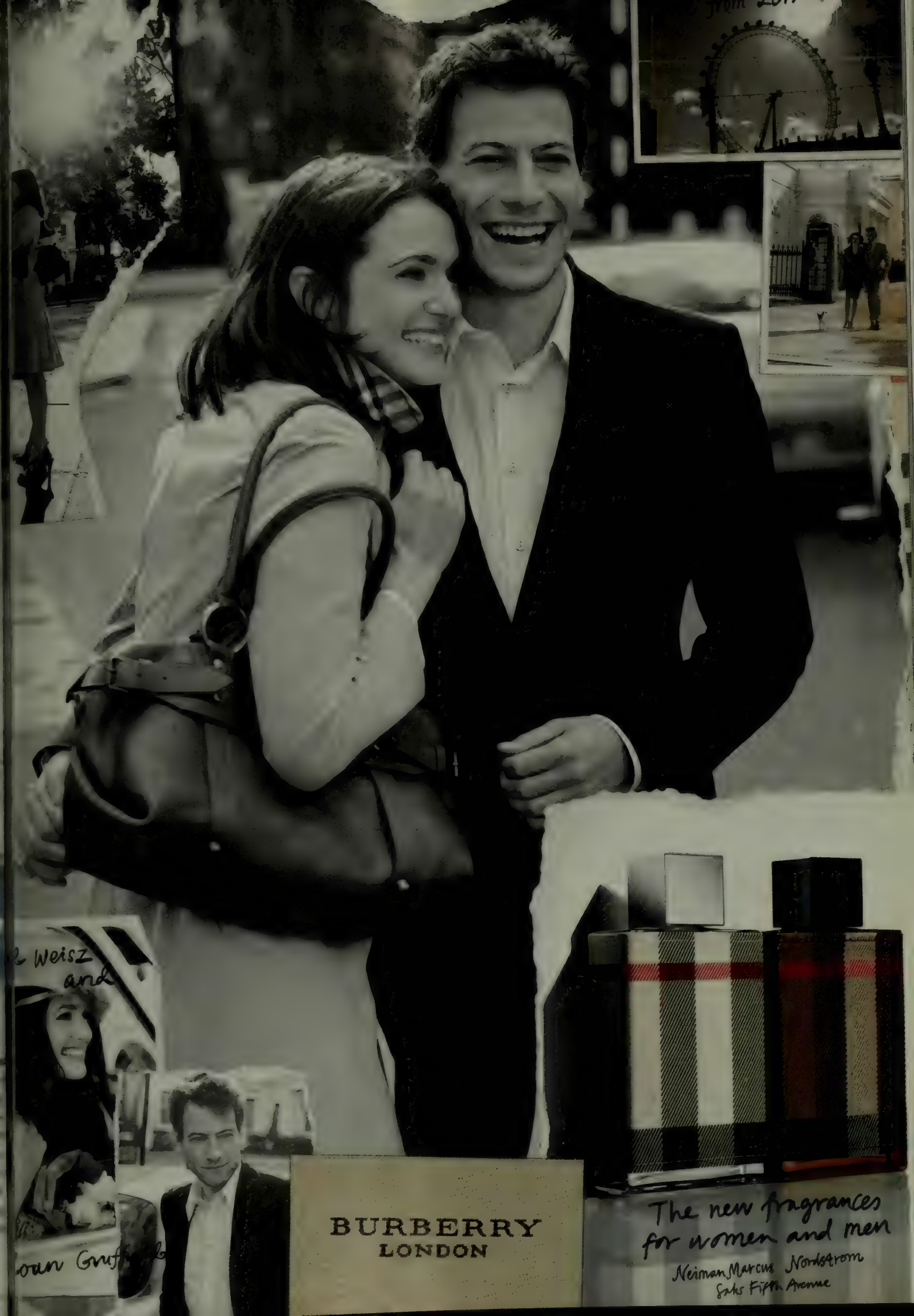
▲ **Ethan Russell** takes readers on the road in his new book, *Let It Bleed* (Rhino). Photographs and interviews document **the Rolling Stones'** 1969 U.S. tour, a touchstone event in music history. The deluxe edition comes with a signed gelatin print, but only 750 copies are available. (rhino.com)

Lucian Freud's etching *Head of an Irishman,* 1999.



16

Though **Lucian Freud** may be best known for painting Her Majesty the Queen with a five-o'clock shadow, the artist's etchings have become a highly touted addition to his body of work. This month, an exhibition of his etchings, some rarely viewed, will open at New York's Museum of Modern Art. (moma.org)


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The new fragrances for women and men
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Clockwise from top left: Frank Sinatra, 1968, photographed on the set of *Lady in Cement*; a polar-bear mother and cub, from *Vanishing World*; a 1952 poster by Mario Puppo for the Italian island of Procida.

HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Ho ho ho.

Hugh Hefner's *Playboy: The Complete Centerfolds* (Chronicle) is a bunny hop through the history of American desire, from the blonde and bosomy bombshells of the 1950s to the sun-kissed and bushy-tailed nature girls of the 1970s, to the zealously waxed, *über*-buff beauties of this decade, and all in "a handsome carrying case."

OTHER GOD-GIVEN GIFTS: **Nadine Gordimer** pushes buttons and the boundaries of race, politics, and sex in *Beethoven Was One-sixteenth Black* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), her new collection of stories. *The Mutter Museum* (Blast) swings wide the doors to its strange and transcendent collection of historical medical photographs. **Trevor Paglen** outs the top-secret meanings behind military patches representing clandestine government projects in *I Could Tell You but Then You Would Have to Be Destroyed by Me* (Melville). In his memoir, **Steve Martin** kids that he was *Born Standing Up* (Scribner). **Karen Armstrong** preaches the gospel truth in *The Bible* (Grove/Atlantic), explaining how the spiritual guide of choice for one out of three people on the planet came into being and evolved over the centuries. **Mireille de la Lez's** astonishing photos crystallize the devastation of global warming on the *Vanishing World* (Abrams) of the Arctic. The essays in editor **Nell Casey's** *An Uncertain Inheritance* (Morrow) are revelatory glimpses into the everyday agonies and occasional flashes of rapture caregivers experience.



Far from the run-of-the-mill romantic-breakup novel, **Louisa McCormack's** witty debut, *Six Weeks to Toxic* (Key Porter), dramatizes the rarely explored yet universal story of a friendship's demise. **The American Society of Magazine Editors** handpicks *The Best American Magazine Writing 2007* (Columbia University). *Life* lensman **Bob Adelman's** civil-rights-era snaps proclaim *Mine Eyes Have Seen* (Time Inc. Home Entertainment). **Barry Day's** collection of *The Letters of Noël Coward* (Knopf) glitters with the multi-gifted playwright's claws-out bitchiness, tremendous charm, and creative genius. Whether he's expounding on writing, bantering with F.D.R., or "almost" accepting a marriage proposal from Greta Garbo, his letters are absolute knockouts.

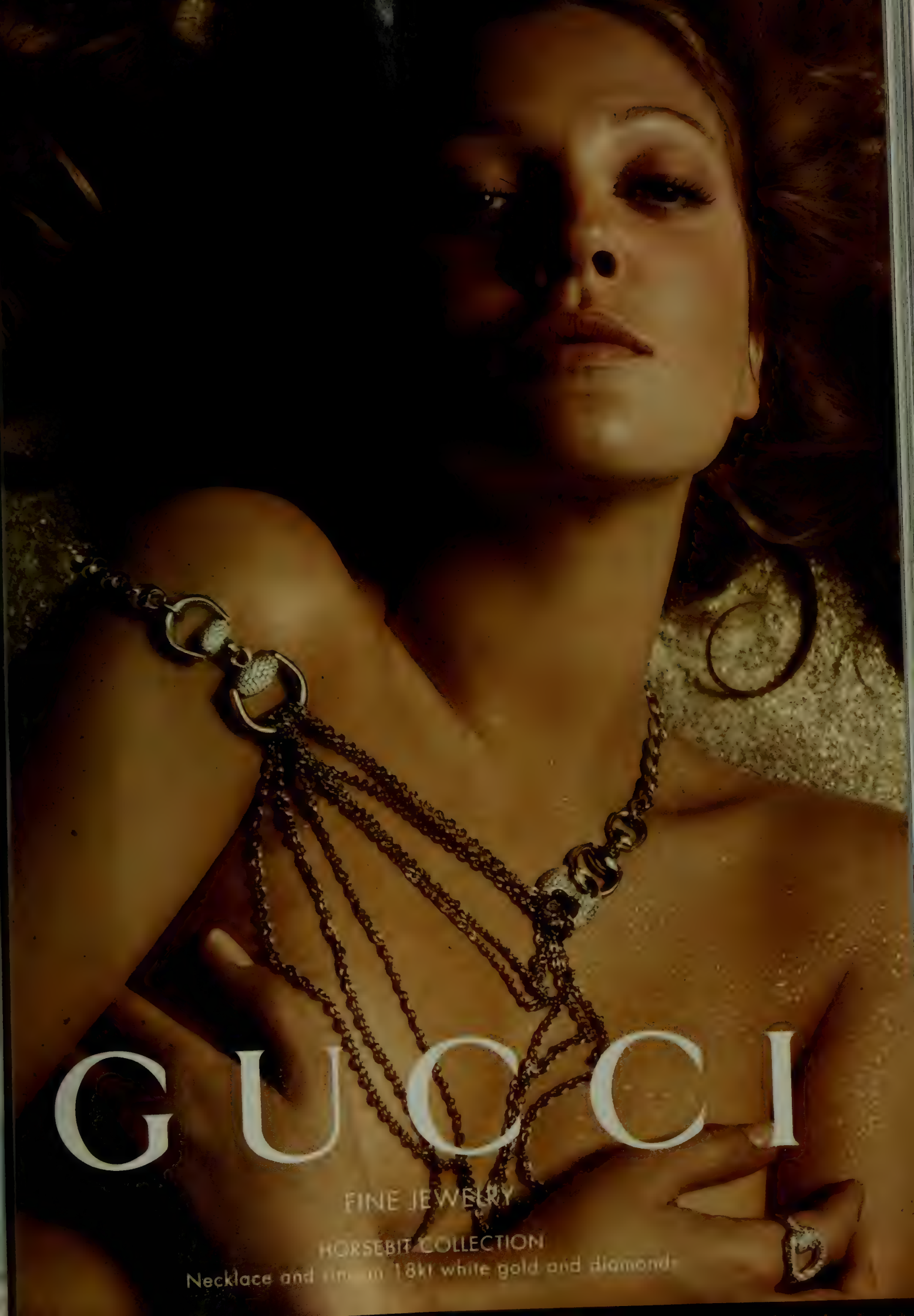
IN QUICK ORDER

Anna Wintour exalts the *Stylist: The Interpreters of Fashion* (Rizzoli). **Lorenzo Ottaviani** says "Salute!" to the vintage posters of *Travel Italia* (Abrams). Photographer **Terry O'Neill** plays *Sinatra: Frank and Friendly* (Evans Mitchell). **Rich Blake** reconstructs *The Day Donny Herbert Woke Up* (Harmony). **Craig Unger** heralds *The Fall of the House of Bush* (Scribner). **Ian Rankin** spies on the *Watchman* (Little, Brown). **Wendy Goodman** and **Hutton Wilkinson** appreciate *Tony Duquette* (Abrams). **Michael Gorra** packs *The Portable Conrad* (Penguin Classics). "Pseudonymous Bosch" insists *The Name of This Book Is Secret* (Little, Brown Young Readers).





Daniel Handler and illustrator **Lisa Brown** see being Jewish at Christmastime through the eyes of *The Latke Who Couldn't Stop Screaming* (McSweeney's). Frustrated that Hanukkah has been virtually shoved into Santa's sleigh, and provoked by his plunge into hot oil, the peeved potato pancake is sent shrieking into the night. Brimming with the message of Hanukkah—"Victory can occur even when you are thoroughly out-numbered, so you shouldn't give up hope"—the latke enlightens a candy cane, a string of lights, and a pagan pine tree on the symbolism of the oil, the dreidel, and the menorah. The gift here (one of far more than eight) is the truth that both holidays are born of a miracle. And "on a cold snowy night everyone and everything should be welcome somewhere." Amen. —E.S.


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HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON

Music doesn't usually last, but when it does you just can't get rid of it.

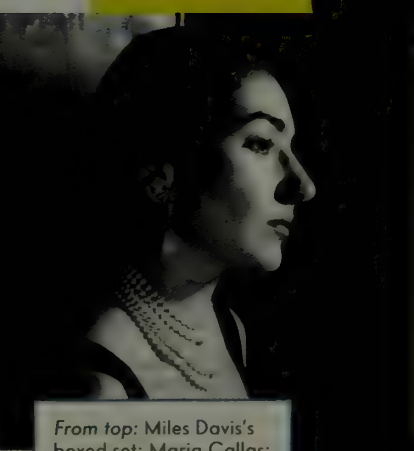
While new music is out or expected soon from **Mariah Carey, Mary J. Blige, Celine Dion, Britney Spears,** and **the Wu-Tang Clan,** the gift-giving season brings an unprecedented excess of reissues in CD boxed sets, music DVDs, and even—from **Joy Division, Radiohead,** and **the Sex Pistols**—*vinyl.*

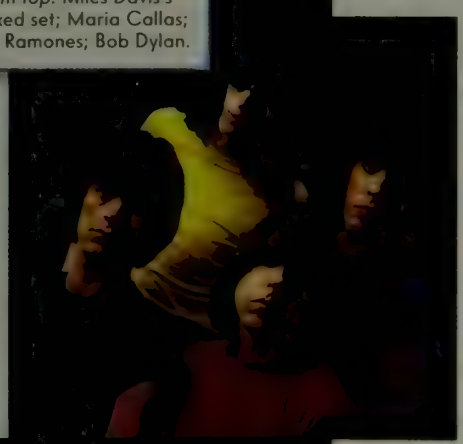
Here, some of the year's best from the no longer alive. **Miles Davis's** *The Complete On the Corner Sessions* is a deluxe six-CD set with previously unreleased tracks, a 120-page color booklet, and more than six and a half hours of music from the jazz great's 1972–75 improvisational funk period. **Billie Holiday's** *Lady Day: The Master Takes and Singles* is a welcome, edited version of the landmark 2001 boxed set from this magical singer. Opera fans will delight in **Maria Callas's** six-disc *Simply Callas,* with rare, early performances from an actual diva. An updated version of **Nick Drake's** *Fruit Tree* features three classic studio albums, a biographical DVD, and a 108-page book.



Musicians used to remix—now they re-box:

It's hard to believe that it's the 25th anniversary of **Michael Jackson's** *Thriller,* but indeed a repackaged, deluxe version of that blockbuster album is coming with a DVD that will include videos and, most notably, Jackson's showstopping performance of "Billie Jean" on Motown's 25th-anniversary TV show. *Legends of American Music: Merle Haggard* spans the impressive career of one of country music's original outlaws. *Jersey Beat: The Music of Frankie Valli & the 4 Seasons* is a box with three CDs and a DVD that showcases the group's influence. The *David Bowie Box* is a limited edition of **Bowie's** five most recent, and eclectic, studio albums. *The Brit Box* includes four CDs of British bands who were big there, not so well known here, but who matter: **My Bloody Valentine, Manic Street Preachers, New Order, Blur, Oasis, Stereolab, Supergrass, the Verve, the Cure, the Smiths, the Jesus and Mary Chain, the Stone Roses,** and, trust me, more. And to go along with the Anton Corbijn–directed movie *Control,* about the late Joy Division singer Ian Curtis, the band reissues a double-CD collector's item that includes three albums and unreleased live performances.





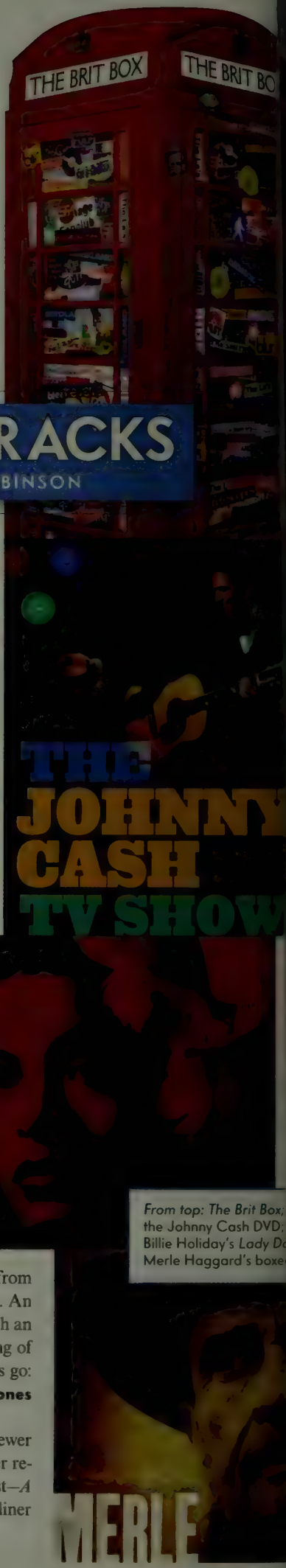
From top: Miles Davis's boxed set; Maria Callas; the Ramones; Bob Dylan.

For those who like to watch, there are some rare, live musical performances available on DVD. *The Best of the Johnny Cash TV Show* has 66 clips on two discs, with appearances by Louis Armstrong, Kris Kristofferson, Waylon Jennings, Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Ray Charles, Bob Dylan, and many others. *The Other Side of the Mirror: Bob Dylan Live at the Newport Folk Festival, 1963–1965* shows the musician as he went from acoustic to electric in an 83-minute film directed by Murray Lerner. An expanded version of **the Beatles'** *Help!* will be re-released on DVD with an extra disc that includes a missing scene, a documentary of the making of the movie, and an in-depth look at the film's restoration. Hey, ho, let's go: four hours of previously unseen concert performances by **the Ramones** are contained in *It's Alive, 1974–1996.*



And it wouldn't be Christmas without **Frank Sinatra.** He has no fewer than four Christmas albums, countless reissues of everything he's ever recorded, and more than a dozen major boxed sets, including the latest—*A Voice in Time*—which gathers material from 1939 to 1952 and features liner notes written by his daughter Nancy.

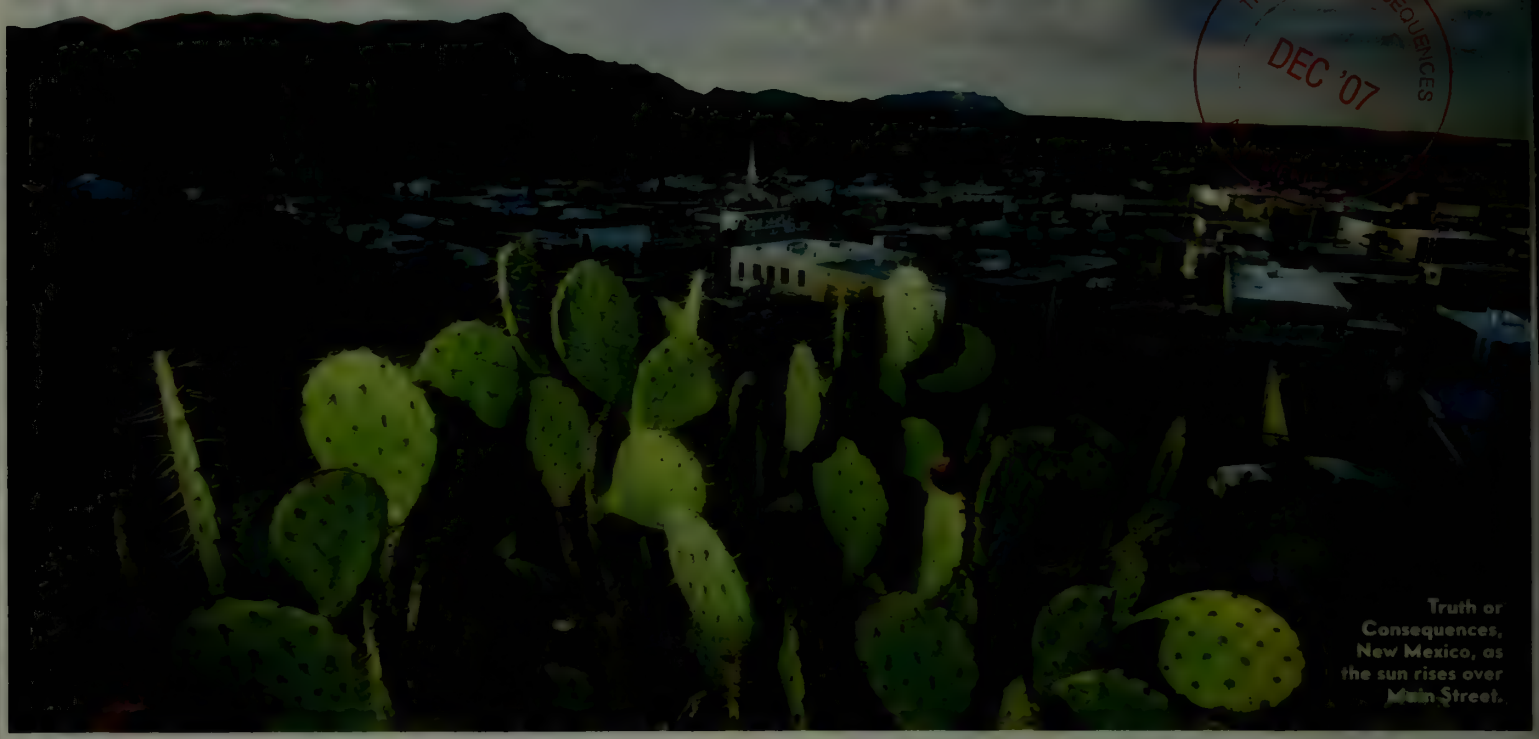
Nobody understands a life like Frank's.



From top: The Brit Box; the Johnny Cash DVD; Billie Holiday's *Lady D*; Merle Haggard's boxe


NICOLE KIDMAN'S CHOICE.
OMEGA BOUTIQUE
Beverly Hills, CA
OMEGA

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES
DEC '07



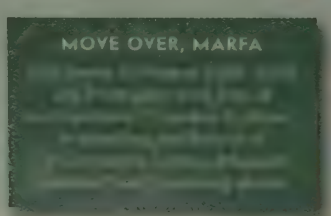
Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, as the sun rises over Main Street.

Remote Control

THE LATEST INFLUENTIAL ART ENCLAVE

Many places seek to enhance themselves with art, but few are so compellingly kooky as **Truth or Consequences.** This desert town of hot springs and 1950s-era billboards, on the banks of the Rio Grande 150 miles south of Albuquerque, is home to a growing community of artists and eco-seekers all following—to some degree—the Ur-example of the original New Mexico artist-settler, **Georgia O'Keeffe.** Being an artist here, says art elder and celebrated painter **Delmas Howe,** is akin to living in the Galápagos. "It allows us to develop our own vision." But, he adds, "it's a vision that doesn't necessarily put us into the mainstream."

Evidently, T or C has never been mainstream. To the Spanish it was Las Palomas del Ojo Caliente—Doves of the Hot Springs—and an Apache stronghold to be avoided; in the late 19th century it was known as Geronimo's hometown, and by the early 20th as the original Las Vegas—a place of speakeasies and brothels for men working on nearby Elephant Butte Dam.











To **Ralph Edwards,** the radio and TV host, it was the town that took up the offer: he would do his program from the first town that renamed itself after the show. Hot Springs took on the new name, and in exchange, Edwards came to the town's annual fiesta, bringing with him Hollywood starlets, including **Jayne Mansfield,** and, on one occasion, an elephant. "He came until they had to prop him up in the car," recalls Howe. And that's not all—the town may soon play a part in a 21st-century space race if it is chosen as the R&R site for **Sir Richard Branson's** Virgin Galactic, set to begin blasting off from the nearby spaceport in 2009. WE CAN GO THERE FROM HERE! proclaims a billboard on the highway.

T or C is a good place to focus, says cartoonist **Bret Berman,** owner of one of the town's few cappuccino machines, located in a bank most likely built by the uncle of **Paris Hilton's** great-grandfather **Conrad Hilton.** "You have to learn to amuse yourself here," he offers. "It's an hour's drive to somewhere happening—and Las Cruces isn't exactly happening."

But there's more to do than watch turkey buzzards play overhead—you can dance to a Mexican band at the Pine Knot, dine at the 60s steak house Los Arcos, visit ghost towns, soak in the baths at the Sierra Grande, browse for art in a dozen galleries, and still have time to fantasize. "The whole *Twilight Zone* thing keeps us inspired," says painter **Susan Koenick,** who moved from New York five years ago and now runs a vintage-clothing store, Dust & Glitter.

T or C may not have the institution-backed heft of Marfa, Texas, home to the Chinati and **Donald Judd** foundations, but it is still serious about self-expression. The artist community recently fought off a Christian-fundamentalist-backed ordinance to outlaw the display of art created with "prurient interest in mind"—i.e., nudity. At the other extreme is **Q,** a self-styled artist-magician who says—cosmically speaking—"I receive information here I can't get anywhere else on the globe." In Truth or Consequences, a town on the edge in almost every respect, that's probably true. —EDWARD HELMORE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN KUEHN

MAP BY JOYCE PENDOLA


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From top: Diana Ross, Martin Scorsese, Brian Wilson, Steve Martin, and Leon Fleisher.

Achievement of a Lifetime

HONORING 30 TALENTED YEARS

It will turn 30 years old on Sunday, December 2, but the **Kennedy Center Honors** is, more than ever, the hottest ticket in Washington. Created by the filmmaker **George Stevens Jr.** to uphold John F. Kennedy's dream of an America that would value the arts as much as commerce, the Honors has recognized a roster of immortals from Fred Astaire to Tennessee Williams. An event that began in 1978 with Stevens's wife, Liz, going door-to-door to sell $125-tickets raised $4.8 million last year for the Kennedy Center's programs, and only its biggest donors will get the chance to buy seats at $4,000 a pop to cheer this year's recipients: **Steve Martin, Diana Ross, Martin Scorsese, Brian Wilson,** and **Leon Fleisher,** the pianist and conductor.

"The most valuable thing I learned from my father was this idea of the test of time," says Stevens, son of the director of such classics as *Gunga Din* and *Shane.* "When this started out, it was about people whose contributions had stood the test of time." Now the esteemed program itself has proved it has endurance. Winners are recommended by a panel of artists such as **Francis Ford Coppola, Christopher Plummer, Sean Connery,** and **Elton John,** and chosen by the executive committee of the center's board. They don't have to sing for their supper; they don't get to say a word. They just have to show up, which means that some big fish got away: the reclusive **Irving Berlin** and the egomaniacal **Vladimir Horowitz** (who said he'd accept if the ceremony were held at four o'clock in the afternoon, for him alone).

—TODD S. PURDUM

NIGHT-TABLE READING



JARED KUSHNER

PUBLISHER, **THE NEW YORK OBSERVER**

The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay, *by Michael Chabon (Picador)*

"This book was given to me by a friend when I mentioned I was looking to read something engaging and escapist. It illuminates the New York of the 1930s and 40s through the eyes of an immigrant and his cousin poised to beat the odds and leverage their creative talent. I also find it fascinating learning about the evolution of the comic-book industry."



KAYCE FREED JENNINGS

CO-FOUNDER, **THE DOCUMENTARY GROUP;** *EDITOR,* **PETER JENNINGS: A REPORTER'S LIFE** *(PublicAffairs)*

The Nine: Inside the Secret World of the Supreme Court, *by Jeffrey Toobin (Doubleday)*

"The Supreme Court is endlessly fascinating. It becomes even more so because Toobin lifts the cloak of mystery to give us a glimpse into the thinking of the men and women who interpret our Constitution. They are, after all, charged with safeguarding our liberties and our ideals."



DONNY DEUTSCH

HOST, CNBC'S **THE BIG IDEA;** *CHAIRMAN,* **DEUTSCH INC.** *ADVERTISING AGENCY*

The Age of Turbulence: Adventures in a New World, *by Alan Greenspan (Penguin Press)*

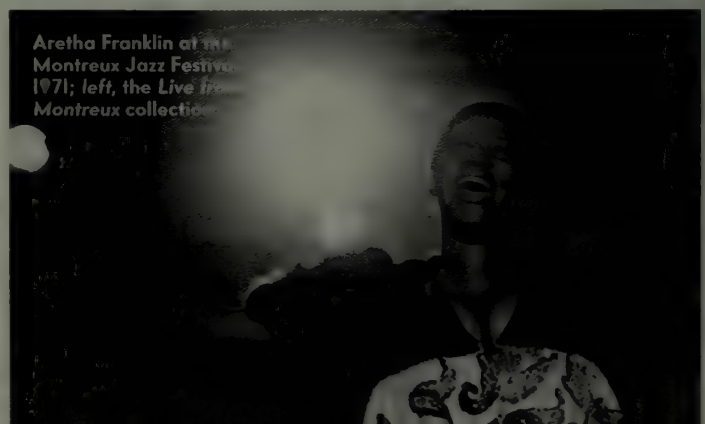
"Not only does the book provide a succinct clarification of current economic affairs, it predicts certain future economic events. Greenspan has led a phenomenal life and has finally opened up to let us know what he's been thinking for the past 20 years. He describes the inner workings of the Fed and relays his strong opinions on every president he has worked with. I would recommend this book to anyone with an interest in the economy, the government, or the future of our country."

MONTREUX'S MUSIC MAGIC

At the Montreux Jazz Festival in December 1971, on the quiet shores of Lake Geneva, a blazing fire consumed the casino during a performance by **Frank Zappa,** inspiring Deep Purple's song "Smoke on the Water." The moment is one of thousands captured in ***Live from Montreux*** (A Publishing), a massive, four-volume set compiled by art director **Marc Balet** and editor **Perry Richardson** for the festival's 40th anniversary. The collection, clasped by two sets of red plastic applauding hands, contains 1,600 glossy pages' worth of posters, concert photos, and backstage high jinks. "It's really the couture of book publishing," says Balet, former creative director at **Andy Warhol's** *Interview.* Founded in 1967 by **Claude Nobs,** the son of a local baker, the festival grew in size and scope to attract the biggest names in music, billing jazz legends such as **Oscar Peterson** and **Ella Fitzgerald** alongside **Eric Clapton, Queen,** and even **Kid Rock** and the **Black Eyed Peas.** The volumes—one for each decade—include such diverse shots as **Dizzy Gillespie** plodding on the tennis court and **David Bowie** skiing down alpine slopes. Balet sums up the books—and the times—in four words: "Sex, drugs, and jazz."

—JULIAN SANCTON





Aretha Franklin at the Montreux Jazz Festival, 1971; *left,* the *Live from Montreux* collection.

ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO


"Where the sun coaxes you to be a little less shy."
Elizabeth Arden
Mediterranean
The fragrance



Simon Hammerstein, photographed onstage at the Box, New York City.

MY STUFF
SIMON HAMMERSTEIN

Carrying on a legendary legacy, 29-year-old **Simon Hammerstein** is president of the sultry New York late-night cabaret and dinner theater, the Box. He is also the founder and artistic director of Last Minute Productions, an N.Y.C.-based theater company. Herewith, his favorite things . . .

GROOMING PRODUCTS

SHAMPOO **LOL!** TOOTHPASTE **Eco-dent.** SOAP **Burt's Bees.** DEODORANT **Tom's of Maine.** COMB OR BRUSH **Mason Pearson brush.** HAIR PRODUCTS **See picture.** WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR HAIR CUT **Freemans Sporting Club. I love their hot face towels.**

CLOTHES

JEANS **Khakis.** BOXERS OR BRIEFS **Tighty whities.** SNEAKERS **Nike Nordic Pack series.** WATCH **Rolex Submariner.** T-SHIRT **World.** FAVORITE DESIGNER **Barker Black.**

INSPIRATIONS

FAVORITE BAND **The Str8ts.** FAVORITE DISCOVERY **LSD.** WHO INSPIRES YOU **Terry Gilliam, Simon McBurney, and Archaos, the French circus.** NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE **Red wine.** FAVORITE HOTEL **Lafayette House.** FAVORITE CHARITY **Only Make Believe, an organization that brings theater to children in hospitals.** FAVORITE LATE-NIGHT SPOT **Juvenex.** FAVORITE BAR **Spy Bar (nothing's come close so far).**

HOME

WHERE DO YOU LIVE **Lower East Side.** FAVORITE ART **Abstract Expressionism.** SHEETS **Always a plus!** COFFEE-MAKER **My trusted assistant, Katharina.** STATIONERY **Ye olde BlackBerry 8700.** PETS **A loyal black Lab named Shady.** FAVORITE GADGET **See "stationery."** CAR **A GMC pickup.** FAVORITE NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT **Mangiami.** FAVORITE COCKTAIL **Woodford Reserve on the rocks.**

GRECIAN FORMULA

THE DOYENNE OF BESPOKE SANDALS

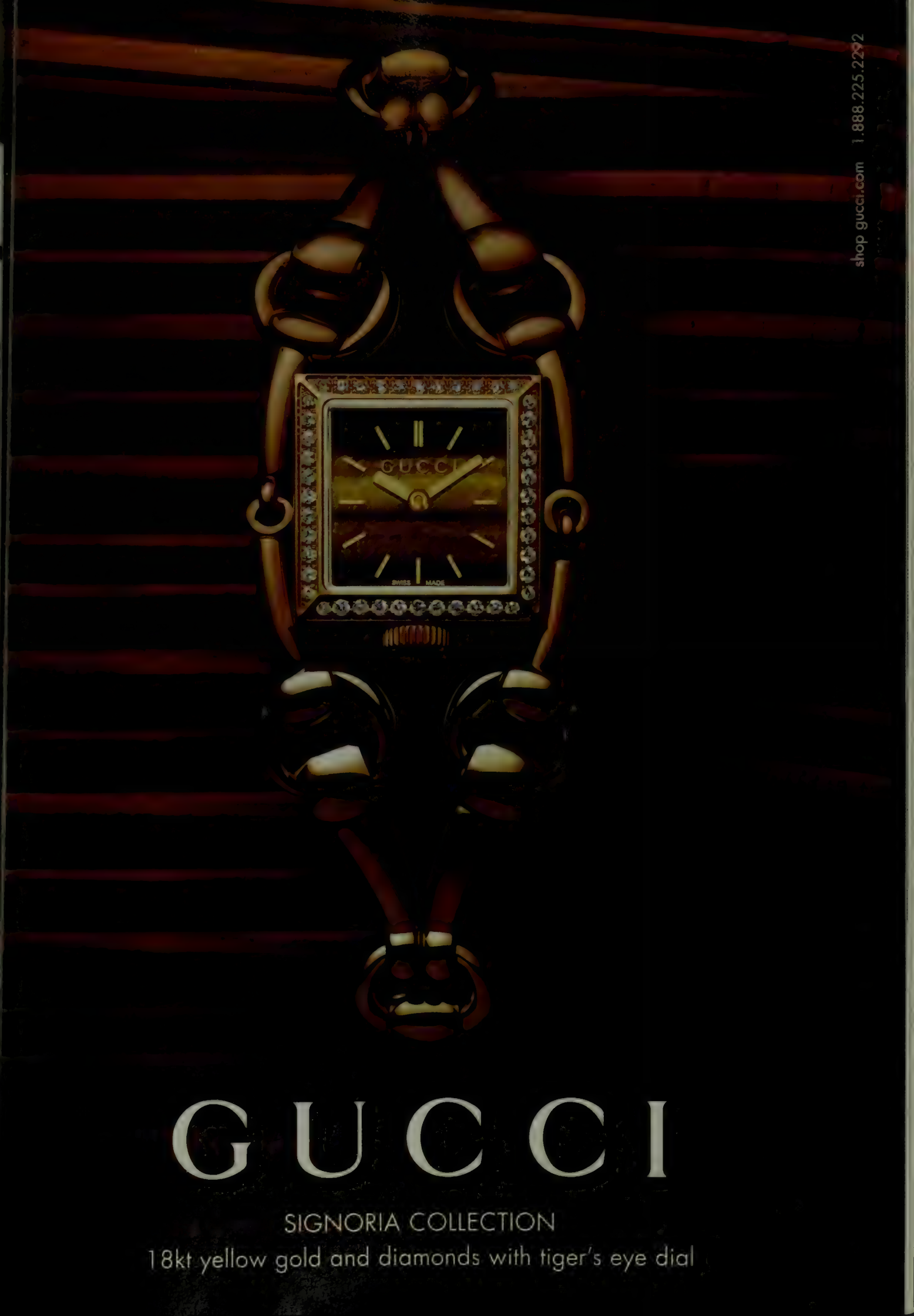


Barbara Shaum, photographed at her East Village store, right, sandals on her work table.

Didn't make it to Patmos last summer? Fake it with a few visits to the East Village, where **Barbara Shaum** has been crafting custom Greek sandals since 1961. Long a favorite of designers and style insiders, she's done runway versions for Calvin, Donna, and Ralph, and all the *Vogue* girls have a pair. Shaum's truly classic designs have been around for too many millennia to go out of fashion. Her technique hasn't changed, either. Shaum, 78—who apprenticed with Menalkas Duncan, nephew of Isadora, in the 50s—first traces the customer's foot on cardboard. Although there are about 50 styles for women to choose from and she's expanding her men's line, Shaum usually makes the selection. "I can read people's minds," she says, puffing on a Nat Sherman Classic Light. (She's usually right.) At the second meeting, Shaum has clients walk around her last-of-the-bohemians atelier in their custom-cut leather soles, moistened to help them conform to the feet. The hippie-deluxe sandals are ready three weeks and $300 later. "In the 60s, when there were a lot of protests around here, a cop said to me, 'When I see someone wearing sandals, I know they're the enemy,'" she recalls. "Now it's a totally different thing—everyone is wearing them."



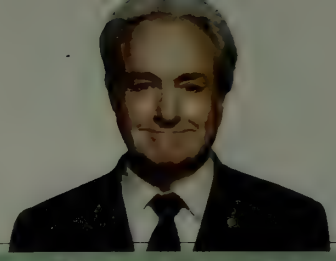
—OLIVIA STRAND



GUCCI

SIGNORIA COLLECTION

18kt yellow gold and diamonds with tiger's eye dial



MY DESK
LORNE MICHAELS

Two-year-old Lorne with his aunt Joyce.

A planning board with confirmed future hosts and musical guests.

Conan O'Brien was an *S.N.L.* writer for three and a half years.

In the green room with Ray Charles before his November 1977 performance.

This dog-head inkwell was a present from Reese Witherspoon after she hosted the first post-9/11 show.

He loves fresh popcorn.

Bobble-head of favorite Yankee Paul O'Neill.

Lorne's cat, Steve, is a former Purina calendar model.

Lorne with Belushi at Joshua Tree in 1976.

John Belushi and Michael O'Donoghue in "Wolverines," the first sketch on the first *S.N.L.* show, in 1975.

Youngest son Eddie dressed as an astronaut for Halloween.

"There's something very calming about a Tootsie Roll. You almost never hear of anyone committing a crime with a Tootsie Roll in their mouth," he says.

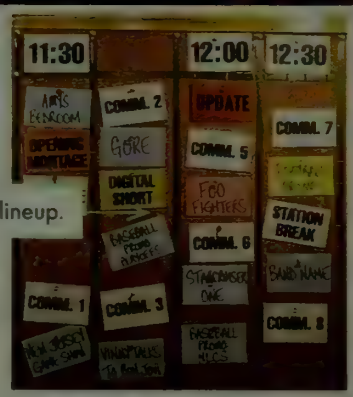
This Bokar coffee can holds sharpened pencils. (It was the brand Lorne's mother drank when he was growing up in Toronto.)

Lorne bought this framed picture of someone's dog in Paris.

"Same legal pad from 1975. Keep meaning to write something down," says Lorne.

The annual desk calendar from Broadway Video (his production company). It's had the same design since 1979.

Framed tickets from all the season premieres line the office.



The show's lineup.

Glass doors open into the *S.N.L.* studio.

Lorne Michaels's desk in his office at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, in New York City, photographed on October 16, 2007. Michaels created *Saturday Night Live* in 1975. It has been nominated for 101 Emmys, winning 23 times. *S.N.L.* is the highest-rated and longest-running weekly late-night program in television history.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER


плутоний-239
Pu-239
His family's future depends on one unstable element.
A NEW MOVIE FROM HBO FILMS
PREMIERES SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 8PM
HBO



ROOFTOP RENEW

Clockwise from top: Jason Pomeranc on the roof of the Thompson Beverly Hills; the hotel's Bond Street restaurant; a guest room; Steven Klein photographs in the hallway; the Lounge.

PRIVATE LIVES

JASON POMERANC

Drive down Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills after nine on most nights and there's zero going on.

But 36-year-old hotelier **Jason Pomeranc** is hoping to change that faster than you can say "Polo Lounge" with the newly opened **Thompson Beverly Hills,** a sleek, modern outpost of his boutique hotel chain, Thompson Hotels. "We're adding an injection of adrenaline to Beverly Hills," he says. Pomeranc's hope is to do for stuffy 90210 what his 2005 renovation of the historic Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel did for the other side of town. (Teddy's, the hotel's club, still packs in all the young starlets and aspiring film executives.)

Dodd Mitchell, who oversaw the Roosevelt renovation, has done the Thompson's interiors in sleek black-and-whites. Corridors are lined with metallic panels that create a fashion-runway effect. At the end of each hallway are life-size **Steven Klein** photographs of models silhouetted against floor-to-ceiling windows for a light-box look.

In guest quarters, there are smoked-mirror-and-leather headboards, globe-shaped chrome lighting pendants, walnut furniture, and bronzed-glass balconies. It's all very moody, very sophisticated, very rock 'n' roll.

There's also a private bi-level roof deck, **ABH** (Above Beverly Hills), which will have every agent in town trying to reserve one of its airy cabanas. With its breathtaking panoramic views of the Hollywood Hills and the Pacific Ocean, it's a perfect spot for poolside lunches and cocktails at sunset. And the 30-foot-high tilted mirror, above the pool's edge, makes for discreet people-watching and personal reflection.

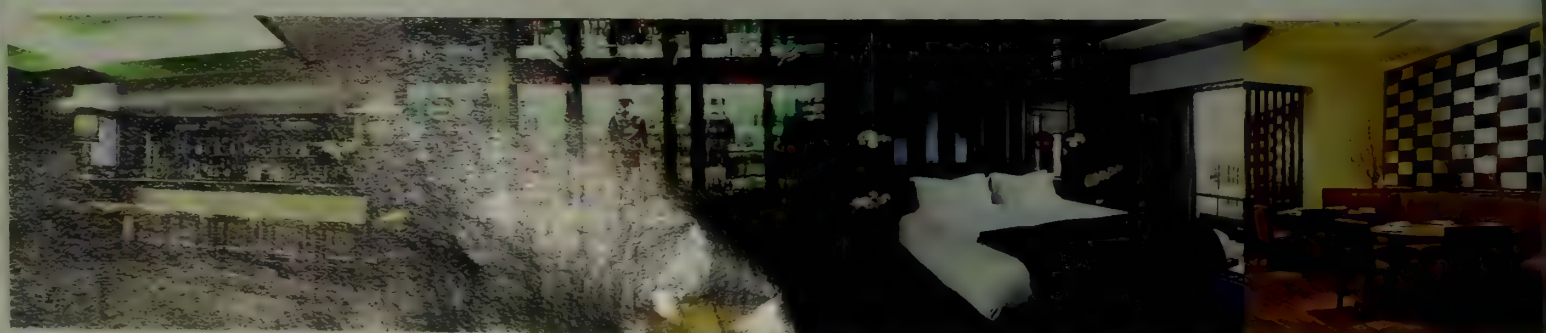
On ground level, restaurateur **Jonathan Morr** has opened a new Bond Street—the original sushi restaurant in New York has been a late-night spot for years. Ask for the new Japanese salad—it won't be on the menu. "It's only for those in the know," says Morr. It's just one of the many details hidden in plain sight in which Pomeranc takes pride.

The boyishly handsome former real-estate lawyer, along with **André Balazs, Ian Schrager,** and **Jeff Klein,** has turned the designer hotelier into the latest thinking person's sex symbol. He's well traveled, possesses great taste in interiors, and, most important, has any number of rooms for a sleepover.

"But this is not something I do as a lone cowboy," Pomeranc says of the Thompson brand, a partnership with his brothers, **Lawrence** and **Michael,** as well as colleague **Stephen Brandman,** that is bracing for a huge expansion over the next 12 months. On the heels of New York's 60 Thompson, in SoHo, 6 Columbus, on the West Side, and the current L.A. site, new properties are set to open in Lower Manhattan, as well as in Washington, D.C., and Toronto.

"We're always trying to raise the bar," Pomeranc says. And when customers are impressed, "it makes me believe that what we do is not just a business. It's a cultural influence."

—MARSHALL HEYMAN




COACH
LEATHERWARE
EST. 1941

BASKET CASE
The Conran Shop Spirograph log basket, $95, conranusa.com.



MAKING MEMORIES
Kaas GlassWorks will turn your favorite photograph, invitation, or love letter into a beloved customized memento. Custom wor begins at $129. The letter tray above, $84, kaas.com.

NATURAL EYE
Number (N)ine Takahiro Miyashita hand-carved quince-wood frames, $2,665, 212-431-8699.



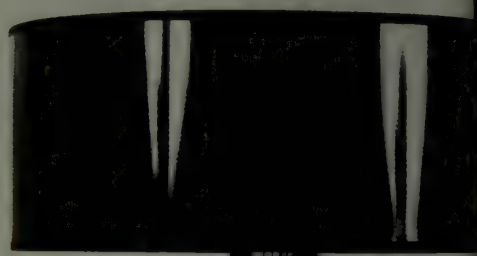
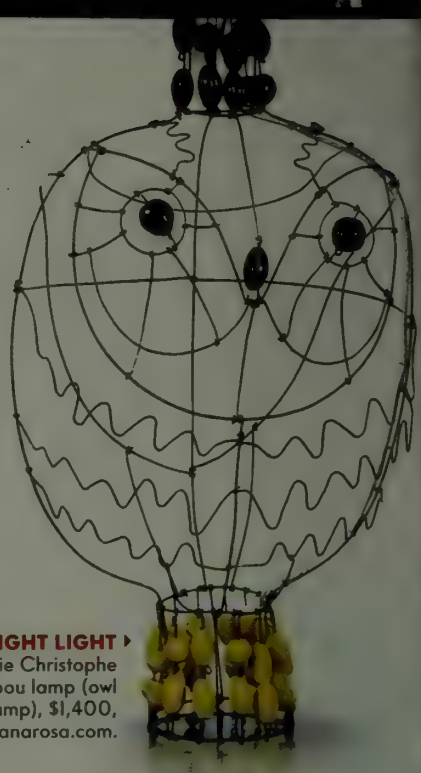


TABLE TOPPERS
Alessi honey pot, $99; Alessi parmesan-cheese cellar, $155; alessi.com.



HOT GIFTS
PUNCH HUTTON

It's the most wonderful time of the year. This season's holiday gifts—from airborne fantasies and polar-bear cubs to galactic discoveries and inspired favorites for everyone



NIGHT LIGHT
Marie Christophe Hibou lamp (owl lamp), $1,400, lisafontanarosa.com.

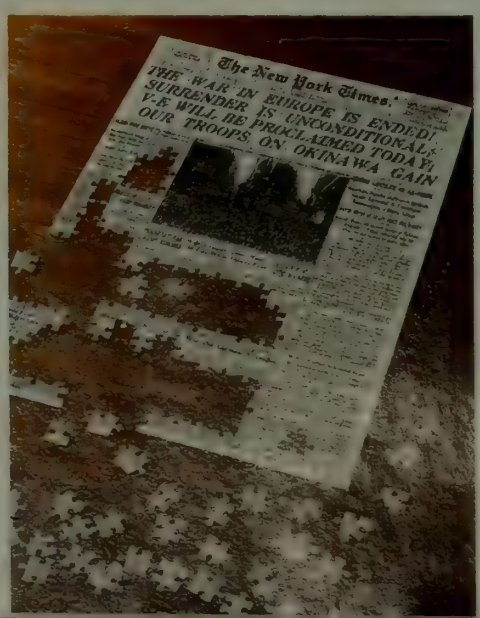
SNAP IT
The 503CWD model from Hasselblad, widely considered the best medium-format camera, celebrates Victor Hasselblad's classic from the 1950s. $12,995, hasselbladusa.com.





SLICE AND DICE
A favorite of the Iron Chefs: Shun U2 ultimate utility knife, $99.95, surlatable.com.

THE FRONT PAGE
New York Times front-page jigsaw puzzle. Custom-order any date. $44.95, nytstore.com.



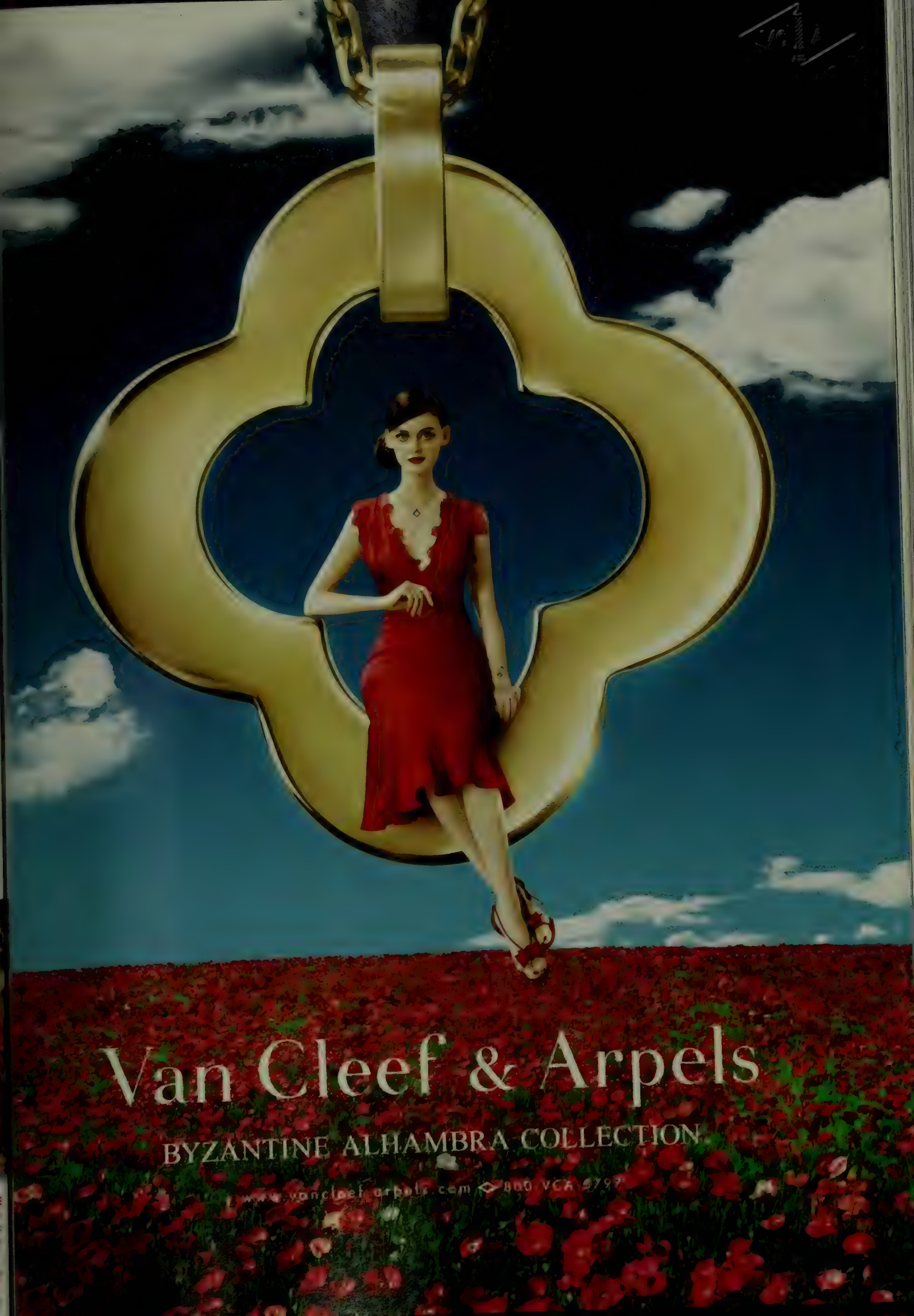


WILD WEST
Airedelsur's Tacha trays, made from algarroba wood with alpaca-silver studs, come in three sizes. $150–$238, Barneys New York, 8[illegible]7-C087.



PLUMED PURSE
Salvatore Ferragamo pheasant-feather bag, $1,550, Ferragamo boutiques nationwide.

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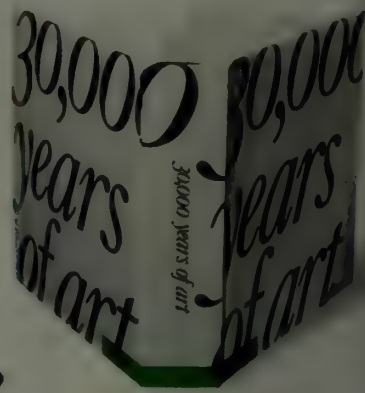

Van Cleef & Arpels
BYZANTINE ALHAMBRA COLLECTION
www.vancleefarpels.com 800 VCA 2797

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

LOUNGE LIZARD
Lange Productions has the exclusive rights to reproduce this 1960s original—the FK 87 Grasshopper Chair. $10,200, suiteny.com.



ARTRAGEOUS
Chart the history of art with *30,000 Years of Art* (Phaidon), $33, borders.com.



RETRO DÉCOR
Vintage-scarf pillows, $1,100, Madeline Weinrib Atelier, madelineweinrib.com.



MOOD LIGHT
This lamp will offer mood lighting in an endless array of hues. Available in the U.K. in 2008. Philips Living Colors, $206, johnlewis.com.





CARRY ALL
Tod's Pashmy Bauletto bag, $925, tods.com.

HOT GIFTS

FILM FANATIC
United Artists 90th Anniversary Prestige Collection celebrates nearly a century of film with 90 DVDs, including classics such as *The Great Escape*, *Midnight Cowboy*, and *Raging Bull*. $869.98, barnesandnoble.com.



BEACH PROP
Milly bougainvillea-print Tortola beach blanket with detachable pillow, $302, Studio Sebastian, 214-360-9001.



MEASURE UP
Roost's scrimshaw desk accessories: flat bone-handle magnifying glass, $34; sundial with compass, $185; Ruler No. 1, $104; moonriverchattel.com.

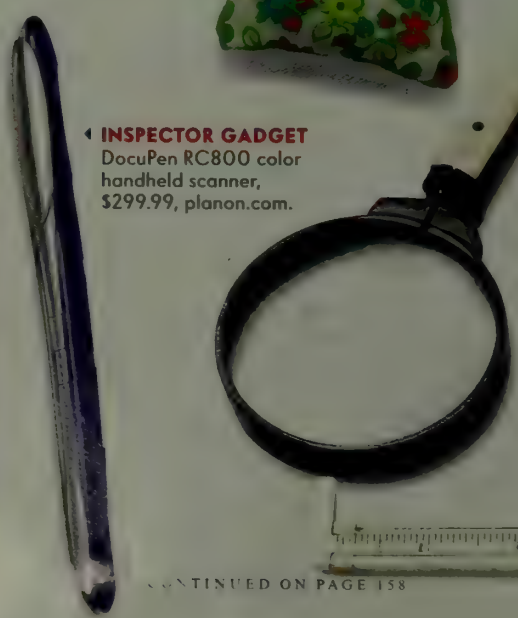


MAKING A CAMEO
Personalize silhouettes. Send in a favorite picture, select a color, material, and layout, and create a framable silhouette of children, pets, or favorite objects. From $50, allpopart.com.





INSPECTOR GADGET
DocuPen RC800 color handheld scanner, $299.99, planon.com.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 158


W
HOTELS
WORLDWIDE
WARMTH OF COOL_REFLECTIONS
EXPLORE WHOTELS.COM
STARWOOD PREFERRED GUEST 1 877 WHOTELS WHATEVER/WHENEVER SERVICE

HOT GIFTS

TRAVELING IN STYLE
Extra-light and ultra-durable, Titan luggage comes in seven shapes and seven colors. From top: 360° Four Flash Trolley, in pink (26 in.), $395; Beauty case, in yellow (yes, it's orange), $300; X2 4-W Special Edition Carbon laptop case, $450. titanluggageusa.com



CALL OF THE WILD
Adopt a polar bear (or any of 79 other animals). By donating $50 or $100 you can symbolically adopt an animal in someone's name. A photograph and certificate make a generous gift. Proceeds benefit the World Wildlife Fund, worldwildlife.org.



HOT 'N' SPICY
Austin Grand Prize Hot Sauces, $3.20 each, Randall's, 512-302-2500.

GRILL IT
This indoor/outdoor barbecue burns a sugarcane-based ethanol that is smoke-free, odor-free, and nontoxic. Ecoflame Barbeque System, $99, ecogel.com.





FULL BARS
Callpod Chargepod is available with six adapters and can simultaneously charge many gadgets. $99.95, callpod.com.



DIRECTOR'S CUT
The Ford at Fox boxed DVD set includes 29 John Ford–directed films and comes with a coffee-table book which examines the Ford decades (1920s–1970s). $209.99, amazon.com.



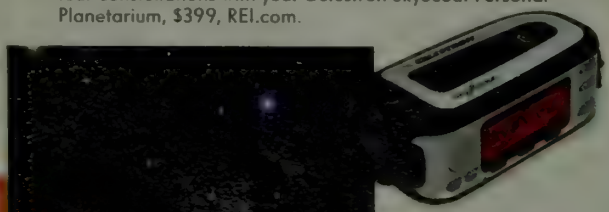
VINTAGE PRINT
Each picture is uniquely framed with this 1960s-inspired lomographic camera. Diana+Camera, $50, lomography.com.

TRAILBLAZER
The Quoddy Trail Ring Boot is comfortable, waterproof, and durable. These handstitched moccasins, made in Maine, are crafted by the family of Harry Smith Shorey, one of the original L. L. Bean handsewers, from the early 1900s. The company will re-sole shoes at a nominal fee. $185, quoddytrail.com.



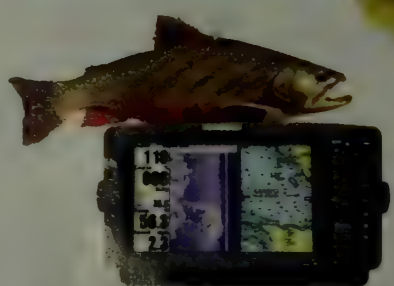


MY HEAVENS
The SkyScout is like a handheld astronomy lesson: it identifies stars in the sky with the click of a button and locates any celestial object with its internal G.P.S. The built-in field guide will even tour constellations with you. Celestron SkyScout Personal Planetarium, $399, REI.com.



The 10,000 Star Planetarium projects a realistic image of the Milky Way while simulating Earth's rotation. Meteors will also streak across the sky. $129.95, hammacher.com.





FISH FINDER
This unique angler's device charts water currents, measures depth and water temperature, takes picture-like images of the bottoms of rivers and lakes, and turns into a night-light, among other applications. Humminbird 997c SI Combo, $2,000, humminbird.com.


Dior
CHRISTAL
SHARON STONE
488 DIAMONDS
LACK SAPPHIRE CRYSTAL
CHRONOGRAPH

FANFAIR



KIEHL'S Crème de Corps Collection gift set, $49.

JO MALONE ▸ Candle Trousseau, holiday must-have, $575.





◂ **BECKER-ESHAYA** Golden Amber, a sensual blend of sandalwood, patchouli, and its golden-amber namesake, $40–$75.

GIVENCHY ▸ Prisme Solitaire, $50, and Lash Sparkles, $23.





LAURA MERCIER ▸ Makeup minis for the jet-setter, $40–$75.



◂ **MICHAEL KORS** Island Capri, a fresh, colorful floral, $60.



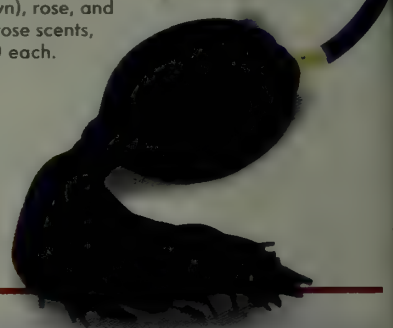


◂ **FRESH** "Sweet 16" limited-edition luxury archival collection with 16 star products, $725.

▾ **L'OCCITANE** Honey & Lemon Foaming Jelly, $20, and Delicious Bath, $24.



DIOR ▸ La Collection Particulière, celebrating 60 years of glamour with three haute perfumes in iris (shown), rose, and tuberose scents, $490 each.

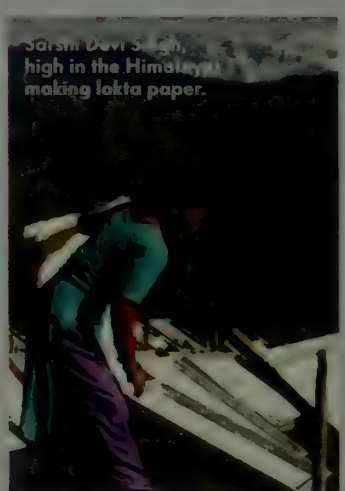


Elle du Jour

"I wanted a face for the woman I dress," **Yves Saint Laurent** said in 1978 when he made his break into the world of beauty. The following year he created a sensation as models blazed down the runways in YSL Rouge Pur Lipstick No. 19—a radical shade of fuchsia. This month, as a nod to the shocking color, YSL introduces **Elle,** a sophisticated and [illegible] fragrance embodying the [illegible]



◂ Yves Saint Laurent, circa 1972; *inset,* YSL's Elle fragrance and Rouge Pur Lipstick No. 19.



IT'S A WRAP

Natural-products company **Aveda** is giving back this holiday season with an initiative that benefits Nepal, the world's 12th-poorest country. Because rapid deforestation has wreaked havoc on the region's beloved lokta-paper-making industry, the company partnered with non-governmental organizations to manage and protect 50,000 acres of forests.

Additionally, the company helped the Nepalese create a sustainable business by ordering the traditional paper for everyday business use. This month, Aveda is bringing Nepal's reality to the wider public: its premium gift boxes, which can be customized at Aveda salons, spas, and stores, come wrapped in bright, durable lokta paper. Says Aveda president **Dominique Conseil,** "Aveda's mission is to care for the world we live in."

—JESSICA FLINT

Dear Ketel One Drinker
At this time of year it can be difficult to find suitable gifts for all your friends and family. Please find below a list of helpful suggestions:

Ketel One

Ketel One Citroen

Ketel One Vodka distilled from wheat ©2007 Imported by Nolet Spirits U.S.A., Aliso Viejo, CA All rights reserved 40% ALC/VOL www.KetelOne.com Please enjoy responsibly

PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN

Tyra Banks



SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Behind your choir-singing smile, there often lurks the soul of a brooding, tortured artist. That could be especially true now, when your sibling and other family relationships are in such turmoil. Think twice before acting on your darker impulses. Not that you'd necessarily get lost in your fantasies and need rehab or an exorcist to fix you up, but with activity in your 12th house stimulating your wilder, secretive nature, you probably wouldn't want TMZ to get wind of your so-called sex life. Hey, at least you have money.

Michelle Obama



CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

There is a cosmic reason you've been buffeted by one financial trauma after another: Chiron in your solar 2nd house and Pluto in your 12th house. Yes, you have a lot to learn about business, but you should also be discovering that your greatest assets may not be material ones. Even if the people you thought would protect you are not in a position to do so, you have mental and spiritual gifts. Tap into *them,* not your 401(k).

Sheryl Crow



AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

You don't need an M.B.A. to see that our whole economy depends on the price of oil. What *is* surprising, however, is how deeply that is impacting the private comfort level of little old you. Astrologically speaking, the direct motion of Uranus in your solar 2nd house represents a global financial cycle that—horror of horrors—outweighs your ability to control the flow of prosperity. Know this, though: with Chiron right smack in the middle of your sign, you can be richer than Bill Gates as long as you stay healthy.

Seal

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20



Just imagine the incredible rush a surfer on acid would get from catching a Big One during a tsunami and you will have an idea of how it feels to be where you are now—at the center of a trine in water signs, with your 12th ruler moving forward. Because there are at least two sides to every story (and a thousand more for a Pisces), you may also end up with the not-so-great feeling that somebody is trying to drop an electric hair dryer in the tub while you're bathing. Are you 100 percent insane right now? No. You're a bit crazy, but excitingly so.

Sarah Jessica Parker



ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Creatively and sexually, you may be as hot as Baghdad in July, but you can't be grabby, pushy, or divisive about it right now. You have to ask nicely for everything. Since Mars is your planetary ruler, its retrograde motion affects you more than it would any other sign. Although it's only a six-week transit, it does put you at a disadvantage by removing open hostility from your repertoire. Your solar 12th house is acting up at the same time, so it's the perfect moment to pretend to be all those things you normally aren't: humble, grateful, and forgiving.

Tony Romo

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20



Now is when you'll probably hook up with those powerful and sexy people who turn you on like mad. You know: the ones who can see right through to your underwear from across the room. It's hard to tell whether your fatal attractions have hurt you at work, or whether these people have been put in your path to distract you from [illegible] It's just [illegible]

Steve-O



GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 2

If there is one thing you can't tolerate right now, it's somebody standing over you with a stopwatch and a whip. With Uranus going direct in your solar 10th house, that won't fly. But if you can juice yourself up for a project, it won't seem like work at all, and you won't mind the extra hours you have to put in. Nobody can predic what the people upstairs are likely to do, because they are nuts, so it's dumb to tear your hair out over financial insecurity. And if there's one thing to protect as Chiron moves forward, it's your sanity.

Pamela Anderson

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22



It takes tremendous effort to make love when you feel lousy. It's the same feeling you get when you have to get up in the middle of the night to feed a baby even though you're the one whose temperature is 103. The funny thing is, with Mars retrograde in your sign, Chiron moving through your 8th, and the Sun trining Uranus in your 9th, it's love that will finally conquer your endless aches and pains and carry you through.

Coco Chanel



LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Even in the best of times, family can be a doubled-edged butcher knife. On the one hand, having an intimate home life anchors you, providing an emotional and physical refuge from the slings and arrows of this insane world. At the same time, you can easily start torturing yourself with feelings of guilt or think you've been trapped, either by your own choices or by other people's trickery. Let's be real. Sometimes your sexual needs cannot be met by the people you're closest to. If you get caught, blame your 8th house.

Ethan Coen

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22



Just when you've accepted the fact that you're going to spend the rest of your life alone under your grandmother's afghan, peek-a-boo! There's somebody under there with you. Try to hold on to 'em, however, and poof! There they go. That is the nature of a 7th-house Uranus transit, so you'll just have to be Zen about relationships. Besides, you're a Virgo, remember? You're supposed to be throwing yourself into service and focusing on staying healthy, not chasing people you can't catch. Who can blame you, though?

Barbara Walters



LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

As long as you continue to work hard, develop your natural talents, and organize your finances (in a sane, non-obsessive way), you won't have to entertain any fears that your public image might be flagging when a powerful new moon hits your solar 2nd house. Chiron's passage through your 5th house is troublesome, but it's hard to say if that's because you've sustained some loss in that area or simply because you're in love. Artists, lovers, and parents live in a state of agony and ecstasy all the time. It's your turn.

Warren G. Harding

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21



If you're in one of your madly intense creative/sexual moods, nobody can stop you. Go for it. Don't waste a second, for tomorrow, who knows? A lunation trine to Uranus in your 5th house demands that you hurl yourself into the fray, grab the spotlight, and express yourself. What a performer. What an exhibitionist! When we look closer, we see Chiron smashing through your 4th house. Now we can understand the mad, extroverted search for attention. You've been wounded, and when a Scorpio is wounded, watch out, world.


ANGEL
Beware of Angels...
Thierry Mugler



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FAIRGROUND

DECEMBER 2007



CHOWING DOWN Samuel Keller is the guest of honor at this alfresco dinner at Eva and Michael Chow's Hollywood home.

FOND FAREWELL, PAGE 166.

Friends, family, and esteemed colleagues say good-bye to nightlife impresario Mark Birley. Photographs by Dafydd Jones.

ELEVATING DESIGN, PAGE 171.

Established & Sons previews its spectacular installation. Photographs by Dafydd Jones.

TOASTING MODERN ART, PAGE 171.

A private dinner in honor of Art Basel Miami Beach director Samuel Keller. Photographs by Peter Wintersteller.

FAIRGROUND



Jemima Khan




Kate Rothschild and Ben Goldsmith


Min Hogg


Sheherazade Goldsmith

Lucy Ferry


A bagpiper leads the procession.

[LONDON]

MEMBERS ONL

WHAT

Mourners gather at St. Paul's church in Knightsbridge for the memorial of Mark Birley, the founder of Annabel's, the m famous nightclub in the world.

WHO

Lady Weinberg, the Duchess o York, Peter Blond, Lord and Lady Weidenfeld, Lucy and Da Tang, Sir Charles Powell, Mark Birley's beloved dogs, George and Tara, and others.


Robin Birley


Sir Jocelyn Stevens




Claus von Bülow

Princess Michael of Kent, Prince Michael of Kent, the Marquess of Londonderry, Baroness Thatcher, and Lady Annabel Goldsmith. Below, Birley's Alsatian, Tara.



Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill and Alexander Spencer-Churchill

Lucy Ferry, India Jane Birley, Lad Annabel Goldsmith, and Robin Birley




Sir David and Lady Carina Frost

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID JONES

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IRGROUND

Stella McCartney and Zaha Hadid

Lord Paul and Sir Evelyn de Rothschild

cCartney

Murray Mass

Dinner at P3, University of Westminster.

[LONDON]

CREATIVE COALITION

The exhibition was held in an underground warehouse space.



Alasdhair Willis and Prince Kyril of Bulgaria

Sir Paul McCartney and Valentino

WHAT

er showcasing opulent
ating designs. Alasdhair
lis and his Established &
team host cocktails and
er at the subterranean P3.

WHO

Amanda Sharp, Matthew Slotover, Gwyneth Paltrow, the Honorable Angad Paul, Alannah Weston, Nick Jones, and others.

Michael and Eva Chow's house.

[LOS ANGELES]

CALM, COOL COLLECTORS

Michael Chow and Jeffrey Katzenberg

Mitch Glazer and Kelly Lynch

WHAT

nds, artists, and aficionados
elebrate Samuel Keller at
stunning home of Michael
and Eva Chow.

WHO

Benedikt Taschen, Tierney Gearon, Honor Fraser, Stavros Merjos, Jeremy Strick, Irving and Jackie Blum, and more.

Samuel Keller and Eva Chow

Eddie Ruscha and Lauren Taschen

Luis Miguel

Kimora Lee Simmons and Djimon Hounsou

Robert Graham, Harold Becker, Ed Ruscha, and Oliver Stone

Anjelica Huston



ON THE LIMITS OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT, PART II

Continuing his quest for a healthier, more handsome Hitch, the author puts himself in the hands of four experts. Yes, a Brazilian wax was involved

In my squandered youth I was a friend of Ian Hamilton, the biographer of Robert Lowell and J. D. Salinger and a justly renowned figure in London's Bohemia. His literary magazine *The New Review* was published from a barstool in a Soho pub called the Pillars of Hercules, and editorial meetings would commence promptly at opening time. One day, there came through the door a failed poet with an equally heroic reputation for dissipation. To Ian's undisguised surprise, he declined the offer of a hand-steadying cocktail. "No," he announced dramatically. "I just don't want to do it anymore. I don't *like* having blackouts and waking up on rubbish dumps. I don't *like* having no money and no friends, smelling bad and throwing up randomly. I don't *like* wetting [illegible] going impotent." His voice rising and cracking slightly, [illegible] avowing that he also didn't *like* being repellently [illegible] gums, and [illegible] e following [illegible]. Then Ian, fixing him with a stern look, responded evenly by saying, "Well, none of us *likes* it."

For a long time, I was a member of the Hamilton faction. (After all, is one a man or a mouse?) But Ian is gone now, and well before his time, too. His example was in my mind when I embarked on a course of treatment (*V.F.,* October 2007) to see if I could become, as it were, born again. T. S. Eliot's Prufrock measured out his life in coffee spoons; I sometimes wish I could say the same, but the truth is that the calibrations have been somewhat more toxic, and that caffeine has been the least of it. They say that you can tell a lot about an animal by examining its teeth. Please look, if you can, at the "before" picture of my dentition.

My keystone addiction is to cigarettes, without which cocktails and caffeine (and food) are meaningless. So the first appointment was with a smoke ender. I took a one-on-one seminar with a senior practitioner of the Allen Carr method: a tough-minded and eloquent Ulsterman named Damian O'Hara. The Allen Carr system is this: You turn up and (in O'Hara's words) "smoke your face off"

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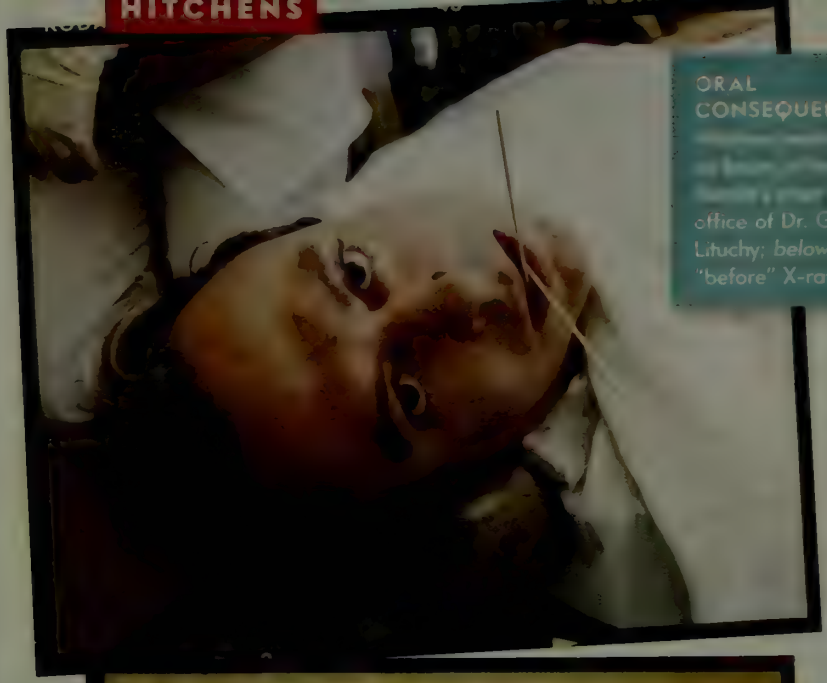
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ORAL CONSEQUENCES

office of Dr. Gregg Lituchy; below, the "before" X-rays.



The dentist wanted to see that my teeth really were as "British" as they looked in the "before" photograph.

for about five hours, while a motivational speaker takes you relentlessly through the evils of the habit and the "pluses of quitting." At the conclusion of this, you are invited to light one last cigarette and then hand over your paraphernalia before leaving as a free man. O'Hara was terrifically good and I have known some hard cases who quit by using this method, but there was a problem. Sit me down across a table with an ashtray and a bottle on it, and cue the other person to make an argument, and I am programmed by the practice of a lifetime to take a contrary position. The better he phrased it, the harder I worked to resist his case and to think of counter-arguments. Thus: "Cigarettes are the only drug that doesn't give you a high." Well, what's that bliss I get when I have just lit one with the first cocktail of the day? Eh? "Smoking doesn't really ward off boredom and stress; it only appears to do so, and it actually increases stress." Well, *appearing* to do so isn't bad, as [illegible] and a drink help to make other [illegible] te[illegible] have found an ally [illegible] be without it. [illegible] the tobacco [illegible] sion of one's reasoning faculties in the face of self-destruction—I already knew. And there was a faint something about some of the terminology ("empowerment," for example) that smacked a little too much of a self-esteem program. Anyway, I left my pack and my lighter in O'Hara's care and for a couple of days didn't smoke and didn't much miss it, either. But then I hit a difficult patch in an essay I was writing, and turned again to the little friend that never deserts me.

A bit nettled by the rapidity of my own capitulation, I tried again a month or two later at a place called New Life, in Manhattan, which practices a sort of laser acupuncture. Simple enough: you lie in a reclining chair while a laser is applied painlessly to various points on your features, and are meanwhile reminded in a soothing voice of all the good reasons to give the damn stuff up. Again, though, there was something Goody Two-Shoes about it: at the end I was asked to sign a bright little card that congratulated me on becoming "a champion." Something in me evidently resists or wants to resist, joining any good-behavior club that will have me as a member. That evening I had dinner at an organic restaurant where everything was made out of vegetation, just to see how that would feel without a cigarette, and drank about three pints of cola for sake to make up for it. Didn't light up until well past midnight.

Incidentally, and to give you a brief report on food intake, I have found it relatively easy to ingest smaller portions of leaner and better nosh, such as mercury-sodden swordfish. But here's what causes me to laugh in a hollow manner: almost every diet guide that I have been shown contains a stipulation about the "size matters" element of the platter. Your chunk of fish or lamb or lean steak should not be larger than a cigarette pack or a deck of cards. That's a terrific way to wean a guy who will go to Las Vegas to make an idiot of himself at the blackjack tables where they bring you free booze as long as you lose, all the while making detours to the nearby Indian reservation where they sell smokes by the ton.

The other problem with giving up a habit is that you don't exactly get to see the results, or not anything like fast enough. (I quit smoking once for several months and felt essentially no different, except for the absence of that parrot-cage feeling in my mouth.) Whereas with modern American dentistry it is simply amazing to see what transformation can be wrought in a single day. I presented myself at the office of Drs. Gregg Lituchy and Marc Lowenberg one afternoon, and as the sun faded over the splendors of Central Park South, my fangs took on the luster that the sky was slowly relinquishing.

I am a proud child of the National Health Service in England and remember feeling rather hurt when, while reading Gore Vidal's novel *The Judgment of Paris* many years ago, I came upon a character who was described as having "British teeth." As Dr. Lituchy readied me with a series of numbing injections, his partner came by to have a look. He wanted to see with his own eyes, he said, that my teeth really were as "British" as they looked in the "before" photograph. I duly beamed for him, and he reeled back briefly. Having become a citizen last April, I felt as if this procedure was part of my new passport to Americanization. How reassuring it was to see the picture of a gleaming Christy Turlington in the office's glossy press clippings, and to reflect that soon I could dazzle just like her. But the clever thing about this treatment (known as JK Veneers) is that it takes away the stains and the shame, without making you look like a game-show host or a candidate claiming that he likes being back in Iowa.

It's not easy to report on six hours of enforced idleness in a chair. I clicked my way through Dr. Lituchy's massively accoutred Sonos sound system, moving from Bob Dylan through Paul


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THE WHOLE BALLS OF WAX

sunga treatment) and Joyce Padilha tend to the author's grooming needs.

Simon and then—as the screech of the drill began to mount to a crescendo—the Rolling Stones' *Steel Wheels*. A foot masseur was thoughtfully provided to alleviate the tedium. But gallows humor is inseparable from dentistry: at one point I heard the good doctor say, as he plowed through the layers of plaque and tartar, "Good news. I've found some of your teeth." When it was over, and my pearls as white as snow, I looked more British in one way, since my numb and swollen lips resembled those of a bulldog, and I felt helpless because I couldn't hold a cigarette in my mouth or, for the rest of the evening, swallow a drink without a bib to catch the dribbles.

This sense of a reversion to childhood was enormously increased the following morning, when I arrived at the studio of the renowned "J Sisters," the seven girls from Brazil who have pioneered the waxing technique that bears their country's name. The salon caters mainly to women: there was a picture of Christy Turlington on the wall, and I wondered briefly if, rather than wish to be like Christy Turlington, I secretly wanted to *be* Christy Turlington. (My old friend Simon Hoggart has written that it's harder to become an ex-smoker than it is to have a sex change.) This thought was rudely dispelled by what followed.

The male version of the wax is officially called a *sunga,* which is the name for the Brazilian boys' bikini. I regret to inform you that the colloquial term for the business is "sack, back, and crack." I went into a cubicle which contained two vats of ominously molten wax and was instructed to call out when I had disrobed and covered my midsection with a small towel. Then in came Janea Padilha, the actual creator of the procedure. She whipped away the exiguous drapery and, instead of emitting the gasp or whistle that I had expected, asked briskly if I wanted any "shaping." *Excuse me?* What was the idea? A heart shape or some tiger stripes, perhaps, on the landing strip? I disdained anything so feminine and coolly asked her to *sunga* away.

I regret to inform you that the colloquial term for the business is "sack, back, and crack."

Here's what happens. You have to spread your knees as far apart as they will go, while keeping your feet together. In this "wide stance" position, which is disconcertingly like waiting to have your Pampers changed, you are painted with hot wax, to which strips are successively attached and then torn away. Not once, but many, many times. I had no idea it would be so excruciating. The combined effect was like being tortured for information that you do not possess, with intervals for a (incidentally very costly) sandpaper handjob. The thing is that, in order to rip, you have to grip. A point of leverage is required: a place that can be firmly gripped and pulled while the skin is tautened. Ms. Turlington doesn't have this problem. The businesslike Senhora Padilha daubed away, took a purchase on the only available handhold, and then wrenched and wrenched again. The impression of being a huge baby was enhanced by the blizzards of talcum powder that followed each searing application. I swear that several times she soothingly said that I was being a brave little boy... Meanwhile, everything in the general area was fighting to retract itself inside my body.

Small talk is difficult under such grueling conditions, but I am ruthlessly professional and managed to keep my end up, so to speak. "What sort of men come here?" "Those who are preparing for hemorrhoid operations." Oh, great. "And those from Wall Street who sit too much and get their behinds irritated." Uh-huh. "Also many who are urged by their wives and their fiancées." You don't say. I also gather, though this wasn't part of the pitch, that male porn stars get the wax in order to enhance their profile on video. By this stage, I thought I could tell we were drawing agonizingly near to the close, but I was wrong. Boy, was I ever wrong.

You ladies will know what I mean by the stirrup position, which I was now unceremoniously instructed to assume. That's to say, I braced one leg up while Ms. Padilha braced the other. And she does this for a *living.* To be Dr. Lituchy and to spend every day up to your elbows in other people's oral cavities would be tough enough. But this... And wait: surely you can't be serious about putting... Oh Jesus. I was overwhelmed by a sudden access of lava-like agony, accompanied by the vertiginous sensation that there was no there there. Stunned into silence, I listened slack-jawed as she told of her plans to expand into the London market, and to fly to Dubai to demonstrate her technique. To call this a "growth industry" might be a slight mistake: the J Sisters will not rest until every blade has been torn from every crevice. Tomorrow, the world. But today, your humble servant. And my only question was: "Where's the rest of me?" We did not take a "before" picture, so with your indulgence I shall not share the "after" one. The total effect, I may tell you, is somewhat bizarre. The furry pelt that is my chest stretches southward over the protuberant savanna that is my stomach, and then turns into a desert region. Below the waist, a waste. I suppose I could have had the whole torso denuded, but then I would have looked even more like a porpoise than I already do.

FOR MORE PHOTOS FROM PART II OF HITCHENS'S MAKEOVER, GO TO VF.COM.

My divine editor and friend Aimée Bell had sweetly come along to lend moral support, which turned out to be the only kind I didn't need. She told me later, over a healing and sustaining lunch, that the J Sisters staff had been surprised by my failure to yelp or cry out, so I suppose I can be prouder of my British reserve than I was of my British teeth. And I have a new nickname for my porn-ready but paradoxically still-wincing courting tackle: "Smooth Operator." How long, I ask myself idly, will this last?

Il faut souffrir pour être belle, as the French say. Without suffering, no beauty. As I look back on my long and arduous struggle to make myself over, and on my dismaying recent glimpses of lost babyhood, I am more than ever sure that it's enough to be born once, and to take one's chances, and to grow old disgracefully. □

MICHAEL WOLFF

GENERALS, GADGETS, AND GUERRILLAS

The age of the media gadget is here, with Apple steamrolling the big distributors. But when consumers have the power to get content anywhere, anytime, for free, even Steve Jobs should be worried

It's the age of the media gadget. The gadget is the culture. Possibly it's just the age of the iPhone-iPod-iTV-iCar. But I don't think so. I think Steve Jobs and Apple are merely the sharpest promoters of gadgetism—the gadget as accessory is Steve's accomplishment.

But fashion and status are only two aspects of the gadget world. (At the most recent Allen & Company media-mogul conference, in Sun Valley, it was important not just to have an iPhone but to have been sent one by Steve himself, and then, giving corporate ethics rules their due, to mention you'd sent him back a personal check.) The real point of the gadget, and a reason, beyond fashion, why people are so proud to display their gadgets, is that it sticks it to some larger, more cumbersome, less responsive media system. A little gadget takes on the big networks (so it's a minor irony that the guys at the Allen & Company conference, who own the networks, are gadget-crazy). A marketer would call this empowerment—as a consumer you're getting the service you want at the time and place you want it, more cheaply than you could have ever hoped to get it, as well as, often, critical help in stealing the particular service or tune.

Men with big jobs in big corporations have a word for this anywhere-anytime (let-us-help-you-steal-it) breakdown in distribution norms: anarchy. They've, in fact, had laws passed to inhibit it. But more and more, as gadgetism explodes, as it undermines every fixed notion of who delivers what to whom, as the big men with big jobs try to develop their gadget strategies, it's comedy too. Everybody in charge of distribution channels is running around like a chicken with its head cut off. People at music companies, television networks, movie studios, cable providers, phone companies, and satellite systems are all trying, vainly so far, to figure out their place in a gadget-driven world, and are, mostly, looking like fools. NBC, in a huff, recently pulled its stuff from Apple's iTunes downloading service because it believes its shows are worth more than $1.99 apiece. Then, in an about-face, the network announced it will give away its shows for free—figuring that somehow they'll rig it up, those technological geniuses, so that after you download a show to your gadget and you see it once or twice, the show will dissolve or explode, or some such.

A gadget, it's important to note, isn't strictly a device—it's something of a metaphor. A gadget, in whatever form, does something both better and more precisely than it was done before (including more efficient theft). Google is not a gadget—it's too broad, too large (it's more an operating system, in terms of metaphor). Gadgets have catchy functions: Google calls its blog-search tool—which, inserted on your home page, can keep you abreast of what anyone is saying about you—a gadget. A kind of gossip gadget. Dan Dubno, a gadgeteer who hosts the annual Gadgetoff, the premier competition for gadget inventors, in New York, and who introduced the developers of satellite maps to Google, calls the maps a gadget. Everybody's G.P.S., with that dominatrix voice telling you where to turn, is a gadget. Your cell phone is a gadget (though not a very good one). And many of the boxes connected to your television are gadgets (silly, cumbersome ones). Though sometimes gadgets are called widgets. Widgets are the little, well, gadgets you can put on your Facebook pages to, for instance, notify you about somebody's especially sexy playlist



WAR GAME Steve Jobs charges ahead as Google's Sergey Brin and Larry Page try to stop him.

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(meaning they are a sexy person). What we're talking about are fine-tuned gizmos that customize and distribute information, that, mostly, you can carry around, and that have sucker-punched, and are now revolutionizing, the media world.

While the gadget has been, heretofore, an ancillary or even rebel device—the MP3 player began the great digital-media rebellion—Apple's gadgets now threaten a total takeover. This means that Steve Jobs, up until recently a heroic or at least charming figure, is more and more the resented, oppressive one. First, there is his messianic success, based mostly on the developments of other gadgeteers, which increasingly makes people nuts. Then there are Steve's so far successful efforts to use his gadget army to dominate and discipline everybody else. He controls the means by which people consume media as they move (it turns out that great numbers of people want their media, as confoundingly as they want their food, served on the run). So he can tell you at what price you have to sell your stuff—your music or your sitcoms or your audiobooks. Steve's price is, not surprisingly, less concerned with rewarding the person who has created the stuff than it is with making people buy more of his gadgets.

And then there are the people whom, because he could, Steve charged $200 more for an iPhone than he'll be charging everyone else. They're pissed at his bigfoot gadgetism and their own gadget chumpness. (I'm one of those people.)

But gadgets are inevitably undermined by other gadgets—putting Steve in a precarious position, too.

The point about iProducts is that Steve controls them. They have only one beginning and one end. From Steve to you. You have to go through Steve's store—it's a company store in a company town. But here are two guys, Nathaniel Wice, a former music-magazine editor who went to the Wharton business school, and Josh Hochman, a Brooklyn surfer dude, who've developed a gadget just coming off production lines in China, which links up your heretofore solipsistic iPod to someone else's iPod, so we can all become mini-iCenters and re-distributors. The iProducts, the Wal-Mart of gadgets with all their heavy-handed protocols and restrictions, turn into, courtesy of Wice and Hochman's miShare gadget, merely hard drives, storage devices, warehouses, enabling us all to become our own little sharing, networking retail establishments. (In the new information world, the last thing you want to be, the lowest point on the food chain, is just a storage unit—that's the kick-me position.) You can, in the office, or on the subway, pass your files, movies, tunes, playlists, to somebody else (while, in a networked world, this physical connectivity seems a little primitive, you get the point—where there's the will, there's the gadget wherewithal). So Steve's central source no longer is in control. Rather, the gadget itself rules—facilitating convenience, organic human behavior, and, naturally, copyright theft.

GOOGLE REALLY WANTS TO GO FOR ANARCHY. OF COURSE, THIS IS AN ANARCHIC WORLD THAT GOOGLE WILL CONTROL.

And yet, while the power and supremacy of the gadget are, more and more, evident to everybody—the iPhone really hoists the gadget to a pop-cultural pedestal—there's still a lot of conceptual confusion about exactly who's going to lose his or her job because of the rise of the gadgets.

For instance, there remains the belief, which became the reassuring mantra about 10 years ago, that the natural progression of content and technology was toward some primary and central device. This was called "convergence." Indeed, there has been an enormous amount of effort and expense devoted by the hardware and software manufacturers to create and control this mythical convergence box. The stakes seemed great: someone would rule by dint of operating system, or distribution muscle, or hardware design (or a combination of all three). It was the super-television concept.

This seemed like an O.K. outcome if you were part of the great content-creating complex. Content was king and, obviously, the necessary product to be retailed through whatever system or hardware was developed. Content, branded content, would always be in high demand, and it wouldn't matter, ultimately, how it got into the home—and content-makers would be able to charge whatever the market would bear.

Except if it was stolen, but that's another story.

Some of the serious gadgets that seemed most likely to rule were the gaming systems, Xbox, from Microsoft, or PlayStation, from Sony, or any number of set-top solutions proposed by the cable companies.

But Xbox and PlayStation, beyond the issues of their chronic development and delivery problems, turned out to be fixed platforms in a mobile world. Also, they turned out to be too generalized in their promises—while these mighty processors could, theoretically, do practically everything, they didn't solve any problems. Gadgets are about specificity: what precise job is handled well. That's what's cool (as well as how it helps you steal).

Cable-system operators didn't get the gadget ethos, either. With their big and dependent audiences they had what seemed like a no-lose opportunity to control the world with a felicitous gadget. But they failed. First, they have terrible technology. Their boxes and services are unreliable—and dumb. Why can't you search on a cable box? What's that about? You mean I can't send this episode of *Entourage* to my mom? Hello? True, in an effort to compete with TiVo, the gadget undermining fixed programming (and advertising), the cable M.S.O.'s (multiple-system operators) gave away their own D.V.R.—a generic TiVo—which, while too kludgy and unappealing and immobile to create any user loyalty, did what gadgets do, which is to change their users' behavior and expectations. This further undermined the entire premise of television, leading to massive piracy and YouTube, which created new sources of video content, merely waiting for a new gadget to port this content from the Internet to the television, bypassing cable systems. Good show.

An equal kludginess and failure to connect the dots applies to cell-phone-makers and mobile-system providers. They are, in a sense, the true progenitors of the gadget era. And yet no cell phone has managed to become the gadget *pièce de résistance*. There was the Razr, which enhanced gadgetism but hastened its own obsolescence—it was cool, but not cool enough. And now comes the iPhone. It offers not only gadget functionality but gadget sensibility too, heavy on the positive gadget experience. And that's the state of gadgeting art: the elegant gadget, the wow gadget. (Forgetting about the fact that the iPhone doesn't work very well—mail sucks, keyboard laughable.)

The wow standard is, however, likely to be undermined, too. The Google phone, in super-secret development, takes an approach that's radically different from Apple gadgetism. Seeing design as authoritarian, Google (gadget spies and gadget-rumor mongers say) will go

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vanilla—and may even give the phone to you. It wants to get rid of all the rules. It really wants to go for anarchy. Of course, this is an anarchic world that Google will control.

Gadgeteers are always trying to replace another gadget which formerly had control so the new gadget can have control. Replacing the gadget it has undermined, the new gadget becomes the gatekeeper and toll taker—the thing Apple has done, to everybody's great and growing consternation, so well. But Google's gadget will, undoubtedly, and counter-intuitively, seek to pull the rug out from under Apple, countering Apple's closed system by offering an open-access world, one where anything is permissible—alongside Google ads—and thereby achieve super-dominance for itself.

Google's phone will give you (at least such is the speculation) just the Web in your pocket—for free. There may not even be a data provider (as in Apple making deals with data providers for what stuff you'll see on the iPhone), and, possibly, no cell-phone service either. Just free calls over free Wi-Fi networks. And all the I.M.-ing you want (no texting charge from AT&T, as with the iPhone). Possibly no charges at all. Just Google serving ads in your pocket. Simple, sturdy, and open. And Google learning every single last detail about you that it doesn't already know.

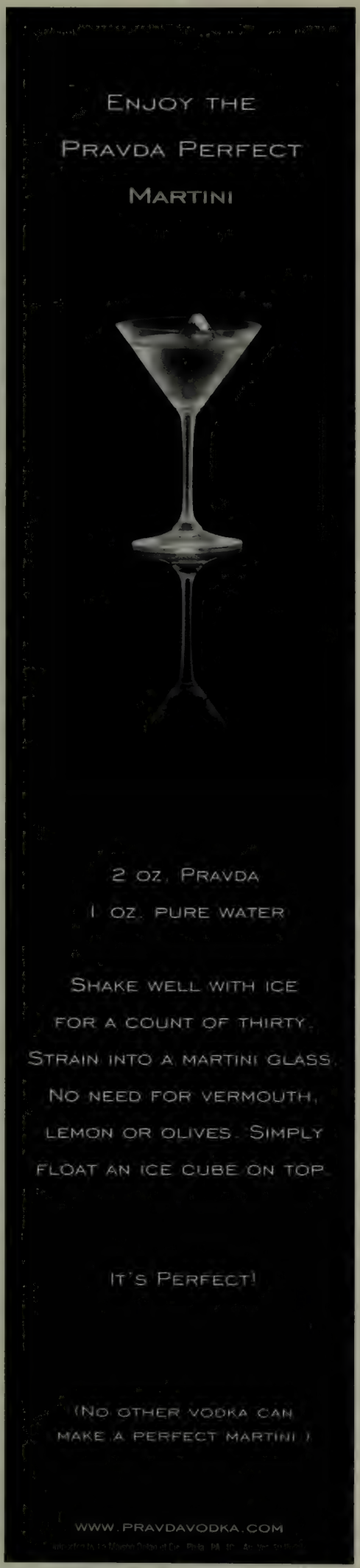
What about the content people, those former kings? If the way we consume all types of entertainment and information is changing, what happens to the people (and the fortunes of the people) who produce the entertainment and information? This is, in every meeting of media suits, in every contract discussion, in every Hollywood union negotiation, the fundamental, inchoate, and addled existential question. What is to become of us? And who gets paid? (It is actually possible, and comic, that, of all the parties trying to screw one another in these meetings and negotiations, none will get the dough. Some yet-to-be-invented-gadget guy will run off with it.)

We are "platform agnostic," Arthur Sulzberger Jr., the publisher of *The New York Times,* has said, grandly, in a direct challenge to Marshall McLuhan, who, two generations ago, laid down the central law of mass media, that the medium is the message. What Sulzberger hopes for is that whatever he and his cohorts are creating can be merely sent over to whatever gadget people are using. In this view, there's a sort of content mother ship, which sends its content spawn out to content receivers, or some such. This has been the similarly wishful notion of sitcom producers, and music promoters, and network executives. Indeed, there are more and more business-development teams populating the media world, dedicated to striking deals with the makers of the new gadgets.

But the problems with this ideal of simple transference become more manifold every day. For one thing, the gadget-makers are much less impressed with the value of the content than the content-makers are. (Various consortiums of old-media behemoths are vowing to band together to build their own iStores and charge what they want to charge—good luck with that.) For another thing, media and behavior and desire are pretty finely linked (this is part of what McLuhan was so cryptically saying). It turns out that if you're moving you want information and entertainment to be different than if you are sitting. (I'm too old to have paid any attention to what's actually on YouTube until, waiting on some line or other, I pushed the YouTube button on my iPhone. I may be among the last to know: many of the most popular videos on YouTube, which cost little to produce and which nobody is getting paid for, are more diverting than anything on television.)

Still, there remains a certain stubborn determination to use technology to deliver the one true thing. Fujitsu has in development a futuristic roll-up screen, the Flepia (believe it or not), which will reproduce with startling colors and definition actual magazine and newspaper pages. You'll be able to carry a newsstand, weighing ounces, in your pocket. There are other companies, HP and Sony included, at work on this same concept. It's something of a holy grail of gadgets—a sort of plastic paper that can receive Wi-Fi signals, so your newspaper and magazines download to you. The premise here is that, again, in defiance of McLuhan, the form is irrelevant, or that technology can simply improve on the existing form. While this is theoretically logical—Fujitsu's Flepia thing is merely a more efficient way to distribute and to read a magazine—it will never quite work out. For one thing, control shifts, and now it's Fujitsu's world (instead of, say, Time Inc.'s or Condé Nast's world), and, likely, Fujitsu won't want what magazine publishers want. And, for another, consumers take advantage of almost any opportunity to alter or customize their behavior; once they alter their behavior, the content itself has to be altered, which is never good news for the makers of the old content.

There is, too, the Sony Reader—Amazon also has one—a gadget that is in essence designed to facilitate the iTunes download model, but for books. You buy books from an online store and download to your portable book facsimile. This is an entirely intuitive idea, whose time seems to have been on the verge of coming for 10 years



now—but it never does. Possibly because these gadgets don't help you steal the book (or possibly *because* it's a book, so nobody wants to steal it).

Any good gadget has to be sly about how it respects digital-rights management (D.R.M.—the thing that prevents you from copying stuff), trying to stay within the bounds of the Digital Millennium Copyright Act, which sends you to jail for cracking somebody's D.R.M. lock. But everybody knows which end is up and what the point really is.

Except when they don't.

Sony, once the premier gadget-maker, has become an also-ran, not least of all, perhaps, because it bought content-makers Columbia Pictures and CBS Records (now Sony Music). It suddenly found itself in a deeply conflicted position. It declined to give the Walkman (remember the Walkman?) the devious capabilities to help you steal the music Sony was now selling. Sony's chief, Sir Howard Stringer, has become a great defender of traditional copyright rules, at, arguably, the expense of his company's future—at least the great gadget side of his company.

Microsoft, as an ardent defender of corporate property, went so far as to have its iPod competitor, Zune, virtuously install copy protection on songs that users had already stolen. Similarly, its media-center package—a P.C. version of a set-top box—is scrupulous and relentless, and counterproductive in the way it stands up for all sorts of protection features that make the ordinary gadget consumer laugh out loud. And, indeed, its gadgets are duds.

Content creators—and Microsoft is largely a content creator, whereas Apple, arguably, is a hardware company—have actually tried to wish into existence not just their own pro-protection gadgets but gadgets that will stop other gadgets from stealing their stuff. Technol[illegible] defeat techn[illegible] [illegible] the bett[illegible]

stealing stuff—not a few of them 11-year-olds breaking the protection codes. What's more, the very health of the gadget world is based on this massive amount of free and unstuck content. News flash: Gadget-makers want you to steal.

And, to feed your gadgets, you do. It is true that, at Apple's store, since it began in 2003, more than three billion songs have been legitimately sold, which sounds like a lot. But, every *month,* there are three to five billion search requests for illegal downloads from the peer-to-peer file-sharing networks (among them, LimeWire, eDonkey, BitTorrent, Ares). Music-industry estimates figure that you have, on average, 600 to 1,000 songs on your portable gadget of choice: one-third are from CDs in your collection at home; two-thirds you've stolen. Oh, and 20—not 20 percent, 20—you've bought from iTunes.

In other words, given this level of theft, the media world ends, eventually. We put ourselves out of business. Soon we will, with our gadgets, have stolen all the mus[illegible] and videos.

Except there's always another gadge[illegible] Or, in this case, there's the seen and the u[illegible] seen world of gadgets. Behind your benig[illegible] gadget there's a gadget war of the worlds.

MediaDefender, in a sense more an ant[illegible] gadget than a gadget, was developed b[illegible] some guys out of the electronic-warfare d[illegible] vision of Raytheon, where they were worl[illegible] ing on the radar system for the B-2 bombe[illegible] Among its warfare tactics, MediaDefende[illegible] carpet-bombs the peer-to-peer network[illegible] The old-media guys hire these warfare guy[illegible] (they are sort of mercenaries, I suppose, i[illegible] this metaphor) to protect specific titles. Say[illegible] the Black Eyed Peas' "My Humps." Ther[illegible] these former weapons-system experts bomb[illegible] the peer-to-peer networks with millions (o[illegible] hundreds of millions—whatever) of fake, de[illegible] coy files. You download mush. Clever.

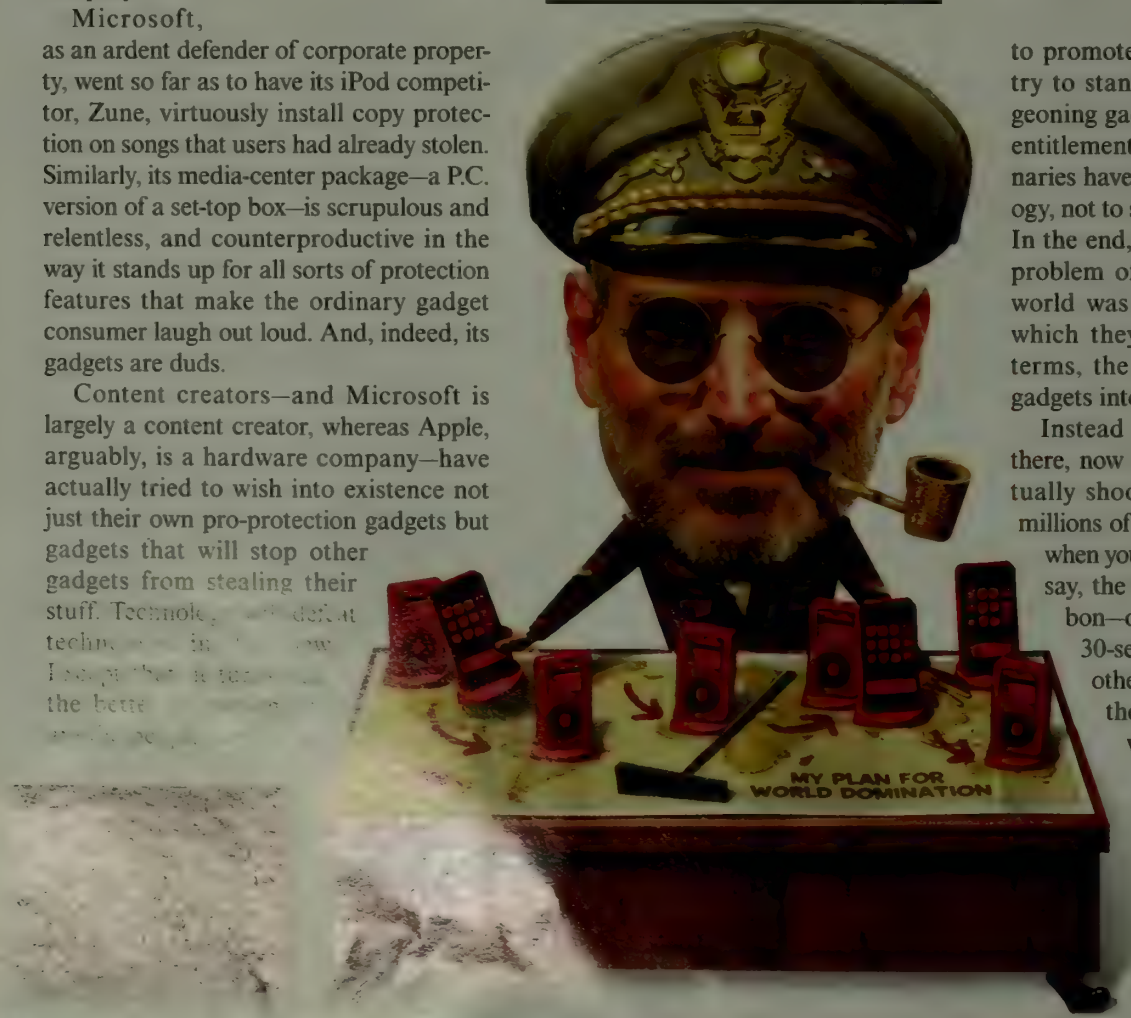
But here's the thing. When behavio[illegible] changes—in this instance, gadgets giving us license and wherewithal to take what-ever diversion we want whenever we want—there is not a lot of prof[illegible] it in trying to change it back. It might be hon[illegible] orable to try, but not profitable. In the media business, it is always better to promote than to inhibit. Rather than try to stand in the way of the ever burgeoning gadget world, and its license and entitlements, the MediaDefender mercenaries have savvily reversed their technology, not to stymie gadgets but to use them. In the end, their approach to solving the problem of making a buck in a gadget world was not, in fact, rocket science, which they understood, but, in media terms, the most obvious solution: turn gadgets into advertising media.

Instead of shooting their decoys out there, now the MediaDefender people actually shoot the real thing. They shoot millions of files of this or that title, which, when you download, you download with, say, the Nike swoosh or the Coke ribbon—or other logos, and trailers, and 30-second spots. A sponsor pays, in other words, the content-maker for the privilege of being associated with his song or show.

And so, in a way, matching ads with songs and ads with videos, and giving you this for free on your gadgets, we've handily re-created radio and television.

Perhaps nothing changes, except the gadgets. □

THE VERY HEALTH OF THE GADGET WORLD IS BASED ON FREE AND UNSTUCK CONTENT. NEWS FLASH: GADGET-MAKERS WANT YOU TO STEAL.



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THE VERDICT IS MISSING

Talking to members of the hung jury, the author learns how Phil Spector escaped a guilty verdict, for now at least, while O. J. Simpson finally ended up in a prison jumpsuit

They say one of the items O.J. was trying to get back was the suit he wore to court the day he was acquitted of murder. O.J. calls it his lucky suit. Apparently, Phil Spector wanted to borrow it.

—Jay Leno

I had always thought that Phil Spector would commit suicide in the courtroom if he were found guilty of murdering Lana Clarkson. I could not even imagine Phil in prison. He's a drama queen, albeit straight, who cares deeply about his legend in the history of music in the United States. One of the passions of his life is his place in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. I thought perhaps he would swallow a cyanide pill. What an exit that would have been. He'd live on forever. A martyr. One night before the end of the trial I went to a sort of farewell dinner with some of the other reporters, who get as obsessed as I do at these trials and want to talk of nothing else. I said, "Does anyone think that Phil might commit suicide?" One person who was there looked at me aghast. After a long pause, he gave me and a few others in the group a very inside scoop, which he was in a position to know. The police were aware that Spector was a potential suicide. By law, they had no right to search him after he'd passed through security and entered the courtroom to listen to the verdict. One policeman in the courtroom was assigned to watch Spector during the reading of the verdict and never take his eyes off him. If he made one move toward his pocket, this officer was to leap on him.

It was all so quiet when it actually happened. All the principals were there, the people who have been sitting together in the Clara Shortridge Foltz Criminal Justice Center, in [illegible] mur-

we have come to dislike. Among the last to arrive in Judge Larry Paul Fidler's extremely well-run courtroom were Phil Spector and his increasingly controversial wife, Rachelle, who was believed to have recently posted on a MySpace page, "The Evil Judge Should Die," signed Chelle, which is the nickname she goes by. Phil's lawyers have denied that Rachelle posted any such note. I heard the police were investigating it as a threat against a judge. It would have been poetic justice if, after Judge Fidler declared a mistrial on account of the hung jury, Rachelle had gone to jail and Phil had gone home to the castle, at least until the re-trial and the civil trial which loom over him.

If there had been a verdict, there would have been three buzzes from the deliberation room, but there were only two. Still, we were all told to assemble in the courtroom at 1:30 on Wednesday, the 26th of September. The last to arrive were Donna Clarkson, Lana's mother, and Lana's sister, Fawn. They took their regular seats in the front row with their lawyers. My eyes met for a second with those of Mrs. Clarkson. I was sorry I had never gotten to talk with her. We had things to say to each other that no one else could say, but it was not to be. She looked exactly right for the sad news she was about to receive, that the jury was stymied by two people who were unwilling to convict Phil Spector, and thought it possible that her daughter, who had been trashed for five and a half months by Spector's lawyers, had taken her life in his house. I understood the rage she was feeling under her calm exterior.

When Judge Fidler announced the mistrial, there was dead silence. No hugs, no shaking of hands, nothing but general disappointment. An hour or so later, Phil, Rachelle, and Horace, Phil's guard, arrived back at the castle, to which they had been trailed by a helicopter. I found it utterly offensive that Phil and Rachelle danced in their courtyard and hugged Horace, and that, in a real class act, Rachelle humped Phil's leg, like a horny dog, laughing uproariously. Her public intimacy did not engage him—he never looked at her during the merriment. They looked so cheap. It reminded me of the way O.J.'s family behaved after his victory: the ladies were all holding champagne glasses and doing high kicks on the lawn at the Rockingham house. At both houses they had forgotten that a beautiful dead woman was the cause of the celebration.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

For four years, ever since the shooting death of Lana Clarkson, my old friend Jackie Collins, of the best-seller lists, has been saying to me, "You *have* to read Ronnie Spector's autobiography. It's fascinating." Ronnie Spector was married to Phil Spector when he was still known as "the tycoon of teen." She had been the lead singer of the popular all-girl group the Ronettes, which Phil produced. For some reason, I never read the book until another old friend out here, Jack Martin, a former gossip columnist, sent over a worn-out, tattered copy to the Chateau Marmont, where I was staying for the trial. The book is called *Be My Baby: How I Survived Mascara, Miniskirts, and Madness or My Life as a Fabulous Ronette.* "Be My Baby" is the title of one of Phil's most famous hit songs, a rock 'n' roll classic. I couldn't put the book down. It became my waiting-for-the-non-verdict reading. Ronnie was an absolute prisoner in her own mansion, surrounded by staff. She had nothing to do all


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day but drink, and drink she did. Phil had lost interest in her career. He told her not to talk to the servants. (When Lana Clarkson, on the night that was to become the last of her life, told Adriano De Souza, the driver of Phil's Mercedes, that she was going to stay at the castle for only one drink, Phil forbade her to speak to De Souza.) Ronnie and Phil's marriage was one of day-to-day madness, from which she ultimately escaped in bare feet. She ran down the hill to Sunset Boulevard and caught a taxi out of his life forever.

Back in the courthouse, the Spector jurors gave a sort of press conference after the mistrial announcement. Only three jurors came forward to meet with the media—Nos. 9, 10, and 12. My fellow reporters and I had spent five months trying to analyze the jurors. I'm quite proud that my own opinion of Juror No. 10, the foreman in the deliberations, altered much earlier than when he became by far the most disliked member of the jury, having personally forged the hung jury that ended this trial. I took a dislike to him when the jury went to the castle to visit the crime scene. It was he who presented 10 questions from the jury to the judge. He was extremely pleased with himself. I wrote in my notes that he had an "I'm the smartest guy in the room" attitude. He took notes with such fervor that I sometimes felt he missed what was going on, so engrossed was he with his 13 scribbled-in notebooks.

I thought it was curious that at the press conference he refused to tell us his name or whether he had voted for conviction or acquittal. He also was the least forthcoming of the three present, sitting in a corner as if monitoring what the other jurors were saying, but his power to control them was over. Beth Karas, of Court TV, and I received notes from Juror No. 9 saying he would like to talk with us. I found it interesting to learn that the vote, in which 10 of 12 jurors voted to convict, at one time had been 11–1. At that point the single vote to acquit was the foreman's, but he was able to change the mind of one other juror, No. 1. According to notes taken at the voir dire, No. 10 is a civil engineer, 32, with three sons, and lives in Alhambra, about a block and a half from Phil's castle. He said in voir dire that he had once seen Phil in the Target store in Alhambra. He owns a gun. He had a friend who shot himself, but it may have been an accident. It is usual but not obligatory for the foreman to take a vote on the first day of deliberations to see what the breakdown is before discussion begins. For the first 3 days of the 12-day process, no vote was taken. After the third day, Juror No. 9 threatened to ring the buzzer to the judge if a vote was not taken.

Juror No. 9 told Beth and me that when it came to scientific evidence the jurors, even No. 10, always relied on the prosecution expert witnesses more than the defense expert witnesses. In the next trial, Phil could save a lot of money on those expert witnesses. The word is that money's tight for the next trial. He is thought to have already spent between $8 and $10 million on legal fees. Forensic pathologist Dr. Henry Lee took a big blow to his lofty reputation, as did Dr. Michael Baden, after prosecutor Alan Jackson went to the mat with them. Keep an eye on Alan Jackson. This guy's big-time.

Another juror who particularly interested me was No. 6, although I was not able to speak to him personally. He is a former actor who is a highly-thought-of executive at a Hollywood studio, [illegible] to be friends of mine. The [illegible] nights at the studio during the [illegible] occasional catnaps [illegible] fellow jurors to [illegible] ung jury. Juror [illegible] argument, so [illegible] y broke for the weekend to think it over. On Monday, everyone still had the same feeling, except No. 10, the foreman, which was certainly his right.

Juror No. 6 asked another juror if he thought No. 10 could ever be brought around. No, replied the other juror, who then recounted a story that the foreman had told about himself during the deliberations. One of his sons, who is very stubborn, refused to eat his broccoli. His father told him he had to stay at his place at the table until he had eaten his broccoli. After 12 hours at the table, the son finally gave in. When they heard this story, the jurors gave up and told the court that they were hopelessly deadlocked. So unpopular was the foreman's stand that, after the trial ended, he received what he called threats, and has asked the Alhambra police for protection.

For a week during the deliberations, Phil Spector was put in his place when O. J. Simpson roared back into the public eye, charged with the armed robbery of a memorabilia collector in a cheap hotel in Las Vegas, where O.J. had gone to attend a friend's wedding. There were pictures of him in the newspapers in black-tie with a smirk on his face. For the week following, O.J. got much more space in the news than Spector ever got. As a result of the publicity, O.J.'s book, *If I Did It,* which was brought out by the Goldman family, who made the word "If" so small on the cover that the title appears to be *I Did It,* jumped to No. 1 on Amazon. I wrote the afterword to the book as a favor to my friend Fred Goldman. All the TV shows I was asked to be on that week wanted to talk only about O.J. I had a bit of a dustup with Star Jones on her show. She started giving me a little attitude about not mentioning Johnnie Cochran in the afterword I wrote. I said something like "Listen, Star, you and I are on different sides in the O.J. case. I remember you used to go up to his house on Rockingham nights to sit with him during the civil trial." That interview ended quickly.

O.J. in the news again stirred up a lot of memories. I think it was one of the great injustices that O.J. was acquitted for the two cruel killings of Nicole and her friend Ron Goldman. I believe in ultimate justice. He got away with murder in the courtroom, but here he was back in the clink, where he belonged, handcuffed behind his back and in a prison jumpsuit. Finally he was in the right clothes.

WHEN THE JUDGE ANNOUNCED THE MISTRIAL, THERE WAS DEAD SILENCE.

When I came out to Los Angeles last April, I had no idea the Phil Spector trial would last for almost half a year. I might not have come if I had realized that. But if I had not come, I would have missed the wonderful experience of living in Los Angeles again. For years I've had a very complicated relationship with this city. Great times. Terrible times. Success. Failure. The pain of the terrible times exceeded by far the joy of the good times. My daughter was murdered here. The first article I ever wrote for *Vanity Fair,* in March 1984, was about the trial of the man who had strangled my daughter and then received a slap on the wrist of six years in a cushy facility, cut to three years on the day of sentencing, and who was out and about in two and a half years. I went to the cemetery in Westwood and thanked my daughter, Dominique, for leading me into the courtroom for the last 24 years. I hate to see guys like O. J. Simpson walk free. I hated to see Phil Spector get to postpone his verdict the way he has for the last four years. Every place I went when I was out here covering this trial, people stopped me to ask about it. It was the talk of the town in Los Angeles. They all wanted Phil to go down. They cared deeply about Lana Clarkson. When I went to dinner parties, I was always asked to get up and speak about what had happened in court that day. I loved doing it. I saw all my old friends and had long talks about olden times. I felt like I belonged again. □



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A handful of Radio City Rockettes—Kelly Arne, Tiffany Whitaker, Afra Hines, Samantha Berger, Danielle Kimmins, Kelly Sheerins, Sarah Lin Johnson, Jenelle Engleson, Melissa Hillmer, Sierra Ring, Christine Sienicki, and Amanda Suchy—kick off the troupe's 75th anniversary; photographed in Times Square.

ROCKETTES AROUND THE CLOCK

They're as lovely as Ziegfeld girls, as leggy as showgirls, as apple-pie as pom-pom girls, and they inhabit a surreal realm between *A Chorus Line* and a halftime band (only with T-straps instead of tubas). They make Busby Berkeley's mad tappers look sloppy, and their grueling performance schedule—up to five 90-minute shows per day for almost eight weeks running—requires the stamina of Seabiscuit. They're the fabled Rockettes of Radio City Music Hall, and this year's Christmas Spectacular, November 9 through December 30, marks the 75th anniversary of a show that's like no other on earth.

The act began in 1932 and was soon presented as free entertainment between screenings of the first-run movies playing Radio City Music Hall. Today, the Rockettes are the show, a [illegible]-line calculus that begins with an illusion. A Rockette can [illegible] at six and five feet ten and a half, but "on the [illegible] perception that evens [illegible] to be linked (a se[illegible]ys one Rock[illegible]r or five shows a [illegible] you just have to do it on your own." The result—36 women moving as one, and with the finesse of Fosse dancers—is a stirring sight that sells more tickets in two months than any Broadway hit sells in a year.

"Most companies would have said, 'It's a classic, it works, leave it alone,'" says Jonathan Hochwald, executive V.P. of productions at MSG Entertainment, which produces the show. This company, however, sees the 75th anniversary as perfect timing for a millennial re-invention. New numbers, costumes, technology, grand finale, and even new snow—not to mention a real live double-decker tour bus—all are taken to cutting-edge levels of virtuosity.

FOR EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE FROM MARK SELIGER'S ROCKETTES SHOOT, GO TO **VF.COM.**

Rockette-heads need not worry. The amazingly mathematical "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" (like Balanchine on acid) and the beloved "Living Nativity," a *tableau vivant* complete with sheep and three camels, both in the show since 1933, remain as historical touchstones. But these, too, have been spruced up. "There's not a moment that we haven't addressed," says Hochwald. "This show's going to have more Rockette numbers than ever—each of them a tour de force." —LAURA JACOBS

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER

STYLED BY JESSICA DIEHL; HAIR PRODUCTS BY REDKEN; MAKEUP


VERSACE



ROYAL RUMBLE
From left: Sumner Redstone, Brad Grey, Philippe Dauman, Shari Redstone, Jeffrey Katzenberg, Steven Spielberg, and David Geffen

SHOWDOWN AT FORT SUMNER

Two years after Paramount purchased DreamWorks, Hollywood is transfixed by one of the nastiest breakups ever. As Sumner Redstone and David Geffen went to war (over Steven Spielberg?), the author got it from both sides

BY BRYAN BURROUGH

There was a time, not long after Sumner Redstone came to Southern California four years ago, when the world must have seemed rosy and new and full of hope. At 82, an age when peers were dead or lying in retirement homes, Redstone had everything a mogul could want: between his two main companies, Viacom and CBS, he owned a television network, a publishing empire, cable channels by the [illegible]

new home in a gated community above Beverly Hills, where he spent his days tending tropical fish, taking phone calls, and shaving nude in his hot tub. Sylvester Stallone lived next door. He ate out every night. Life was good.

Not anymore. By late summer Redstone had begun squabbling again with his daughter, Shari, 53, who runs National Amusements, the family's movie-theater chain, and reportedly fighting with his wife, Paula. At the same time, relations between Redstone and the influential Geffen-Spielberg-Katzenberg troika—incensed by a stream of perceived slights—had deteriorated into a nasty cold war, to the point where [illegible] believed Spielberg and Geffen will [illegible] the moment Spielberg's employment contract expires, next fall. Down at the Ivy and the Palm, the gossip about Redstone is withering: among the agents and producers in Hollywood's chattering class, he is increasingly viewed as an isolated, mean-spirited old man who cares nothing for the film community's traditions. All summer the ill will bubbled up into a series of unflattering media portrayals—much of which Redstone now blames on the man he has come to believe is behind not only the bad press but almost all of his "image problems" in the broader Hollywood community: David Geffen.

In a series of talks with *Vanity Fair* beginning in August, Redstone's men have blamed Geffen, the mischievous music turned film magnate, for practically every bad press notice they have received, even the reports of trouble


To: Me
CACAO RESERVE by Hershey's
PREMIUM MILK CHOCOLATE
Truffles
CACAO RESERVE by Hershey's
Truffles
CACAO RESERVE by Hershey's
Go ahead, Truffle yourself.

in Redstone's marriage. "This is all Geffen," an executive close to Redstone told me. "We know what's going on. He's doing all of this. He's relentless. He and Sumner, when they're in a fight like this, it's war. It's war."

When I first relayed these sentiments to Geffen, he exploded. "Whoever said these things, they must be out of their minds," he said, his voice rising with each syllable. "I am not responsible for the public discourse about Mr. Redstone at all. He is. To imply I have anything to do with his image problems is just shameful. The lawsuits with his children and the statements he has made on the record speak for themselves."

But Geffen, who to his credit had no problem speaking on the record, was only warming up. "I don't care for Sumner's behavior," he went on, "and I have that in common with a great many people in the entertainment business. I don't like the way he treats people. Most of all, nobody is going to treat me or my partner [Spielberg] in that manner and stay in business with us. Nobody."

It was this level of behind-the-scenes vitriol that spawned the first serious broadside in the developing Redstone-DreamWorks fight, in mid-September, when Viacom's C.E.O., Philippe Dauman, told an audience of New York investors and analysts that Paramount could survive the departure of Spielberg and Geffen. In one of the more memorable smackdowns in recent Hollywood history, Dauman characterized the potential loss of Spielberg as "completely immaterial."

Katzenberg immediately fired back, defending Spielberg in remarks that ran beneath one of *Variety*'s traditionally clever headlines: KATZ SHOWS CLAWS. Still, Redstone's team was happy with the exchange, feeling they had put the DreamWorks trio, especially Geffen, in their places. "They don't scare us," a Redstone executive told me not long after. "What are we supposed to do? Bend over some more? Uh-uh. No more. This is it."

Tough, tough talk for a tough, tough town. But how much of it was real? How much of it was simply Hollywood-style posturing? Did the Redstone-Geffen fight involve genuine bad blood or was this all just silliness and drama in an industry that makes its money selling silliness and drama?

II

You could see this [illegible]. All the ingredient[s] just took time for thi[s] a boil. Redstone, the imperi[ous] elder, unaccustomed and thus unw[illing] kowtow to Hollywood royalty. His studio chief, Paramount's Brad Grey, a veteran talent manager and producer but a newcomer as studio executive, still unsure of his footing, yet eager to assert his leadership over the proud DreamWorks team. Spielberg, the legend, comfortable in his routines, suspicious of change, ever respectful of Hollywood tradition. And Geffen, hyperprotective of Spielberg, easy to offend, only fully engaged, it seems, when consumed by some epic life-or-death struggle.

Whether or not you believe Geffen was behind the spate of anti-Redstone articles this past summer, there's no denying his unhappiness triggered all this. In fact, the sheer vehemence of Geffen's anti-Redstone fervor reminds more than one observer—including this one—of the decade-long campaign he waged against Michael Ovitz, the onetime Hollywood superagent who, in a 2002 *Vanity Fair* profile, memorably blamed his downfall on Geffen and a cabal of allies he termed "the Gay Mafia." While Geffen always denied leading an anti-Ovitz jihad, there was no doubt that he regularly launched into anti-Ovitz tirades for the benefit of reporters, and was an important source of anti-Ovitz [g]ossip. To my surprise, even a DreamWorks [e]xecutive acknowledges the parallels.

"[Sumner] it took a while, but he did take [down] Ovitz," this person says. "This [is a] version of a board game."

Yet the [most] vast difference between Ovitz—who after leaving his all-powerful position atop the Creative Artists Agency found himself vulnerable to press attacks—and Redstone, a multi-billionaire who doesn't cut deals with studios. He *owns* studios. "You're right, you can't take down Sumner Redstone," the adviser admits. "But in a Sumner Redstone situation, you can expose him. He's already damaged."

ENDLESS SUMNER Brad Grey and Sumner Redstone. Redstone reportedly regaled dinner-party guests with Grey's stories about Geffen's unpopularity.



Why on earth did Geffen launch a crusade against Redstone? For a time, the conventional wisdom was that he was trying to drive Redstone to the bargaining table to get something he wanted: a better deal for Spielberg at Paramount, or the sale of DreamWorks Animation—now an independent company run by Katzenberg—to Viacom. Inside the Redstone camp, the feeling was that Geffen had his eye on an exit strategy for when Spielberg's contract with Paramount expires, next fall. Either this was a ploy to coax more money out of Redstone or—and this was the guess you heard most often—it was Geffen's strange way of placing a FOR SALE sign on DreamWorks.

On the record, Redstone's men refused to parry with Geffen for this article. "We will not engage in tit for tat," says a Viacom spokesman. "Steven is a great talent whom we all treasure. We are taking the high road." Speaking for background, however, they are more than willing to talk trash. "We know why he's doing it—it's obvious," says the Redstone adviser. "Because next year Paramount will have the hot hand. DreamWorks won't. Look at the slate [of planned movies]. Everything good is coming from Paramount. The DreamWorks films don't look anywhere near as good. So if you're Geffen and you want to negotiate, you want to do it now. He's looking for any leverage he can find on Sumner."

"I WILL NOT BE BULLIED. I AM ABSOLUTELY UNAFRAID OF SUMNER REDSTONE," SAYS GEFFEN.

Geffen hotly denies this. "Absolutely not true," he says. "I want nothing from these people. Nothing. This is not about money. It is my job to look out for Steven Spielberg and Jeffrey Katzenberg and our employees and the people we are in business with. We have a responsibility here. I chose to sell this company to Paramount. It has turned out to be a poor choice. To me, it's about protecting these people. That is my goal and my raison d'être. Redstone, he is accustomed to bullying people. And I will not be bullied. There is no fight I will run from. I am absolutely unafraid of Sumner Redstone."

What's really driving Geffen, most observers believe, is a deep-seated desire to placate



Emily Blunt

ACTRESS, CHAMELEON

Whether she's playing a sharp-tongued fashion assistant or a bookish wallflower, Emily Blunt is a character in every sense of the word. Since her scene-stealing role in *The Devil Wears Prada* (which earned her one of two Golden Globe nods in 2007), the British-born actress's rising star shows no signs of slowing. She has a slate of films due out this year—including *The Jane Austen Book Club*, *The Great Buck Howard*, and *Charlie Wilson's War*—and will take on the role of a young Queen Victoria in 2008. Fabulous life, indeed.

The *fabulous* Life

For today's most promising stars, living "the fabulous life" means more than just waltzing down red carpets and basking in the glow of popping flashbulbs. It's about having all their wildest dreams truly realized. Here, Moët & Chandon celebrates the next generation of young Hollywood as they ascend into the silver-screen firmament.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL PARRY



Hugh Danc

ACTOR, SWASHBUCKLE

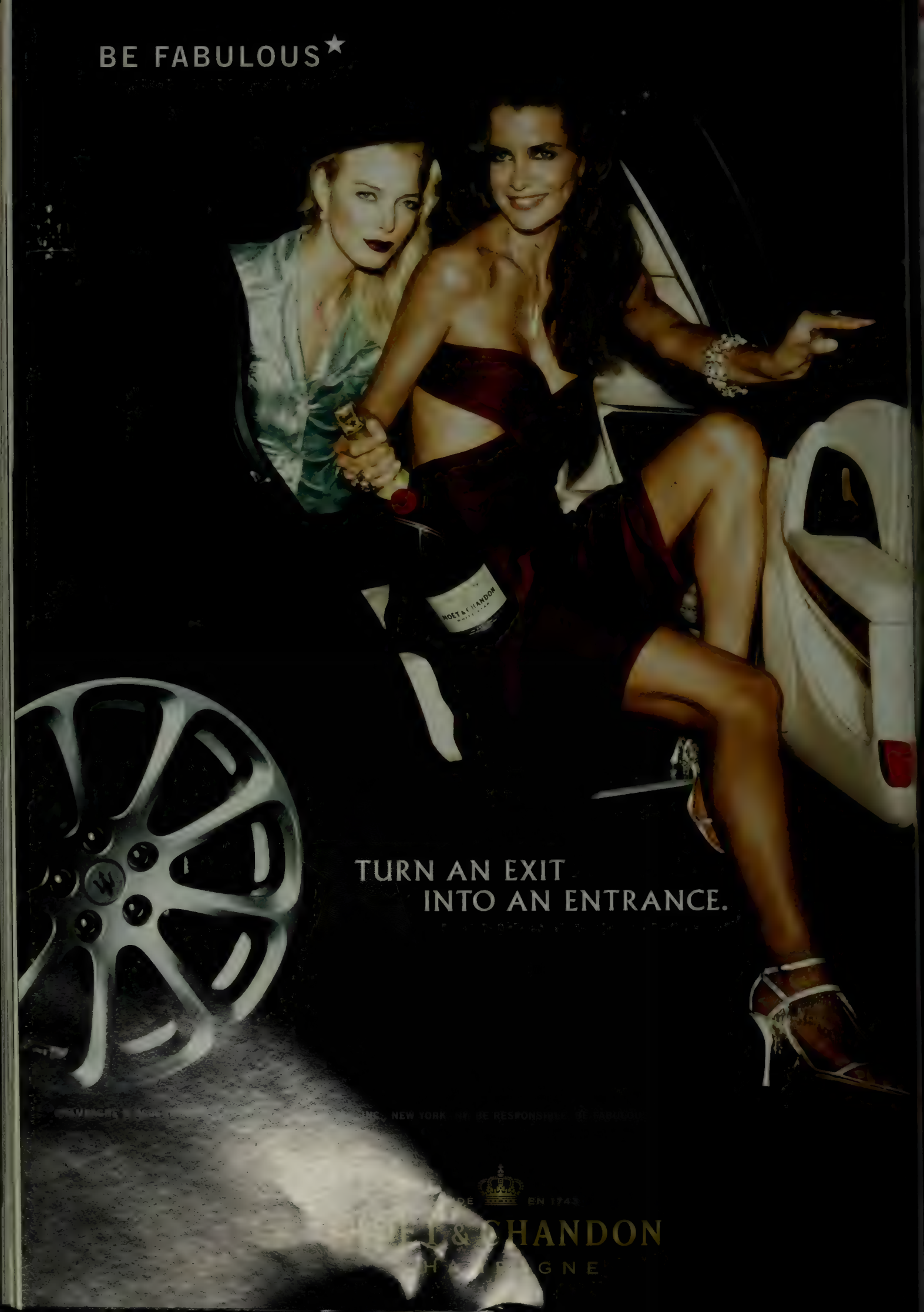
To say that Hugh Dancy has been enjoying a goo run lately is an understatement, to be sur especially when you look at what he's accomplishe to date. In 2006, the Oxford-educated actor score an Emmy® nomination for HBO's *Elizabeth I*, ar before this year's out, he'll have been o Broadway in *Journey's End* and on the big scree in *Evening*, *Savage Grace*, and *The Jane Auste Book Club*. It certainly appears that this Brit is o the cusp of fabulousnes



Zoe Saldana

ACTRESS, INGÉNUE

Fabulous, thy name is Zoe. The Dominican Republic–raised stunner began her career as a dancer until her breakout role in the cult flick *Center Stage*. Her turn in the film led to a bevy of other roles in big-screen hits such as *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl*, *The Terminal*, *Guess Who*, and *Drumline*. She's also producing the upcoming movie *Diez Duartes*. And if that doesn't sound promising enough, consider what's next on her docket: James Cameron's sci-fi epic *Avatar* and J. J. Abrams's *Star Trek*. This is one actress who should brace herself for stardom.


BE FABULOUS★
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EN 1743
HANDON

the most important partner he has had in a long and illustrious career. "This is all about Steven Spielberg," the DreamWorks adviser says. "David is doing this to keep Steven happy."

In an odd way, the Redstone adviser agrees. The Redstone camp believes Geffen is suffering from "seller's remorse," that is, selling DreamWorks to Paramount for too little money. That, they charge, and not any slights felt by Spielberg, is behind Geffen's anger. "Can you imagine how [Geffen] feels?" the Redstone adviser asks. "He told Spielberg he would take care of everything. He's supposed to take care of the business side, right? And he got taken. Well, tough!" What Geffen fears, the Redstone man alleges, is losing Spielberg as a partner. The DreamWorks adviser chuckles at the idea. "That's not going to happen," this person says. "Let's be clear: Steven needs David. David is richer than Steven. That will not change."

Understanding all this—the charges, the countercharges, the public motivations and the hidden ones, the spin on the spin—isn't as difficult as it might at first appear. Like almost every marriage gone bad, you just have to start at the wedding.

III

By the summer of 2005, it was clear to everyone at the top levels of DreamWorks SKG that their dream of running an independent studio was no longer possible. DreamWorks had been the product of another bitter feud, the early-1990s struggle between Katzenberg, then Disney's studio head, and his boss, Michael Eisner. When Katzenberg was fired, Geffen and Spielberg formed DreamWorks for him to run. In the intervening years, the trio made a slew of hit movies—from the animated *Shrek* series to *Saving Private Ryan* and *Gladiator* and *American Beauty*—but never attained the scale needed to safely weather the occasional flop. The poor showing in 2003 of the animated *Sinbad: Legend of the Seven Seas*, which lost $125 million, almost bankrupted the studio. By early 2005, Spielberg was making noises about their churning out fewer movies each year—6 to 8, as opposed to 12 to 14—and everyone involved realized it wouldn't be enough to keep DreamWorks financially viable.

The answer was obvious: a merger with Universal Studios, now owned by General Electric. Spielberg has maintained offices on the Universal lot for three decades, and all the DreamWorks principals felt comfortable working with its president, the soft-edged Ron Meyer, and his studio chief, Stacey Snider. In mid-2005, Geffen entered into talks with Meyer and NBC Universal C.E.O. Bob Wright about purchasing DreamWorks. He had just brokered a tentative deal when an especially expensive DreamWorks production, *The Island*, a science-fiction thriller with Ewan McGregor and Scarlett Johansson, flopped at the box office. G.E. reacted by trimming about $100 million from the price it was willing to pay.

It was then that Geffen turned to Brad Grey, who had just taken the reins at Paramount. The two had a good relationship; Geffen had been among those to urge Viacom's then C.E.O., Tom Freston, to hire Grey in the first place. Paramount was the sick man of Hollywood and had been for years. Grey saw the purchase of DreamWorks—*Shrek* and Spielberg and a dozen strong movies in the pipeline—as an elixir that would cure all Paramount's problems. The talks were far from smooth—Redstone initially rejected Geffen's demand for $1.6 billion as far too high—but once Viacom struck a deal to sell DreamWorks' film library to a group of New York investors led by George Soros, it reduced its investment to a more manageable $600 million. The deal was finalized in December 2005.

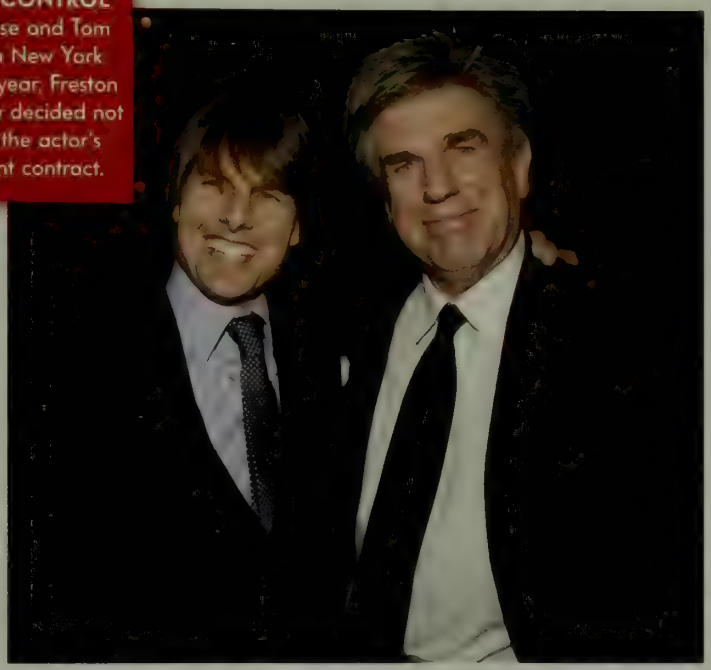
Everyone seemed happy—everyone, that is, except Spielberg. By one account—denied by everyone at DreamWorks—he was so unhappy at the collapse of the Universal deal he didn't speak to Geffen for weeks. At the very least, he was deeply ambivalent about working for Paramount. While most of DreamWorks' employees moved into new offices on the Paramount lot, Spielberg stayed put in the old, southwestern-style complex at Universal. "I remember talking to Steven right after the sale, and he was already [having second thoughts]," says a longtime friend. "He had such an emotional reaction. He was leaving his home of 20 years. He refused to move to Paramount. That pretty much says it all."

It was a difficult marriage from the start, although not nearly as rocky as some accounts portrayed it. In the post-deal trimming of duplicate jobs, there was a perception that DreamWorks executives won most top positions, leading to the inevitable morale problems among Paramount veterans. Some DreamWorks executives, many of whom clearly viewed themselves as too cool for this new school, struggled to hide their sense of superiority, and no wonder—in every sense that mattered, the accomplishments of Geffen, Spielberg, and even Katzenberg towered above anything on the Paramount executives' résumés.

"It took about a minute to realize these people didn't know what they were doing," says the DreamWorks adviser. "Tom Freston was a cable-television guy. He hires Brad Grey, who's never run a studio. And Brad turns around and hires another television person, Gail Berman, who knows nothing! You had three people who had never run a studio!"

And yet, it was Paramount's very weakness, many believed, that made it so attractive to Geffen as a merger partner. More DreamWorks workers would keep their jobs, and, it was widely thought, Geffen expected to dominate the inexperienced Paramount team. His post-merger decision to hire Universal's Stacey Snider to run DreamWorks beneath the Paramount banner was viewed as a way of positioning an ally to take over for Grey if and when he stumbled.

Still, despite a difficult transition period, relations between the DreamWorks and Paramount camps remained generally peaceful in those early months. Insiders give much of the credit to the calming influence of Freston, who was friendly with all the principals,



CRUISE CONTROL Tom Cruise and Tom Freston in New York City last year. Freston and Grey decided not to renew the actor's Paramount contract.

"GEFFEN'S SUPPOSED TO TAKE CARE OF THE BUSINESS SIDE. . . . AND HE GOT TAKEN. WELL, TOUGH!"

especially Geffen. "Things were actually going O.K. internally," says a Paramount partisan. "The DreamWorks guys weren't in the strongest position, remember. Their first three movies, *The Last Kiss, Flags of Our Fathers,* and *Flushed Away*—none of them did anything. They actually took a $100 million write-down on *Flushed.* But then, toward the fall, things began to change."

The first tremor came eight months after the merger, in August 2006, when Redstone suddenly "fired" Tom Cruise from a Paramount production deal; though it had been Grey and Freston who decided to let Cruise's deal lapse, it was Redstone who, in a series of interviews, blamed Cruise's erratic behavior—jumping on Oprah's couch, etc.—for disappointing ticket sales for Paramount's *Mission: Impossible III.* Redstone clearly enjoyed his moment in the sun, but his criticism of Cruise broke one of Hollywood's long-standing commandments: Suits Do Not Publicly Criticize Talent. In the DreamWorks camp, no one is more respectful of Hollywood tradition than Spielberg, who was irked by Redstone's comments. Ironically, the incident came at a time when relations between Spielberg and Cruise were poor. Spielberg felt the actor's antics had hurt his own movie, 2005's *War of the Worlds.* Far worse, though, had been an episode when Spielberg told Cruise the name of a doctor who had prescribed medication to a relative and the doctor's office was subsequently picketed by Scientologists.

The Cruise dismissal, however, was nothing compared to the sudden firing of Freston as Viacom's C.E.O., two weeks later. Now it was Geffen's turn to burn. Geffen, for whom much of business is personal, had felt he was selling DreamWorks to Freston; he barely knew Redstone and didn't much like what he saw. Worse, he felt the abrupt dismissal showed a lack of respect for Freston's 26 years of service. "There was a loyalty issue for David," says the DreamWorks adviser. "David was deeply loyal to Tom Freston, and he couldn't fathom how Tom could just be fired like that. It was insanity to him." The DreamWorks adviser confirms a [illegible] call Geffen made to Re[illegible] of Freston's firing, in which Geffen reportedly suggested that Katzenberg be hired to replace Freston. (Geffen vehemently denies this.) Redstone has said he [illegible] other suggestion from Geffen that Viacom purchase DreamWorks Animation. Geffen and Redstone didn't speak for a year.

Had Freston remained in place, it's entirely possible he could have calmed the waters. With his departure, however, Brad Grey was left to fend for himself, and Grey and his team swiftly proved unable to keep DreamWorks happy. Less than two months after Freston's firing, Paramount's distribution chief, Rob Moore, was quoted in *The New York Times* blaming director Clint Eastwood for the disappointing performance of *Flags of Our Fathers.* "The biggest draw of the movie is its director, who's not in the movie," he claimed. Like Redstone's castigation of Cruise, it was a moment when a "suit" publicly took "talent" to task, and across Hollywood the talent didn't like it one bit.

"I remember that morning, the whole town was like, 'Did he really say this?'" recalls the DreamWorks adviser. "This is Hollywood—you just don't do that! You simply say, 'It was a great movie,' and let it go. Well, all you need to know is Clint Eastwood is Steven Spielberg's idol." Spielberg felt Eastwood had been publicly humiliated and, according to several sources, demanded and received a meeting with Moore, who tried his best to mollify him.

"THESE PEOPLE ARE A NIGHTMARE," SAYS GEFFEN. "I'VE NEVER SEEN BEHAVIOR LIKE THIS."

IV

But Spielberg's irritation at the Cruise and Eastwood incidents paled before the behind-the-scenes drama over *Dreamgirls.* The big-budget musical had been Geffen's baby for almost 25 years, since it had debuted on Broadway. He had been involved in every detail of its production, and as the movie's New York premiere approached, last December, he had strong feelings about how he wanted the evening handled. Most of all, he wanted a "cold opening" (that is, for the movie to begin in darkness, without the usual endless introductions from the studio head and director and pre-curtain calls for the actors), the better for the audience to appreciate its rousing, spectacular first scene.

The request was initially routed to Paramount's public-relations representative, Janet Hill, who rejected it. She said Grey had remarks he planned to deliver before the movie began. DreamWorks' marketing chief, Terry Press, appealed to Hill to change [illegible] mind. He wouldn't. Stacey Snider appealed. That too had no effect. Finally, Geffen himself telephoned Hill. She said it was Grey's call. Geffen phoned Grey, who said it was important that he say something because there would be members of the Viacom board in the audience. Geffen was beside himself. The night of the premiere Press took Grey aside and pleaded with him to stay seated, and director Bill Condon was even sent over to second the request. But Grey went ahead anyway, giving the impression that *Dreamgirls* was a Paramount film. He made a similar speech at the movie's Los Angeles premiere.

Geffen's anger only intensified when Redstone was quoted in Nikki Finke's gossip blog, telling a dinner party that Grey had explained to him that *Dreamgirls'* failure to win an Academy Award nomination for best picture occurred because "everyone hates David" Geffen. "That was big," says the DreamWorks adviser. "That was a big mark in the road."

By early 2007, every week seemed to bring a new disagreement between DreamWorks and Paramount operating executives. A January *Los Angeles Times* article reported that Stacey Snider had heatedly objected to a press release Grey's office issued that lumped her in with others reporting to Grey; it was true, but Snider, who as DreamWorks C.E.O. had the ability to green-light films on her own, took offense at the tone, leading to a sharp telephone exchange with Grey. Spielberg, meanwhile, was growing irked at Grey's tendency to refer to DreamWorks movies as Paramount movies. "I take exception when the press is contacted by our friends and partners at Paramount, who refer to every DreamWorks picture as a Paramount picture," Spielberg told *The New York Times* in February. "It is not the case." (Through a spokesman, Spielberg declined to comment for this article.)

As tensions rose, the most common flash point took the form of nasty exchanges between the longtime DreamWorks press handler, Terry Press, and Paramount's P.R. woman, Janet Hill. Hill blamed Press for unflattering references to Grey in the *New York Post's* "Page Six" and other gossip columns. Press criticized Hill for allowing Grey's name to be drawn into media coverage of the Anthony Pellicano wiretapping investigation; nor could she understand Grey's willingness to announce a separation from his wife, Jill, in Liz Smith's gossip column. The situation had erupted spectacularly at the 2006 Cannes Film Festival, when Hill angrily blamed Press for talking to a gossip columnist. When Geffen got wind of this, he stalked into the *Vanity Fair* dinner at the Hôtel du Cap, barking, "Point out Janet Hill," and then proceeded to rip into Rob Moore, accompanied by his wife, as terrified onlookers ran for cover. Hill resigned this past June. Geffen was widely blamed. (Hill could not be reached for comment.)

"All this, all this noise, really started to per-

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talog and store locator. Normal messaging charges apply.
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colate after they finally had a successful film, *Dreamgirls*," notes a Paramount partisan. "After *Dreamgirls*, there started to be a lot of noise about credit, that Paramount was getting too much credit for the success of *Dreamgirls*. Then DreamWorks had a string of huge successes. *Norbit*, $95 million. *Blades of Glory*, $120 million. *Disturbia*, $80 million. And then *Transformers*, the biggest [live-action] hit in DreamWorks history, $315 million. So it's all during that run, where DreamWorks has been doing better and better, where DreamWorks has gotten more and more unhappy. It was in the spring, I remember, where everyone [at Paramount] began reaching out to DreamWorks, saying, 'What do you need? We want you to be happy.'" (Paramount, meanwhile, had been floundering with *Shooter*, $47 million, and *Zodiac*, $33 million.)

A series of meetings between Geffen and Grey ensued. Anxious to placate Geffen, Grey gave him practically everything he asked for. Paramount would stop referring to DreamWorks movies as its own. Snider's green-light authority was increased from $85 million to $100 million—$150 million for a movie Spielberg directed. And DreamWorks was given authority to hire its own corporate public-relations person. By June, as the talks wrapped up, tensions appeared to be diminishing.

THE DREAMERS
David Geffen, Jeffrey Katzenberg, and Steven Spielberg at the New York Stock Exchange, the day after the I.P.O. of DreamWorks Animation SKG Inc., October 28, 2004



"WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? BEND OVER SOME MORE?" SAYS A REDSTONE EXECUTIVE.

And there things lay for a month or so. For a time, peace seemed attainable. All through the spring Grey appeared to re-double his efforts to soothe Geffen and especially Spielberg, reportedly visiting the director on the Connecticut set of his fourth Indiana Jones film, which Spielberg was filming for Paramount. Grey also visited Spielberg at his compound in the Hamptons to hand him a $1 million check for the Shoah Foundation, an archive of oral histories about the Holocaust started by Spielberg. He even attempted to co-opt Terry Press, soliciting and accepting her advice on how best to live peacefully with the DreamWorks trio. When Press and others urged him not to be photographed alone with the stars of DreamWorks' *Shrek the Third* at the movie's premiere—the better to keep the focus on DreamWorks [illegible] posing alongside Stacey [illegible] same at the premiere of *Transformers*.

But then, in mid-July, just as Paramount executives began to bask in the glow of a Pax Geffenica, came a bombshell: a pointed article by *BusinessWeek*'s Los Angeles–bureau chief, Ronald Grover, claiming that Spielberg and Geffen remained unhappy and were prepared to bolt once Spielberg's contract expired, in October 2008. The article's sourcing was anonymous, but Geffen's fingerprints were all over it; Geffen admits, in fact, that he was one of Grover's main sources. The piece blindsided Grey's team. "We gave them everything!" says one Paramount executive. "And then, what?—six weeks later, it was: Well, not really. People are scratching their heads saying, 'We don't understand.' It was at that point that we realized, O.K., there's something else going on here. There's another agenda. And it was over our heads."

Grover's article triggered a series of follow-up pieces in *Slate* and *Daily Variety*, among other places, as more beat reporters tried to make sense of the situation. Most painted Geffen and Spielberg in sympathetic terms; none were especially kind toward Redstone. A *Los Angeles Times* report lamented Redstone's "overblown ego and tin ear with talent" and termed him "an elderly grandfather" similar to bygone studio chiefs such as Darryl Zanuck, "hanging onto the trappings of power long after they'd lost the cunning and creative zest that had made them titans of the industry." Then, barely a week later, came a small item on Nikki Finke's Hollywood-gossip blog; it reported that Redstone's marriage was on the rocks. He and his wife, Paula, had engaged in two [illegible]ents, one in front of people at the premiere of the movie *Stardust*. ("These are untrue and malicious rumors," says a Viacom spokesman. "Sumner continues to say that Paul[illegible]s the best merger he ever made.")

In August, in the wake of these stories, I called the Redstone adviser, who blamed all the bad publicity—including the Finke item—on Geffen, who, he said, was launching a covert press campaign in an effort to bring Redstone to the bargaining table. What Geffen wanted, he couldn't say. At first the adviser's tone was more winsome than combative. "We're not going to win this one," he said. "There's nothing we can do. We don't have the leverage Geffen has in this town. Sumner doesn't even want to play the game. Geffen, I mean, he'll do anything. He'll say anything. We keep telling Sumner, 'Keep your head down till this blows over,' but it probably won't. If we fight back, well, then they'll come after Sumner with everything they have."

Articles about Redstone in *Fortune* and elsewhere, spurred in part by critical remarks Redstone himself had made about his daughter, Shari, continued through August, and by Labor Day Redstone's men had come to believe they had no choice but to respond. The next time I spoke with the Redstone adviser, in early September, he all but jumped through the phone in a full-throated excoriation of Geffen. I was in a taxi, and struggled to scribble down remarks that flew as fast as bullets. Of Geffen, the adviser said, "He's all over town, saying this and that. You know what this is? Seller's remorse. I tell you, they're testing our patience.... I'm telling you, we're about fed up with this stuff. All their movies, *Indiana Jones*, everything in their library and everything in their pipeline, you know what? It's all ours! Tough! They want to leave? They want to go start over? Fine. Leave! We have done everything we can to make them feel special. Everything! And nothing is enough!"

V

By September the escalating tension between Geffen and Redstone was making things difficult for Katzenberg, whose role in all this is sharply different from those of his partners, Spielberg and Geffen. He remains C.E.O. of DreamWorks Animation, whose movies are marketed and distributed by Paramount; unlike Geffen, who has few day-to-day management responsibilities


Calvin Klein
MAN
a new fragrance
Calvin Klein
MAN


Calvin Klein
MAN
Calvin Klein
MAN
fragrance

at Paramount, Katzenberg depends on getting along with Brad Grey's team—a team, it should be said, that Katzenberg has the highest compliments for. Katzenberg wanted peace. So on Monday night, September 17, he sat down with DreamWorks attorney Skip Brittenham and discussed how to obtain it.

"I think everyone agrees that the purchase of DreamWorks was both a great coup and a giant financial success," says Katzenberg. "But when you have profited so greatly, it's imperative to find other ways to reward people, especially people like Steven Spielberg and David Geffen, who are more interested in how they are treated than in money. Everyone wants to be appreciated.

"Separate from money, there are ways you can reward talent ... make them feel appreciated, valued, respected. That is the crux of the issue.... DreamWorks has not been given the proper respect, or credit. Talent relations is the fuel of this industry. Every day for 25 years, [former MCA/Universal studio chief] Sid Sheinberg made Steven Spielberg feel like the most important person in the world to him. In ways large and small, he made it clear to Steven how much he mattered. The people at Paramount and Viacom haven't done this. Maybe it's out of intimidation or fear or a lack of understanding of what's at stake, but when it comes to talent relations, they've simply missed."

"WHEN IT COMES TO TALENT RELATIONS, [THE PARAMOUNT PEOPLE] SIMPLY MISSED," SAYS KATZENBERG.

On Tuesday morning, September 18, Katzenberg telephoned Geffen and urged him to dial things down a notch. Geffen said he would keep an open mind. Then, barely an hour later, came the news that Redstone had finally "engaged." Viacom's C.E.O., Philippe Dauman, the man who had replaced Tom Freston, was speaking at an investors' conference in New York. A Viacom adviser had already told a handful of reporters what to expect. But Dauman's words still rocked Hollywood.

Asked about the possibility of losing Spielberg, Dauman said, "We're doing everything possible to make him happy.... Now, Steven and his team have the right to leave if they choose at the end of next year. At that point, if there is someone who steps in with $1 billion, $2 billion, whatever, stepping into the [Microsoft co-founder] Paul Allen role a decade ago to start a new studio from scratch, that is a possibility. And we're planning for that." Dauman then praised Paramount's upcoming films, before concluding, "So, the financial impact to Paramount first and especially to Viacom overall would be completely immaterial in the event somebody shows up to help them start a studio from scratch."

For Dauman, whose public remarks are almost always diplomatic and reserved, it was tantamount to telling Spielberg and Geffen to go to hell. Much of Hollywood—and all of DreamWorks—erupted. "Completely immaterial? Can you believe this?" a DreamWorks adviser blurted the next morning. "How could they call Steven Spielberg insignificant? They must be out of their minds!"

"As a filmmaker, storyteller, artist and conscience, Steven Spielberg is nothing short of a national treasure," Katzenberg said the next day. "To suggest that not having Steven Spielberg is completely immaterial seems ill-advised. I think calmer heads need to prevail here."

Geffen's adjectives were more colorful, not to mention unprintable. "These people are a nightmare," he told me. "Don't you understand? To refer to Steven Spielberg as immaterial is not only disrespectful but it does not entitle them in any way to be in business with him. I've never seen behavior like this in my entire life. Steven Spielberg is anything but immaterial to me and all the people at DreamWorks. We love him!"

"Clever of David to make it all about Spielberg," says a person who knows Geffen well.

Redstone's men, meanwhile, were elated. They felt Dauman had struck just the right tone and had succeeded in placing Geffen on the defensive. "What we did was take the bogeyman out of the closet," Redstone's adviser told me. "You don't scare us. You can't rattle [the prospect of leaving] at us anymore. We understood this would be a big deal in Hollywood. Because nobody ever says that kind of stuff. Out there, Geffen and those guys yell 'Jump' and you're supposed to yell, 'How high?' Well, they got slapped on the wrists a little for trying to turn this into an attack on Saint Steven. We're fine with that." He sighs. "What are we supposed to do? I mean, Brad doesn't know what to do at this point. He doesn't know what to do to make them happy. Do we have to have lunch with them every day? It's hard to have lunch with David Geffen when you know what he's saying about you all over town."

Indeed, DreamWorks partisans can be withering when discussing Grey, whom they portray as an imperial overlord in love with his perks, grabbing seats reserved for actors on private jets. Geffen, who has been heard around town saying that Grey has betrayed him, is still reluctant to criticize him publicly, in large part, as a DreamWorks adviser points out, because he was instrumental in Grey's hiring.

By October, while the public sniping was receding, the break between the Geffen and Redstone forces appeared permanent. Privately, DreamWorks executives say they see little chance of salvaging the relationship. Geffen has already told people he has been approached by G.E. about Universal and by other prospective new homes—and indeed he has said that he is considering buying NBC Universal if G.E. were to sell it. If a move is made, it would allow Geffen to "reboot" everything and still call it DreamWorks. (Rights to the DreamWorks name are owned by Katzenberg.)

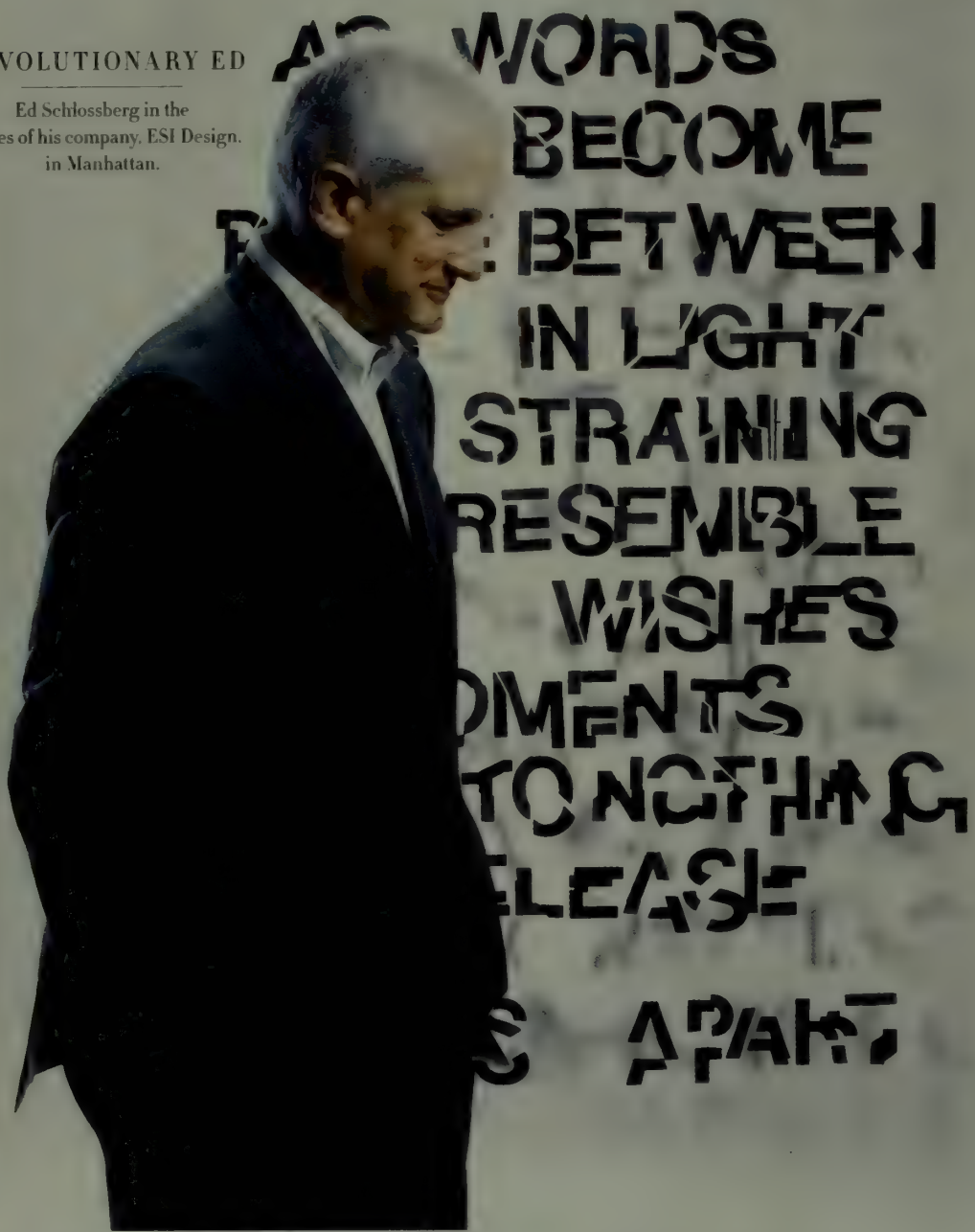
"Oh, I think they're gone," says a onetime Hollywood C.E.O. who has worked closely with everyone involved. "I think they get a big offer and go back to Universal. Maybe they take an equity interest. Ronnie [Meyer] takes some piece of it." He chuckles, then mentions Kirk Kerkorian, who has seemingly bought and sold a single studio, MGM, a dozen times over the last 30 years. "They're going to be like Kirk Kerkorian, where they keep selling the same thing over and over again. I always wondered how Kirk did that. I guess now we'll find out."

And the Geffen-Redstone feud? Was it real or some kind of corporate Kabuki? As this article was going to press, a sudden telephone call from Geffen suggested it might all have been a lot of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

"I just want to say thank you," Geffen said. "Your reporting on this story, somehow you've so provoked Redstone he has come over to see me and we've cleared up a lot of these issues. This article, you, you did this. A lot of this was bullshit. This was about our personal relationship. And we've cleared up a lot of this. And a lot of this I feel like I owe to you. All of this stuff we've allegedly said, I've allegedly said, we don't have a problem anymore. Our personal problem, we've resolved. We've cleared the air. And it was all because of you. Most of it was misinformation. And when you're not talking to each other, you can't resolve anything. So Sumner called up, he apologized to me for anything he said that may have upset me. I apologized for things that may have upset him. And we cleared the air. And we don't have a problem with each other. We may still have problems between Paramount and DreamWorks. But not with each other."

The Viacom spokesman confirmed the cease-fire, but declined to comment further.

It's certainly possible *Vanity Fair* possesses miraculous diplomatic clout. But the actual reason for this latest twist can likely be found only in the strange and wonderful mind of David Geffen. □



REVOLUTIONARY ED

Ed Schlossberg in the offices of his company, ESI Design, in Manhattan.

INTERACTIVE MAN

Stylish, cerebral, and reticent, Ed Schlossberg was something of an enigma when he married Caroline Kennedy, in 1986. Twenty-one years later, after he's designed hands-on exhibits for some of the country's highest-profile museums and other institutions and acquired the lofty tag "grand master of human interactivity," many people are still in the dark.

Don't let the exquisite tailoring of his clothes or his own, cryptic, modernist, text-centered creations fool you: this is no snobby aesthete. Schlossberg's favorite description is "really cool," and his philosophy is democratic to the core. Raised on Manhattan's Upper West Side, he believes that learning and cultural experiences should be social, fun, and physically engaging. In the design world, this is called "interactivity" or "experiential design." These terms might seem obvious in the age of YouTube, but when Schlossberg spoke about such ideas to his first client, the Brooklyn Children's Museum, in 1971, it sounded like Tagalog. "It's amazing that the board of directors didn't just throw me out on my rear," he says. That project, in which children climbed through gigantic models of molecules, was followed by the American Family Immigration History Center, on Ellis Island, where visitors discover the history of their own families; Macomber Farm, in Massachusetts, where kids use "Sight Masks" to experience how animals see; and dozens more interactive projects, including the upcoming Home to the Future, in the Time Warner Center, in Manhattan, and the Reuters display in Times Square.

Among Schlossberg's new projects is a redesign of Cleveland's Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, which previously was so respectful of its I. M. Pei building that "it was like rock 'n' roll without the volume up," Schlossberg says. The new plan gets to the *feeling* of rock, he explains, complete with graffiti and inappropriate sexual comments. His new Children's Museum of Los Angeles is really cool, too, featuring a big bear, a big dog, and a big tree—all inanimate until children pet or feed them. "It's a cultural place that says, 'Without you, this is not functioning,'" he says.

His design firm, ESI, has 50 people, but some of the shrewdest planners are his three kids (Jack, 14; Tatiana, 17; Rose, 19), who frankly tell him what young people will love and what they won't tolerate. "Kids are so moral," says Schlossberg. "And [they] have a great nose for bullshit." Alas, his own still have trouble describing exactly what their dad does.

—EVGENIA PERETZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN WILKES

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Children in Mizoram c
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WAITING FOR THE PLAGUE

Every 48 years or so, in the remote Indian state of Mizoram, hundreds of thousands of acres of bamboo bloom, touching off a plague of rats and devastating famine. As the Mizos face the next outbreak, can anything help them?

BY ALEX SHOUMATOFF

Some time ago, my attention was caught by a bizarre item buried in the back pages of the Montreal *Gazette*. It was about a small, remote state in the northeastern corner of India, wedged between Myanmar (formerly Burma) and Bangladesh, called Mizoram. Hundreds of thousands of acres of Mizoram are forested with a single species of bamboo, which flowers only once every 48 years or so. When this happens, the flowers produce fruits whose protein-rich, avocado-like seeds are devoured by jungle rats, and the rat population explodes. The rats go on to eat everything. They wipe out the villagers' crops and grain bins, and Mizoram is gripped by famine. The last time this happened, in 1959, thousands of Mizos (as the region's inhabitants are called) starved to death, and the Indian government's failure to respond with adequate food aid sparked a guerrilla war that lasted 20 years.

Now, I read with mounting interest, the bamboo was starting to flower again, and everyone was cringing. Masses of rat traps and tons of rodenticide were being trucked in and distributed to the rural population. Mizoram's chief minister, Zoramthanga (many Mizos go by only one name, but the names are distinctive), had been the dreaded leader of the guerrillas. A Castro figure in India, he had risen to power on the flowering of the bamboo, and now he had to deal with it.

A place where people's lives are held hostage by the reproductive cycle of a plant—the story seemed like a ghastly Orwellian fable, the product of a [illegible]ic realist, fodder for *Rip[illegible]* Was Mother India, still reeling from the 2004 tsunami, sending us a message—nature runs the show, not us?

Researching the matter further, I discovered that the Mizos, who number fewer than a million, are Tibeto-Burman—a different race with a different culture from the other billion-plus people of India. They are believed to have migrated from southern China down into the humid, bamboo-infested armpit of the Bay of Bengal a few centuries ago. Through most of the 19th century, they lived in scattered villages and made war on one another and their neighbors, taking the heads of their enemies. Transvestism was widespread among the men and was accepted by the society. The women had an unusual amount of say, and still do.

The Mizos lived in isolation until the 1890s, when two Baptist missionaries from Wales arrived. Their effort to convert this population of "hitherto ignorant tribals" was facilitated by the fact that the Mizos al-

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ready worshipped a supreme being, whose name was Pathian, and believed in a place much like heaven. It was simply a matter of getting them to give up their more savage practices, like head-hunting and animal sacrifice.

Today, 90 percent of Mizos are God-fearing Christians, and Pentecostalism, the born-again evangelical movement, is spreading like wildfire there, as it is in traditional societies worldwide. A few thousand Mizos believe that they are Jews—descendants of the Manasseh, one of the lost tribes of Israel.

Mizoram is famous for its hospitality and its fiber-less ginger, the government's Web site proclaimed. "Hotels of star and non star category" were waiting to receive you. The state animal, it said, is something called a "serow." "Music is a passion for the Mizos," and the "hills pulsate with the twang of guitars everywhere."

Was this not a place that had to be checked out?

"A Gregarious Flowering"

Even today, Mizoram remains one of the most cut-off places on earth. As I register with the police in its capital, Aizawl, the clerk tells me that in the last five years the state has had only 2,319 foreign visitors, most of them missionaries and evangelists. It's March 2005, and I'm just the 75th *sap*—or "foreigner," in Mizo (from the colonial Hindi term *sahib*)—so far this year, and one of the few *sap* journalists to have shown an interest in the bamboo flowering, or in anything at all in Mizoram.

A few days earlier, I'd been stymied by the Ministry of Home Affairs in New Delhi, where I was told it would take months to get a Restricted Area Permit to this sensitive border area. Then, serendipitously, I met Dr. R. Lalthangliana, who is Mizoram's minister of forest and environment, as well as its minister of education and its minister of information and communication. He cut through the red tape with one cell-phone call, and we flew together to Aizawl. Heading northeast from Calcutta, the plane crossed the plains of Bangladesh, where a population half the size of the U.S.'s is crammed into an area the size of Iowa, and three-quarters of the dwellings are made of bamboo. Then a rugged hill country, pleated with jagged, north-south-running ridges, appeared below us. "This is Mizoram," said Dr. Lalthangliana.

Between the ridges are deep valleys choked with bamboo, 95 percent of it the species that will soon be nurturing millions of jungle rats. Its scientific name is *Melocanna baccifera,* but the Mizos call it *mau* or *mautak.* Its impenetrable brakes cover about 30 percent of Mizoram's 8,142 square miles. After the bamboo flowers, the whole plant dies—a traumatic event for the animals in the jungle, and for the rural people, who depend on the bamboo for almost their entire material culture. This "dying of the bamboo" and the ensuing outbreak of rats and famine—the whole horrific cascade of events—is known as the *mautam.*

In New Delhi, I had paid a call on Dr. I. V. Ramanuja Rao, a botanist with the International Network of Bamboo and Rattan (INBAR). As we sat in the group's conference room, lined with shelves displaying some of the 1,500 products that are made from bamboo (there are even bamboo golf shirts), Dr. Rao, a soft-spoken, encyclopedically knowledgeable 52-year-old, explained that *mautak* is a "running" bamboo, as opposed to a "clumping" one. Its rhizomes spread rapidly underground, like tentacles, sprouting shoots that mature into 30-foot jointed poles in just two to three months. A single grove can cover 700 square miles and yield 10 miles of usable pole.

But then the *mautak* waits 48 years to flower. Why is this?, I asked. "This is not at all unusual in bamboos," Dr. Rao said. "Some species take a hundred years. What triggers the 'gregarious flowering,' as it is called, after so long is a botanical enigma. Maybe some sort of genetic memory in the rhizomes, or alarm clock ticking in their cells. Even bamboos from Burma that were taken to Kew Gardens, in London, have somehow remembered decades later when they were born and have blossomed on schedule. The last time *Sinarundinaria nitida* [a bamboo native to China] flowered gregariously in Szechuan and died, there was heavy mortality among the pandas, which eat its shoots. But then, after a year or two, new shoots appear and the cycle begins anew. It's as if, periodically, the entire eco-system has to be purged with these species. But other species flower every year, or nearly so."

By the time of my arrival, the *mautak* in Mizoram is flowering only "sporadically." Scattered reports of the bamboo's blossoming or even bearing fruit have been coming in since 2002. The forests around at least 30 villages are in flower. Six districts are overrun by hemipterous stinkbugs—*thangnang* in Mizo—which are the size of a large kernel of corn. As they suck on the nectar from the bamboo flowers, the bugs grow fat and oily and are considered a great delicacy. Historically, an outbreak of these insect means that the *mautam* is imminent.

The big wave of gregarious flowering will begin in the coming months, moving up from the south, from the Chittagong Hill Tracts, in Bangladesh, into Tripura and Mizoram, and then up to Manipur, Meghalaya, and Nagaland—the other tribal, semi-assimilated states in the northeastern corner of India. Mizoram, because it has more *mautak* than all the other states combined, will be the epicenter of the catastrophe.

EVEN TODAY, MIZORAM REMAINS ONE OF THE MOST CUT-OFF PLACES ON EARTH.

"A Fear Psychosis"

The nearest place that's flat enough for planes to land is 12 miles from Aizawl, but the drive from there to the city takes an hour. The road weaves tortuously and precipitously up, past houses with latticed *mautak* walls, perched upon pilings on 60-degree slopes. Women carry produce in *mautak* baskets, and a waterfall flows into a split-*mautak* pipeline. Everything around here—fences, flutes, furniture, fish traps (to list just some of the artifacts starting with *f*)—seems to be made of the bamboo, and its shoots are a major part of the Mizos' diet. "They're softer and taste better than the shoots you get in restaurants," says Dr. Lalthangliana, who is giving me a ride in his jeep, "and the *tabasheer* [the fine-grained silica found in the hollow stems] is used to make love potions, poison antidotes, and medicine for diabetes, ulcers, asthma, chronic cough, and old-age weakness."

Aizawl is a spectacular hill town. It began as a British fort 112 years ago and spreads for several miles along a 4,000-foot-high ridge, spilling down its slopes, with a maze of narrow roads and alleys and staircases connecting the various levels. The Mizos have the uncomplicated innocence of people whose exposure to the West has been limited. "Mizoram is very homely. We have a happy outlook," says Dr. Lalthangliana's wife, Ngurmawii, who, like most of the educated urban elite, speaks fluent English.

No one in Aizawl is fat, and hardly anyone drinks. The entire state is dry, and the only thing to do in the evening is go to church. Every major sect has a congregation, and one or another of them holds a revival meeting just about every evening.

Much of Aizawl's commerce is conducted by the few thousand Mizos who believe that they are Jews—an idea that seems to have come from the early missionaries, who found remarkable similarities between their animal sacrifices and other rites and those

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of the ancient Israelites. They have little shops with names like Israel Electrics, Zopa Goldsmith, and Ebenezar Foto, and are the only segment of the population that has an explanation for the *mautam:* the famine comes because they have not been observing the "jubilee" rite, prescribed in Leviticus, which enjoins Jews every 50 years to "neither reap nor sow," free their slaves, and forgive all debts.

Outside the headquarters of the ruling party, the Mizo National Front, our jeep pushes through a crowd gathered around a loudspeaker that is issuing instructions about the coming *mautam:* Grow extra rice and store it in rat-proof bins. Don't eat any more than you have to. Plant vegetables close to the house and crops that rats don't eat, like ginger and turmeric. People will be coming to your village and telling you what to do.

The Mizos are starting to freak out, Dr. Lalthangliana tells me. "They have a fear psychosis since the last *mautam.*"

He drops me off at the Hotel Ritz, a cozy little hostelry in the heart of town. In the dining room, with its breathtaking view of the city, I have breakfast the next morning with the Reverend Ray Hannah, an Australian Baptist missionary who has been ministering to the tribal Christians of northeastern India for 25 years. "I'm not out to change anything," he assures me. "I just want to give them the added dimension of the power of the Lord." Reverend Ray, as he calls himself, says he has just come from three villages where he laid on hands, got people to speak in tongues, and helped perform 200 miracles. "One woman had been bedridden for three years and was up and cooking breakfast the next morning," he claims.

In his room, he has a laptop with a digital edition of the King James Bible. We search "plague," "famine," "locusts," and "mice," finding all kinds of references. Jehovah was a wrathful God, and he was always raining down some natural disaster or other on the backsliding people of Israel. In Leviticus he warns, "If ye walk contrary to me, and will not hearken to me, I will bring seven [illegible] more plagues upon you according t[illegible] sins." But the Christian Mizo[illegible] Jewish compatriots, [illegible] *tam* as a biblical punishment for their sins. "No one can ascertain the reason why it is happening," Dr. Lalthangliana says. "Only God knows."

"I saw it myself, in November 1958," Khawvelthanga, Mizoram's joint director of information and public relations, tells me. "We went out to harvest the rice and nothing was left. I was 15. The rats came out of the jungle into the farmland below Aizawl. They came at night, so we didn't see them. Then they all died in the jungle. Not many dead rats were seen in the villages or towns. Many people died of hunger in remote villages with no supply roads. They lived on roots and leaves as long as they could."



BAMBOO ECONOMICS Laborers carry freshly cut bamboo through the Dampa Tiger Reserve, in Mizoram.

THE RURAL PEOPLE DEPEND ON BAMBOO FOR ALMOST THEIR ENTIRE MATERIAL CULTURE.

When word comes that a small patch of *mautak* is blooming and bearing fruit right in town, I am taken to see it by a forest ranger whose name is [illegible]ura. The patch is behind the house of [illegible]ar-old man named Biakthuama. [illegible]culms," in botanical nomen- [illegible] feet tall and about two inches [illegible] walls a quarter of an inch thick. Several of them have sprouted long, wispy sprays of flowers, known as panicles, and others are bearing green, pear-shaped fruits, or drupes, that come to a long point. I cut into one. It has a hard ye[illegible] low pulp and a harder, globula[illegible] white seed, about the size of a[illegible] avocado pit. The seed is sup[illegible] posed to be an aphrodisiac fo[illegible] the rats. I bite into one, and it[illegible] not bad. Kind of like a paln[illegible] heart, but tougher.

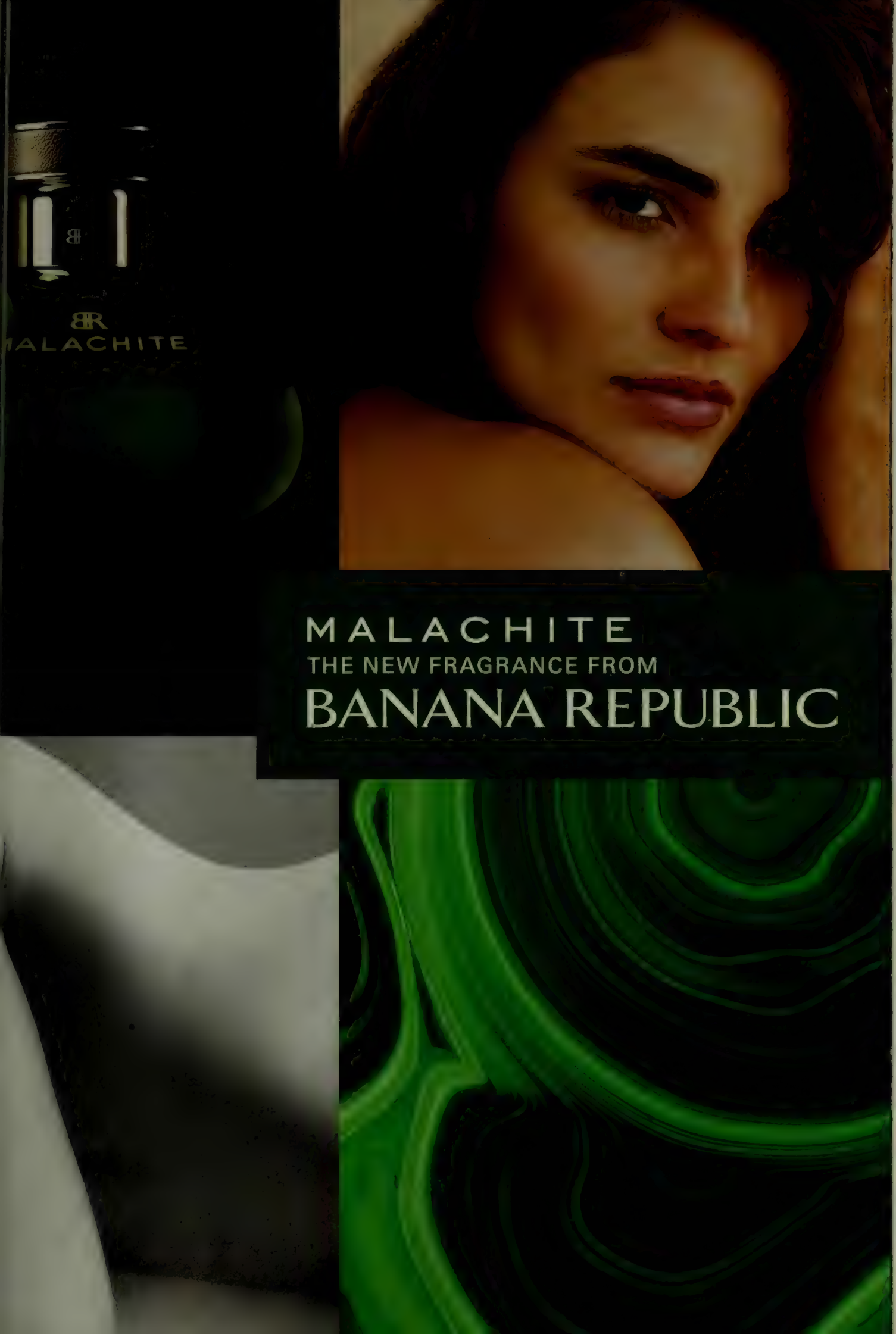
Biakthuama, squatting i[illegible] his hut, says, with Rongur[illegible] translating, that he brought u[illegible] some seeds of *mautak* fron[illegible] the jungle and planted then[illegible] here after the last *mautam.* H[illegible] had been cultivating rice on [illegible] *jhum,* a temporary slash-and[illegible] burn farm, on the river Tut[illegible] toward the Bangladesh border. "So many rats were coming," he recalls. "They started at[illegible] tacking the paddies before the[illegible] *mautak* flowered, and stayed[illegible] for two or three months. They[illegible] ate up not only the kernels of[illegible] the rice but the whole stalks. I was raising some mice to[illegible] eat, and they ate them too. I[illegible] fed them poison. Some died, but there were still so many[illegible] rats, I couldn't do a thing. So I left the farm and came to[illegible] Aizawl. And everyone had the same experience. The rats came even to Aizawl."

Did you know that the *mautam* was coming, or was it a surprise?, I ask the old man. "Our grandfathers, who lived through the 1911 *mautam,* told us that the paddies and crops will be eaten," he says. "The rats can finish the whole farm even in one night. Our grandfathers said it is the routine correction of the *mautak.* It is natural. God has arranged these things. We do not know why it happens.

"We also knew it was coming because C. Rokhuma announced it to the whole of Mizoram," Biakthuama continues. "You should talk to him. He is knowing everything."

Rodent Control

Rokhuma (who is so revered that he is known to most Mizos as Pu C. Rokhuma, *pu* meaning "Mr." or "Sir") was in charge of rodent control during the last *mautam* and is the local expert on the phenomenon. He is 90 now and lives in a


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MALACHITE
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THE NEW FRAGRANCE FROM
BANANA REPUBLIC

LIFT TO ›
EXPERIENCE
MALACHITE





BEAST OF THE EAST Though it is concentrated in Mizoram, *mautak* grows in several Indian states.

MAP BY JOYCE PENDOLA

large, welcoming house in a quiet part of town. Still spry and alert, he takes me into his garden to show me his Rodent Control Demonstration Centre, which he set up in 1951. "I was a schoolteacher, and in 1951 I started an organization called the Anti-Famine Campaign with the victims of the 1911 *mautam*," he says. "We knew that the *mautam* was coming in 1959, and wanted to take precautionary steps. We taught the women to grow more food, and to cook only sufficient food to eat, and save the rest. But our main objective was to kill rats. We used traps and poison—zinc phosphide—and the government paid a bounty of 20 paise [one-fifth of a rupee, or about half a cent today] for each rat's tail the villagers brought in." He shows me five different kinds of traps that he invented. One trips a log that crushes a rat as it comes for the bait. Another garrotes the rat. There is a tube for blowing tobacco smoke into the rats' resting holes, which suffocates them, and a facility for testing deadly "cyno gas powder." Rokhuma has six small rats in cages and a number of other rats pickled in jars, including a large female with 13 teats. He shows me a scrapbook with snapshots of enormous heaps of rat's tails. His campaign netted 2.1 million tails, but it wasn't enough to stop the rats or the famine. He claims that no one starved to death, but most accounts place the number of victims at 10,000 to 15,000. Maybe he is in denial about the uselessness of killing rats, which doesn't seem to be the answer.

"THE RATS CAN FINISH THE WHOLE FARM EVEN IN ONE NIGHT," THE OLD MAN SAYS.

Rokhuma pops open a bamboo cylinder to show me his collection of record-length rat's tails. One is 14 inches long. He also gives me a copy of his memoir, *The Secret of the Famines Found*. According to a section entitled "Some of the More Dreadful Rats in Times of Famine!," one variety of jungle rat, called the *chawmnu*, has a white spot on its forehead and a white tail and is "about the size of young and grown up pig (a young female pig just attaining the age of bearing first born young ones)." Another section, titled "Some Remarkable Incidence," includes an anecdote under the heading "Killing of Surprisingly Big Rat": Mr. K. Laltawna, of the Diltlang village, was standing guard in his barn, which contained the rice he had harvested from his paddy, when the rats came swarming in. He clubbed easily 120 of them to death. Returning to the barn several hours later, Laltawna relates:

> I suddenly spot what look like a wild cat sitting in one corner on a gunny bag but surprisingly other rats do not afraid of him. Without having a second thought I hit him hard with my club but such a blow is far from a deadly hit and he merely shows me [his] teeth as if he is trying to attack me by producing sneering sound. I immediately take out my dow and kill him at last.

Other entries include "Caterpillar changed into rats," "Grub changed into rats," "White-spotted rats in the body," and "Rats with tail conjoined with leaf." Distancing himself from these fantastic reports, Rokhuma observes wryly, "As the saying goes, 'Seeing is believing.'"

"The cause of the rats' great number is eating the fruits," he explains. "When the bamboo fruits, the males stop eating their young ones. The mother rat can bear 10 to 13 rats in one litter and can become pregnant again in 25 days, and the babies from a new brood can become pregnant in 70 to 80 days. If the babies are safe from male eating, the rats will increase in great number, and Mizoram is the bamboo center, the main growing place of *mautak*. When it flowers, the rats come from Tripura and Bangladesh and Assam."

The Secret of the Famines Found reads like Daniel Defoe's *A Journal of the Plague Year* written in self-taught English. It gives the full, grisly history of what Mizos have suffered at the hands of Mother Nature, not only from the *mautam* but from two other famines. The worst was known as the *thingpui tam*. It happened at very long intervals in the distant past, and there hasn't been one since the British began keeping written records. During one, Rokhuma writes, "men could barely sustain their lives by consuming ant-hills; and swines, deprived of proper food, could not produce any audible sound but just stood trembling against the hedge waiting for their dying date.... [Men] could hardly muster their strength to catch hold of such half-dead animals."

Then there is a smaller but locally devastating famine called the *thingtam*, which is precipitated by the flowering of another species of bamboo known as *rawthing* (*Bambusa tulda*). It, too, blooms every 48 years, but the outbreaks come 18 years after one *mautam* and 30 years before the next. The last *thingtam*, in 1977, "proved to be quite disastrous to the people on the western side," Rokhuma writes, while "many villagers in the eastern part of Mizoram did not feel the effect." During the 1881 *thingtam*, 15,000 people died. This was one-sixth of the population. Colonel E. B. Elly, the local colonial administrator, wrote that "the famine arose from the depredation of rats, who multiplied exceedingly the previous year owing to the ample food they obtained from the seeding of the bamboos." The next *thingtam* is due in 2025.

In other parts of the world, famines are caused by excessive rainfall, floods, droughts, and earthquakes—natural disasters that strike without warning and can't be prepared for. Or they can happen for political reasons. From 1958 to 1961, between 20 and 30 million people starved in China because of Mao Zedong's disastrous industrial and agricultural policies. It was the worst famine in history, and it happened to coincide with the last *mautam*.

But Rokhuma is convinced that the cyclical visitations on the Mizos are a deliberate act of God. "God has destined such regular and periodic famines so that we may not just sit idle but strive for our own betterment and all around development."

Most of the time, Rokhuma writes,



BLOSSOMS GALORE *Mautak* in flower—the last stage before they bear fruit and touch off a rat feeding frenzy.

"MANY PEOPLE DIED. THEY LIVED ON ROOTS AND LEAVES AS LONG AS THEY COULD."

Mizoram is like an earthly paradise, where tigers, elephants, deer, wild boars, and all sorts of other animals roam, never failing to find their daily sustenance. Monkeys swing in the branches, and beautiful and exotic birds "find life full with the unfathomable riches of the forests." But there are these periodic cataclysms, which have been going on "since times immemorial" and "could not be done away so far with the present knowledge and technology of mankind."

The sounds of the *thangnang* bugs moving through the forest the year before the 1911 *mautam,* a survivor tells Rokhuma, are "nothing less than the onset of a monsoon hail and thunderstorm." Big branches snap under the insects' collective weight. In 1958, a swarm emerges and follows exactly the same route. How they knew where to go is a scientific mystery.

Heavy rain in the months before the 1929 *thingtam* causes landslides. The roads are blocked and bullock-pulled carts cannot reach the afflicted villages with food. A teenage Rokhuma helps with the relief effort. He doesn't record how many people starve, but he does give a figure for rat's tails that are turned in for bounty: 2,660,630.

In 1948, three square miles of green grasshoppers swarm in from nearby Manipur. They are followed by an even more destructive invasion of brown grasshoppers with white stripes. But the 1950s really put the Mizos to the test. In 1954, the flowering of yet another species of bamboo, *rawte* (*B. khasiana*), causes a noticeable increase in the jungle-rat population. Two years later there is a bloom of *phulrua* (*Dendrocalamus hamiltonii*)—another event heralding the *mautam.* But the honorable supply minister of Assam dismisses the rumors of an impending rat increase and famine as superstition, and no rice is sent to see the Mizos through.

By 1958, *mautak* is flowering and bearing fruit in every corner of the land. Locusts and grasshoppers attack paddy seedlings in certain areas, but even this will be remembered as the "year of preparation." The full brunt of the famine is not felt until 1959. Great multitudes of rats are seen scurrying across jungle paths at dusk and swimming across rivers. Everyone suffers.

The following year, 1960, is supposed to be a year of abundance, with all the *mautak* dying and the rotting poles providing excellent mulch for crops, but the monsoon doesn't come and there is a long dry spell. The poor harvest doesn't yield enough food for the Mizos to recover from the famine. As the quantity of bamboo seeds dwindles, the rats become leaner and leaner until, for want of nutritious food, they die by the millions.

The 1961 harvest is not much better, due to the "fire havoc" and insect mayhem the year before. The Mizo National Famine Front, a statewide mobilization effort to provide relief to the starving people, becomes the Mizo National Front (M.N.F.), a political party spawned by the Indian government's inaction. Its platform is separation from the central government in New Delhi. The 1963 harvest is also bad. Only in 1964 and 1965 do things start to look up, but then 1966 is the most politically turbulent year in Mizo history. The M.N.F. goes underground, and the guerrilla war starts. It is unsafe for farmers even to follow the paths to their *jhums.* The Indian government herds the rural people into "protected and progressive villages," or P.P.V.'s, where they can't help the guerrillas, and this disrupts paddy growing and causes even more suffering—a man-induced famine this time. In 1976, just as the Mizos are getting back on their feet, with the political turmoil subsiding and the insurgency quiescent, the *thingtam* engulfs the west, and a swarm of rats pours in from Tripura to eat the *rawthing* seeds. In 1977, the *thingtam* hits its peak. At the same time, enormous numbers of locusts swarm over Aizawl. But 1978, thankfully, is a year of abundance.

It has been one thing after another for Mizoram. This is not an easy place to live. Indeed, it is Rokhuma's theory that no one has ever lived in these hills for very long. They were always driven out by the next *mautam* or *thingtam,* and went off to settle in more hospitable habitats—outside the range of these diabolical plants.

I go to see H. V. Lalringa, the chief secretary of Mizoram, who is also the chief officer and chairman of the working committee of its Bamboo Flowering and Famine Combat Scheme (BAFFACOS), a multi-pronged, multi-million-dollar reincarnation of Rokhuma's Anti-Famine Campaign. The government seems to have the matter much more in hand than it did in 1959. "This time we're ready," Lalringa (who has since moved on to another government post) assures me.

Rodent control, not surprisingly, is a central part of the action plan. Trapping has been going on, producing 221,636 tails in 2006. The fewer rats there are once the *mautak* seeds become available, the better, Lalringa says, but that is open to debate. Rokhuma thinks there were more rats in 1911 than there were in 1959, when the suffering was far worse. Dr. Rao, in New Delhi, said that "traps won't do much."

"The death rate during the last *mautam* was high in rural areas because there were no roads," Lalringa says. "So one sector of BAFFACOS is connecting every village with a



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jeepable road. Now almost 95 percent are connected. There are still some villages that are 12 kilometers from the nearest road, but food can be dropped to them by helicopter.

"The Health Department will be working full-time to combat the bubonic plague, typhus, and typhoid that the rats carry," he says. "Another sector is in charge of building rat-proof [grain-storage] bins in every village. There are weekly broadcasts on the radio, and teams are going out to the villages to make sure everyone knows what to do."

But the main thrust of BAFFACOS, Lalringa says, is "to turn adversity into opportunity. There are 25 million tons of *mautak* in Mizoram—14 percent of all the bamboo in India, which has more bamboo than any other country on earth. A vast untapped resource is about to die and go to waste, so this 'green gold' has to be harvested. Bamboo is excellent building material—like vegetable steel. It is particularly good in areas prone to earthquake, because it is so flexible. You normally will not die in a house made of bamboo during an earthquake, even if it is plastered over. It is also well suited for areas battered by cyclones, hurricanes, gale-force winds, and torrential rain.

"The seed is rich in protein and enhances the fertility of the female rats," he continues, "and maybe it is applicable to humans. Maybe it is a natural Viagra or something. We are looking for scientists to study it."

The *Mautam* Insurgency

At the Chief Minister's Secretariat, I am led up a broad flight of stairs to the spacious but unluxurious office of Zoramthanga. The windows are open, and the excited cries of a girls' field-hockey match waft in from the playground next door. Zoramthanga is a small, unassuming man, completely lacking in the macho swagger and unctuousness of most of his ilk. But he is built like a pint-size Schwarzenegger, and can probably still dispatch an adversary with a blur of his hands.

"I was born in a small village on the Burma border in 1944," he tells me. "The British were liquidating the last pockets of Japanese resistance, and some of the bloodiest battles of the war came very close to our village." India's independence, in 1947, opened up new avenues of possibility for young Indians, and, like many in his generation, Zoramthanga chose an education over a traditional life of toiling in the fields. "I was a month away from getting my B.A. in English literature at the Manipur University, in May 1966, when there was an uprising in Mizoram because of the Indian government's failure to respond to the famine. The victims of the 1911 *mautam* had forewarned the Indian government that big famine was coming, but the government said these are just tribal superstitions and didn't prepare, and the *mautam* came in 1959 to '60, and the rats increased like the Pied Piper story.

"We realized that, as long as we were under India, they would not care, so we started to fight for independence," Zoramthanga continues. "After the famine, the Mizo National Famine Front became the Mizo National Front, and in the spring of 1966 its leader, Laldenga, made a unilateral declaration of independence, and the M.N.F. went into the bush. I joined at the age of 22 after taking the B.A. exam, before I even learned the result."

So the last flowering of the bamboo played an important role in Mizoram's history. It brought about a flowering of nationalism, I offer. Zoramthanga quietly nods.

At first, the M.N.F. staged guerrilla attacks from neighboring Myanmar, where a large population of Mizos has been living for centuries. Gradually, the M.N.F. infiltrated and gained control of certain districts in Mizoram and, in classic Maoist mode, struck out from them against the Indian Army. The army committed My Lai–like atrocities, and the M.N.F. used pit traps with razor-sharp bamboo poles to impale Indian soldiers, much as the Vietcong were doing to American G.I.'s not very far to the east. Every family in Mizoram was obliged to contribute to the cause. The villagers helped with food and shelter, until the army herded them into P.P.V.'s. But the suffering of the Mizo people only increased their determination. "We fought for 20 years," Zoramthanga says. "Sometimes we were thousands, sometimes only 700. Sometimes we went for a week with nothing to eat but bamboo shoots. Life was difficult, but we never lost heart. The hope of independence kept us going."

IN 1966, THERE WAS AN UPRISING BECAUSE OF INDIA'S FAILURE TO RESPOND TO THE FAMINE.

The insurgency dragged on for two decades, drawing support first from East Pakistan (now Bangladesh) and later from China. In 1986, the Indians realized that the insurgents were never going to give up until they got what they wanted, and a peace accord was finally reached. By then Zoramthanga had become the M.N.F.'s vice president.

"We came aboveground and handed in our arms, and they gave us a special constitutional protection," Zoramthanga says. "Any law passed by the Indian Parliament regarding religious or customary practice or landholding must be approved by the Mizoram state legislature. The land and its resources belong to the Mizos."

So in a way you owe your career to the *mautam?,* I ask. "In a way," Zoramthanga replies. "The political party was a by-product of the bamboo flowering, but there were other issues: we had never been part of Indian political life—during the British period or after independence. The bamboo flowering was the percussion cap of an old cartridge, and the gunpowder was the constitution issue."

Having fought and won a revolution sparked by the federal government's inability to handle the *mautam,* Zoramthanga, of all people, should understand what's at stake as he prepares for the rats' resurgence. His plan, however—to harvest as much of the *mautak* as possible before it flowers and dies—seems unlikely to stop anything. New shoots will come up and flower and fruit on an accelerated schedule; even poles only two feet tall can bear fruit. "The idea is to not let the 25 million tons of bamboo go to waste," he explains. "Did you know that one billion people live in bamboo houses, and that 2.5 billion use bamboo materials, and that most of India's paper is made from bamboo?"

Zoramthanga envisions Mizoram as a major player in the world bamboo market. It will export to Indonesia and Japan, where sacks of bamboo charcoal are placed under floors to absorb moisture. Bamboo heated to 800 to 900 degrees Fahrenheit is used as a clarifying agent for sugar, he tells me, adding that Audi, BMW, and Volvo are replacing their fiberglass dashboards with bamboo ones. As the world's wood runs out, bamboo will become only more important. "*Mautak* is a great wood substitute," he says.

And if the seeds of the *mautak* turn out to have sexually stimulating compounds for humans, the Mizos could be sitting on a gold mine—if they can get them before the rats do. "Yes!" Zoramthanga says. "And this is a distinct possibility. It definitely needs to be investigated."

One might expect Zoramthanga to have formed a nostalgic attachment to *mautak,* having spent so many years living in and off of it. But he is in fact planning to replace much of it with thicker, more commercial species such as *B. gigantea,* which grows








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150 feet tall. He shows me a three-foot cylinder of *gigantea*. Its hollow center is big enough to stick your foot in, and its walls are half an inch thick.

The authorities' eagerness to capitalize on this untapped resource has its critics, among them Dr. Rao, who characterizes it as "completely idiotic. The government wants to harvest the 25 million tons before it dies. It is worried about how to get this wood, not about how to take care of the people. It is not a good idea to replace *mautak* with thicker species from the alluvial plains. There is a reason why the *mautak* is there, and why it is so abundant. It evolved on steep slopes. The rhizomes package the soil into their interlocking walls and hold it in place, like honey in a honeycomb. There would be massive erosion if it is all cleared."



BLAZE OF GRASS
The flames of a slash-and-burn operation to clear bamboo for a temporary farm, or *jhum* in Mizo.

In any case, it doesn't seem possible to remove the *mautak*. Agricultural conversion and suburban sprawl in Japan and Brazil have wiped out local species of bamboo that caused *mautam*-like rat swarms in the 19th century, but Mizoram's *mautak* is mostly inaccessible, growing in deep gullies and river gorges. Harvesting it would require a herculean effort. Access roads would have to be bulldozed, rope trolleys installed to drag the poles up slopes, and rivers cleared of rocks and fallen trees so the poles could be floated out. A critic in Aizawl describes the harvest plan as "another way to waste the government's money." Zoramthanga himself admits that he expects to get only 5 percent of it, at most.

Dr. Rao's strategy for mitigating the *mautam*, which he presented at the World Bamboo Congress in 2004, in New Delhi, so far has fallen on deaf ears in Mizoram, although a district in neighboring Manipur is trying it out. He recommends clear-cutting the bamboo and even digging up the rhizomes at the edge of the villages to create "buffer zones"—open areas that the rats will not venture into for fear of being attacked by hawks, snakes, and cats. He also recommends leaving an unbroken swath of the bamboo, through which the rats can be "channelized." "The Mizos have a better chance of not being eaten out of house and home if they leave a food corridor of intact *mautak* so the rats can migrate northward with the flowering wave," he argues.

Critics of the plan say that buffer zones will not stop the rats once they get hungry enough, which they will be after they have polished off the paddies. They know there is food in the villages, and predators will be able to pick off only a fraction of them.

"THE SEED IS RICH IN PROTEIN. . . . MAYBE IT IS A NATURAL VIAGRA OR SOMETHING."

The Laughing Rats

The day after these meetings, Rongura, the forest ranger, takes me into the bush for two days to see more flowering bamboo. The further we get from the capital, the fewer *jhums* have been hacked out of the forest, and the more bamboo there is—thick jungle, with poles no more than a foot apart, smothering hillsides and frothing up valleys. After five hours of serpentine single-lane roads, our jeep reaches Mamit, where many people died during the last *mautam*. We drive past a uniformed forester and stop, noticing that he is holding a spike of flowering *mautak*. Flowering poles can be seen right beside the road.

On the morning of our second day, we go for a walk in the Dampa Tiger Reserve's magnificent tropical hardwood forest with its field director, Lianmawia. Through the trees, we glimpse valleys that are 20 miles long and covered with nothing but *mautak*. Some of it has turned yellow—a sign that it is about to flower. Rokhuma's evocation of an earthly paradise is no exaggeration. Down in a gully, peacock pheasants in a mating frenzy are kicking up a racket, and we spot a large, black, long-armed, tail-less primate—a hoolock gibbon—flinging itself 30 feet into the next treetop.

The flora and fauna of the reserve are almost completely unstudied. At least seven Bengal tigers roam its expanse, and it is crawling with cobras, kraits, vipers, and many nonvenomous serpents that hunt rats. I wonder if there is going to be a spike in the snake population when the rats get going. Lianmawia says that a few years ago the reserve's barking deer got out of hand, and the wild dogs that prey on them rose to the occasion with a noticeable surge in their numbers. Eventually, both the deer and the dogs returned to normal levels.

One thing still puzzles me about all this, I tell Rongura. Why the explosion of rats? There must be some biological reason for it. The rats must be serving some purpose. Or are they just a population that periodically gets out of hand, like the lemmings in Scandinavia or the locusts that swarmed over North Africa in 2004, setting the stage for the famine that wasted Niger the following year? (One swarm in Morocco, 140 miles long and 90 miles wide, was estimated to contain 69 billion locusts.)

Rongura explains that, after 50 years of unfettered vegetative self-propagation, the *mautak* is everywhere. The groves become extremely congested, and there is intense competition for the nutrients in the soil. "So the *mautak* has to die, before it gets diseased and its quality deteriorates. The old must make way for a new, young, strong generation."

Each stalk produces 6 to 10 fruits, he says, and if all of them were to survive and germinate, the next generation of *mautak* would be crowded and undernourished from the very start. The rats are a mechanism for thinning out the fruits. Every hundred feet or so they miss a fruit. When that missed fruit sprouts, it has plenty of room for its rhizomes to spread over the next 50 years. "So in the true sense," Rongura reflects, "*mautam* is a blessing for Mizoram. But it also brings suffering. There is a reverse side."

We return to the government guesthouse

where we are staying. Before turning in last night, we'd set traps in the nearby jungle, along one of the rats' known trails, but they are empty. Rongura says that means the rats are not abundant yet. "If they were, we would have caught one."

The only rats I have seen on this trip, in fact, are the ones in Rokhuma's lab. A few months ago, an Australian field biologist came and collected 11 species of rats in the jungle. It's not clear how many of them eat *mautak* seeds. Maybe they all do, given the rare opportunity. In any case, "rat" is a loaded term that plays to Western phobias. Unlike their garbage-eating urban cousins, the rats in the jungle eat natural food and are usually healthy. The big one with the spots sounds a lot like the paca of the Amazon rain forest, whose flesh is delectable.

WILL WE, LIKE MIZORAM'S RATS, EXPERIENCE A MASSIVE MALTHUSIAN DIE-OFF?

The Indian attitude toward rats is very different from the Western one. Hindus and Buddhists, which make up small minorities of Mizos, accept rats as fellow sentient beings, deserving of respect and compassion. Hindus even revere rats. There is a rat temple in Rajasthan, and Ganesh, the elephant-headed god of wisdom and prosperity, has a nameless rodent sidekick. To Buddhists, both rats and bamboos are, like humans, caught on the wheel of suffering. We have been rats in previous lifetimes. Western science may be coming around to this view: a recent study found that rats can laugh—or at least emit ultrasonic chirps when they are tickled.

I try to imagine what the *mautam* must be like for the rats—to be seduced by this fruit and driven to a frenzy of mad procreation and then to have it all turn on you, to be done in by your own appetite. It's not an enviable way to go.

The Human Swarm

The Mizos have a term for the climax of [illegible] *mautam*. They call it *sazu puang*, or "[illegible] the rat[illegible] start coming," and as [illegible] drawing near. [illegible] exotic [illegible] rat, [illegible]

[illegible] tail—has not made an appreciable dent in their numbers. One pair of rats can produce 14,000 offspring in a year if the males have something better to eat than their young.

Because of better connectivity and communication, there have been few food shortages; the full brunt of famine will not be felt until next year. Zoramthanga sounded upbeat when I last talked to him. He had just made a deal to supply paper mills in Assam and Bangladesh with 420,000 tons of *mautak,* harvested before it died, and he told me he had personally invented three machines for flattening and peeling the bamboo so it can be made into pressed bamboo board, which is revolutionizing the flooring in Mizoram. "This is an example of how we are using the catastrophe as a stepping-stone, and I think we will end up coming out of it economically better than we were before."

There is no confirmation of the *mautak* fruit's alleged aphrodisiac properties, but some have reported that the juice is an effective agent against dandruff.

As the *sazu puang* was building to its climax, there was an unrelated outbreak of some two billion rats, unleashed by heavy rain and flooding, in central China. As of July, 6,000 square miles of cropland had been wiped out.

[illegible] Norway, or brown, rat. This is the species you see on subway tracks—the one that can chew through copper and aluminum and is responsible for 18 percent of New York City's phone and cable disruptions.

By the end of 2006, the mountain ridges and valleys of Mizoram had turned brown, as the *mautak* flowered and fruited. More than 60 villages in the east had lost most of their crops, and by this summer the entire state was engulfed. The rats strike at night, so silently you don't know they're there, and the next morning everything is gone. The bounty has been restored: one rupee per tail, five for every trap that is made and set. But neither the traps nor the poison have been able to stop the onslaught. Even clubbing them to death—the rats are so intent in their chewing that you can pick them up by the

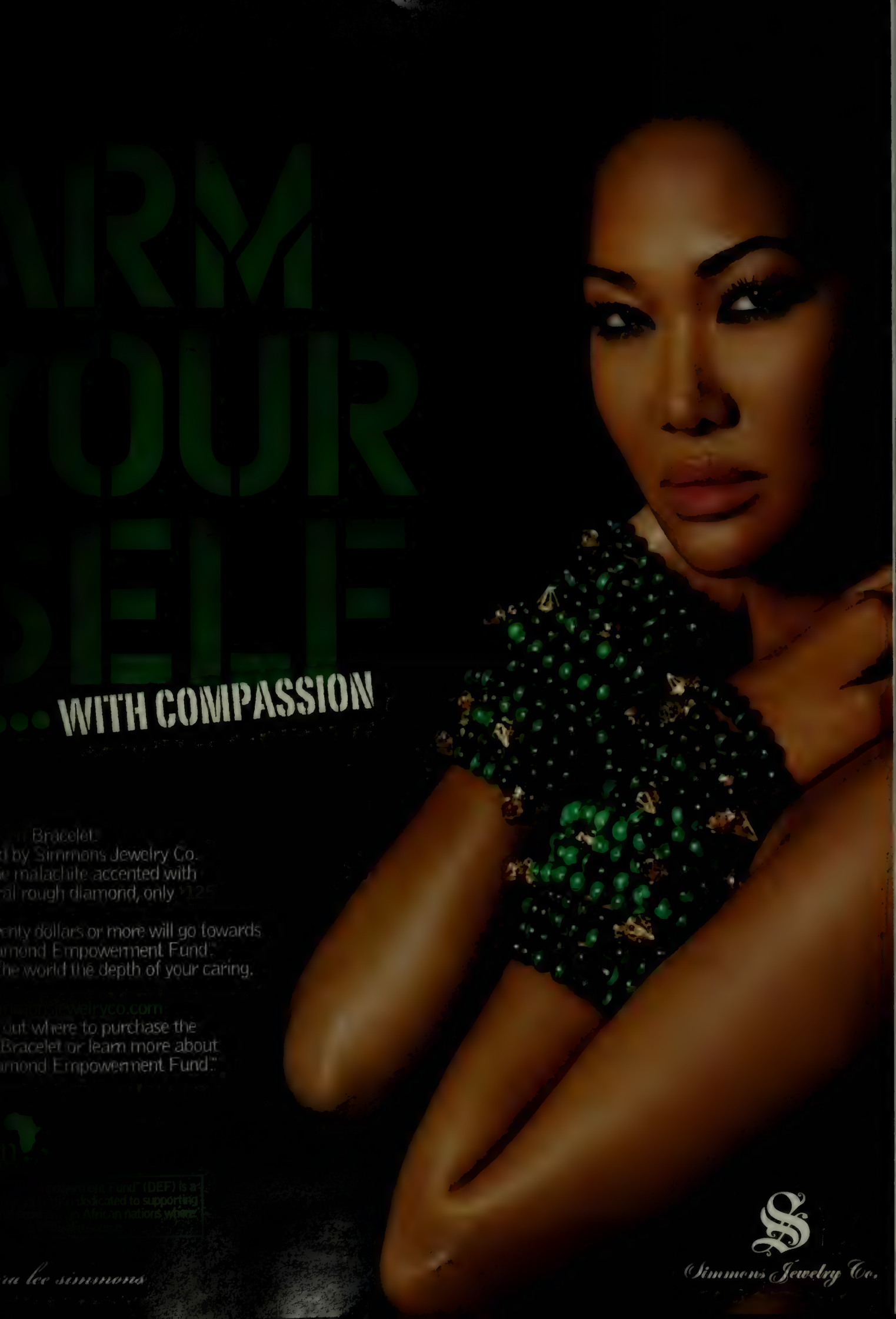
Back in New Delhi, I roam the incredibly [illegible]ngested quarter of Paharganj. [illegible]treets are packed with pedes[illegible]e and auto rickshaws, and the [illegible] or cow or emaciated pariah [illegible] air, thick with diesel exhaust and other fumes, is scarcely breathable. When the pedestrian flow—about a thousand people per block—hits a major artery, clogged with motor traffic, it swells into a critical mass and then swarms across the road, overwhelming the traffic and forcing the nervous, hyperactive drivers to stop. As hundreds of people scurry among the cars and trucks and motorcycles, I hop into an auto rickshaw driven by an old bearded Sikh in a blue turban who pulls fearlessly into the frantic, helter-skelter traffic, which has now resumed. With his eyes darting quickly in every direction and his masterful steers and last-minute veers, he reminds me of a wily old rat. Indeed, the behavior of this whole human throng is not so different from that of a tide of rats.

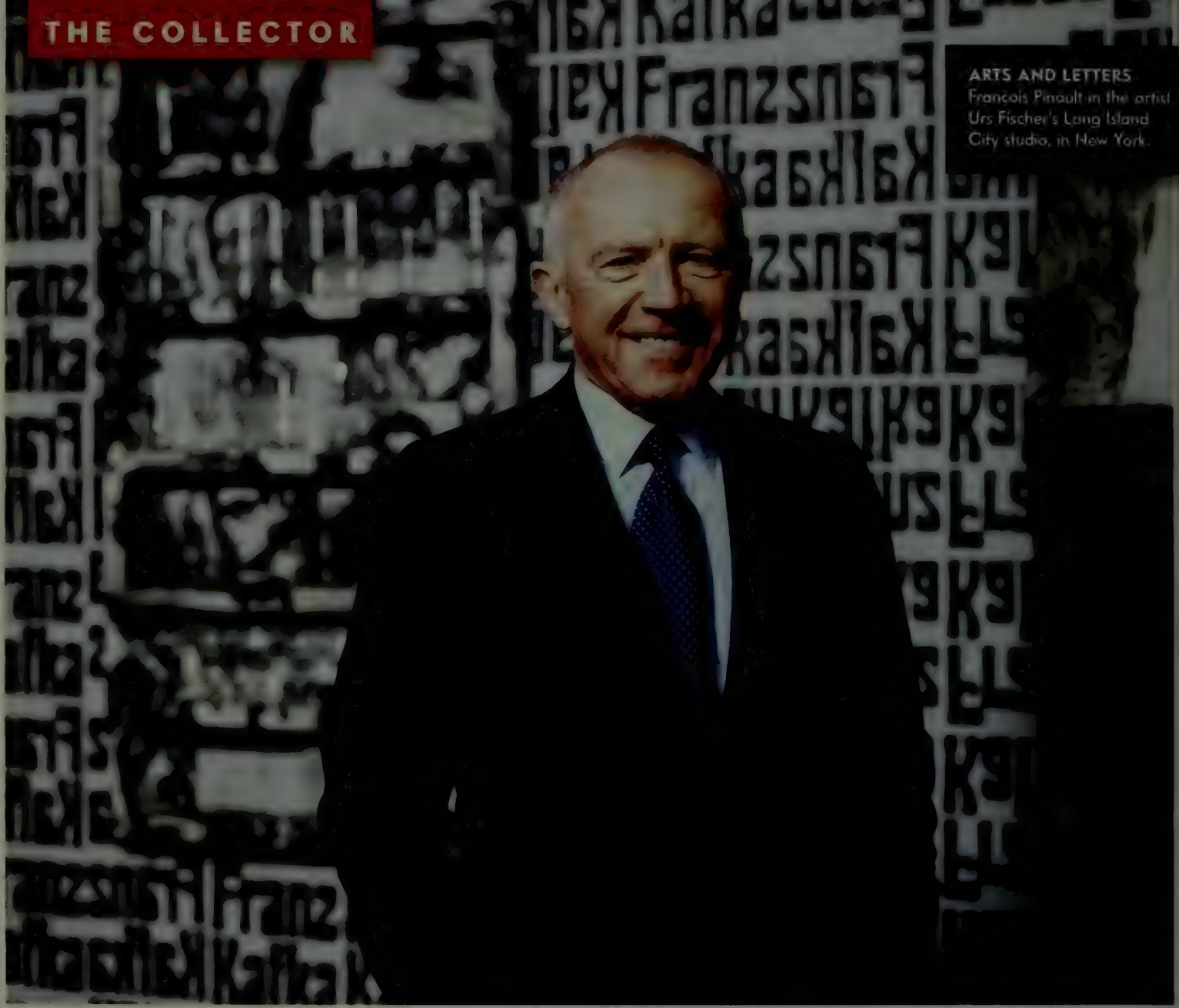
I can't help seeing a parallel with the disaster looming in Mizoram. The parable is obvious: the human race is swarming over the planet and devouring everything in its path. One day, in the not-too-distant future, it will have exhausted the natural resources available to it. Will we then, like Mizoram's rats, experience a massive Malthusian die-off, or will human ingenuity save the day?

The latest news, from the United Nations' four-year, $24 million Millennium Ecosystem Assessment, conducted by 1,360 experts worldwide, is that two-thirds of the world's resources are used up. Everything across the board—wood, water, fish, land—is running out. The continued existence of up to 30 percent of the species on earth is in question. Frogs, honeybees, polar bears, freshwater mussels, and some of our beloved songbirds are experiencing mysterious die-offs or drastic reductions in their numbers. And our population is scheduled to hit nine billion by midcentury. Mathematically, we seem headed for catastrophe.

But whatever happens to us, my hunch is that the bamboos will survive. One of the world's most ancient and adaptable lifeforms, they have been around for more than 60 million years. There are about 1,200 known species in this enormous family of giant woody tropical grasses, and undoubtedly hundreds more to be identified, so its prospects seem promising, although some 600 species are now endangered. And the rats will not be disappearing anytime soon. Like the bamboo, they evolved millions of years before we came on the scene and are likely to remain long after we've vanished. They are always waiting in the wings, waiting for their moment, ever vigilant.

Nature will recover from what we are doing to it. The show will go on, and the *mautam,* I suspect, will continue to come every half-century, regardless of whether people are still around to suffer its consequences. It seems to be in no immediate danger of extinction—unlike so many things in the world. □


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ARTS AND LETTERS
François Pinault in the artist Urs Fischer's Long Island City studio, in New York.

FRANÇOIS PINAULT'S ULTIMATE LUXURY

With a triumphant second exhibition at his Venice museum, François Pinault, the self-made French tycoon whose holdings include Gucci, Christie's, and the Château Latour vineyard, has found a new role: champion of contemporary art

BY VICKY WARD

On Friday, June 8, 2007, the thousands of glitterati and aficionados who had made the pilgrimage to the 52nd Venice Biennale experienced what felt like a miracle: after several days of rain, just as the international art shows were coming to an end, the sun suddenly came out. Everyone in particular benefited—the billionaire tycoon who owns, among other things, Yves Saint Laurent, Balenciaga, Bottega Veneta, and Alexander McQueen), Christie's auction house, and the storied vineyard Château Latour, in the Médoc region of France. He was throwing a dinner that night in honor of "Sequence 1," the second exhibition at his Venetian museum, in the Palazzo Grassi, a famous 18th-century building formerly owned by the Fiat Group. For the party, 600 guests had been invited to gather on the small Grand Canal island of San Giorgio Maggiore, on which is located the Fondazione Giorgio Cini and its gleaming white 16th-century church, designed by Andrea Palladio. As guests arrived off water taxis and private boats to sip

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...system,* with its removable and stowable center table, allows Frances, George, and ...e get a jump on homework, or have a meal in comfort. Two second-row bucket seats ...k to face the third row. (Safety belts with shoulder restraints are built in.) The kids can ...rd and forward, ...emove and store the table in covered floor bins.





THE MOBILE MEDIA CENTER.

A satellite TV system, SIRIUS Backseat TV™, streams video from Nickelodeon™, Disney Channel, and Cartoon Network™. And because two 8" DVD screens play independently, Frances can watch her favorite show while George plays a videogame or listens to music. It's a good thing, too, since the family says George likes to listen to particular songs over and over and over again—including some Polish rap he loves. Jane loves that he has no idea what the lyrics mean.

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I SPY... OR DO I?

In-floor storage includes bins that let Jane and Mary Louisa stash plenty of presents out of sight. Speaking of things that are in and out of sight, Mary Louisa's favorite car game is "I spy." However, since she tends always to spy the same three items inside the vehicle, the game is usually a short one.



Seat must be locked in
orward or rearward mode
hile vehicle is in motion.
Child restraints must only
e used when seats are in
orward-facing mode. Children
2 and under should always
e seated in the rear seats
roperly restrained in a child
eat or the vehicle seat belt.
ibletop must be installed in
ase at all times when in use.
When not in use, table and
ase must be properly stowed
Never drive with table installed
ithout properly using seat belts.



HOW'S THE WEATHER BACK THERE?

A three-zone climate control system and retractable sunshades let the kids adjust their climate and light. Overhead LED swivel lamps focus bright white light where it's needed without bothering Mom while she's driving. That's handy for Frances, who often carries homework or a favorite book on long drives.





Jane and Bradley are the founders of

CLOTHES OFF OUR BACK

an organization that auctions celebrity attire to benefit children's [illegible] those of [illegible]

ENTERTAINMENT TO GO

Jane and Brad say that, if a family member starts singing in the car, Frances politely suggests some music. Fortunately, the 2008 Town & Country's MyGIG Multimedia Entertainment System has a 20GB hard drive that store up to 2,500 songs, playlists, JPEGs, and more. The family likes to belt song at red lights with the windows down and with appropriate facial expression Brad has the best voice, and sings in different accents to make everyone laug Jane says her voice is so bad it's sometimes threatened as punishment.

DOWNLOAD THE FAMILY'S ROAD-TRIP SOUNDTRAC

Brad, Jane, and their kids have put together a list of favorite traveling tune that includes selections from family shows such as Broadway's hit musicals WICKED and MAMMA MIA and catchy rock and pop classics. To download your Town & Country driving playlist, including music from this on-the-go family's list, visit [illegible]ondenet.com/go/chrysler.





C[illegible]RYSLER

EN[illegible]RED BEAUTIFULLY

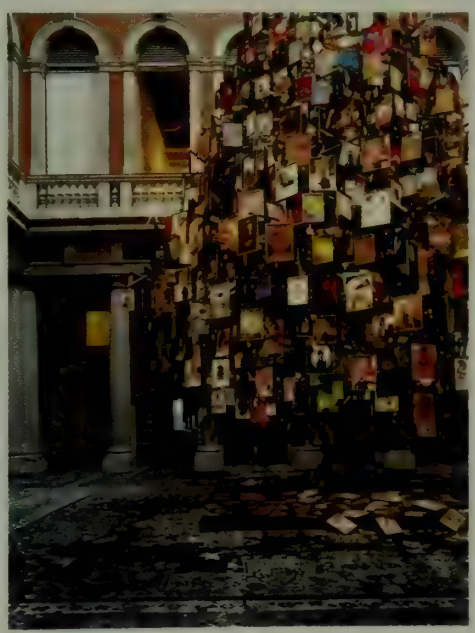


Champagne Laurent-Perrier Grand Siècle, the paparazzi clicked away.

Naomi Campbell came, and so did French philosopher Bernard-Henri Lévy, whose father had known Pinault. Designers Miuccia Prada, Azzedine Alaïa, Stefano Pilati, and Alberta Ferretti mingled with actress Mía Maestro and Irish singer Damien Rice. Former Iranian empress Farah Pahlavi was there; so were financiers Sir Evelyn de Rothschild and Aidan Barclay. Al Gore's daughter Karenna Gore Schiff arrived with her husband, Drew. The art world was out in full force—New York dealer Larry Gagosian brought a posse, and collector Peter Brant came with his wife, Stephanie Seymour. Pinault's son François-Henri Pinault, 45, C.E.O. of PPR (Pinault-Printemps-Redoute), his father's conglomerate, arrived with his pregnant fiancée, actress Salma Hayek.

"It is not my job to be happy," Pinault says. He wants his tombstone to read, WHY ME?

Hovering slightly to one side were the artists whose works were featured in the show. Swiss sculptor Urs Fischer, 34, whose vast (23-by-23-by-30-foot) tree-like sculpture, *Jet Set Lady,* was the first thing you saw on the ground floor of the Palazzo Grassi, told me with a grin that he found all this "amusing." But perhaps no one found it quite as amusing as the host himself. Slipping in and out of the crowd, almost unnoticed, as he likes to be, François Pinault seemed part of the scene and yet not.



A man who looks far younger than his 71 years and whose sharp blue eyes can turn from glittering to cold in a second, Pinault was taking it all in, allowing himself a brief moment of enjoyment. As people sat for a four-course dinner, he continued to roam, shaking hands quickly, then moving on. He doesn't like to stand still, he'd told me a month before. Nor does he like parties. This, though, was an exception. This was his coronation. And even the weather had cooperated.

PINAULT GALLERY
Top, the Palazzo Grassi, where Pinault has held two exhibitions since buying the building in 2005; *above,* Urs Fischer's *Jet Set Lady,* 2000–2005, and Rudolf Stingel's *Untitled* carpet, 2006, two installations at the Palazzo.

I'd met François Pinault twice before, and on each occasion found him to be odd and mesmerizing. The first time was on a snowy February day in Urs Fischer's studio in Long Island City. Inside the enormous warehouse, Pinault, who stands around five feet eight inches, seemed utterly incongruous in his perfectly tailored suit beside the much larger, heavily tattooed Fischer, who was dressed, as he often is, in jeans and shirtsleeves. Yet, it was only when Pinault was standing next to Fischer, making jokes and clamping his arm around him, that he seemed relaxed. Otherwise, he paced like a caged tiger.

Our next encounter was in March in the three-star restaurant of the hotel Le Meurice, in Paris. I had been warned by a member of Pinault's staff to be early, since the boss was in the habit of showing up 30 minutes ahead of scheduled appointments. But at the appointed time of 12:30 exactly, Pinault arrived. I joked that I had expected him earlier. He told me he had, in fact, been sitting outside in his car. We began our conversation by discussing his desire to build museums to house his contemporary-art collection—amassed over 30 years—which has, for the most part, sat in storage or been displayed in his private residences. The gauntlet was laid down, though, in October 2006, when Bernard Arnault, often referred to as Pinault's nemesis, and the C.E.O. of rival luxury house LVMH (Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton), announced his plans to build a $127 million, Frank Gehry–designed cultural foundation in Paris.

Pinault's collection has been bought quietly for the most part, but it includes a great many important works. Under the guidance of French art dealer Marc Blondeau and then a coterie of advisers including Philippe Ségalot, the former head of the contemporary-art department at Christie's, he collected major post–World War II artists, including Willem de Kooning, Mondrian, Agnes Martin, Mark Rothko, Richard Serra, and Robert Ryman. More recently, under the influence of the Grassi curator Alison Gingeras, he has embraced younger, emerging artists. To make room he sold off some of the older work—which some critics claim is a mistake. One leading international art adviser says that Jasper Johns's *The White Target* was sold by Pinault for $25 million to hedge-fund shaman Steve Cohen two years ago and has now doubled in value.

Even so, the first Palazzo Grassi show, in 2006, demonstrated that Pinault still has plenty of first-rate art, some of it dating back well into the 20th century. Entitled "Where Are We Going?," the

show included pieces by Mark Rothko, Agnes Martin, Andy Warhol, and Cy Twombly, as well as such contemporary stalwarts as Damien Hirst, Takashi Murakami, Richard Serra, Jeff Koons, Gerhard Richter, Charles Ray, Mike Kelley, David Hammons, Cindy Sherman, and Rudolf Stingel.

"Sequence 1" was deliberately more edgy. "I know the critics are going to go for me for including Richard Prince"—the American artist known for his collages and re-photographs—Pinault told me, rubbing his hands together. He was wrong. The show was a triumph. The "600-pound gorilla," as Artnet had labeled him, was outshining everything else at the Biennale. Yet the fact that Pinault was up for the challenge illustrates the very core of his character. He has long had a reputation as an outsider in the world of French business,

"I have no regrets," says Pinault of his break with Tom Ford. "[I wish] I had hired him 10 years earlier."

and he is intensely proud of it. "I could not stand to be bourgeois," he told me fiercely. He describes the "bubble" that most "rich people live in" as very "dangerous. . . . You must fight against that at all costs." In fact, his support of the Grassi museum came about precisely because of an argument with bureaucrats in his home country.

In 2000, Pinault announced, with considerable fanfare, plans to open a contemporary-art museum on the Île Seguin, the site of a former car factory outside Paris. He brought in Japanese architect Tadao Ando to design a new building, but in 2005, after five years and $24 million, he abandoned the project, claiming that the local government had made it impossible to go ahead. "I waited five years for them to get their act together and I just ran out of patience," he says without emotion.

Actually, many French art critics were opposed to the very notion of a Pinault museum, which they saw as a colossal act of self-aggrandizement, not to mention the fact that Pinault's collection included almost no French artists. Pinault is dismissive of such criticism. "I don't feel compelled to collect and show contemporary French artists just because they are French," he says with a shrug.

He responded by buying a controlling stake in the Palazzo Grassi for $37 million and getting Ando to subtly revamp the 6,600-square-foot space. He has also taken a 30-year lease on a much larger space (37,000 square feet), in Punta della Dogana, the Venetian customhouse, for which he had to top a bid from the Guggenheim Foundation. As with the Grassi, Pinault is footing the bill for a massive overhaul of the façade, again by Ando, expected to cost $26 million. Running costs are at least at $2.6 million annually. This October, Pinault also opened a [illegible]-and-photo exhibition of his collection in Lille in northern France. He has talked recently about opening museums in New [illegible]ndon and Berlin.

[illegible]lic Citizen Kane."

Saint-Martin [illegible]ed his modest background, so he [illegible]nt to work [illegible]'s Treverien lumber mill. He [illegible] is father [illegible] eventually took it over again. Pinault's [illegible] strategy of [illegible]g out middlemen and going straight to suppli[illegible]d shipar[illegible] and make him

In 1981 he helped a friend, a rising young political figure named Jacques Chirac, get re-elected by buying a bankrupt local sawmill and saving 20 jobs. In 1986, when Chirac was prime minister, Pinault bought another failing wood business—but this time, reportedly breaking his pledge to the French government, he resold it and eliminated 1,800 jobs in the process. Yet his bond with Chirac remained close.

Having climbed to the top of the timber business, Pinault turned his eyes elsewhere. He started to build the company that would become Rinault-Printemps-Redoute. In 1990, with the help of Serge Weinberg, an investment banker from the French bank Paribas, he bought an undervalued African trading company, CFAO, and turned it around. Weinberg would go on to become Pinault's right-hand man and PPR's C.E.O. Pinault also hired a bright executive from Renault, Patricia Barbizet, whom he appointed managing director.

Pinault added to his holdings by acquiring Printemps, a French department-store chain, in 1992. In 1994 he bought La Redoute, a mail-order-catalogue company. But the most profitable—and most controversial—move in Pinault's career was his involvement with Crédit Lyonnais and New York financier Leon Black in the French bank's 1991 takeover of Executive Life, an American insurance company that had posted enormous paper losses on its extensive junk-bond portfolio. Crédit Lyonnais proposed a rescue package that enabled both Black and Pinault to profit hugely by buying the junk bonds—to the tune of hundreds of millions for Pinault. To do so, Crédit Lyonnais had to promise U.S. regulators that a new company, Aurora, which was taking over Executive's insurance contracts, would be independent of the bank—as required by federal law. In fact, Aurora's new shareholders were mostly fronts for Crédit Lyonnais, including Pinault, who bought 50 percent of Aurora in 1993 with money loaned to him by the French bank. Regulators subsequently accused Pinault of being in on the deception.

In 1999 a grand-jury investigation was convened. Pinault absolutely denied he had known of Crédit Lyonnais's fraudulent scheme. In fall 2003, in an unprecedented step, Jacques Chirac intervened, and an agreement was reached. Pinault agreed to pay a settlement of $180 million, and Crédit Lyonnais was fined $525 million, which went to California's Department of Insurance. Civil litigation is ongoing.

While the legal battle raged, Pinault was hardly standing still. In 1994 he purchased FNAC, a retailer of everything from books to electronics. He would later put François-Henri in charge of it "as a test" and came to feel that his son "emerged as a proven C.E.O."

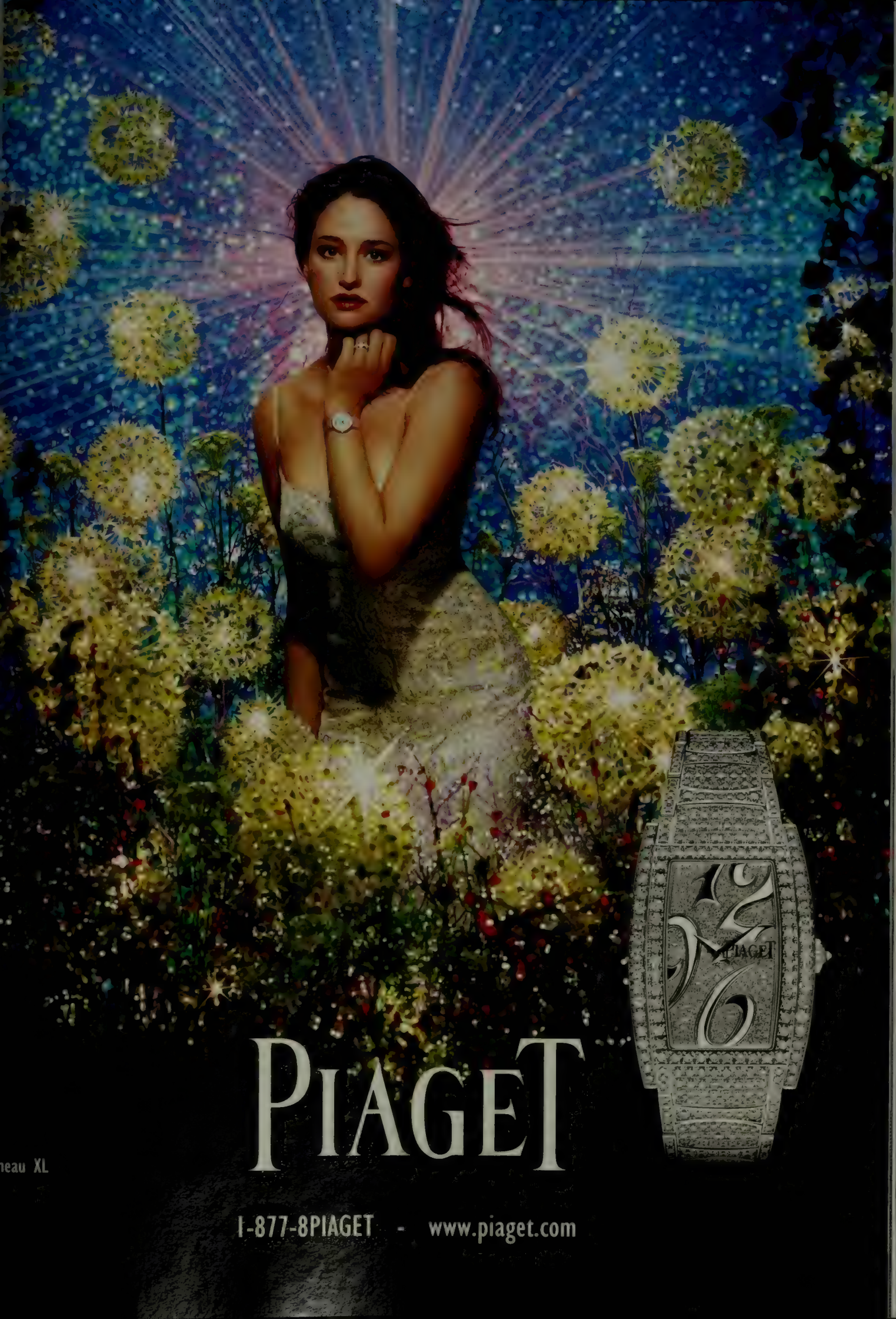
Then he turned his attention to the luxury market.

Weinberg, who retired from PPR in 2005, explains: "The idea of luxury for PPR was simple. We were in the distribution business. . . . It's hard to expand internationally. . . . Having a luxury business helps you get across to [America and Asia] without having investments."

In 1998, Pinault bought Christie's; in 2001 he purchased Gucci—a three-part deal costing more than $5 billion—beating Bernard Arnault to the post.

In the wake of the 9/11 attacks, which occurred the day after the deal, Gucci stock plummeted. Asked if he overpaid, Pinault becomes animated and says, "[Gucci designer] Tom Ford was the best and you have to pay top dollar to get the best. People are stupid. They react to a deal and its price immediately, but really the proof of whether a deal was good or was not only comes seven years later." He is no doubt referring to the fact that Gucci now generates more than $7 billion worldwide annually.

In 2004, Ford left the company after he and Pinault could not come to terms. The fashion world equated Ford's departure

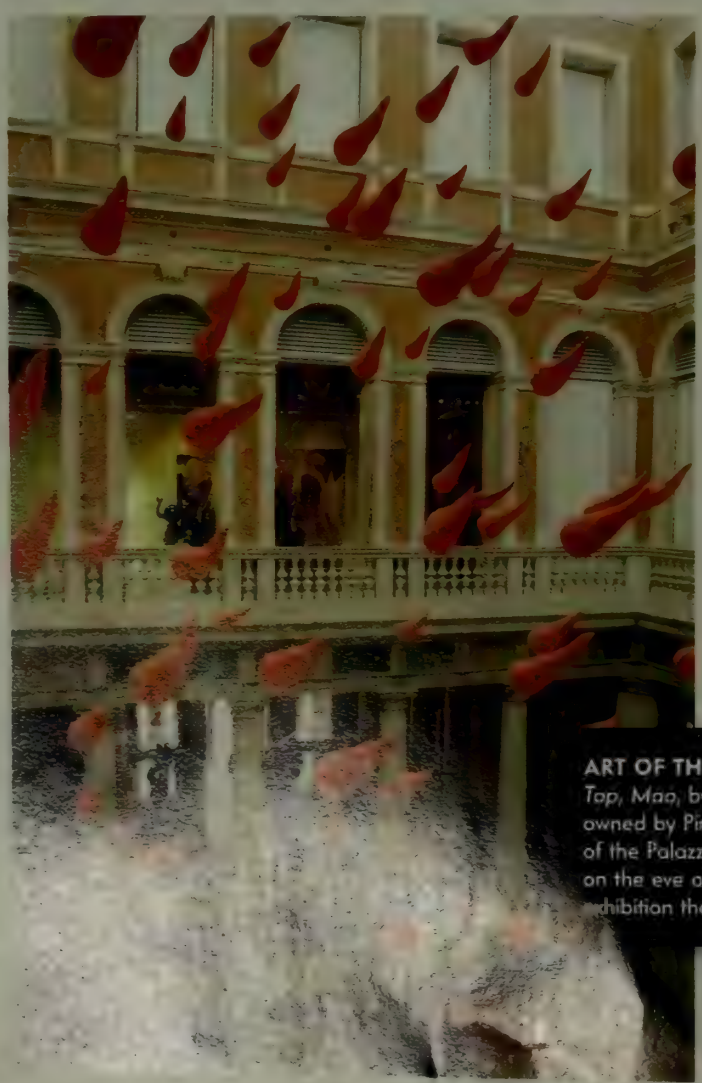

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with the death of a king. "I have no regrets," says Pinault now. "It would have been better if I had hired him 10 years earlier."

Weinberg explains that PPR came to feel that Ford's ego was too big for its management style. "He'd lost touch with the ground.... He had no experience of management on this scale," he says.

"It is amusing that Serge says that he felt that I had 'no experience of management of this scale' as it was precisely our management of the company for 14 years that built Gucci Group into the company that it is today," replies Tom Ford. "At that time I was vice-chairman and creative director of Gucci Group, and the entire organization had reported to me for over 10 years on all matters of product, merchandising, P.R., advertising, store design, etc.... As for my ego, I am afraid Serge is confusing that with my job description, which was to guard and maintain the integrity of the brand and to protect it from exploitation for short-term benefits. Serge was a fish out of water at the Gucci Group, as he had absolutely no experience in the fashion or luxury-goods sector. He is a nice guy, but had no understanding whatsoever of our business. He was a bit surprised, I think, when I challenged his knowledge of certain things, which I often did. I tried to explain to him that Gucci was not Conforama or FNAC or even Printemps. In any case, he didn't last long after we left."





ART OF THE DEAL
Top, Mao, by Andy Warhol, 1972, owned by Pinault; *left,* the interior of the Palazzo Grassi, in Venice, on the eve of Pinault's inaugural exhibition there, April 28, 2006.

Now Gucci has opted for a completely different tack, employing designers less well known than the brands themselves.

Over dinner one night in spring 2003, Pinault handed François-Henri the keys to his office. "I felt [he] was ready," Pinault says. "I had watched other families in similar positions and I felt they all had made mistakes. I didn't want to let François-Henri run the company too soon, nor too late. Also, I didn't want him to think ever it was his right. He had to earn it."

In fact, Pinault had long before appointed a special board to discuss the appropriateness of his son's succeeding him, and for 20 years had put him through a grueling apprenticeship as they all watched. "In some ways I think my son is better than me," Pinault says. "I am all about instinct. I have no training. He is educated."

But many still consider Pinault the elder to be at the wheel of the company, given that PPR is essentially controlled by a private holding company called Artemis, whose management and finances have never been fully revealed.

When Pinault talks about the business, he does not sound emeritus. "You have to keep making deals or you are out of the game," he told me. At the time of our meeting, PPR had just bought Vinci, a giant French construction company, surprising

> "I don't feel compelled to collect and show contemporary French artists just because they are French."

people who had expected it to buy a water utility company called Suez. "I love that!" he almost shouts. "Everyone is looking one way at Suez, and we went for Vinci. I love to do the unexpected."

His hands make the motion of a stealth missile seeking its target.

There are those who see Pinault's entry into the luxury market as grandiose, the same way they view his need to build art museums. Pinault disputes this furiously. "The last thing I want to be thought of is egomaniacal," he says. He insists that he collects and displays art "to provoke thought and ideas."

People close to Pinault say it is far too simple to label him a ruthless opportunist and leave it at that. And his attachment to art is real, say those who have advised him. "I've shown him work that he will look at for half an hour, study intently, then say, 'There is no choice. How much is this?'" says Ségalot.

Pinault did not pretend to know anything about art when Marc Blondeau showed him what would become his first acquisition—Mondrian's *Tableau Losangique II,* for $8.8 million—but he threw himself into his new hobby with a passion that few can rival, and is now, according to experts, extremely educated. "He has superb taste," Peter Brant told me.

"I find myself running to keep up with him," says Alison Gingeras. "On a recent trip to California we'd go to look at an artist's work all day, then have dinner, and then we'd agree to meet the next morning, and he'd be waiting an hour early, saying, 'Let's go.'... I had to ask galleries to open early especially for us."

The hiring of Gingeras was a significant and gutsy coup for Pinault. Just 34 years old, she is the blonde, American-born part-


LIFT
TO
SMELL
EAU DE
Juicy Couture


Juicy
Couture
EAU DE
COUTURE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
JUICY COUTURE BOUTIQUES

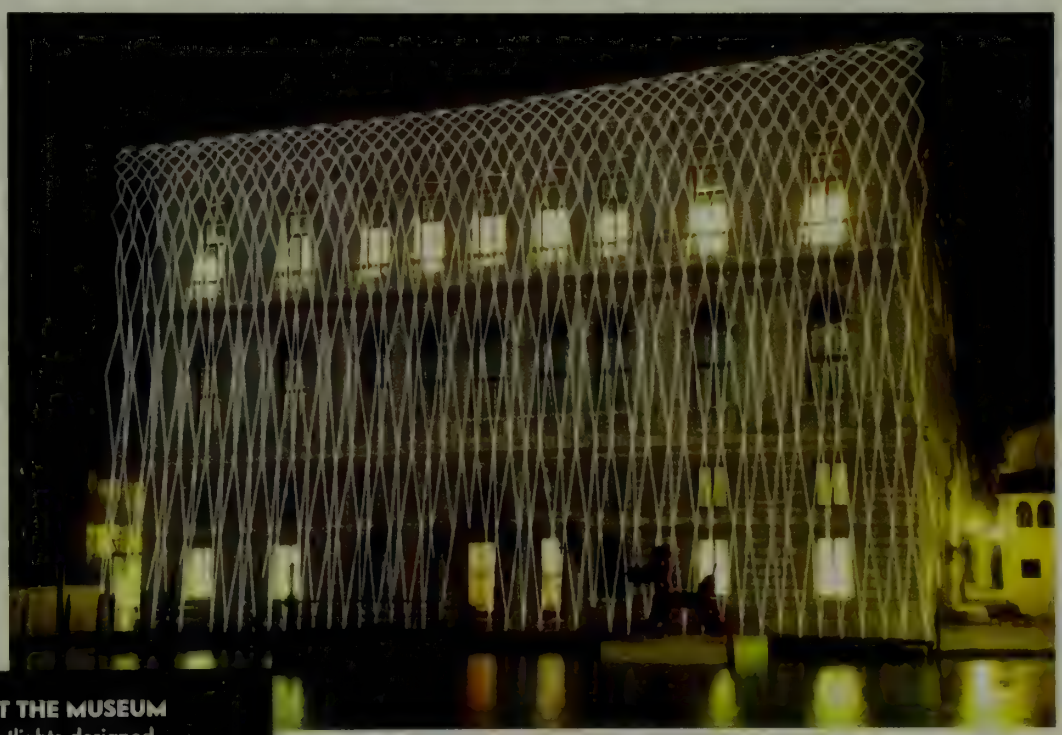
ner of Polish artist Piotr Uklański. She was a curator at New York's Guggenheim, and then at the Centre Pompidou, in Paris, where she met Pinault. Frustrated by the bureaucratic hurdles one had to leap to get Paris shows curated—a sentiment echoed by Pinault—she left the Pompidou, and Pinault hired her to curate the first Palazzo Grassi show.

It was, on the face of it, a risk, because she was still so young. But Gingeras introduced him to several of the stars of this year's show, including Roberto Cuoghi, a 34-year-old Italian painter, Anselm Reyle, a 37-year-old German artist, and 32-year-old American Kristin Baker, an abstract painter.

> "He will look at [an artwork] for half an hour . . . then say, 'There is no choice. How much is this?'" says Ségalot.

Baker, a tiny, shy blonde, told me she was petrified a year or so ago when Gingeras informed her she'd be bringing Pinault to her Brooklyn studio. "First, I don't like anyone seeing my work, so that freaked me out. I was so nervous that I fell over and scraped my knee just before he arrived. My jeans ripped and there was blood on it, so I just stood there, one leg behind the other, hoping he wouldn't notice." (He didn't.)

Getting Baker's work to Venice required a huge amount of effort because of its enormous size. A Luxembourg cargo plane was required, and then a special scaffold had to be erected to get the paintings up the Palazzo's walls and into their designated room. Pinault, according to Gingeras, was in on every detail.



NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM *Above,* spotlights designed by Ólafur Elíasson illuminate the Palazzo Grassi, April 2006; *below, No. 2,* by Mark Rothko, 1951, also from Pinault's collection.



"He is most comfortable hanging out with artists," Baker explains. "When he flies in to New York [which he does regularly], he is not out at some high-society party but hanging with people like Urs [Fischer] or Rudolf [Stingel]."

After this year's installation was set up at the Palazzo Grassi, Pinault and his wife, Maryvonne, a connoisseur of 18th-century furniture, took all the artists in the show out to dinner at Da Fiore, arguably the best restaurant in Venice. After the Pinaults left, the artists closed the place down. "Kristin was having this intense debate about art with Franz [West] and Piotr," says Gingeras. Pinault, unable to stay away, kept coming back into the restaurant. "He just didn't want to miss out on all the fun," she adds.

Pinault sees himself as spiritually linked to artists in that he is forever making connections, seeing a bigger picture than the microcosm before him. "I really believe it was my destiny to do all this," he tells me without irony, adding, "There are other people who are far happier. It is not my job to be happy."

He wants his tombstone to read, WHY ME?

Yet for all the grandiose talk and image-carving of a ruthless financial titan—"I am not rich enough to be tender," he says, only half humorously—there are examples of a softness beneath the thick skin. Bernard-Henri Lévy gave a very moving account of how Pinault saved the ailing timber business of Lévy's father on terms that were unfavorable to Pinault. This seems all the more uncharacteristic, given that Pinault and Lévy Sr. had long been rivals. But Pinault explained to the young Lévy that he was prepared to help his father save his reputation because he considered him an old "lion" for whom he had the "deepest respect," and he had no wish to see him brought down.

Now Lévy and Pinault have breakfast once a month in Paris and are extremely close friends. It is an unlikely pairing, considering Pinault's right-wing tendencies (he is great friends with France's new president, Nicolas Sarkozy), but Pinault helped finance Lévy's 1994 film, *Bosna!,* on the war in Bosnia. In 1997, after Lévy Sr.'s death, he also bought the timber company from Lévy, who was struggling to manage the business and find time for his writing. "It was a completely unnecessary thing to do," says Lévy. "By now he had no need of a timber company. There was no financial gain in it for him."

The day after the "Sequence 1" dinner, Pinault called Gingeras to get her impressions. He asked her about the after-party. She told him that Urs Fischer, Kristin Baker, and the other artists had been dancing all night. Slowly, as the conversation unfolded, she realized that he already knew.

Like Jay Gatsby watching the lights of his neighbor's house at night, Pinault had been on his boat, outside his own party, bobbing up and down on the water, watching, celebrating vicariously. □





HIGHER EDUCATION Transylvania University, in Lexington, Kentucky, scene of the "Transy Book Heist." *Inset,* Christie's in New York, the conspirators' second stop.

MAJORING IN CRIME

The untold story of the "Transy Book Heist" is one part *Ocean's 11,* one part *Harold & Kumar:* four Kentucky college kids who had millions to gain and nothing to lose

BY JOHN FALK

On the morning of December 17, 2004, Betty Jean Gooch, a librarian in the Special Collections Library at Transylvania University, in Lexington, Kentucky, was preparing for her 11 o'clock appointment with Walter Beckman, a man she had never met. Over the phone and by e-mail, Beckman had asked to view, among other items, a first edition of Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* and four double-size folios of John James Audubon's *Birds of America.*

Wearing a heavy coat, gloves, and a wool cap, Beckman signed the visitors' log. With a long, thin face and bleached-blond hair and sideburns, he appeared younger than Gooch had expected. He was also less cordial and more agitated in person, asking Gooch soon after arriving if he could invite a friend along to see the books. She agreed. A few minutes later, a short, dark-haired young man, also dressed in a winter coat, cap, and gloves, entered the library. He said his name was John.

The two men followed the librarian into the Rare Book Room, and John closed the door behind them. As she was heading toward a display case, Gooch felt a tingling on her right arm and collapsed to the floor.

By one o'clock that afternoon, the 227-year-old liberal-arts college was swarming with campus police, uniformed Lexington Police, plainclothes detectives, and forensic teams, as well as local news crews covering the developing "Transy Book Heist," a crime that would one day be listed among the F.B.I.'s ... most significant art-theft cases.

... that were available, it ... of four men, de- ... had ... books ... col- ... the ...


Everyone can appreciate technologies that go from gas-friendly to gas-free.
That's why Chevy™ offers seven models with an EPA estimated 30 MPG highway or better,* plus more vehicle choices today than any brand that run on cleaner-burning, mostly renewable E85 ethanol.† It's also why, this fall, we'll offer both Malibu® Hybrid and Tahoe® Hybrid – America's first full-size hybrid SUV.** And why we've put tremendous design and engineering resources in place to make Concept Chevy Volt™†† – our extended-range electric vehicle – a reality. Now that's technology everyone can appreciate. Find out more at chevy.com
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E85 ETHANOL
HYBRID
ELECTRIC
FUEL CELL
*Based on EPA estimates
starting fall 2007. See chevy.com
††Concept Chevy Volt not available for sale. ©2007 GM Corp. Buckle up, America!

million. The thieves left no fingerprints behind, and there were almost no witnesses.

The Lexington Police Department's commercial-burglary squad was assigned to the case. In terms of the dollar amount involved and the extraordinary circumstances, the theft was one of the most significant in its history. The first call went out to the National Crime Information Center, alerting law enforcement to be on the lookout for a gray minivan with temporary plates, the description of a vehicle seen screeching away from the library. The L.P.D. notified all the airports in the area, dispatched officers to surrounding neighborhoods, and called the F.B.I.

Still shaken from her ordeal, Gooch, in her 50s, told police that shortly after entering the Rare Book Room with the two men she had been struck on the arm with a Taserlike weapon, her hands and feet were bound with zip ties, and a wool cap was pulled over her eyes. Though she couldn't recall much else about her assailants, one odd detail stood out.

"[Beckman] said, 'B.J.,'" a nickname her friends and colleagues used for her, she told officers. "'Quit struggling, B.J., or do you want to feel more pain?'" she remembered the man saying.

Good Boys, Good Families

The minimum-security Federal Correctional Institution in Ashland, Kentucky, 125 miles from Lexington, houses approximately 1,200 inmates in multi-story cellblocks encircled by concentric layers of razor-topped fencing and fortified guard towers. Among the prisoners are three of the four unlikely masterminds behind the Transy Book Heist: Warren Lipka, Spencer Reinhard, and Eric Borsuk. (The fourth, Charles "Chas" Allen II, was transferred to a federal medical center in Lexington.) All four, now 22, children of privilege, products of elite Lexington high schools, are serving seven-year sentences for their parts in the crime.

Behind the main building and through three blastproof security doors is the prison visitors' room, where I meet separately with Lipka, Reinhard, and Borsuk for a series of interviews almost a year into their sentence. (Through his attorney, Allen declined to be interviewed.) Because the boys pleaded guilty, many of the case's crucial details remain un- enforcement. What they heir version of events— f the p n- the heist. d identically in i uniforms embla- eration numbers, ar

all have hair down to their shoulders. Each has a different style of facial hair—muttonchops (Lipka), a Fu Manchu (Borsuk), a Tom Selleck (Reinhard)—which Lipka informs me they had carefully trimmed for my visit.

When the four boys were arrested the news was met with disbelief, as none of them had been in any serious trouble before. Far from being social outcasts, they had been popular athletes, and two were on some form of college scholarship. The press invariably described them as "good boys" from "good families"—upper-middle-class



CAUGHT ON TAPE
Warren Lipka and Spencer Reinhard, captured by Christie's security cameras four days after the heist.

BY FAR THE MOST COMMON THEORY WAS THAT THE HEIST HAD BEEN JUST A FRAT PRANK THAT SPUN WAY OUT OF CONTROL.

kids afforded every opportunity, the ones with the most to lose.

There were all sorts of theories as to why they had done it: they were drug addicts; they had amassed large gambling debts—or Lipka's father had, and the boys did it to save the family's honor (the variant most popular with the local papers). By far the most common theory around town was that the heist had been just a frat prank that spun way out of control.

A paintin Reinhard, a gifted artist, may offer some s. Titled *A Plan to Fail*, it was part of a se had done on the crime for a local art ga while out on bond. The painting is a kale pe of images, including what appear e a computer, a cell phone, a bong, the Transylvania library, and loose sheets of notepaper, floating above a desiccated one-eyed young man in a watch cap, kicking back on a beat-up couch with a blue dog on his lap. Opposite him there is another young man, fully fleshed and with a neat haircut, resting in a chair, staring into space. The painting, in digital form, would become a popular screen saver on the F.B.I. computers in the Lexington field office.

Freshman Funk

Spencer Reinhard and Warren Lipka had grown up together in adjacent subdivisions on Lexington's south side—fully planned residential tracts wedged in between the city and the gradually receding horse country that rings it. Built over old tobacco fields in the 80s, they feature ponds with fountains, cookie-cutter brick Colonial houses, street names like Ironbridge Drive and Turnberry Lane, and regulations authorizing penalties for unkempt yards and tacky lawn Santas. In high school, Warren, a lanky six-footer with a mop of brown hair, was a popular jock and a class clown who delighted his classmates by bear-hugging his nemesis, the dean of students, at graduation. Spencer, meanwhile, was short, wiry, distant, and in many ways Warren's opposite: an over-scheduled, over-achieving, diamond-tipped drill of a kid who excelled at whatever he set himself to. He focused above all on painting, gaining admission into a prestigious Lexington arts program.

Despite the differing temperaments—and the disapproval of Spencer's parents—the two were best friends from the age of eight, a friendship that revolved largely around soccer. Though they attended different high schools, both were varsity captains, and both made all-state. In their senior year the two became local celebrities after a dramatic photo appeared in the *Lexington Herald-Leader* showing Lexington Catholic star goalkeeper Lipka and Tates Creek forward Reinhard battling midair during a playoff game.

In the fall of 2003, Warren left for the University of Kentucky on a full athletic scholarship, eager to take his game to the next level, and with vague plans of getting into politics. Spencer, meanwhile, was accepted to Transylvania on an arts scholarship, his sights firmly set on a career in graphic design. Because their campuses were only a mile apart, they assumed they would stay close, but as with most freshmen, their assured identities and easy expectations muddied once they hit campus. For

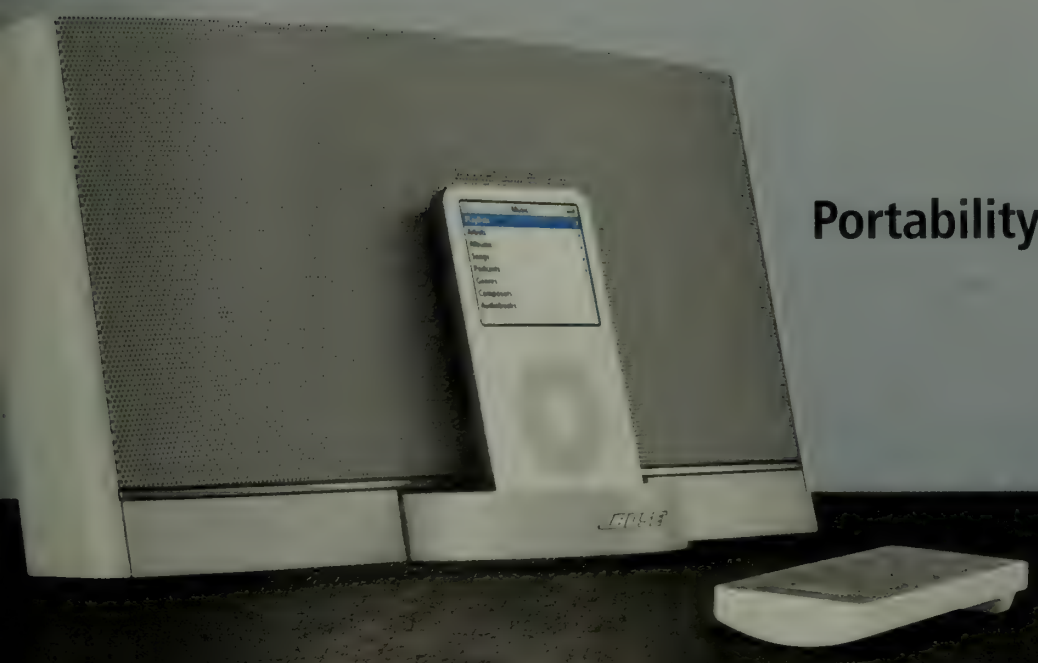


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Spencer it all started with a series of mild disappointments. "I was expecting to play soccer quite a lot, but the coach was a completely different person once I got on the team," he tells me. "And I pledged a fraternity, but I really didn't get into that too much. In all my art classes I was the only guy—in with a bunch of girls who didn't have any idea what they wanted to do. All these girls I could draw better than when I was in sixth grade."

Across town at U.K., in a towering cinder-block dorm, Warren's world was spinning apart at a much faster clip. His malaise was likely exacerbated by his parents' impending divorce amid his mother's allegations that his father, Big Warren, the celebrated coach of the university's women's soccer team, had gambled the family into bankruptcy. (Big Warren declined to comment on the gambling accusations at the time.) When not at practice, Warren spent his time smoking pot, watching Comedy Central, and reading German philosophy.

"It was very punishing, that first couple of months in college. Not what I expected, not what I wanted it to be," Warren says. "I want to say living that kind of life—the country clubs, sitting in a classroom and listening to two girls argue about turning down a BMW S.U.V. because she wanted a new Range Rover, like, *what?* These people's perspectives, because they have money, they're tweaked."

In October of his freshman year, Warren quit the U.K. soccer team, forfeiting his scholarship. He was still enrolled, but only nominally, and remained on the fringes of campus life. Shortly thereafter he was introduced to a Lexington Catholic alumnus who was making an easy living in identity theft. Seeing something in the wayward Warren, the preppy grifter pitched him the idea of selling fake Kentucky driver's licenses in the U.K. dorms. Warren jumped at the opportunity and recruited another adrift freshman, [illegible] soccer teammate Eric [illegible] November [illegible]

[illegible] ween studying for his first semester's [illegible] rking out, and painting, Spencer [illegible] to scope o[illegible] the Special Collections section of the Tra[illegible]sy library, reporting were doing, kind of living this little *Matchstick Men,* college kind of life."

The partnership flourished, with Warren as the face of the operation and Eric in charge of ID production, until the two had an argument over $2,000 that went missing from Eric's drawer. They stopped talking entirely and disbanded. Suddenly without Eric's mock-ups, software, and equipment, Warren thought of Spencer. Although the two hadn't really been in contact in the first few months of school, Warren knew that Spencer's artistic talents would be an asset. Spencer, feeling increasingly disaffected with school life himself, readily accepted the offer.

Planting the Seed

Several weeks before Spencer was approached by Warren about the fake-ID business, he had been on a freshman-orientation tour of Transy, including the library and its exceptional collection of rare books and manuscripts.

"They take you in the Special Collections and show you these books," Spencer remembers, including Transy's prized *Birds of America,* by John James Audubon, a four-volume set of life-size engravings the pioneer wildlife artist completed in London in 1838. The set was one of fewer than 200 produced. "I'd heard about them before, but I didn't know anything about them. And the woman there says, 'We had a set just like this that we sold four years ago for like $12 million.' It could have been eight. I'm not sure, but it was a lot. It immediately had kind of sparked my imagination, like a fantasy."

"O.K., so we're sitting in the car, smoking weed," Warren recalls, "and then Spencer said, 'I just took a tour in that library, and there's shit sitting there you wouldn't believe. They said that this set, *Birds of America,* sold for $12 million.' I said, 'Twelve million dollars, just sitting there? They got security around that?' Nonchalantly, very nonchalantly, I mean, just kind of shooting it between us. So I kind of go, 'That would be pretty crazy, wouldn't it?' He said, 'Yeah, that would be kind of crazy.' I then said, 'You know, why don't you look into it more and we'll go from [illegible]?' Just like . . . very unofficial."

"TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS, JUST SITTING THERE? THEY GOT SECURITY AROUND THAT?" WARREN ASKED SPENCER.

back to Warren weeks later that there was zero security other than an old lady librarian named B.J. and having to "sign a fucking book." By hitting the ball back into Warren's court, Spencer thought he would keep that thrilling flicker of criminality burning for a bit longer, while fully expecting there to be an insurmountable obstacle somewhere down the road. Even if they did steal the books, for example, how would they ever sell them?

Spencer had underestimated his friend's resolve. Warren was already busily working out the problem, returning for advice to his underworld contact: "'What if we had some artwork that we wanted to sell?'" Warren remembers asking him. "'How the hell would we do this?' And he said, 'I know a guy in New York.'"

After several phone calls Warren managed to arrange a meeting in New York. The contact, who identified himself only as Barry, stipulated that Warren had to bring $500 in good-faith money. Late one Thursday afternoon in mid-February, the two friends bought a bag of weed and drove the 700 miles to Manhattan in Spencer's Acura Legend. They checked into the Hilton Hotel in Midtown, Warren signing in under the nom de guerre Harry Ballsani—a name backed up with one of their fake Kentucky driver's licenses—and paying in cash. (Having seen their fair share of heist movies, they knew how dangerous it was to leave a paper trail.) The meeting was scheduled for the next morning on the southern edge of Central Park near the Plaza Hotel. Barry described himself as an older man with a long ponytail and said he'd be wearing a green scarf.

The meeting initially hit a snag when Barry was put off by the boys' youth. "He was visibly unnerved," Warren remembers. "It was hard for us. We weren't, like, hardened criminals, so we kind of had to really put up a front." Warren deepens his voice: "'*How ya doing?*' That kind of stuff." After an awkward back-and-forth, Warren finally handed the man the $500. In exchange, Barry slipped him an e-mail address with instructions to sign off any communication with the name Terry.

Once safely back in Lexington, the two created a Yahoo account and sent off the e-mail in which they claimed to have unspecified rare books in their possession, using the name Terry, as instructed. A week later came a terse reply, telling Terry that, if he wanted to sell something, he was going to have to come in person to Amsterdam, "as that is where I do business." Both Spencer and Warren were thrilled—until they realized it would require traveling with a passport. Spencer believed it was an insurmountable problem. Again, Warren thought otherwise.

"So we go back to the guy in Lexington and we say, 'Listen, we want to go some-

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where, we want to go out of the country, and we need documentation.'" Warren explains. "'We can do a license, but now we need a passport.' So he says, 'Come see me in a couple of days or a week, but I need money, $2,500.' All right, you know, just another thing, O.K., 2,500 bucks. Bam. Bam. So we get the passport from the dude, plane tickets. Boom. Spencer drives me out to Lexington [Blue Grass Airport] on a Friday. Spencer gives me 500 bucks, in my pocket. Can't have any of this documented. Like if we ever get caught, we're talking about international issues, way past interstate commerce or whatever the hell it is."

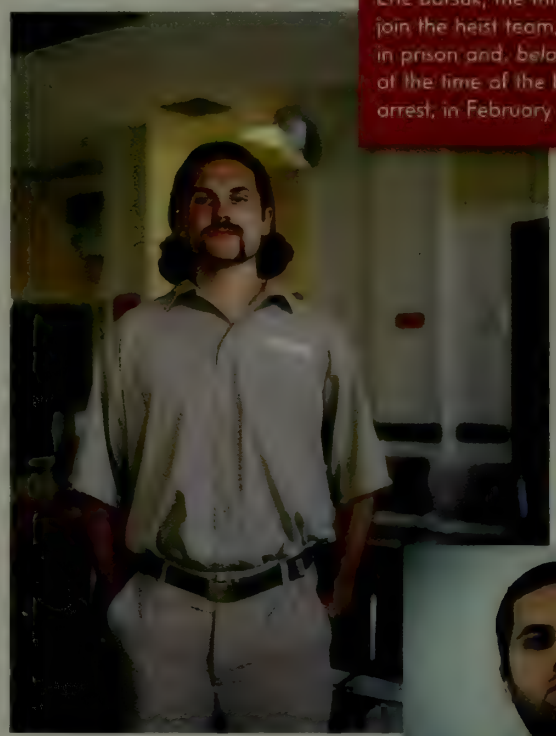
Because of the expense, only Warren made the trip, touching down at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport on a Saturday morning in early March 2004. He took a cab to Dam Square, an old hippie hangout in the center of the city he had read about on the Internet. He scored a joint before checking into "a hole-in-the-wall" and falling asleep.

The next morning, all nerves, he left for the meeting site, a café within walking distance. He was told to look for a bearded, heavyset man in a solid-blue sweater. When Warren arrived, he saw a man fitting that description seated with three other men. Undeterred, Warren introduced himself as Terry, firmly shaking hands before sitting down. Like Barry, the men were immediately put off by Warren's youth, and even more so by the fact that he hadn't brought any of the books with him to Amsterdam. He also didn't have photos, photocopies, documentation, or even the slightest ability to intelligently discuss the books. The meeting lasted no more than 15 minutes, but still, it was a turning point because the men explained to Warren a crucial step of selling rare books, stolen or otherwise: appraisal by a legitimate auction house.

"They were skeptical," Warren recalls.

got what we thought would be impossible . . . possibly taken care of," Spencer tells me. After researching auction houses online, Warren singled out Christie's in New York.

"I was kind of skeptical," continues Spencer, "but the way I rationalized it was: it's the biggest auction house. If we go in there they're not going to suspect that we stole these. Because no one would go to Christie's with stolen books to get them appraised—that's how we did a lot of stuff, like, we would smoke weed directly under the [security] camera on the Transy campus, park a car right underneath it and then smoke for like an hour. We figured the more obvious [we were], the less likely [we would be suspected]."





'STACHED AWAY
Eric Barsuk, the third to join the heist team, in prison and, below, at the time of the boys' arrest, in February 2005

"I WAS NERVOUS. I'M NOT GOING TO LIE. BECAUSE THIS IS SO MUCH BIGGER THAN ANYTHING WE'VE DONE BEFORE," ERIC SAYS.

As it was already nearing the end of the school year, and there was a lot of planning yet to be done, they agreed to postpone the theft until at least the fall. But even at that point, it became apparent that Warren and Spencer wouldn't be able to pull it off alone. "We're going to need more people," Warren remembers thinking. "Who do we trust?"

"Warren called me one night and he's like, 'We need to get together. We need to just get over this stuff,'" Eric tells me, explaining how Warren re-entered his life after their falling-out the previous semester. "So we ate at Pazzo's pizza pub. We had a few pitchers, feeling each other out. He's probably thinking I blamed him for [stealing] the money, which I never really did. And one thing led to another and we were just like, 'Let's put this behind us.' And once we get past all of that, we started talking about this plan that he and Spencer have.

"Warren was like, 'I've talked to these guys. I've met with them,'" Eric continues. "'They think we have [the books]. Now the hard part—we have to steal them.' I was nervous. I'm not going to lie. Because this is so much bigger than anything we've done before."

When summer break began, the three returned home to the subdivisions of South Lexington. Spencer received a commission to paint murals at a local school and kept up his soccer training, Eric started a lawn-care business with his friend Chas Allen, and Warren landed a job at a local day camp. The guys hung out together when they could, with Warren frequently conjuring up fantasies—through billowing clouds of marijuana smoke—of post-heist life for them in the Mediterranean, complete with sleek catamarans and topless women.

A Working Plan

Wedged in among the other houses on Beaumont Avenue, a quiet residential street near the U.K. campus, is a beaten-down yellow cinder-block bungalow, with two bedrooms on the second floor and two on the first. In the fall of 2004, Warren Lipka moved into the unfinished basement. At only $200 a month, the price was right, as Warren was broke after having shut down his and Spencer's fake-ID business and dropping out of U.K. for the semester to focus full-time on the heist. More important, the basement was secluded. Warren sectioned off a bedroom by hanging bedsheets from the rafters and furnished it with an old mattress and a tangerine easy chair he had picked up from Goodwill. Near the boiler he also jerry-rigged a greenhouse for growing marijuana. He topped off his new living quarters with the last of his worldly belongings: a large-screen television, a DVD player, and a Sony PlayStation. Eric rented a proper bedroom upstairs, while Spencer moved back into the dorms at Transylvania.

During a meeting in the basement, Warren convinced the other two that they were going to need a fourth, principally to help haul the nearly 250 pounds in Audubon folios out of the library. After a brief discussion they chose Chas Allen, a handsome, clean-cut U.K.

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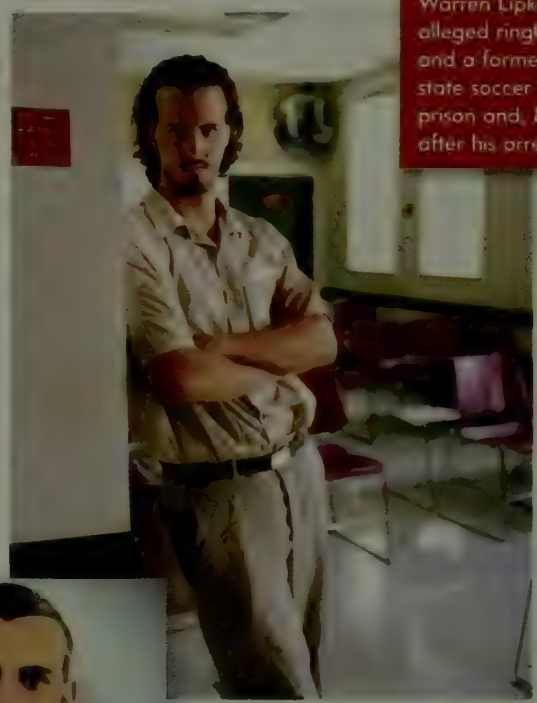
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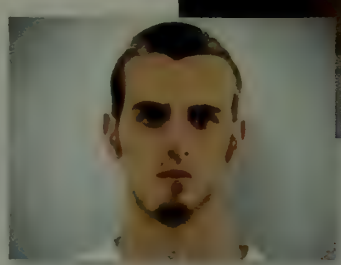
business major who had started the lawn-care company with Eric the previous summer. Chas not only lived in the yellow bungalow but also was a part owner of it with his father, a prominent Lexington real-estate investor.

When Eric let him in on the plan, Chas mocked the three as deluded potheads, he recalls. But after stewing in the magnitude of the potential dollar amount involved, and once convinced of the ease of the heist, the logic of the appraisal, and the legitimacy of Warren's Amsterdam connections, they say, he threw his lot in with the others.

In between soccer practice, classes, painting, and studying, Spencer drew detailed sketches of the inside of the Special Collections Library and the adjacent Rare Book Room, making several appointments with the Special Collections librarian, Betty Jean Gooch, to scout the premises. The others spent time in the library, too, taking notes on staff routines and viable escape routes. They surveyed the offices of the campus police. They climbed onto dorm roofs, where they'd stake out the library for hours at a time, marking down the comings and goings of teachers, students, and security personnel. They also did considerable research on the Internet, using such key terms as "auction house appraisals," "stun guns," and "Swiss bank accounts." For inspiration, they watched heist movies like *Ocean's 11* and *Snatch*.



LOCKED UP Warren Lipka, the alleged ringleader and a former all-state soccer star, in prison and, below, after his arrest.



Around Halloween, Warren drafted a working plan, which he presented to the other three in the basement. The day of the heist was to be Thursday, December 16, one of the last days of final exams—the library would be nearly empty. Warren, under an alias, would make an appointment with Gooch for that afternoon to view the books they wanted to steal.

The plan for the actual robbery sets out three distinct phases. Phase 1 begins at the bungalow when all four get into what Warren designated the G.T.A.V., or the "Go-to-and-Away-Vehicle," all disguised as old men. Phase 1 ends when the G.T.A.V. is parked in front of the library and the four "are in 1st Position at bottom of stairs of library."

Phase 2 involves the actual theft, and [illegible] be on lookout. (Be[illegible] student, he risked be[illegible] library.) Warren and [illegible] Book Room, on the third floor, and Warren "brings Gooch down hard and fast" with a stun gun, making her "a non-factor throughout the operation." Warren and Chas then let Eric in and they begin wrapping the Audubons in bedsheets and put any smaller books in backpacks. The three then take the staff-only elevator down to the bottom floor and escape out the west fire exit. Phase 2 ends when the "loot" is loaded into the G.T.A.V.

Phase 3 is the escape, which involves switching the G.T.A.V. for a second vehicle at a secret location, which, according to Warren's plan, "is used to transport team and loot to temporary resting place." After the heist, since it is certain that the stolen books will be entered into art-theft databases within a week, they have to get the books appraised at Christie's in New York immediately.

Lifting a technique straight from the film *Reservoir Dogs*, Warren assigned code names based on color: Mr. Green (Spencer), Mr. Yellow (Warren), and Mr. Black (Eric)—as in the film, emotions turned testy when he assigned Mr. Pink, in this case to Chas.

The reaction to the plan was generally positive—shortly after Thanksgiving, they moved forward.

Warren made an appraisal appointment at Christie's in New York for Walter Beckman, a pseudonym inspired by the soccer star David Beckham. He covered his tracks by using public phones and campus computers. Writing from walter.beckman@yahoo.com, Warren sent B. J. Gooch an e-mail confirming Beckman's December 16 appointment at the Rare Book Room to view the Audubons and a few other items.

"I know the collection is extensive and anything you think I might be interested in seeing, by all means, share," he wrote. Warren also ordered four stun guns over the Internet. Meanwhile, Eric lined up the G.T.A.V. from an unsuspecting friend and got his hands on zip ties, a wool cap, electrician's tape, and bedsheets. Spencer assembled a small wardrobe of fake beards, gray wigs, and costume glue. To have time to properly apply the disguises, he tried to reschedule his art-history final for later in the day on the 16th, but was unsuccessful. Warren called Gooch back to change Walter Beckman's appointment to three P.M.

On the morning of December 16, Warren's carefully scripted plan began to unravel almost immediately. Eric couldn't get hold of his friend's car, leaving Chas to borrow a Dodge Caravan his mother was fortuitously selling the next day, the boys say. The stun guns Warren had ordered never arrived, so he drove around town and returned with a Black Cobra Stun Pen, and had Spencer zap him and Eric to test its knockdown power. When they arrived on campus in the replacement G.T.A.V., they couldn't find a parking space anywhere near the library. Once the boys were inside the library, students stared at the ridiculous old-man disguises. (Spencer had had to do a rush job on them because his art-history final had run long.) They also noticed a group of people lingering in the Rare Book Room. After a quick powwow in the stacks, the conspirators decided to abort the mission for the time being and retreated to the bungalow.

By five P.M., Warren—as Beckman—was back on the phone with Gooch explaining that he had missed his appointment because he had been out of town on business. Gooch agreed to reschedule for 11 the next morning. According to the revised plan, they would ditch the old-man disguises and only Warren and Eric would enter the

ON THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 16, WARREN'S CAREFULLY SCRIPTED PLAN BEGAN TO UNRAVEL ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.



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library. Eric would stay on the main floor while Warren subdued Gooch in the Rare Book Room. Afterward, he was to call Eric up to haul the books in two trips to the G.T.A.V., which was to be driven by Chas.

Spencer would communicate with Warren from a cell phone, which Warren would steal from a student in the morning. The whole operation would have to be completed by 12:30 P.M., as the boys say Chas needed to return the Dodge Caravan to his mother in time for her to sell it, and Spencer and Eric had to get to their final exams in sociology and tennis, respectively. For added anonymity, Warren bleached his hair blond that night.

At 11 the next morning, Chas slipped the G.T.A.V. into a perfect parking space and watched as Eric and Warren entered the library. Warren went up to the third floor to meet Gooch, while Eric waited downstairs for him to call.

The Heist

"I get the call on the cell phone. [Warren's] like, 'Come on up,'" Eric remembers. "I'm expecting when I get up there it's going to be taken care of and I'm just going to start lifting books. That was the plan. When I get up there, B.J. opens the door for me and I'm just like, '*Holy shit.*' I quickly came up with some fake name and started walking in and I'm like, 'Oh, shit, this is gonna happen at any moment.' So while I'm shutting the doors I look back and Warren took her to the ground. And that's when I came up.... I took my zip ties and I put them around her feet and put them around her arms." It was about at that point that Gooch remembers Warren saying, "Quit struggling, B.J., or do you want to feel more pain?"

Once Warren had pulled the cap over Gooch's eyes, the two laid a bedsheet on the ground and began piling on the seven Audubon folios they intended to steal (the four-volume *Birds of America* plus three volumes from another Audubon series). The books were much heavier than the boys had projected, and the pair could handle only three at a time. They stuffed some of the smaller books Gooch had pulled out for them into their backpacks. With each taking one end of the Audubons, they made their way to the staff-only elevator.

"We told B.J. as we left we were going to make an anonymous phone call so they knew she was up here," Eric continues. "We felt bad."

Warren and Eric rode the elevator to the basement, but they couldn't find the fire exit. They went back up in the elevator, accidentally stopping on the main floor, where they were spotted by another librarian. "[This librarian] doesn't know what we're carrying, but she's like, 'Where did these kids come from?'" Eric says. "So we go back down to the bottom floor just to get away from her. I guess when we did that she went upstairs to check on B.J."

Realizing that the only way out was through the main floor, they took the elevator up once again and carried the books into a back stairwell that led to another exit. As they scooted down the stairs their arms gave out and they stopped to catch their breath.

LIFTING A TECHNIQUE STRAIGHT FROM THE FILM *RESERVOIR DOGS*, WARREN ASSIGNED CODE NAMES BASED ON COLOR.



Eric had propped the folios on the steps with his foot when the librarian appeared at the top of the stairs, beside herself with rage after finding Gooch hog-tied in the Rare Book Room. Eric dropped the books, and he and Warren made a run for it.

"I see Warren and Eric bust out of the back door," Spencer says, describing what he saw unfold from his lookout position. "They were 20 steps ahead [of the librarian]. Chas backs up [the van] and almost hits the woman as Eric comes around to the door. Warren had run up the side of the hill and frantically ran off. And Eric calls to him. And so I see Warren go back.... They jump in the van and peel out around the loop."

Chas turned the G.T.A.V. onto nearby Fourth Street and careened through traffic before stopping a mile farther on, in front of a predominantly black housing project. Improvising on the plan, he kicked Eric and Warren out on the street, believing three men in a gray minivan would draw too much attention. Chas promised to return to pick them up in another car after dropping the minivan off at his mom's house.

Warren and Eric got out of the G.T.A.V. believing that they had escaped with next to nothing. In fact, wedged in their backpacks was nearly three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of books and manuscripts: an 1859 first edition of Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection* ($25,000), an illuminated manuscript from 1425 ($200,000), a set of the two-volume 15th-century horticultural masterpiece entitled *Hortus Sanitatis* ($450,000), 20 original Audubon pencil drawings ($50,000), and Audubon's *A Synopsis of the Birds of North America* ($10,000).

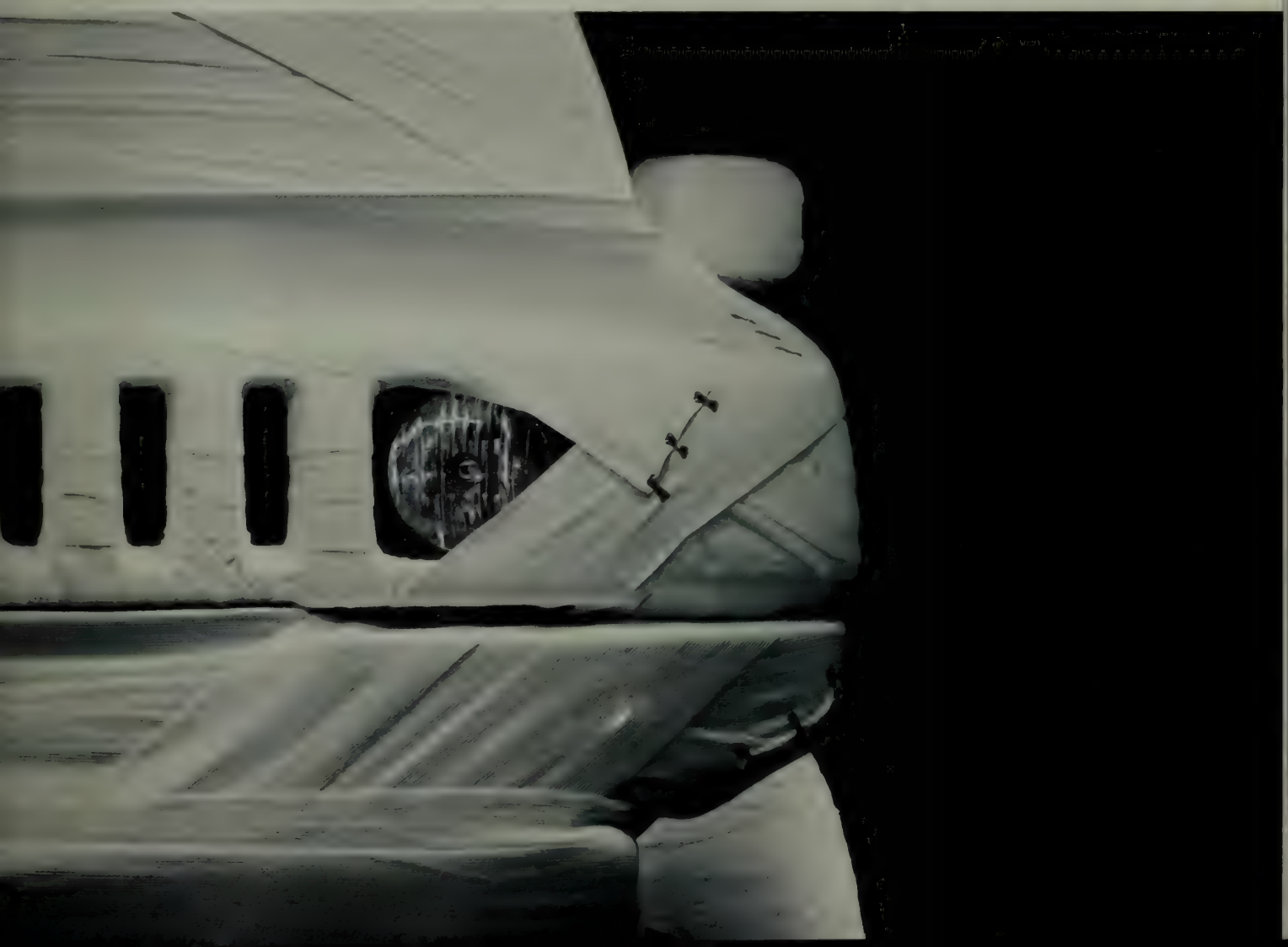
The two boys sought cover from the cops in the sprawling grounds of the housing projects. But before long they were put to chase once again, this time by two local thugs. Frightened and alone in an unfriendly neighborhood and weighed down with priceless books, Warren and Eric barreled down the street, frantically trying to hail a police cruiser to rescue them. As they ran, they stumbled again into Chas, who had returned in another car as promised, just in time to save them and drive Eric to U.K. for his tennis-class exam. "It was only a tennis final," Eric says, "but that final that day was actually harder than I thought it was going to be. It had some tennis trivia in there that I wasn't expecting."

Back at Warren's later that afternoon, the boys were transfixed by local coverage of the "Transy Book Heist." According to the news, it appeared that neither Gooch nor anyone else was able to provide the police with an accurate description of the boys. (The librarian who chased them out of the library did tell police the correct total of four thieves, even though she had seen only three.) A witness had written down a license-plate number, but it was way off. They tried to come up with some link the cops could make between them and the theft, but they couldn't. In the early evening, they say they smoked some celebratory "Kentucky Bluegrass" weed they had stashed away for the occasion.

Having told their parents that they were going on a ski trip to West Virginia, that weekend they loaded the loot into Eric's Ford Explorer and took off on the 12-hour drive to New York for their Christie's appointment. Along the way a stoned Spencer read aloud from the purloined first edition of *On the Origin of Species,* particularly fascinated by the section on how the ears of domesticated animals have drooped over generations "due to the disuse of the muscles of the ear from the animals not being much alarmed by danger."

Road Trip

The crew arrived in New York City early Sunday morning. They had reserved a room in the same Midtown Hilton that Spencer and Warren had stayed in nearly a year earlier. That night they had dinner at a Japanese restaurant, followed by drinks at the hotel bar, where Warren chummed up to an Iraq veteran, Spencer almost started



a brawl after knocking a table full of drinks over, and Eric picked up a middle-aged Brazilian tourist. Warren and Chas left the other two and staggered to the nearby China Club, a tacky West Side nightclub, which they knew about from the famous "Rick James" episode of *Chappelle's Show*.

The next day, they worked off their hangovers by checking out Ground Zero before strolling into the bustle of Chinatown for lunch. That afternoon they worked their way back uptown, to scope out Christie's steel-and-glass headquarters before their Tuesday appointment. Afterward, they returned to the Hilton for an early night.

It had been agreed that Warren, with his smooth talk, and Spencer, with his artistic knowledge, would go to the meeting. The other two would wait around the block in the S.U.V.

Warren and Spencer readied themselves early without waking the others, silently showering, shaving, and putting the finishing touches on their outfits. Dressed for success in a tailored dark-blue suit his parents had bought for special occasions and future job interviews, Warren cultivated the young-conservative look, using a Windsor knot on his red tie and giving his wing tips a last-minute buff. Spencer assembled his outfit with even greater care. Starting with a 1970s Pierre Cardin canary-yellow blazer that had belonged to his grandfather, he wore a dress shirt with an ostentatiously large collar and a gold silk scarf. For footwear he went with clean white sneakers.

Eric and Chas dropped Warren and Spencer off around the corner from Christie's. As a precautionary measure, they left the books in the car. A uniformed doorman cheerily welcomed both boys into the lobby, where they informed reception that they were there for Mr. Walter Beckman's appointment with Thomas Leckey, Christie's rare-book specialist. After a short wait, a young Christie's employee, Melanie Halloran, came out to apologize, as Mr. Leckey, due to an impending public auction, would be unable to see them. She offered to take his place. The boys readily agreed, and she escorted them through the offices to a small conference room.

Warren introduced himself as Mr. Williams. Spencer called himself Mr. Stephens. As they took their seats in the conference room, Warren explained that he and Mr. Stephens "are the sole representatives of Walter Beckman," whom he described as "a very private individual from Boston" who had recently inherited several valuable rare books and manuscripts. Mr. Beckman now wanted these books appraised. When Halloran inquired about them, Spencer spoke up and offered to fetch them from the car. Returning five minutes later with a rolling red suitcase in tow, Spencer opened it on the conference table. Inside were the books, wrapped in sheets and pillowcases. As she inspected the items, Halloran dutifully took notes, then asked a few questions regarding their provenance, which Spencer answered as best he could under the circumstances. The meeting ended after 30 minutes, and

BACK AT WARREN'S THAT AFTERNOON, THE BOYS WERE TRANSFIXED BY LOCAL COVERAGE OF THE "TRANSY BOOK HEIST."



Ms. Halloran escorted the two out, assuring them that she'd be in touch after conferring with her superiors on the best way forward. When she asked for contact information, Spencer gave her his cell-phone number.

Afterward, Warren and Spencer briefed the others, and the four went to lunch, where, the boys say, Chas insisted they spend another night in New York and attempt to see Mr. Leckey the next day.

In the morning, Warren says, he left two messages with Leckey's secretary and two more that afternoon. No response. That night Chas snapped, they say, fearing the Christie's book appraisal—the Jesus bolt holding Warren's entire heist plan together—was in danger of falling through. Chas cursed Warren as an incompetent, and condemned the other two as burnouts, demanding that the three figure out a way to get the books appraised so they could move on to the next phase of the plan. They simply ignored him, and the four returned to Lexington. (Throughout the interviews with the three, it became clear that Chas was the odd man out among the group. During our interview Eric told me, "He was like just a weight on us. He was just so unbearable. He thought he was much better than everybody else, and he got to the point where he wasn't like us. Us three, we were much thicker than he was.") And what Chas likely didn't know was that, for Warren, Eric, and Spencer, the actual appraisal and sale of the stolen books had become irrelevant to the mission.

Endgame

In the weeks following the book heist, law enforcement followed leads at Transy and reviewed countless hours of security footage from the U.K. computer lab, to which a police technician had traced the e-mail from Walter Beckman to Gooch. Nothing panned out until mid-January, when, following a federal subpoena, Yahoo delivered all the data on its servers related to the walter.beckman@yahoo.com address. Buried in the files was a series of e-mails to Christie's in New York. The F.B.I. sent a team to interview Melanie Halloran, who told the agents about her meeting with Mr. Stephens and Mr. Williams.

She described one of the young men as about six feet tall, with bleached-blond hair, well dressed in a nice suit, and very talkative. The other was short and quiet, wearing a yellow jacket two sizes too large and a matching scarf. "He looked like he was dressed from a thrift store," Halloran told the agents. She also said that she was so suspicious and put off by the young men's youth and demeanor that she had recommended to her boss that they not pursue the business.

After the Halloran interview the F.B.I. received two additional pieces of evidence from Christie's: security-camera footage of the meeting and a cell-phone number the men had left behind. The phone number was registered to a Gary Reinhard of Lexington, Kentucky. When an agent called, he got a voice-mail recording, "This is Spence. Leave a message." A Google search of Spencer Reinhard brought up numerous hits for soccer in the Lexington area. Among them was the 2002 photo from the *Lexington Herald-Leader* of Spencer and Warren playing soccer. Both boys were spitting images of Mr. Stephens and Mr. Williams.

In early February 2005, the F.B.I. and Lexington police put the pair under surveillance. A female detective went undercover as a Transy student, tailing Spencer while a team staked out the yellow bungalow. It didn't take long to tie in Eric and Chas.

By that point Warren, Eric, and Spencer knew for certain they were going down. Warren had been convinced after spotting a suspicious man loitering near the yellow bungalow—when he stepped outside, the man disappeared into an unmarked white van with tinted windows and sped off. One evening it occurred to Spencer that they had used the Walter Beckman Yahoo account to contact both Christie's and Gooch.

Waiting for the law to snatch them was nerve-racking, but they went on with their lives as if nothing had been amiss. Spencer



continued with his heavy schedule of classes, studying, painting, and working out, while Warren returned full-time to U.K. With the pressure mounting, however, Warren was caught shoplifting a TV dinner from a local supermarket, Eric was arrested and charged with D.U.I.—police pulled him over not only for running red lights but also because Warren was on top of the car, hanging on to the roof rack—and Spencer crashed his Acura Legend. Just days before their arrests the three even took in a movie: *Ocean's 12*.

"It was just funny because we've been in a lot of places that they've been," Eric says. "Like, they were doing something serious, talking about the heist, going over the plan, and somebody would make a joke. So we would see parts like that and we would be 'Oh, this is just like us.'" Little did the three know that F.B.I. agents were sitting behind them the whole time, listening to their every word.

The investigation of the Transy Book Heist came to an explosive end on the morning of February 11, 2005, as a SWAT unit broke down the front door of the yellow bungalow with a battering ram, blasting stun grenades throughout the building. A 20-man task force of Lexington police and F.B.I. agents poured in over the wreckage. The ground floor quickly filled with shouting cops, screaming young women, and a few dazed men in boxer shorts. On the second-floor landing, Chas, in high-end flannel pajamas and thinking they were being robbed, pulled out a derringer, only to drop the weapon at the last moment.



"Oh, yeah, he almost got shot," says Eric, laughing. "I was surprised he didn't."

Cops entered the basement, a dank pit reeking of marijuana, and found Warren sprawled out on a mattress. He was whisked into a squad car. In a duffel bag by his bed an F.B.I. agent discovered the stolen books, all undamaged, as well as the five-page typed plan for the heist, an accounting ledger, wigs, instructions for opening a Swiss bank account, and stun guns, which had apparently arrived after the robbery.

Spencer was arrested in a simultaneous raid on his dorm room at Transy. All four were brought to Lexington police headquarters and individually interrogated by F.B.I. and police detectives. [illegible] Interstate [illegible] during their sentencing hearing, in December 2005, the federal prosecutor asked for 11 to 14 years each for Eric, Chas, and Spencer, and 14 to 17 years for Warren, deeming him the leader, organizer, and recruiter. The severity of the requested sentences was predicated on the dual propositions that, although the Audubon volumes had never been physically removed from the library, according to the letter of the law they were nonetheless *stolen*—increasing the monetary value of the crime—and that the Black Cobra Stun Pen used to subdue B. J. Gooch not only inflicted "physical harm" but was in actuality "a dangerous weapon." Worse still for the defendants, B. J. Gooch's ordeal had become a cause célèbre among librarians, many of whom wrote letters to the judge arguing against leniency.



CON ARTIST Spencer Reinhard, a talented painter and the only Transylvania student in the crew, in prison and, below, in his mug shot

Before rendering her decision, the judge made preliminary findings that each of the boys was equally culpable, that the value of the books stolen would include only those physically removed from the building, and although Gooch suffered no "bodily injury," the stun pen was in fact a dangerous weapon. Because the boys made the highly unusual decision not to accept the prosecutor's offer to testify against one another during sentencing [illegible] exchange for leniency, they were each sen[illegible]nced to identical seven-year terms. In early [illegible]06, they began serving their sentences in fed[illegible]eral pri[illegible]on, with no possibility for parole. "[illegible]ruth is, but for one obvious, big mistake"—the trip to Christie's—"they probably would have gotten away with it," a Lexington police detective told me.

"THE TRUTH IS, BUT FOR ONE BIG MISTAKE, THEY PROBABLY WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT," AN L.P.D. DETECTIVE SAYS.

Escape Plan

Aside from harming B. J. Gooch, Spencer, Warren, and Eric maintain that they have no regrets. In fact, they all tell me that as the planning picked up in the months before the heist, the three of them came to believe that it was their best and perhaps last chance to create a viable life for themselves after college. Only by committing a felony could they ensure that they would never end up living back in the sterile, suburban world of the subdivisions. As far as they could see, there were only two ways out: either getting away with the crime or getting arrested for it.

"We did the robbery as a way to escape," Eric says. "I think we all knew that we wanted something different, and we had to break away from where we were living. If we got away with it, we'd be in Europe living this crazy life thinking we were *Ocean's 11* types. If not, we were going to get caught and it was going to be a crazy story."

"And now that we've diverted from that path, we feel liberated," Warren tells me, waving his arms around the room. "We can never go back if we wanted to—I would rather have not been busted, but all I can say is it feels right in here, and before, in college, it just never did."

"I remember talking to Eric and Warren one day and I was like, 'So what, they're going to put us in jail,'" says Spencer. We spoke about his paintings, especially *A Plan to Fail*. He loved that it had been made the screen saver on the F.B.I.'s computers. "You know, most people look at that painting as if it was a plan *destined* to fail, but at the same time, we were *planning to fail*."

"In a few years we'll be released. We'll all be . . . still young," Warren says. "We will be stronger, better, wiser for going through this together, the three of us. Before, in college, growing up, we were being funneled into this mundane, nickel-and-dime existence. Now we can't ever go back there. Even if we wanted to, they won't let us. That was the point all along. See, we have no choice now but to create something new, someplace else. Believe me, you haven't heard the last of us yet." □


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WHEN SPANISH EYES AR SMILING

The actor, photographed recently in Toronto.

BARDEM CODE

Robert De Niro made him do it. Become an actor, that is. Javier Bardem, 38, first thought his place might be in front of the camera after seeing *Raging Bull* when he was a child. The Canary Islands–born Bardem comes from a filmmaking family—his uncle did jail time for directing anti-Fascist films in Franco-era Spain—but when Bardem saw De Niro's performance, he couldn't tell if he was watching an actor or a real boxer. He said to [illegible]lf, How beautiful that is to really become somebody else. Bar[illegible]ant to be a performer, but he thought, If I would be [illegible]be that actor.

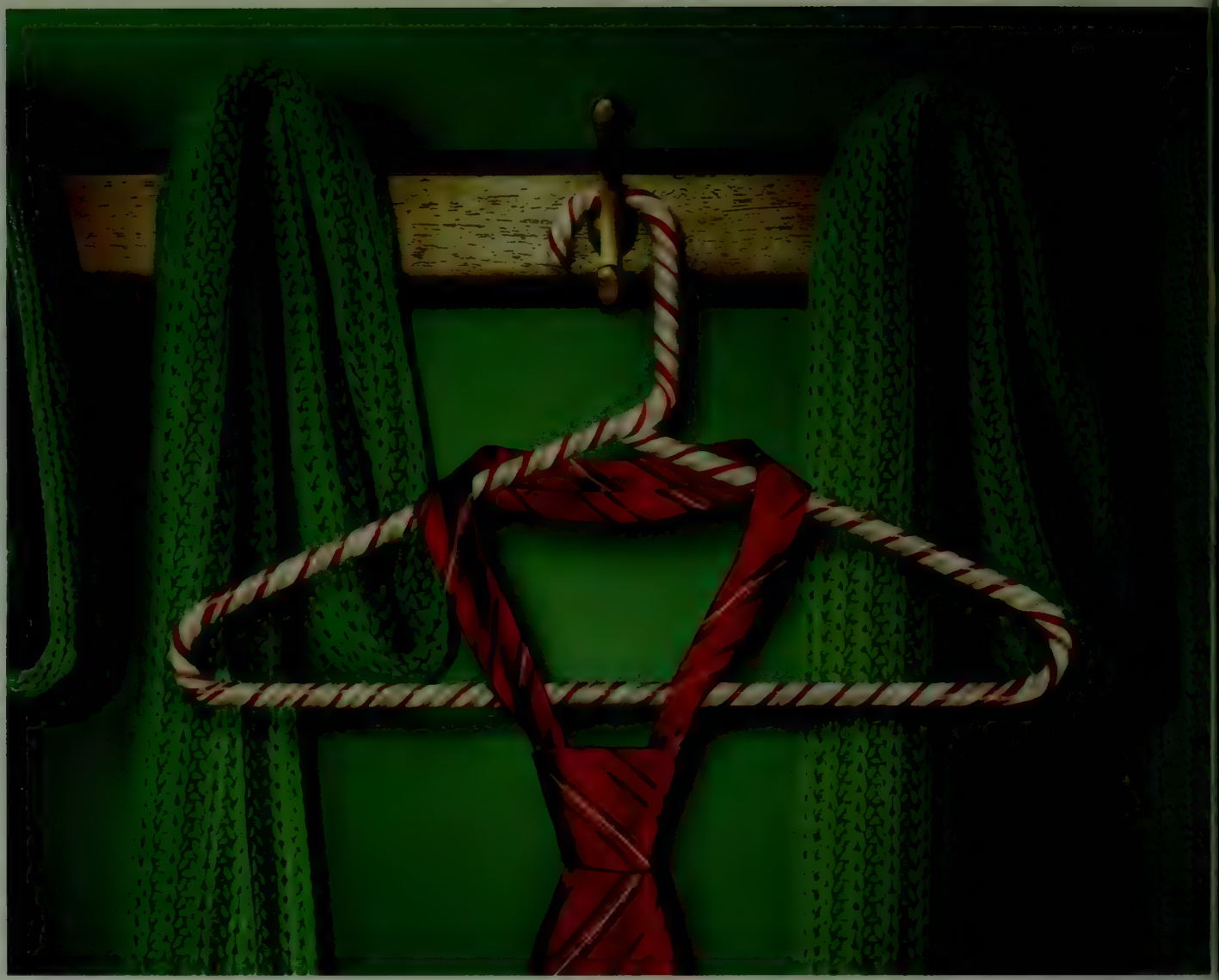
[illegible] with a 2001 Oscar nomination for [illegible]'s *Before Night Falls,* he is becom[illegible]ough-hewn, brawny rising star [illegible]'s played rugby and worked [illegible]Marlon Brando, though Anthony Quinn might be more apt) has two new films out this fall: the eagerly awaited *No Country for Old Men,* made by the Coen brothers and based on Cormac McCarthy's pared-down, page-turning impression of Elmore Leonard; and Mike Newell's *Love in the Time of Cholera,* from Gabriel García Márquez's exquisite novel. Going forward, the actor has just finished a new picture with Woody Allen, which co-stars his friend Penélope Cruz; the two actors are in talks about re-upping together for the musical *Nine,* the first Rob Marshall–Harvey Weinstein pairing since *Chicago.*

Bardem plays a sociopathic killer in *No Country for Old Men.* "Since *Blood Simple,* the Coens have been special to me," he says, recalling their first film, released in 1984. But when he met them to discuss the new movie, he told them he was wrong for the part. "I don't drive, I don't speak English, and I hate violence," he said. The brothers laughed, and one or the other replied, "Maybe that's the reason we want you."

—PETER BISKIND

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE


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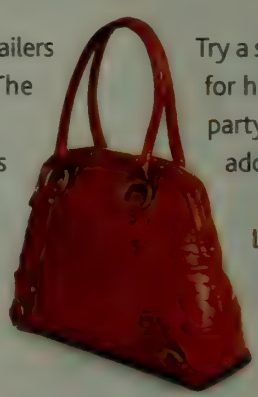


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Try a sweater dress for her and an argyle or striped sweater for him. For a night out, she should slip on a shimmering party dress while he sports a tailored suit or velvet blazer," adds Lloyd.

The number one rule for any holiday outfit is versatility. Lloyd's advice: "Accessories are key when dressing up a look that can take you from day to evening. Keep a pair of heels or a tie at the office, then you'll be ready at a moment's notice to hit the town."



LIFE TAKES VISA



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Share the Gift of Color





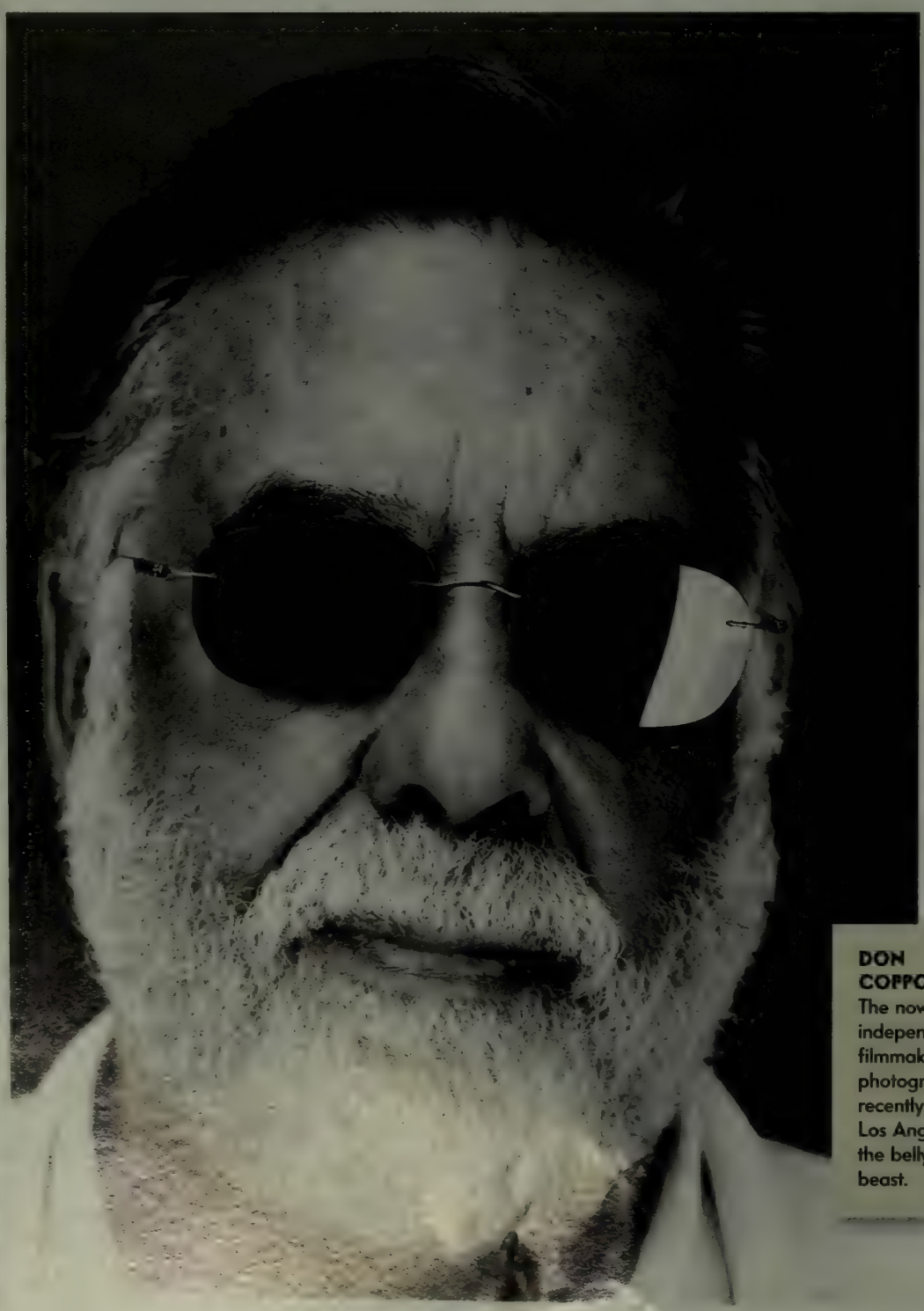
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THE LIBERATION OF FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA

The Coppola with the hot new movie isn't Sofia. Thanks to his wine-food-and-resort empire, Francis Ford Coppola has finally freed himself from Hollywood, directing his first film in a decade–*Youth Without Youth*–completely on his own terms

BY BRUCE HANDY



DON COPPOLA The now independent filmmaker, photographed recently in Los Angeles—the belly of the beast.

PHC Y ROBERT MAXWELL

Visiting Francis Ford Coppola one day this summer on his impossibly picturesque 1,650-acre estate in the Napa Valley, where 235 of those acres are planted with grapevines whose fruit was ripening in the noontime sun—the morning fog had just started to burn off—I couldn't help thinking that Orson Welles should have made wine, too. He only got as far as shilling for it in those corny old Paul Masson commercials that were endlessly parodied in the late 70s and early 80s. (Oleaginous basso voice: "What Paul Masson said nearly a century ago is still true today: We will sell no wine before its time.") Welles died in 1985 at the age of 70. He spent his last decades scrounging for money to complete unfinished films, scrounging for more money to initiate new ones, and debasing his talent by acting in god-awful movies, TV shows, and commercials—shortly before his death he provided the voice for Unicron in the original, 1986 *Transformers* movie—in order to keep his head above water. This was not the ending anyone aside from William Randolph Hearst would have wished on him. Coppola, for his part, is now 68. It seems fair to say that he is one of the few American film directors who can match Welles both for talent and for showmanship—for sheer cinematic nerve. Like Welles, he is also no stranger to grandiosity, bunkum, overreach, self-immolation, and red ink. Unlike Welles, and thanks in no small part to those vineyards, his story looks to have a happier dénouement.

This December, Coppola will release his

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first film as a director in 10 years: *Youth Without Youth,* a romantic parable with a strong metaphysical bent. It will almost certainly prove to be the strangest mainstream movie of the year, with a narrative that dances along the sometimes slippery borders between waking and dreaming, reality and imagination, being and not being—the parameters of that slippery thing we call human consciousness. If that's not theme enough, the film also bats around notions having to do with time and language. Plus Nazis. If it sounds Eastern European, it is: Coppola adapted the film from a Romanian novella and shot it in Romania and Bulgaria, in English, with a largely Romanian cast and crew. The protagonist—a 70-year-old professor at the end of a bitter life who becomes 35 again after being hit by lightning—is played by the gifted but not exactly bankable English actor Tim Roth. His co-star, as the woman whom the professor loved in his youth and whom he meets in a different incarnation in his second youth, is the Romanian actress Alexandra Maria Lara, who played Hitler's secretary in the 2004 German film *Downfall.* Matt Damon is in one scene as an American spy. Bruno Ganz, who 20 years ago starred as the angel in Wim Wenders's *Wings of Desire,* may be the only other cast member known to a measurable number of Americans.

Coppola has made a defiantly old-fashioned movie in the sense that it would probably have found a larger audience if it had come out alongside *Blow-Up* in 1966, when serious people would have argued about its meaning. Maybe they will in 2007, too, but maybe they'll just shrug, or simply not go. I've seen the movie twice and am still not entirely sure what to make of it. The philosophical stuff is a hash (at least to me; I'm no better with metaphysics than I am with regular physics), but the less heady parts of the story are moving, exploring as they do questions of work and love, aging and loss. The film as a whole unfolds with a feverish yet precise urgency—the work of a master. It's as if the Coppola who made the first two *Godfather* films, with their exquisite sense of control, somehow merged with the Coppola who rode the crazy last third of *Apocalypse Now* like a rodeo cowboy on a bucking bronco, hanging on for dear life as Marlon Brando lay around in the shadows spouting Eliot and swatting at flies. Coppola says *Youth Without Youth* is exactly the film he wanted to make, and it must be; it betrays not a molecule of commercial calculation, and for that it's heroic.

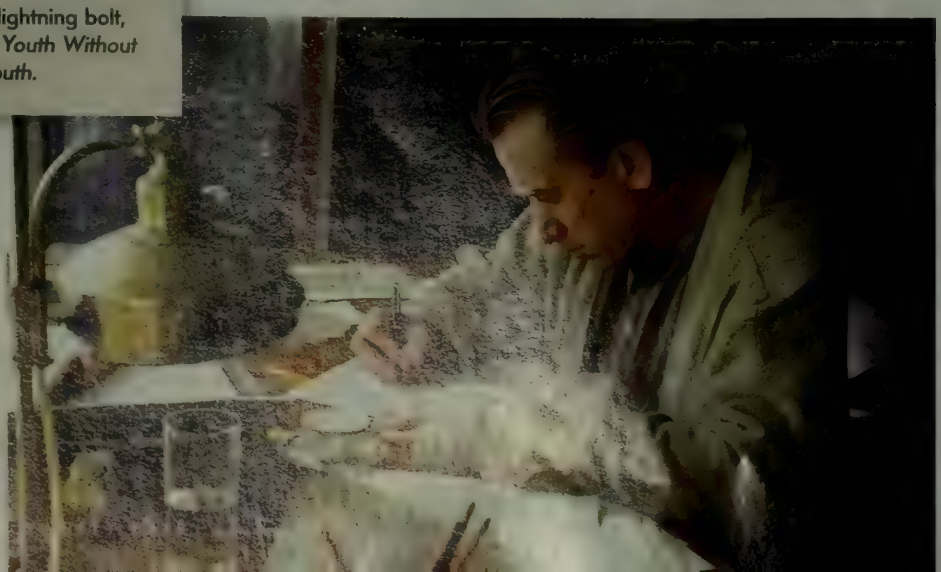
Financial independence from Hollywood—that's what a private company with half a billion dollars in revenue last year (Coppola's figure), built on wine, but also including cigars, a line of prepared foods, two restaurants, and three Central American resorts, will buy you. The director, taking profits from his various enterprises, financed the movie himself, underwriting a budget somewhere south of $20 million—the cap, Coppola says, on what he can afford to spend, and theoretically lose, on a film. He got a little help by pre-selling the film to distributors in Italy and France. Still, this is a significant accomplishment for a man who is quoted in Peter Biskind's book *Easy Riders, Raging Bulls* saying, "It takes no imagination to live within your means." Perhaps anyone who has ever picked up a bottle of one of Coppola's popular Diamond Collection wines—claret, Syrah-Shiraz, Malbec, Merlot, Zinfandel, Pinot Noir, Chardonnay, or Sauvignon Blanc—should be considered an executive producer of *Youth Without Youth.*

"I'm no longer dependent on the movie business to make a living. So if I want to make movies as other old guys would play golf, I can," Coppola told me, as though an eight-figure greens fee weren't pretty steep. We were speaking on the porch of his office, a small bungalow looking out over the grapes. Dressed with disheveled flair, he wore a white linen suit, rumpled, a bright-yellow shirt, untucked, and bright-orange-red socks. He smoked one of his own cigars, a thin one (like the kind Clint Eastwood used to clench between his teeth in spaghetti Westerns), named for his father, Carmine. (They're called Carmine Thriftys; you can buy them online in packs of five for $5. The side of the box reads, STEAL FROM THE BEST.) Clearly, whatever professional storms Coppola has weathered, whatever personal tragedies he's survived (including the accidental death, in 1986, of his son Gian-Carlo), he knows how to live. In his expansive, padrone-like splendor, he puts me vaguely in mind of the Sicilian Mafia don from *The Godfather Part II,* the one that Robert De Niro's young Vito Corleone guts in the revenge killing that climaxes the prequel half of the film.

YOUTH WITHOUT YOUTH WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY PROVE TO BE THE STRANGEST MAINSTREAM MOVIE OF THE YEAR.

One thing students of Coppola's oeuvre will remark about *Youth Without Youth* is its fairly erotic sex scene—a rarity from a director whose films have been relatively chaste, though many moviegoers well remember Sonny Corleone's wedding-day tryst in *The Godfather.* "My films are not known for steamy-hot sex scenes," Coppola admitted when I brought up this deficit. "Part of the reason is that I'm too shy to ask the girl to do it. You know, even in *Dracula*"—his 1992 film—"when there was supposed to be these really erotic scenes, we'd make the deals with these girls and say, 'O.K., you're going to be naked in it,' and they'd agree. And then, on the day, she's in there and she's too shy. She says her boyfriend's going to be upset. My son Roman was shooting second unit, and I say, 'Roman, you go tell her she's got to take her clothes off.' And he says, 'I'm not going to do it. Let the assistant director do it.' It's always uncomfortable, and I always end up pulling back."

Coppola has been less sheepish about trying to claw his way free from Hollywood. In 1969, before he'd even had a big commercial success, he moved his family to San Francisco from Los Angeles, where he'd gone to film school at U.C.L.A. and



BUT DID HE KEEP HIS TENURE? Tim Roth as a 70-year-old professor turned 35, thanks to a lightning bolt, in *Youth Without Youth.*

made his first three movies. He founded his film company, American Zoetrope, at the same time, but it was only recently, after years of taking a battering ram to the system, and sometimes getting battered back, that he finally won his independence, albeit through a side door. He had been looking for a weekend house in Napa in the mid-70s when, in typical Coppola fashion, his eyes got big and he ended up buying the lion's share of the original Inglenook winery, one of the oldest in the valley and once one of the most fabled. (The 1941 Inglenook Cabernet is widely judged one of the greatest California wines ever vinted; last year, according to *Food and Wine,* Coppola bought a bottle at auction for $24,675 and drank it with friends.) In the beginning he was in the wine-making only for fun, inspired by his immigrant grandparents, who made wine in their basement. But after buying the rest of the Inglenook vineyard in 1995, he ramped up production to the point where his company is now the 12th-biggest wine producer in the country, by volume, with two wineries—the second is in Sonoma—and a dizzying array of vintages from high-end to cheap but potable. "I don't consider myself a winemaker," Coppola told me. "I'm involved in all of it, but more like a movie director. I mean, even though as a movie director I'm very involved in the music, I don't pretend to call myself a composer."

To hear him describe it, Coppola made *Youth Without Youth* almost on the sly. He claims he didn't tell many of his friends or associates, or even Eleanor, his wife of 44 years, much about the film until he was well into pre-production: on his first scouting trips to Romania, he took along only his teenage granddaughter, Gia. "And the fact that I financed it myself," he said, "meant I didn't have to go to some guy and say, 'Oh, would you read my script?' And have him say, 'Well, if you can get Brad Pitt to do it . . .' And then you have to deal with Brad Pitt, and he has to read it. Some of these guys—Brad Pitt and Leonardo DiCaprio—they're very nice and very intelligent. But, ultimately, they know what's good for their careers. Leo once told me, 'Well, I have to be the guy that the movie's about.' Of course, he's totally right. And he's a very nice person. But you know what I'm saying?" Coppola's pleasure in having run his own ship was palpable: he seemed as proud of having made the film modestly and efficiently as he was of the thing itself.

"I think the idea of self-financing is always a good thing for him," says Tim Roth. "There's nobody looking over his shoulder, telling him when to stop and when to start, or where the story can go or how it should change, and so on. It's just him. If film is a director's medium, *Youth Without Youth* was a good example of that."

But what independence really means isn't just the ability to make a film free from interference—Look, Ma, no marketing V.P.'s—but the ability to make the next film as well, even if the current one crashes and burns at the box office; it's the specter of the unmade films, more than failure per se, that seems to haunt directors. "Most filmmakers can't afford to try something out that doesn't work," Coppola said. "Or maybe when they're riding really high they can, but then they get a couple of other tries, and then you hear, 'Well, I'm going to direct a thing for Home Box Office.'"

Coppola's riding-high years lasted a good decade, beginning with the first *Godfather* film, released in 1972, which established him as the leading light of the so-called movie-brat generation that revitalized American movies in the 1970s. He played big brother and head cheerleader to a group of friends and fellow filmmakers that included George Lucas, Steven Spielberg, Martin Scorsese, and Brian De Palma. He was the most acclaimed of his peers, pulling off the unprecedented trick of competing against himself at the 1974 Academy Awards as a writer-director-producer of two best-picture nominees, *The Godfather Part II,* which won, and *The Conversation.* With the first *Godfather* he was the most successful at the box office too, until Spielberg and Lucas invented the modern blockbuster with *Jaws* and *Star Wars.* Across 1977 and '78 he flirted with financial disaster, and possibly mental illness, making *Apocalypse Now,* a film plagued by a famously difficult shoot, which included a set-destroying typhoon and an overweight, unprepared Brando—"a nightmare every day," as Coppola puts it. (Those nightmares are on vivid display in Eleanor Coppola's home-movie footage as seen in the documentary *Hearts of Darkness.*) He survived when the film, two-thirds a masterpiece, was a hit, only to lose his next gamble, which saw him buying his own movie studio, an actual, physical Hollywood lot. In the role of bearded showbiz prophet, he was planning on leading the digital revolution 15 years ahead of schedule, but before he could do that he went ruinously overbudget on his subsequent film, the experimental musical *One from the Heart,* which proved to be the most resounding flop of his career when it was released, in 1982. He soon declared bankruptcy and sold the studio, but was left with a $25 million debt hanging over his head.

These were his years to flirt with late-period Orson Welles. He went on to make a few more passion projects—including *The Outsiders* and *Rumble Fish,* both adapted from S. E. Hinton's young-adult novels, and both released in 1983—but spent most of the next 15 years working off that $25 million debt, peddling himself as a gun for hire on films that seemed more commercially than artistically ambitious, among them *Peggy Sue Got Married* (1986), *Bram Stoker's Dracula* (1992), and *John Grisham's The Rainmaker* (1997). These films had their virtues, especially in terms of craftsmanship; Coppola has never been a hack. Said virtues are maybe more visible in hindsight, however, because at the time these films left people wondering what the hell they were doing being made by Francis Ford Coppola. His great 70s films had managed to foreground vivid personal dramas against backdrops teeming with political, historical, and societal import—they told great stories and they said something about America (Topic A in the 70s). Coppola directing *Jack* (1995), a sentimental comedy in which Robin Williams plays a 10-year-old with an aging disease who has the body of a 40-year-old (in this case a very hairy one), was like Goya dashing off a clown painting, although to Coppola's credit he coaxed as restrained a performance as possible from Williams, given the deep vein of pathos they were mining. It was a too small victory. "The best thing you can say these days about the five-time Academy Award winner," the *Los Angeles Times* said of Coppola, reviewing *Jack* and echoing the critical consensus, "is that he turns out a fine bottle of wine."

"IF I WANT TO MAKE MOVIES AS OTHER OLD GUYS WOULD PLAY GOLF, I CAN."

"Other, less resilient people, I think that would have broken them," says Walter Murch, the legendary film editor and sound designer, who is a longtime friend of Coppola's and a frequent collaborator (including on the new film), speaking of this period in the director's life. There are probably a half-million people in Southern California, resilient or not, who would give their left arms to become Hollywood journeymen, but that wasn't the original promise of Coppola and his generation.

Coppola himself was both disarmingly frank and a touch defensive on the subject: "That's being a prostitute, in a way, when you're making films as a job. Someone says, 'Well, you know, I've got a payment of $3 million this October. I have expenses. I have children. I have to get that job.' Think of how many people are in that



INDEPENDENCE DAY
Coppola on the Romanian set of *Youth Without Youth*, which he financed himself.

position—especially when they have more than one wife. But if I were a prostitute, I would only spend the night with someone I could find something to fall in love with. And that's what I always did. I can't say that I ever made any film—that was successful, or unsuccessful, or damned—that I didn't try to find *something* that I loved about it." He took on *Jack*, he said, because he wanted to work with Robin Williams, whom he considered a genius. He wrote and directed *The Rainmaker* as an exercise to "learn the magic of Grisham."

The decade between *The Rainmaker* and *Youth Without Youth* wasn't a vacation. Aside from tending to his various business concerns, Coppola released expanded versions of *Apocalypse Now* and *The Outsiders*, both of which improved on the originals; mulled a takeover of United Artists (friends and colleagues were peppered with e-mails asking, "Who should I get to run UA?"); kicked around the idea of a *Godfather Part IV* before it was nixed by Sumner Redstone's Paramount; co-wrote a musical workshop based on the original *Gidget* novel and staged it with a cast of non-professional Orange County teenagers; and was responsible as an executive producer for an impressive slate of films that included Robert Duvall's *Assassination Tango* (2002), Bill Condon's *Kinsey* (2004), and the three features to date written and directed by his daughter Sofia, who took on the mantle of "the Coppola [illegible] and who [illegible] *Lost*

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lis, Coppola toyed with the idea of quitting directing altogether, telling friends—none of whom believed him—"Oh, I'm done with it. You know, I love making wine. I get to sit out in the sun. People come by. I can enjoy my family." I put the question to him with a slightly different spin. Was he ever afraid he'd never make another film? "I wasn't afraid, because I was trained in the Roger Corman school. I mean, I could make a movie with $20,000. I was more worried about what my place was." It's the legacy issue, as George W. Bush knows all too well.

What have you done with your life? That's a question that haunts many of Coppola's films from the past 20 years, prostituted or not. Think of Michael Corleone trying to atone for his sins and cleanse the family name in *The Godfather Part III* (1990). Or the title character in *Jack,* who has to figure out how to make the most of his foreshortened life. *Peggy Sue Got Married*—in which Kathleen Turner magically gets to go back to high school, taking with her the sad wisdom, such as it is, of middle age—shares a do-over theme with *Youth Without Youth* and its lightning-struck hero, one that clearly has personal meaning for Coppola, who has often said he sees his career as a kind of three-decade detour. "*The Godfather* made me a big shot," he told me, almost as a complaint. What he really set out to do was make little movie after little movie, like Henry Jaglom, he said. Or maybe—he reconsidered the thought—Woody Allen.

"I've been offered lots of movies. There's always some actor who's doing a project and would like to have me do it," Coppola told me, from the vantage point of solvency. "But you look at the project and think, Gee, there are a lot of good directors who could do that. I'd like to do something only I can do. *Youth Without Youth* is a step to get back to a more personal type of filmmaking, which is what all of us—my colleagues, the people more or less my age—want to do. And *wanted* to do, from those days in the late 50s and 60s when we saw the films of Michelangelo Antonioni, or Federico Fellini, or Akira Kurosawa, or Ingmar Bergman, or François Truffaut, or Jean-Luc Godard, or Stanley Kubrick. This is the kind of career I wanted, and any of the directors you're familiar with wanted."

Of his 70s cohort, I told him, he seems to be the only one right now courting *Cahiers du Cinéma* raves and risking art-house box office. "You've got to have a lot of money to do it," he replied. "The only one who could really do it, of course, is George Lucas. He has that side of him, and he's very talented." Lucas, as it happens, has spent the last 30 years telling reporters that what he really wants to be doing is directing experimental, non-narrative films. (I interviewed him 10 years ago, when his net worth was only $2 billion, according to *Forbes*—this year the magazine has him pegged at $3.6 billion—and he said he didn't feel set up enough financially to risk making the money-losing kinds of films closest to his heart.) "I've talked to George about it," Coppola said. "I'm always trying to tease him into making a personal film. And, you know, it's sort of like those people who are good at two things. Look at my nephew Nicolas"—Nicolas Cage. "He can do an action kind of film and he can do an obscure, weird, performance-art film. He has both those abilities and George has both those abilities. Steven"—Steven Spielberg—"could do it, and has sort of done it. But Steven's real taste is more—he has a lot of admiration for those personal kinds of films, but what he does he really likes doing and is good at. And they happen to be the kinds of films, you know, all the studios want to make."

The studios: he can now afford to shudder at the thought. "Even when you take a great artist like Marty Scorsese, working on *The Departed*"—which the director made for Warner Bros.—"I mean, he had to deal with producers and actors. It must have been sometimes trying: you've got to be a little bit of a politician. And it all turned out great, but . . ." He paused, then referenced the fine-arts world, the museums and dance companies with their relatively benign corporate patrons: "I always wonder why, you know, Exxon doesn't just say, 'Marty Scorsese, just make whatever movies you want.' Marty's a little younger than me, but he's not going to be alive forever. And I'm sure if he gets to make any movie he wants, that will be a very valuable legacy that he'll give them. But they don't." "Them" and "they" presumably being Exxon, or maybe the studios, or maybe anyone who gives artists money without stupid strings attached.

Coppola seemed anxious about the reception of *Youth Without Youth*—he was reportedly hovering like a stage father at a San Francisco screening for director friends last spring—but at the same time willing to trust in the film as it makes its way into the world. "I realize not everyone is going to enjoy the movie," he admitted. (It drew lukewarm to hostile reviews when it premiered at the Rome Film Fest in October.) He offered a modest lens through which he'd like people to view the film: "At best you could say, 'Well, you know, I made a movie, and if you're curious to see the kind of movie I would make now, then I hope you'd go see it.' And just take it as that, you know, neither good nor bad, but maybe just—hopefully—*interesting.*" The hard sell!

"WHY DOESN'T EXXON SAY, 'MARTY SCORSESE, JUST MAKE WHATEVER MOVIES YOU WANT'?"

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"I'm anxious to make another film now, because I feel I have a momentum," he continued. "You work hard on a movie and when it's done, it's done, you know, and you want to go on." To that end, he's already in preproduction on *Tetro,* a family drama about two estranged Argentinean brothers and their father, a world-famous conductor; it's his first original screenplay since *The Conversation,* more than 30 years ago. It's also the movie he thinks should have been his follow-up to that film. Though the screenplay has autobiographical elements—Carmine Coppola was a conductor and composer, but, said his son, "he wasn't Herbert von Karajan"—the director insists it's strictly fiction. "This is kind of my Tennessee Williams period," he told me. "Call it 'poetic drama.' I'm going back to the sort of things I wanted to write when I was 25." As it often seems to be, his face was lit with enthusiasm. Honestly, he looked boyish. □



RE-BOURNE Tim Roth as Dominic Matei and Matt Damon in a cameo in *Youth Without Youth.*



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RECIPE FOR SUCCESS
Padma Lakshmi, model turned foodie, photographed at Freemans, on Manhattan's Lower East Side.

A TASTE OF FAME

For a brainy model with a hot new cookbook, marriage to a literary superstar creates opportunities—and problems. *Top Chef*'s Padma Lakshmi now has an empire in the making, but Salman Rushdie won't be part of it

BY NANCY JO SALES

She walked the red carpet that night with Helen Mirren and Queen Latifah and the ladies of Wisteria Lane. It was the 59th Primetime Emmys, and although she wasn't there for the reason she'd always envisioned—her acting—it was, she said, "a big fucking deal."

She could laugh over the fact that she was on a nominated reality show—she hated reality shows, except for Bravo's *Top Chef*, which she hosted, murmuring alluring "Mmmm"s as she tasted food and delivering the signature ax line, "*Please pack your knives and go,*" all while looking like an earthly incarnation of Lakshmi, Hindu goddess of prosperity, her namesake.

Padma knew the acting thing would happen—she'd come a long way since appearing with Mariah Carey in *Glitter* (2001). She'd been in a Bollywood film and a British miniseries, and she had her own media company now, Delicious Entertainment. At 37, she was still one of the most beautiful women on the red carpet that evening, luscious in a white satin Dolce & Gabbana gown with a hint of nipple. She was proud to be the only Indian woman making the paparazzi scream her name—"*Padma!*" So what if it was because of food. She liked food.

"I never thought that this would be the way," she told a reporter. "I never thought it would be food. But if you think about it, I'm the kind of girl who thinks about what she's gonna cook for dinner when she's finishing her lunch."

"Padma Lakshmi," she hoped, might one day be on as many food labels as "Paul Newman"—"a big hero." Soon there would be Padma jewelry and fashion, "like Jennifer Lopez," she said, and television and


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cookware, "like Martha Stewart." In September, she sealed a major deal with IMG, the sports-and-entertainment marketing giant. "She has a global image and no end of ideas," said John Steele, a senior V.P., "so we have multiple agreements." "Like," Padma said, "Tiger Woods." How amazing was it that she, the daughter of a single mother who fled India to escape the stigma of divorce, was poised to become the first Indian woman with an American brand—perhaps the first to self-brand. "I'm as American as anyone else," she has said.

"Everyone was an American now, or at least Americanized. . . . Even anti-Americanism was Americanism in disguise, conceding, as it did, that America was the only game in town." So wrote her husband, Salman Rushdie, in *Fury* (2001), the novel he composed after leaving his third wife and moving to New York to be with Padma. If there was a sadness in her eyes in those pictures from the red carpet that night, it was because "I wish I could have shared this Emmy nomination with him." Now they were divorcing, and, she said, "I'm really fucking sad."

"SHE'S THE WOMAN OF TODAY," SAYS HARVEY WEINSTEIN.

"*Mmmm, mmmmm, yummy.*" On a summer night at Socialista, a noisy, glammy Cuban restaurant in Manhattan's West Village, Padma Lakshmi was eating ribs, gnawing them to the bone, sucking the grease off her fingers. "Mmmm," she said, "aren't these *good?*"

She was wearing a diaphanous summer dress, smelling sweet and spicy, of her own bespoke perfume. Her shiny black hair was up in a loose bun which she would shake down and pin back again, kittenish and familiar.

She was drinking champagne, laughing loudly and merrily. She was talking about her breasts. "I got boobs at 17," she said, remembering herself in high school in La Puente, California—"a pimple on the map between Hollywood and Disneyland where the girls were so mean. They'd say, 'You look light-skinned, but you don't be speaking Spanish!'" She does now, as well as Italian, Hindi, and Tamil.

"I went to India one summer and I came back with boobs. I don't know what happened. I went to the boob ration line." Padma laughed. "Where is it written that a smart woman can't also be stacked?" she once asked in a column for *Harper's Bazaar* entitled "Do You Dress for Men?" "My agenda," she wrote, "arouse from a distance the object of my longing."

Padma also writes. Her first book, *Easy Exotic*—a phrase to make a politically correct Yale professor split his jeans—won the 1999 Versailles World Cookbook Fair award for best cookbook by a first-time writer. Included in it were pictures of Padma which might be described as "foodie porn" (Padma in a lacy, low-cut dress, kneading dough; Padma in a silk slip, frying something up in a pan).

Her latest cookbook, *Tangy Tart Hot & Sweet,* was named after her preference for a contradiction in flavors, but could also suggest the many contradictions in its author, such as: she's an educated woman—with a B.A. in theater arts from Clark University, in Worcester, Massachusetts, 1992—who swears freely: "Finishing the fucking book was like being in labor for two years!"

She is East and West, also East Coast and West Coast, having grown up in India and America, New York and Southern California. In 1972, her mother, Vijaya, a nurse, moved to New York from Madras (now Chennai), after divorcing Padma's father. (A retired Pfizer executive, he had no relationship with his daughter until recently.) Padma joined her mother two years later on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, where they lived until 1983, when Vijaya took a job in Los Angeles. There, she married a plumber.

In 1992, Padma was spending a semester in Spain when she was discovered in a Madrid bar by a fashion agent. Her first runway show, for Ralph Lauren, "was Stephanie Seymour in front of me and Christy Turlington behind me," she remembers. She wasn't fully embraced by the fashion world, however, until she was photographed partially nude by Helmut Newton, who saw beauty in her imperfection. Another contradiction: Padma is a beautiful woman who is scarred. An accident on the freeway coming from Malibu when she was 14 shattered her right arm. (The car she and her mother and stepfather were riding in was rear-ended and fell down an embankment.) An operation left a crosshatched scar. She has made it her trademark.

Friends say that she is "driven," "ambitious," "fun," "flirtatious"—in short, a thoroughly modern Padma. "She's the woman of today," says Harvey Weinstein, who publishes her books, at Weinstein Books.

"Padma?" The two ebullient blondes next to our table at Socialista declared they were *Top Chef* fans. "I thought it was you," one burbled, "and I text-messaged my husband and he said, 'I'm coming, I'm on the way,' and I said, 'Oh, no you're *not!*'" Meaning Padma might prove too distractingly fetching.

To move around New York with Padma Lakshmi is to be accosted by foodies, that new breed of American hobbyist who knows the meaning of *amuse-bouche*—a chef's one-bite calling card; Padma says hers "would have bacon in it"—was tickled by *Ratatouille,* and watches *Top Chef.*

The show is a runaway hit for Bravo; last season it was the No. 1 food show on cable. Created by the company that does *Project Runway* (Magical Elves, Inc.), *Top Chef* capitalizes on the same mood of cutthroat competition, managing to turn a simple trip to the supermarket into the chariot scene from *Ben-Hur.* Female foodies of a *Sex and the City* age seem especially drawn to the unapologetic sex appeal of its host. "Padma!" they call from sidewalk cafés. Padma smiles, does the celebrity wave.

And it all happened by accident. Sort of. A Padma accident is never quite an accident because it is always about capitalizing on a moment. There was the moment in 1998 when Padma, then still just a model and acting novice, was at a movie premiere and met Harvey Weinstein: "He said, 'Are you that girl who loves to eat and cook, do you have a scar on your arm?' and I said, 'That's me!'" (Weinstein had heard about her from some actor friends who'd just had dinner at her apartment, after which they had been raving about the food at a meeting at Miramax.)

"And I told him, 'I've always had a fantasy to write a cookbook, because everyone wants to know what a model eats,' and [Weinstein's ex-wife] Eve was standing there, and she said, 'Harvey, that's a slam dunk,' and he was like, 'That's a great idea.'"

The result was *Easy Exotic,* a model's guide to staying thin on Padma's Asian-Italian-Indian-influenced cuisine. The summer the book came out was a pivotal time for her, career-wise. It was also the summer she met Salman Rushdie.

It was at the party for the launch of (the now defunct) *Talk* magazine. Even Salman Rushdie was there. Enjoying a newfound freedom after the Iranian government withdrew its support of the Ayatollah Khomeini's fatwa, he was standing, symbolically enough, on Liberty Island, home of the Statue of Liberty (and site of the party), when he encountered a new and shall we say more delicious kind of danger.

At least, that was how he characterized it later, describing his thoughts on seeing the image of Padma Lakshmi for the first time in a profile in an Italian magazine, *Panorama:* "If I ever meet this girl, my goose is cooked."

The night of the party, Padma, then 28, was wearing a silky turquoise dress and out to conquer America. "I met Henry Kissinger at that party," she said. "There were, like, fireworks, and my book was out in the stores, and I had just moved back to the States

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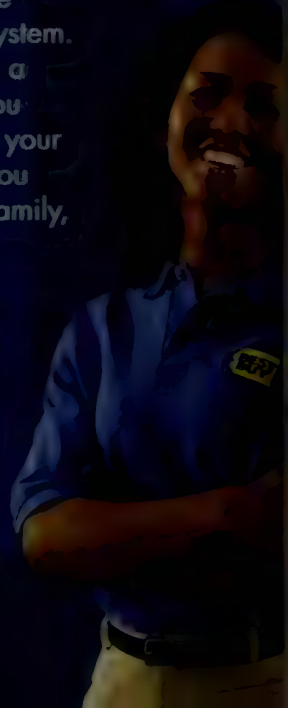
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from Italy," where she had been hosting *Dominica In,* a popular Sunday variety show.

"I saw him very briefly," she said of the controversial Indian novelist, Booker Prize winner for 1981's *Midnight's Children,* "and I thought that it was him, but then he rattled off all this personal information about me—he totally knew everything about me!"

He would write, of the character modeled on Padma in *Fury,* of "the intoxicating effect of her presence." He was married at the time, to Elizabeth West, a British book editor. "But they were not doing well," Padma said. "And then I was on book tour, so I talked to him on the phone all the time"—as often as five times a day. "I was in a lot of hotels and we developed this telephonic relationship—incredibly chaste.

"Eventually we did wind up having sex, yes. We fell in love, you know? I was having like a few, like, non-interesting dates with people in L.A. But I would want to get home early because I would want to talk to him on the phone."

What attracted her to Rushdie, she said, was "his incredible mind. We talked about everything—baseball, food, music, art. I think we did have a lot in common even in spite of our age difference"—Rushdie was then 52—"because, like me, he's an Indian who is living in the West. For us," she said, "he's like Hemingway or Faulkner, and it felt really amazing to have somebody like him love me."

After months of getting to know each other on the phone, they finally arranged a first date, agreeing to meet on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It's fitting somehow that they officially began there, because their relationship was to become a very New York marriage.

"The city boiled with money," Rushdie wrote in *Fury,* of pre-9/11, Clintonian Manhattan. "Rents and property values had never been higher, and in the garment industry it was widely held that fashion had never been so fashionable.... The future was a casino, and everyone was gambling, and everyone expected to win."

In that heady era, even Salman Rushdie was partying. The image of the beleaguered genius, who had just emerged after almost 10 years in hiding, with his gorgeous new model girlfriend, proved irresistible to paparazzi. There were Padma and Salman at nightclubs, premieres, charity events, gallery openings, and concerts.

They went out "a lot," Padma says—she always posing in something eye-catching as Rushdie proudly squeezed an arm around her. "He couldn't keep his hands off her," said someone who knows them. "He was so sweet to her. He adored her." (Salman Rushdie declined to be interviewed for this story.)

"[A gossip column] ran an item saying we were together and they ran my *bra* size," said Padma, laughing. "Except they got it wrong—they said it was 36C. I said, *34C,* motherfucker!"

"A MORTAL WHO MAKES LOVE TO A GODDESS IS DOOMED," RUSHDIE WROTE.



LIT CHICK
Salman Rushdie and Padma at the New York premiere of *The Lord of the Rings,* in 2001.

She had written a cookbook, yes, but it was really on the arm of Rushdie, literary lion, survivor of a fatwa, that she attained a certain, highly coveted level of celebrity. And he seemed surprisingly happy to engage in the fame game himself, appearing in a cameo role in *Bridget Jones's Diary* (2001). They became a high-profile media couple.

"I think we were both drawn to each other," she said, "because we both were genuinely fascinated with the other person. I remember when I first took him to a fashion show." It was Luca Luca. "He loved it."

"And he introduced me to all his friends. One of the first dinner parties that we had," in New York, "I cooked this big, huge Indian meal. It was Paul Auster and Don DeLillo and Susan Sontag. All his friends were really sweet to me, I never had them be snooty or anything."

She received a chillier reception from London intellectuals. The writer of a rather rough profile of her in *The Sunday Times* remarked how "bitchy members of the London literati [asked]... why on earth did Salman Rushdie marry her?"

But in New York, where no one ever wonders why someone marries a model, their wedding, in April of 2004, was considered a very stylish event.

The bride wore a midriff-baring, purple sari. "Dinner was punctuated with humorous speeches," reported the "Vows" section of the Sunday *New York Times,* "including one by the bridegroom, who noted that each of his new wife's three names"—Padma Parvati Lakshmi—"was shared by powerful Hindu deities. 'Three goddesses in one,' [Rushdie] concluded. 'How could I pass this up, even if I am an atheist?'"

"A mortal who makes love to a goddess is doomed, but once chosen cannot avoid his fate," he wrote in *Fury.*

"What can I say?" said Padma, sipping champagne that night at Socialista. "Salman is the greatest love of my life. We really tried to work it out. I wish I could tell you exactly why [it ended], but there was no 'That's it' moment. It was just like slowly getting very hard. There was no third party. I wasn't mean to his kids." (Rushdie has two sons, Zafar, 28, and Milan, 10, from his first and third marriages.) "There was no, like, infidelity."

After the couple separated, in July, the *Daily News* ran an item speculating that Padma was seeing Ted Forstmann, 66, the billionaire private-equity mogul who owns IMG (and reportedly once dated Elizabeth Hurley and Princess Diana). "It's my understanding they're just good friends and business associates," said Christina Papadopoulos, Padma's publicist. A spokesperson for Forstmann had no comment. But someone familiar with the situation said, "They're an item. They're dating."

In July, Rushdie released a statement through his spokeswoman, Jin Auh, saying, "Salman Rushdie has agreed to divorce his wife, Padma Lakshmi, because of her desire to end their marriage."

"It was filled with too much information, he didn't need to do that," Padma said. "I had thought we would eventually say we wish each other well, we love each other, and we're separating amicably. I didn't know he was going to go to Reuters. I was shaking. I had to go to bed.

"And you know, for a long time," she said, "when all that shit happened to Salman"—meaning the fatwa—"he really didn't have anybody saying, 'This is my husband, this is my son, this is my father,' because it was so serious, what happened to him, so I made a very conscious decision when we first got together that I would hold his

hand. I was also naïve. I was very young."

In the past, she has suggested that they sometimes felt their generation gap ("He hates Kanye West and I love him," etc.). But she has said she thinks his only "complaint" of her was his feeling she "is too preoccupied with her career."

With the show, the book, and multiple other projects, "I was, like, becoming less portable," she said. "We had two homes and Salman would go back and forth between London and New York," to visit his son Milan, "and it just seemed our schedules got so crazy and he has a very big life, too.

"I think he was genuinely proud of me, but I think while theoretically he wanted me to do well, in practical terms it meant that we would each be having to do different things, and I think that that was hard for him."

She said that she had missed out on the last day of her photo shoot for *Tangy Tart Hot & Sweet* in order to catch a lecture Rushdie was giving at Emory University, in Atlanta, where he became the Distinguished Writer in Residence last spring. "I knew he was gonna be really pissed off if I didn't make it down there," she said.

"I think she just outgrew him," says a friend.

"I sat down," Padma said, "and I wrote him a long love letter by e-mail and said, 'I'm writing to you as a woman who has loved you and stood next to you for eight years. And I'm asking you to do the unexpected with me, to take my hand and not fight about anything.' And he called me the next day and we worked it out and part of us working it out was he wanted me gone," as in out of his house. And she agreed.

"The only thing I wanted were the gifts he gave me during our marriage and some artwork, like a painting that Francesco [Clemente] did of me, and that was fine," she said. (Padma's publicist would not comment on whether they had a pre-nuptial agreement.)

"I really miss him. I miss his counsel, I miss the sound of his voice. Now I'm staying in a fucking hotel with all my shit in storage. Some days I'm like, You know, I think I'm going to be O.K., and then I have a day where I feel, like, exiled from my life because I had to move out.

"It was really hard to pack up and leave. I was just in pieces, I couldn't function. My cousins came and helped me pack. They said, 'We're gonna pack all your jewelry,' and we [illegible] there was a story on about [illegible] would be [illegible]

"I pulled this out of my ass," Padma kept telling people the night of her dinner party at the SoHo office suite of her friend Rick Schwartz, a producer of *The Departed* and *The Aviator*. When I arrived, a chef and a sous-chef were in the kitchen making rice and fish curry. A "prop stylist" was padding about lighting candles. A famous New York D.J., D.J. Rekha, was spinning hip-hop tunes.

Padma was swirling around in a 1970s lace dress, looking breathtaking as usual.

"Taste this," she said, shoving a piece of bread in my mouth. It was smothered with goat cheese and mango chutney. Delicious.

Can she cook? "She's very good, she has her own style," Tom Colicchio, the celebrated chef and *Top Chef* head judge, later told me on the phone. "'Chef' means you're the boss of a kitchen," he said. "She's a cook, and an interesting one."

The guests started arriving, an eclectic crew: there was Maureen Chiquet, C.E.O. of Chanel, Tommy Boy Music founder Tom Silverman, and Harper Simon, son of Paul.

"I met Padma when I worked for Harvey Weinstein at Miramax," Rick Schwartz said. "I had a million things going on with Harvey, and this woman Padma Lakshmi kept calling saying she needed us to buy her a computer"—it was part of her book deal for *Easy Exotic*. "I was like, I'm not dealing, whatever. Then one day someone in the office said, 'There's a Padma Lakshmi here to see you.' 'What is a Padma Lakshmi?' I said. I go out, and she stands up, and I'm like, 'Um, there's a computer store around the corner,' and five hours later . . . "

"I REALLY MISS HIM," SHE SAID OF RUSHDIE.

Padma, who was listening, laughed.

Now they're working together on bringing Jhumpa Lahiri's Pulitzer Prize–winning *Interpreter of Maladies* to the screen, with Padma attached as a producer and actress.

"She has that thing a producer needs," said Schwartz, "chutzpah. She's tough."

"I'm not tough," purred Padma. "I'm tenacious."

Later, she was sitting in Andre Harrell's lap.

Harrell, the former head of Motown Records, said, "What I remember about Padma," from when he met her in the late 90s, "was she was really dedicated to making her star shine. We used to talk all the time 'cause she's so *intense*. She believes in what many stars believe, that you can cre[illegible]e your own destiny."

Near the end of the evening, Padma was [illegible]aveling around the room making people taste her "chocolate soup." It was supposed to be ice cream, but it didn't quite take. (Don't tell the contestants on *Top Chef*.)

"One taste," she insisted of Harvey Weinstein, as he backed away with his hands up (he recently lost 55 pounds).

"O.K., O.K.," he finally said, allowing Padma to spoon-feed him. "Mmmmmmm," he said.

"I have to talk to you," she told him intensely. "I'm an ambassador now for Keep a Child Alive," an AIDS charity, "and we're doing a campaign and an event and you should buy a fucking table."

Weinstein smiled. "I will buy a fucking table."

"*Padma, Padma!*" "*Take the jacket off, please, Padma!*"

A couple of weeks later, it was the night of the Marc Jacobs show, the hottest ticket during Fashion Week in New York, and Padma, dressed by Jacobs himself in a lemon-yellow dress and raincoat, was slinking up and down before the throng of photographers shooting arriving guests inside the New York State Armory.

She was seated in the front row that night—a perch the *New York Times* "Thursday Styles" section would later call "a snapshot of where, at any particular time, as a culture, we find ourselves." There was Anna Wintour, Carmen Electra, Courtney Love, Heath Ledger, and Vincent Gallo.

And here came Russell Simmons. The Godfather of Hip-Hop scooted me aside and snuggled down next to Padma. "You got a boy?" he demanded of her, wrapping an arm around her. (They're old friends; Simmons has a girlfriend, Porschla Coleman.)

"No, I don't," Padma said, laughing, "and if I did, I couldn't tell you. My husband would call fucking Reuters."

Simmons went on with his teasing, squeezing Padma's lovely knee. Now the paparazzi came running, blasting. The shot wound up on the cover of the "Thursday Styles" later that week.

"Now see what you did?" said Padma, when the photographers had run after Posh Spice.

"I'm sorry," said Simmons, not very convincingly, and then, "You O.K.?"

FOR EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE FROM THE PADMA LAKSHMI PHOTO SHOOT, GO TO VF.COM.

"Of course," Padma said. "I have too much going on not to be."

"Hey, Lakshmi is the goddess of gold," said a colleague of Simmons's, seated next to us. "If your name is Lakshmi you must have gold dripping from your palms."

"Not yet," said Padma, gaily.

And then the show began. □

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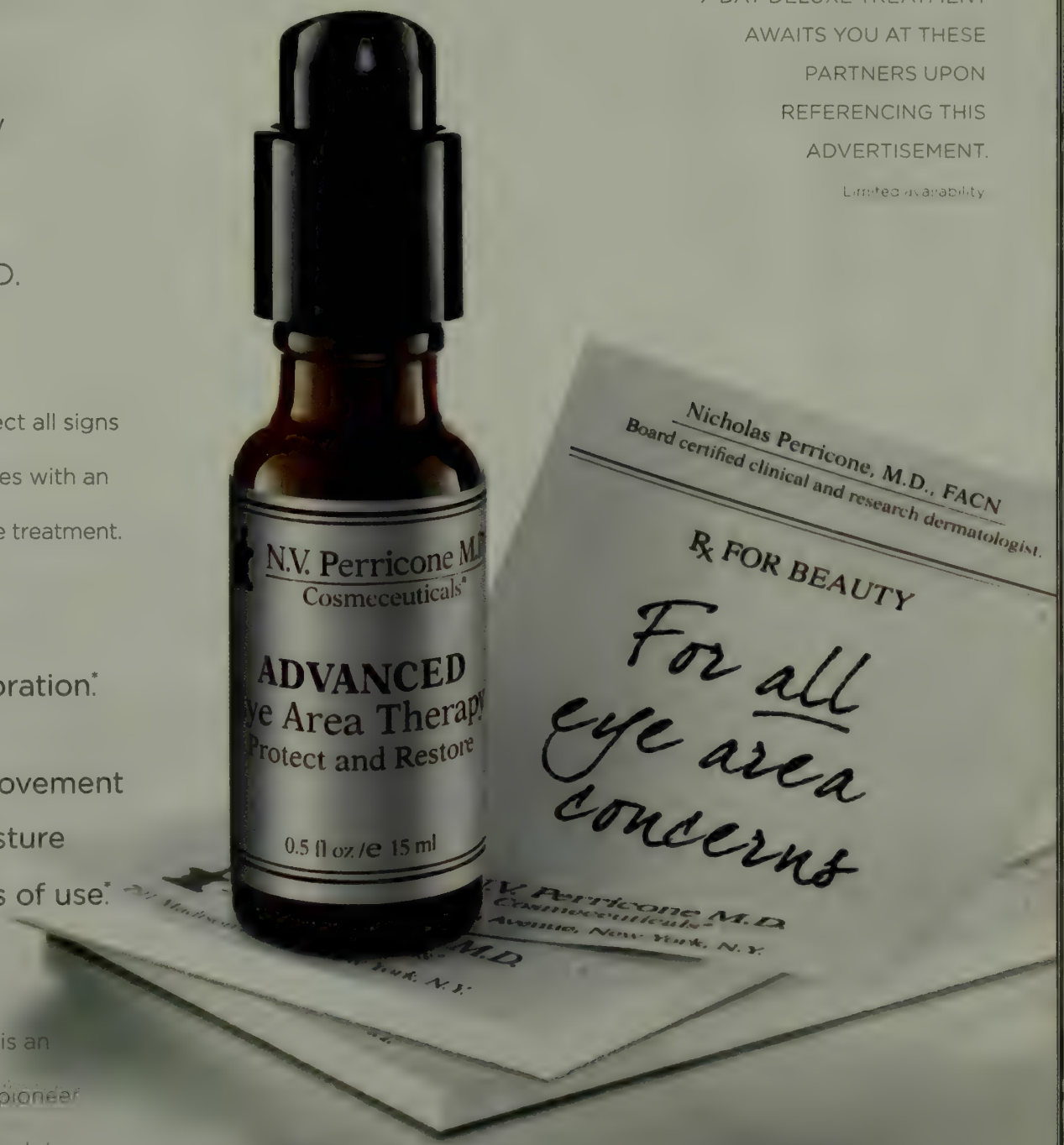
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WHEN WASHINGTON WAS FUN

The grand hostesses are history, the president would rather be in bed, and there's a price tag on every evening these days. Who killed Washington society? Ask a few of the local experts

BY MAUREEN ORTH

Red Fay, undersecretary of the navy under John F. Kennedy, was a charming bon vivant, a great pal of the president's, and the uncle of my roommate at Berkeley in the 60s. So it was my great good luck, on my very first trip to the capital, in May 1964, just six months after Kennedy's assassination, to have "Uncle Red" invite me to dinner on the presidential yacht, the *Sequoia*. A few minutes after we arrived on board, I was amazed to see not only Jackie Kennedy but also Bobby and Ethel Kennedy and Jean Kennedy Smith and her husband, Steve Smith, walking up the gangplank. They were followed by George Stevens Jr., the youthful head of the U.S. Information Agency's motion-picture division; the Peruvian ambassador and his wife; and my roommate's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGettigan, of San Francisco. This was one of Jackie's first nights out since the tragedy, but she greeted everyone graciously. She was in ethereal white and spoke little during dinner, except to the historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who was seated to her right.

What I remember most vividly about that evening was an exchange I had with Bobby Kennedy, the attorney general. "What are you going to be next, vice president or senator?," I asked rather impudently, because I did not want him to think I was a brainless bimbo. The question of how the Kennedy dynasty would proceed was very much in the air, for Lyndon Johnson had not yet announced a running mate. "What do you think I should be?," Kennedy shot back, his steel-blue eyes boring into me. "Well, I think you should be senator," I said, "because everyone remembers you trying to twist arms at the last convention, and I don't think Lyndon Johnson will let you be vice president." He then opened up a barrage of questions: "Who are you? What does your father do?" In the middle of one of my answers, he turned away and waved to a group of tourists on a boat at least a hundred yards from us across the Potomac. I was highly insulted, for I had been planning to enlist in the Peace Corps, whose director was his brother-in-law Sargent Shriver, and suddenly Bobby Kennedy seemed to

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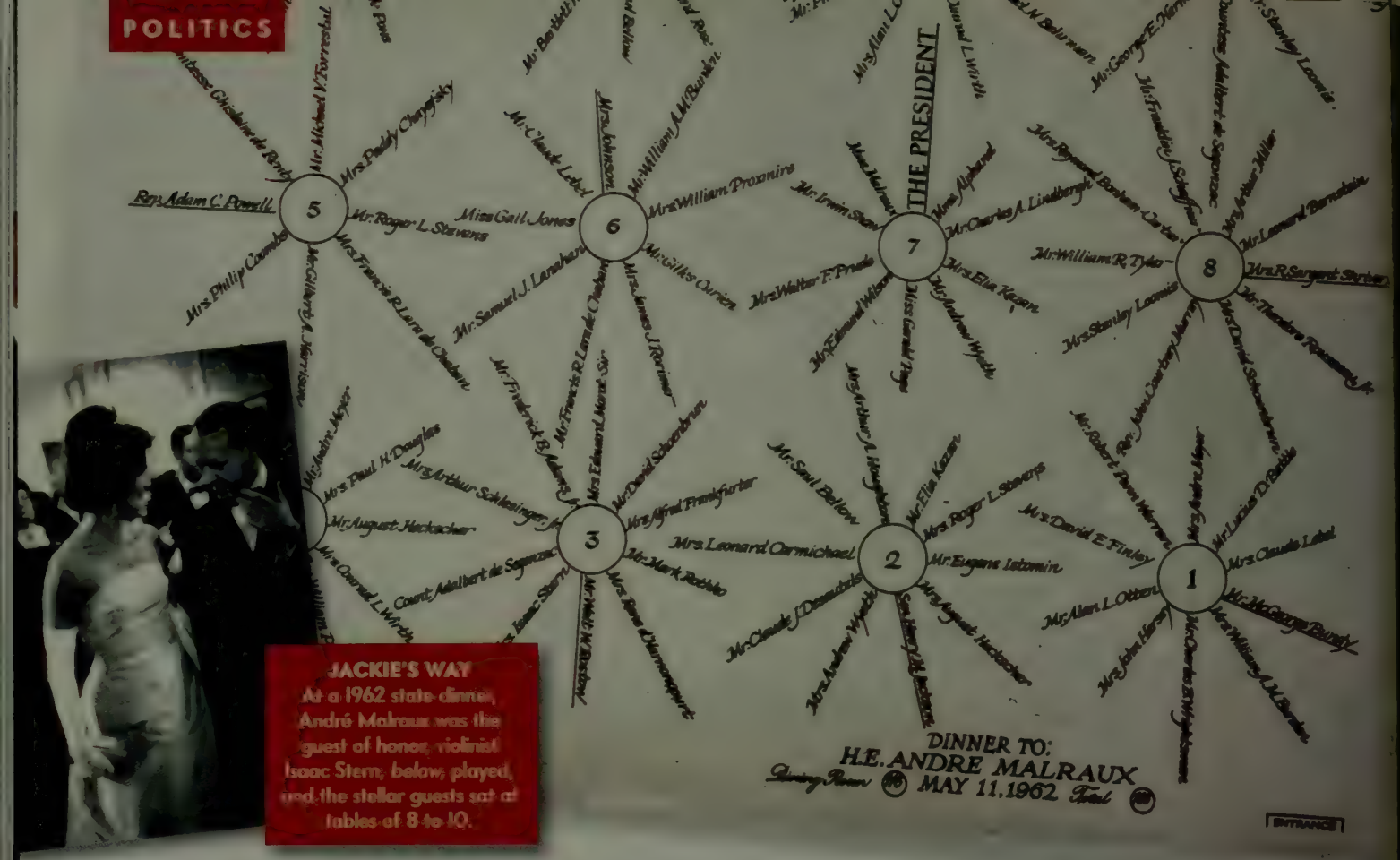
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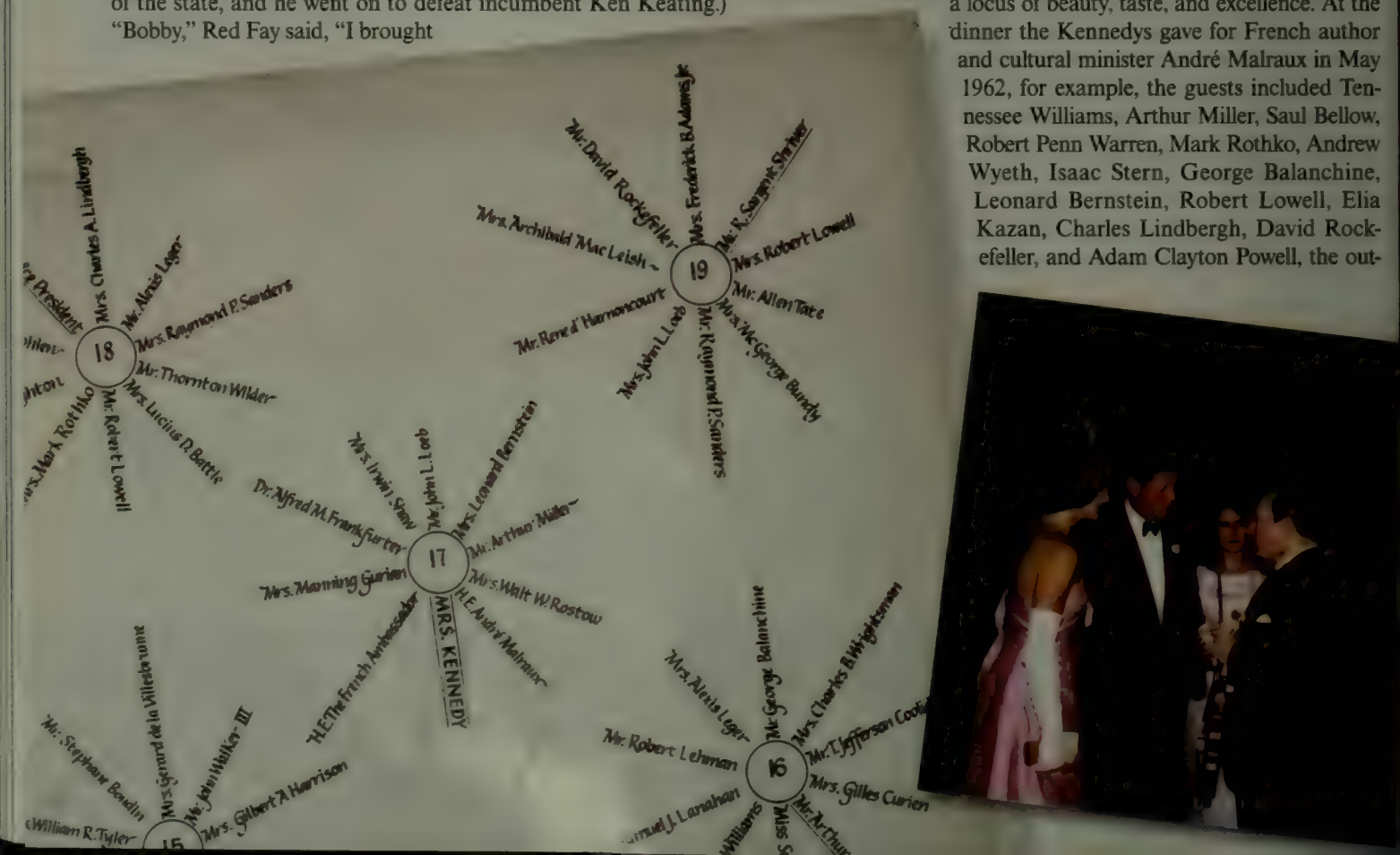


JACKIE'S WAY
At a 1962 state dinner, André Malraux was the guest of honor, violinist Isaac Stern, below, played, and the stellar guests sat at tables of 8 to 10.

me like just another pol. (In those days he was still closer to J. Edgar Hoover than to César Chávez or Martin Luther King Jr.)

The dinner was great fun, however, with lots of jokes and toasts, and the next day Uncle Red took me out to Hickory Hill, Bobby and Ethel's residence in McLean, Virginia. R.F.K., in cutoff jeans, was playing touch football on the front lawn. Ethel, wearing a two-piece bathing suit, was visibly pregnant. In the driveway, a limousine waiting to take the attorney general "up to New York" was sure proof, I felt, that he must be going for the Senate. (Like Hillary Clinton, R.F.K. became an instant resident of the state, and he went on to defeat incumbent Ken Keating.) "Bobby," Red Fay said, "I brought Maureen out here so you could give her some advice about her life." Bobby smiled. "Advise *her*?" he said. "Hell, last night she told *me* what to do!"

That trip to the capital allowed me to catch a glimpse of what I thought life in society must be like at the highest level, and to talk to the people who lived it. There was no agenda, no fund-raising, and a young woman like me could actually be allowed in close. In her three years in Washington, Jackie Kennedy set a standard against which social behavior here is still measured. Her White House was a locus of beauty, taste, and excellence. At the dinner the Kennedys gave for French author and cultural minister André Malraux in May 1962, for example, the guests included Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, Saul Bellow, Robert Penn Warren, Mark Rothko, Andrew Wyeth, Isaac Stern, George Balanchine, Leonard Bernstein, Robert Lowell, Elia Kazan, Charles Lindbergh, David Rockefeller, and Adam Clayton Powell, the out-





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spoken Harlem congressman.

Just 12 days before that, they had given a dinner for 49 Nobel Prize winners, which the staff referred to as "the brains dinner." That evening Jack gave an often quoted toast: "I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House, with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone." And before those two momentous events, the First Couple had thrown a sumptuous state dinner for the Shah of Iran.

Today, people who remember those days never cease to lament how the capital has changed. The cost of running for office, the proliferation of lobbyists, the intense preoccupation with security since 9/11, the increase in careers for women, the deaths or withdrawals of ruling society figures, and an unpopular president and an unpopular war have all converged to kill much of the fun and excitement once unique to Washington social life. I spoke to a number of participants in, and close observers of, the Washington social scene then and now in order to hear what they have to say about how "the city of conversation," as Henry James called it, has become more partisan, less tolerant, and unabashedly focused on doing well rather than doing good.

GOLDEN YEARS
Top, J.F.K. at a state dinner in 1961 (Alice Roosevelt Longworth in foreground at right), and with Jackie, *inset,* at the 1962 Nobelists dinner, talking to Pearl Buck and Robert Frost. *Right,* Mamie Eisenhower (center, with white gloves) and guests in the Red Room, 1958.

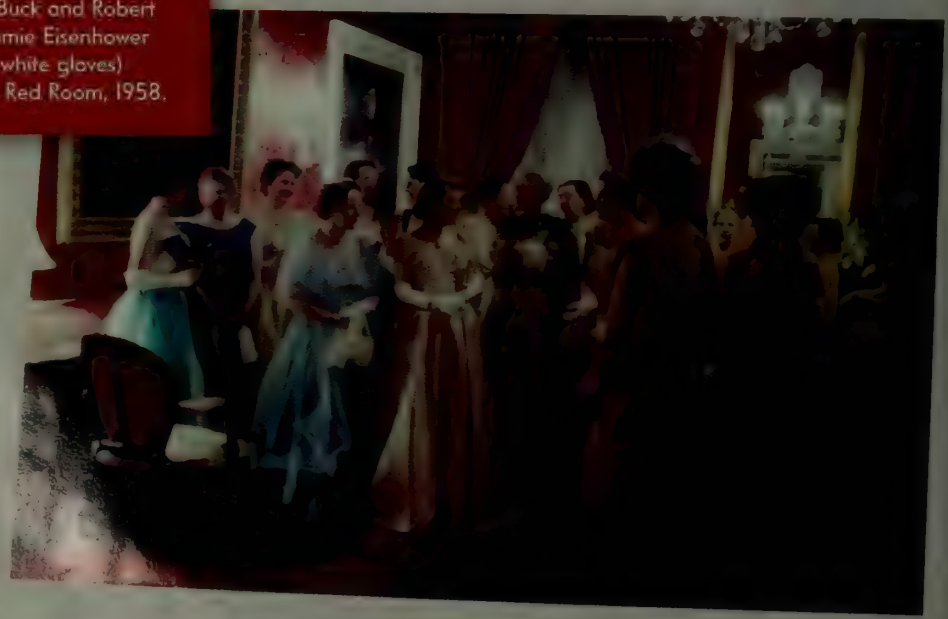
Letitia Baldrige, social secretary to Jackie Kennedy and author of *Taste:* For the Kennedys, the criteria of a White House guest list [illegible] all contributed to the guest lists, because the Kennedys cared about it. Jackie and the president went over the lists very carefully. They knew there always had to be a few fat cats, but the majority of people were those who deserved to be there.... It was the best in everything—and hold back the political paybacks so they don't take over the guest list. The Kennedys would ask, "Where are the interesting people who make the place go?" President Kennedy used to throw the whole list in the wastebasket, he'd be so mad when he saw a list of all the political paybacks that *have* to go in. The Kennedys would just say no and would throw it away.

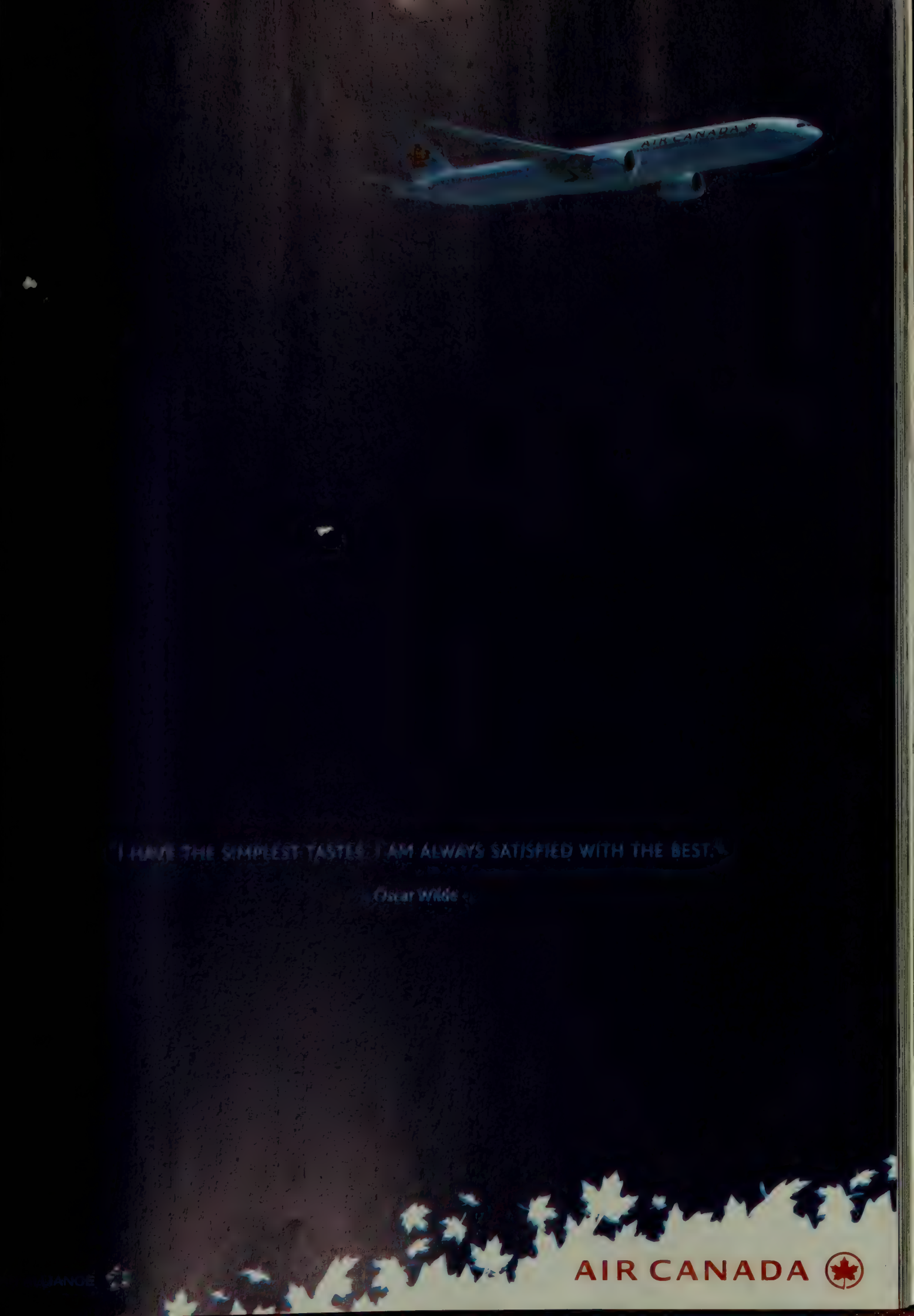
Sally Quinn, author, co-founder of the blog On Faith, wife of former *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee, and Georgetown hostess: The biggest difference is that entertaining now is so much more partisan. When I first came here, you'd go to dinner and all different political persuasions were represented. You were all working for the same country, but you differed in what you thought was best for the country.... The people who did the entertaining were women who today would have a career, and what they did for a living was to bring people together. At parties, a lot of news was made and deals were made. That rarely exists anymore.

Laurie Firestone, social secretary to George Herbert Walker Bush from 1988 to 1992 and author of *An Affair to Remember: State Dinners for Home Entertaining:* Everything today is about money and "I want it *my* way—I don't want to compromise, and, by the way, I want a lot of money too."

Last spring, George and Laura Bush's state dinner for Queen Elizabeth II raised eyebrows all over Washington, because the guest list was not only mediocre but also heavily sprinkled with people who had contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to Bush or the Republican Party. The event was only the fifth state dinner the Bushes had had since he took office, almost seven years ago. "They do the bare minimum, and they do it glumly," one former member of Bush's staff told me.

At the White House luncheon for Chinese president Hu Jintao,

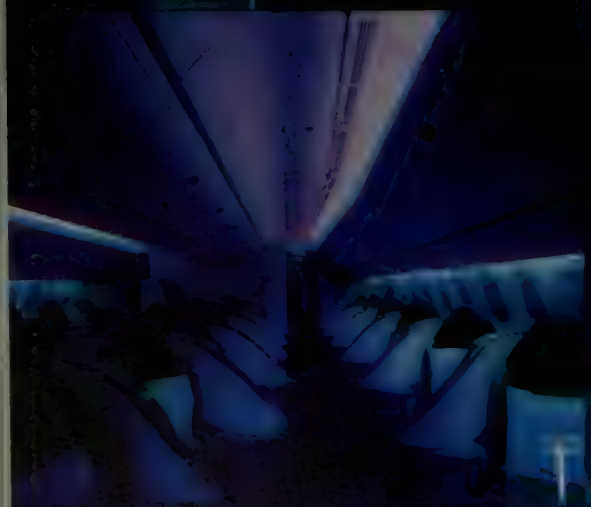



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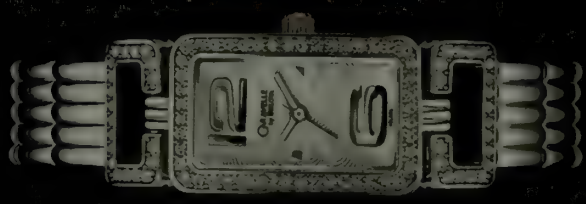


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THE NEW REGIME
The 2007 state dinner for Queen Elizabeth (at right); inset, the Union Sebar Orchestra entertains at a dinner for then Japanese prime minister Junichiro Koizumi, 2006.

in April 2006, which I attended with my husband, Tim Russert, of NBC News, there was one gaffe after another, starting on the South Lawn in a ceremony preceding the lunch, when a heckler interrupted and rattled Hu for several minutes before she was finally removed. A White House announcer referred to Hu's country as "the Republic of China," the official name of Taiwan, China's renegade province, and, later, when Hu started to exit the stage the wrong way, Bush grabbed him by the sleeve to turn him in the right direction.

At a formal reception at the White House last December, before the Kennedy Center Honors, three women showed up wearing the same red lace Oscar de la Renta gown the First Lady had chosen, causing her to flee upstairs and change. That sort of thing never would have happened to Jackie Kennedy or Nancy Reagan. For one thing, their designers would have protected them. For another, the invited ladies would have known one another well enough to discuss in advance what they were planning to wear.

With all the open, hostile criticism of the Iraq war, it is a struggle for this administration to fill the White House with the sort of glittering members of the cultural community that the Kennedys favored. Entertainment for the Hu luncheon, for example, was provided by the Nashville Bluegrass Band, which had been formed originally to accompany Minnie Pearl, the hillbilly comedienne of the Grand Ole Opry. Similarly, at the state dinner for the Queen, the two big names among the guests were Arnold Palmer, the golf champion, and Peyton Manning, the star quarterback of the Indianapolis Colts. During the welcoming ceremony, President Bush said that the 81-year-old sovereign "had helped our nation celebrate its bicentennial in 17—" Then he caught himself and concluded "in 1976."

Buffy Cafritz, member of the Kennedy Center board and noted Republican hostess: I have never seen a worse guest list than that of the state dinner for the Queen. Arnold Palmer? He won the British Open in 1962! Peyton Manning? And all the corporate people they had. Then someone said, "How dumb can you be, Buffy? It's the library. He has to fund the [George Bush presidential] library."

Liz Stevens, Democratic hostess married to George Stevens Jr., co-producer of the Kennedy Center Honors: Do you think the Queen had fun? I didn't know she was such a jock.

Letitia Baldrige: Now it is so much more of a payoff than it used to be. Now it's just payoff, payoff, payoff. It's still a great party, because it is still the White House, still the most fabulous place in the world for a party.

Elisabeth Hasselbeck, the pretty blonde Republican of ABC's *The View,* was a guest at the state dinner for the Queen. The next morning she gave her viewers the inside scoop, including the scary fact that wives were not allowed to sit next to their husbands. "When we first opened our place cards and saw we were at different tables, we had a semi-private panic attack," she confided, adding, "but I had Jeb Bush to my left. It was amazing to be able to sit with the Prince [Philip] and First Lady, who was so generous. This was such a meeting of the two nations, and I just thought, Gosh, it was such a peaceful moment." Dessert, she reported, had also rung alarm bells. "They had rose blossoms for dessert. They brought out a bowl of water that smelled like roses, and then something in the middle. And someone asked me what was for dessert, and I said, 'This is it.' But then I saw Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice—you dip your hands in it and you wash your fingers in it."

> "We stopped using finger bowls, because people don't know what to do with them."

Lea Berman, former social secretary to George and Laura Bush and wife of lobbyist Wayne Berman: We stopped using finger bowls at all but the fanciest dinners, because people don't know what to do with them. Mrs. Bush said, "Don't use them."

Deeda Blair, biomedical-research advocate, international social figure, and wife of former ambassador William McCormick Blair Jr.: It's almost vanished, the finger bowl. I can remember, in Paris and in Washington, women who cultivated scented geraniums in pots to


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have a scented leaf in a finger bowl. Everything was very *raffiné.*

Many of the grandes dames who were so *raffiné* back then were of the World War II generation. They usually came from, or married into, old money, an illustrious family, or great wealth. They often had lived abroad and spoke more than one language. Susan Mary Alsop, for example, who had a leading role in the J.F.K. Georgetown set, was a descendant of Founding Father John Jay, and her platonic husband in her second marriage was syndicated columnist Joseph Alsop, a cousin of the Roosevelts and a flamboyant and irascible snob, who got behind Jack Kennedy almost from the start and took great pride in arranging artfully mixed dinners that were designed to produce elevated discourse as well as great gossip. Evangeline Bruce, another of the capital's doyennes, was the wife of millionaire David K. E. Bruce, who served as a leading diplomat in France, Britain, Germany, and China. British-born Pamela Harriman's first husband was the son of Winston Churchill, but she really gained fame for her long list of lovers, including Gianni Agnelli, Edward R. Murrow, and Averell Harriman. She eventually married Harriman, in 1971, became a fixture in Washington society, and created a fund-raising Democratic political-action committee known as "Pam PAC." Seven years after Averell's death, she became Bill Clinton's ambassador to France. Katharine "Kay" Graham was the famous publisher of *The Washington Post,* which brought down Richard Nixon, but she was also a friend of another Republican president, Ronald Reagan, and his wife. Truman Capote gave his snobbish Black and White Ball in 1966 in Graham's honor. Her great pal was Meg Greenfield, the *Post*'s editorial-page editor. All of these women have died within the last 15 years. The sole survivor, Oatsie Charles, has retired to Newport, Rhode Island. A bipartisan philanthropist, she told *W* magazine after George W. Bush's first term, "As far as I'm concerned, the Washington I knew is over."

Gahl Burt, social secretary to Nancy Reagan from 1983 to 1985: There were three spheres: the White House, the embassies, and Georgetown. The hostesses used to be Susan Mary Alsop, Oatsie Charles, Evangeline Bruce, Kay Graham, and Pamela Harriman. They have all largely disappeared, and no one picked up the ball. No one has the embassy ball, and no one has the Georgetown or White House social scene either. They have all petered out.

Ann Jordan, board member, married to Vernon Jordan, attorney and power broker: It's very hard to become the new Pamela Harriman. Think about the life Pamela lived. That was a glamorous world. I don't see any Gianni Agnellis in this group. When you think about wars, it is a certain kind of experience. The Second World War brought out the best in people.

Deeda Blair: These were legendary women who would have hated to be called socialites, because what is a socialite? The late Lorraine Cooper, who was married to Kentucky senator John Sherman Cooper, was a cross between eccentric and exotic—profoundly intelligent. She did many dinners and lunches that were uniquely special. The Coopers had served in India, and she would have wonderful saris draped across a table. She knew how to combine people and really paid attention. She gave a famous garden party every June. It was an event that was really dazzling. The Senate and the Congress all turned out.

Entertaining then was more personal, and people had staff and wonderful cooks. During that time, there was a great party cook named Dora, and the dinners she provided were as homemade as you could get. Now people ring up caterers. That simply wasn't done by serious hostesses in the past. Pamela Harriman, who probably had more of a political agenda than the others, also had an elegant annual garden party that people *yearned* to be invited to. For those women, a major imperative was getting the right combination of people, not with the intent of accomplishing something—creating festivities with guest stars to raise money—but just to bring interesting and powerful individuals together in a catalytic way.

They were also concerned with looks and style. Women did their own flowers, and were proud of their pretty linens. Oatsie Charles, for instance, was known for her china and silver. Today, the Style section of *The Washington Post* virtually ignores social dinners. They'd rather write about what Lindsay Lohan is up to. In the old days, the hostess herself got on the telephone and followed up with a reminder. Today, you are apt to get invited by e-mail. Thank-you notes were once obligatory and personal. Today, you get an e-mail—"I had a great time."

Polly Kraft, painter, widow of syndicated columnist Joseph Kraft and power-broker attorney Lloyd Cutler: The Georgetown set was mostly about journalists—it really started because of Joe Alsop. Journalists didn't make a lot of money—it wasn't a big thing to be rich. It's all so polarized now, and pretty boring. They don't treat journalists very well. There is not that excitement, that same thrill you [used to] get.

Liz Stevens: Ethel Kennedy's parties were fabulous. There was a great mix, and you were there to have fun—the only *purpose*



was to have fun. That doesn't seem to be the case now.

Letitia Baldrige: Jackie Kennedy introduced round plywood tables and cloths to the floor. Within four weeks Bloomingdale's was selling round cloths to the floor, and carpenters all over the country were making plywood tabletops. Jackie said conversation was best with 8 or 10—now 12 or 14 crowd around. We also had people like [Theodore Roosevelt's daughter] Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who was loved and cherished. There hasn't been another character like that since.

Andrea Mitchell, NBC correspondent and wife of former Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan: My introduction to that world was pre meeting Kay Graham and Meg Greenfield. It was an introduction to Judith Huxley, a food columnist for the *Post*. She used to have table-for-eight dinner parties, with lots of conversation around a round table—New Dealers, artists, gardeners. She was married to Aldous Huxley's only child, Matthew. She had this salon going.... It was not about social climbing or social connections. It was about conversation. Meg Greenfield had one round table in a small house on R Street [in Georgetown]. She would have lots of bright Democrats and Republicans. The difference was that in the past people who entertained were old Georgetown grand ladies or journalists, and sometimes those two were the same. Now the younger generation is political types. This new generation that entertains a lot are lobbyists. Before, you would not willingly have a lobbyist to a party.

Sally Quinn: I find that, with both parties, the longer an administration goes on, the times get really bad no matter what. There are scandals in the second term. So they hunker down, circle the wagons, and disappear—there is no community at all.

Buffy Cafritz: We are in serious times, and this president is not a type to socialize—he likes to go to bed.

Gahl Burt: [George W. Bush] is not a social animal and not sociable.... The Reagans had a state dinner every single month, with the exception of July and August. We scheduled them six months out. Every single month we were looking for a state dinner and actively perusing whom we should honor. There was a real reach out to foreign leaders. It helps you to start to know a world leader, instead of just meeting him in an office, and the wives get to know each other. If a real friendship develops—like Reagan and Thatcher—it gets you through the sticky times.

Laurie Firestone: George Bush Sr. worked at entertaining, in the sense he knew how important it was. We were entertaining the top six countries all the time [Great Britain, France, Germany, Canada, Japan, and Russia], not just at state dinners, but private receptions, lunches, and dinners.... He always told me that sitting at a dinner or a lunch and talking to people, and breaking bread at a meal together, [made] negotiations the next day much easier.... Every time Bush would lose a vote, he'd tell me to get on the phone and get the leaders over—at the time, they were all Democrats. We had a lot of bipartisan functions.

Buffy Cafritz: President Reagan used to have [Democratic Speaker of the House] Tip O'Neill over for a drink. Nancy had a little lunch here in May, and Bob Strauss [Democrat and former ambassador to Russia] sat right next to her in his wheelchair. He used to go in the back door and advise her. You don't see that in this administration.

Ken Duberstein, lobbyist and former chief of staff for Ronald Reagan: As much as our campaign was anti-Washington, the Reagans understood you had to be part of Washington, and they encouraged us to participate fully and go out. That meant embassies—where we chatted over dinner and did so much business.

Sally Quinn: Once Kay [Graham] died, that was the end of bipartisan entertaining.

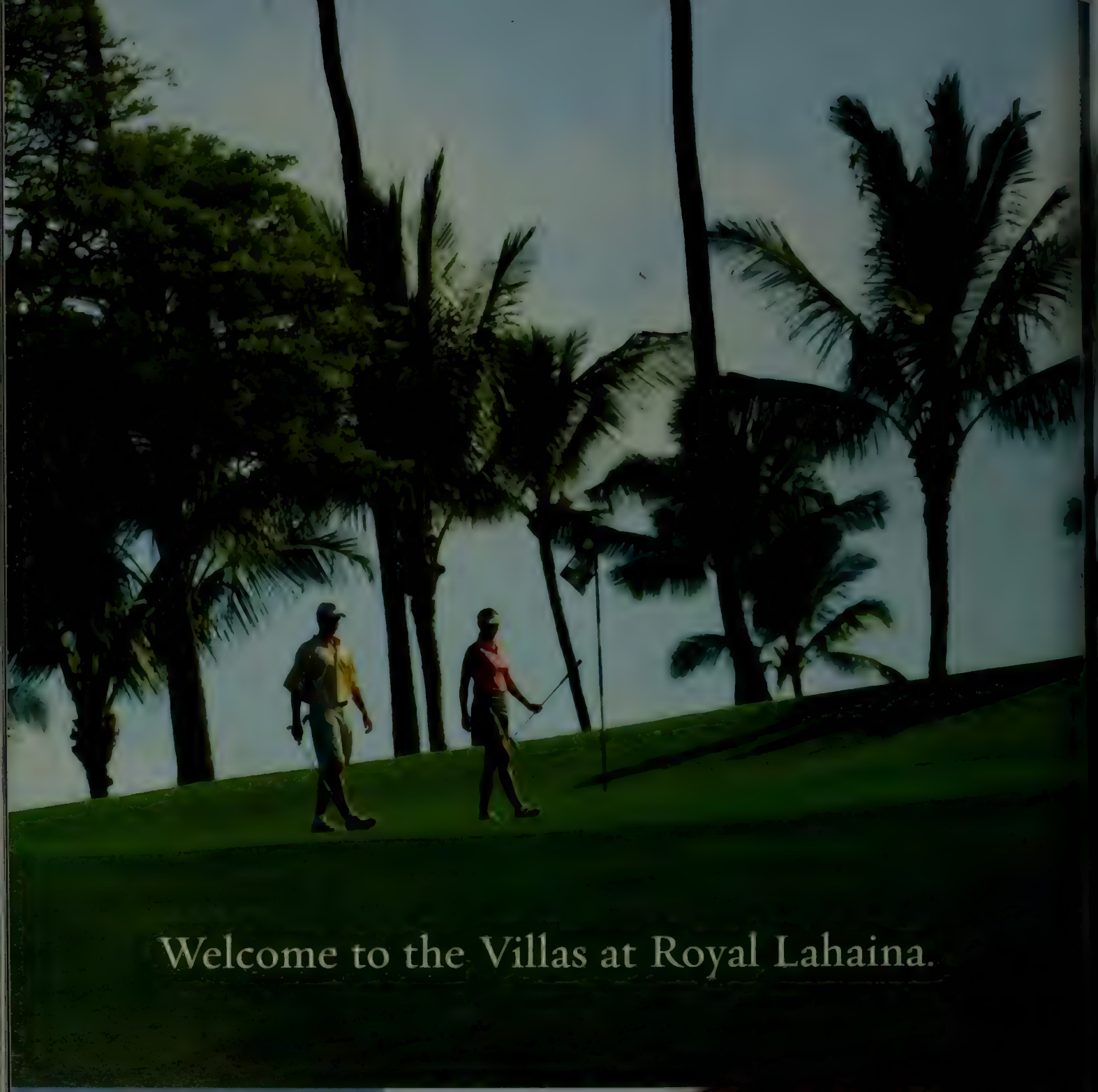
When Jimmy Carter was elected, in 1976, he appeared deliberately to downplay White House opulence. He was heavily criticized for going on television in a cardigan sweater and telling Americans to turn down their thermostats to save energy.

Liz Stevens: Jimmy Carter started the downward trend. He did not serve drinks at the

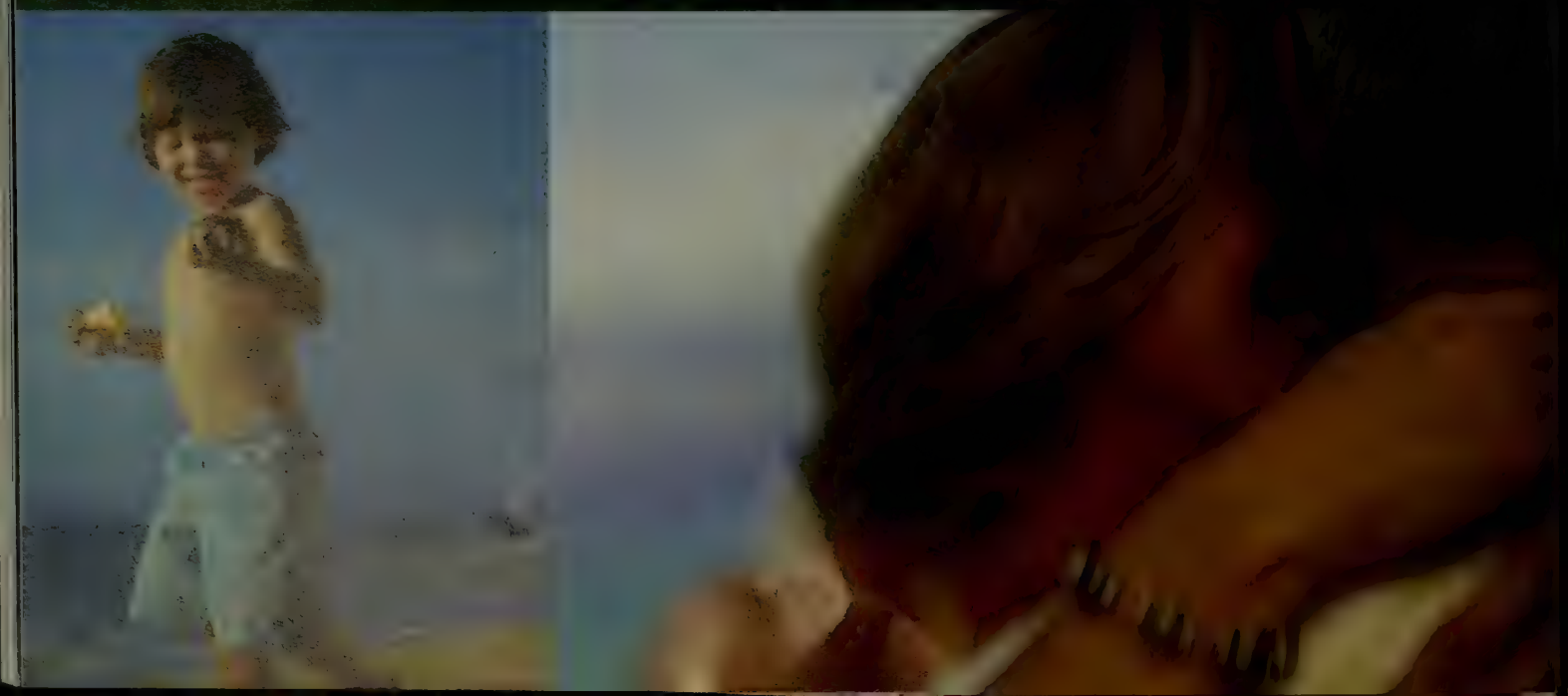
POWER PLAYERS
(1) Pamela Harriman, 1980s. (2) Deeda and William McCormick Blair Jr., 1978. (3) Evangeline Bruce, Kate Davis Quesada, and Susan Mary Alsop. (4) Katharine "Kay" Graham with Truman Capote at his Black and White ball. (5) National-Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, Susan Mary Alsop, and Charles, 1978. (6) Sally Quinn, Bradlee, and George Stevens Jr. (7) Joseph and Polly Kraft with Joseph Alsop, 1978.

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White House. After that, Reagan was the land of all-out. The wives [of the Reagan circle] got more involved than anyone. They went on boards.

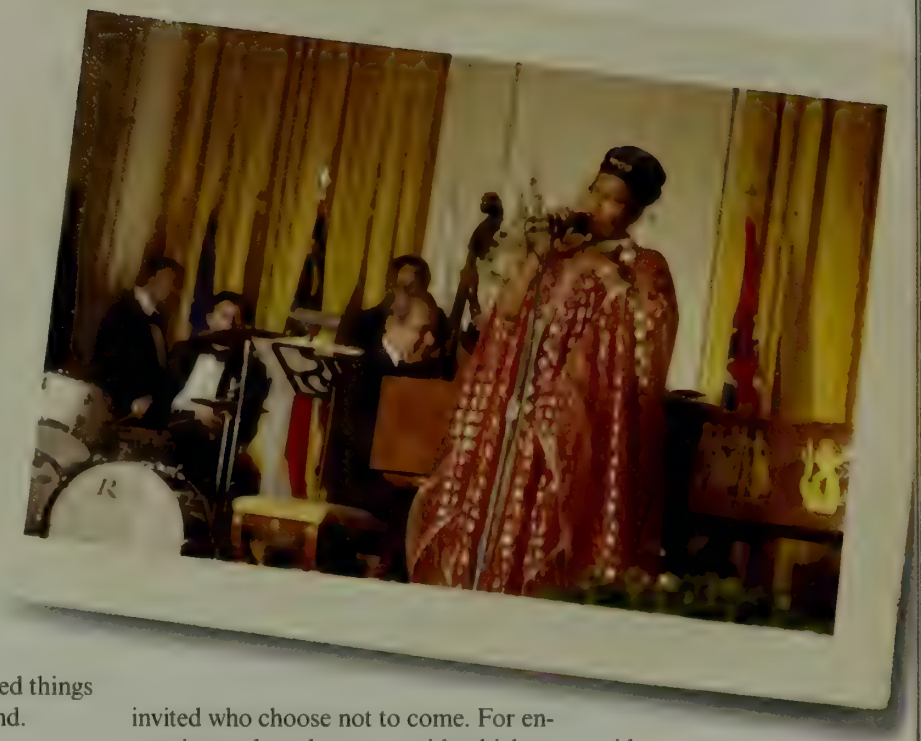
Gahl Burt: Reagan's Kitchen Cabinet was so moneyed, a good chunk of the library got raised from 10 people. That makes a big difference.... Between the [Walter] Annenbergs, the [Alfred] Bloomingdales, and the [Charles] Wicks, those people didn't blink to have a major dinner at Blair House that cost a lot of money. Those were fabulous parties with glittering guest lists.... The de la Rentas, the Henry Kissingers, [socialite walker] Jerry Zipkin were together in New York before the Washington connection. For Zipkin it didn't hurt to have your best friend be the wife of the president.... If J.F.K.'s were the golden years for the Democrats, then Reagan's were the golden years for the G.O.P.

Letitia Baldrige: By the time the Reagans were in, the money started to matter a lot. California money and western money we were just not used to. That changed things a lot. The Annenbergs had a lot of money to throw around.

Lea Berman: I remember at the end of the Reagan years we got Democrats in Congress, and it really got ugly at dinner parties. We were just under siege the whole dinner. I told my husband, "I am not going to go through that again." People of different parties weren't really friends.

Buffy Cafritz: I remember Kay Graham had a lovely dinner in March of 2001—she died that summer. George W. Bush was there, and so was Laura, who was so adorable and outgoing and wanted to be part of the community. Everybody had high hopes *he* would be part of the community. Then we had 9/11.

Lea Berman: In the first term, September 11 threw them off. They did a lot of quiet diplomacy, based on the foreign country asking for a certain kind of visit; they asked for Crawford, Texas. Going to Crawford was considered intimate. Also, at the dinners, there are certainly people who are invited who choose not to come. For entertainers, the vehemence with which some said no, you could tell they were not supporters.







HOUSE PARTIES
From top: Nixon accompanies Pearl Bailey, 1974; the Carters make merry with the Shah of Iran and his wife, 1977; Reagan and Marylou Whitney give a hand, 1981.

When the Clintons came to town, in 1992, there was tangible excitement that these two attractive young couples, the Clintons and the Gores, would somehow revive Camelot. Instead, the Clintons got off to a shaky start, with the issue of gays in the military, Nannygate, the suicide of Vince Foster, Travelgate, the failure of Hillary Clinton's health-care plan, and Whitewater. There were so many scandals that the White House came to see the press as the enemy, and the First Couple did not venture out much, but they sent loyalists such as Mack and Donna McLarty, who were Arkansas friends, and Vernon and Ann Jordan to cover Georgetown.

In the beginning, however, they also had a series of dinners in their private quarters. At one, which I attended with my husband, Bill Clinton gave a detailed tour of the Lincoln Bedroom. Later, that room would give rise to yet another scandal when it was revealed that wealthy donors were being invited to spend the night there. The Clintons did have a very lively, bipartisan engagement party early on for Bill's adviser James Carville and his very Republican fiancée, Mary Matalin; they also entertained at informal "movie nights"; and they significantly helped the cause of peace in Northern Ireland by beginning an annual White House St. Patrick's Day party, which both sides—who would never ordinarily venture into the same room together—attended. The Clintons, however, appeared in the end to view the White House not as a vibrant salon in which to host the best and the brightest, but as coveted real estate that could be used for fund-raising.

Dee Dee Myers, press secre-

tary during Clinton's first term and *Vanity Fair* contributing editor: The Democratic National Committee controlled who was invited. They brought in Clinton people from all over the country. They called it "political-base building" and the white-hot center was the White House. Los Angeles was huge. When the film-production company DreamWorks was being launched, I remember walking out of the grand hallway during a state dinner, and on a bench, deeply engrossed, were David Geffen, Steven Spielberg, and Jeffrey Katzenberg [the founders of DreamWorks]. The Clintons expanded the size of state dinners and had them in a tent. They had two or three events and lined them up for a week in the tent. They had the Emperor of Japan in a tent. The thing about the Clintons is that more is always more. It loses intimacy and grace.

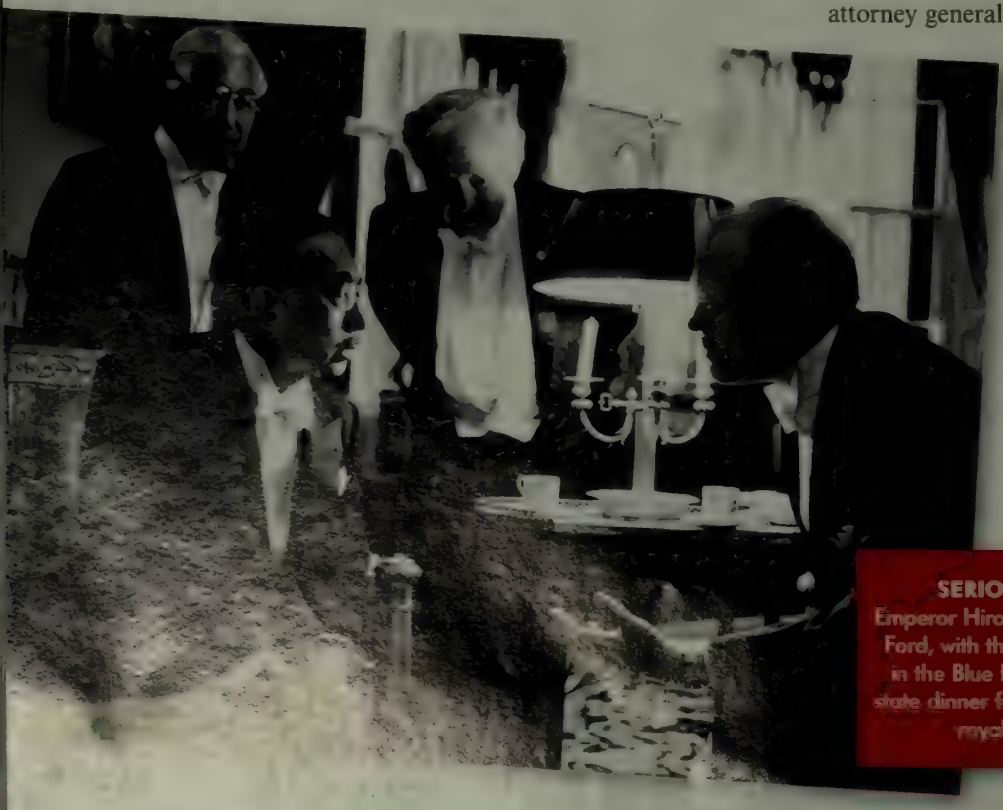
> "Thank-you notes were once obligatory. Today, you get an e-mail—'I had a great time.'"

Liz Stevens: If some cause needed help, the Clintons were willing to have an event. The staff was exhausted. They were constantly feeding people.

Sally Quinn: In terms of entertaining being partisan, it started with Clinton. The people who were seen as "hostesses" were people who had money or were raising money.... When the stuff about Clinton and women started appearing, in the second term, things shut down. Everybody wanted to go hide in a cave. For people willing to defend him, it became intolerable for them to go out.

In 2000, after being elected to the Senate, Hillary Clinton bought a fashionable house near the British and Italian Embassies. Before her run for the presidency, she added on to the house in order to have more space for entertaining.

Sally Quinn: Since Hillary has been here in the Senate for the last eight years, I think I've seen her twice. Otherwise, she is at fund-raisers. She entertains constantly, but it is all political. It is people who work for her or raise money for her.



SERIOUS TALK Emperor Hirohito and Gerald Ford, with their interpreters, in the Blue Room during a state dinner for the Japanese royals, 1975

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

The Clintons' second term was mired in the Monica Lewinsky scandal and ended with the president's shocking eleventh-hour pardon of the fugitive financier Marc Rich. Favored hostesses during the time were Clinton fund-raisers, who are now hoping a second Clinton presidency will provide a new opportunity to shine. One of the most aggressive contenders still vying to become a successor to the likes of Pamela Harriman is Beth Dozoretz, former Democratic National Committee finance chair.

Dozoretz, who constantly touted her close, personal relationship with Bill Clinton and pledged to raise $1 million for the Clinton library, is a one-time garment-industry executive married to Ron Dozoretz, a psychiatrist and the C.E.O. of a behavioral-health-care company that is heavily dependent on state contracts and that has been criticized in the past for providing substandard services. He contributes to both Republicans and Democrats. His wife first became known to the public when she took the Fifth Amendment before Congress in order not to have to answer questions about her role in the Marc Rich pardon. Last February, Clinton friends were taken aback when the Dozoretzes hosted a fund-raiser for New Mexico governor Bill Richardson, a presidential candidate, but that should not have been surprising considering the contract for a reported $325 million that Ron Dozoretz's FHC Health Systems has in New Mexico. Beth Dozoretz is said to phone media outlets to tout her parties and ask to be included on "A-lists," and in the middle of dinners she allegedly confers with her husband to discuss whom they've spoken with and whom they should cultivate.

Lady Catherine Meyer, wife of the former British ambassador Sir Christopher Meyer: Poor Beth. She did try to invite us all the time.

Buffy Cafritz: Beth Dozoretz? Enough said.

The most controversial nouveau social figure on the scene is student-loan impresario Catherine Reynolds, whose tax-exempt nonprofit student-loan company, EduCap, is currently under investigation by Congress, the I.R.S., and the New York State attorney general's office. *The Washington Post* has reported that, with funds from EduCap, Reynolds has donated more than $100 million to cultural institutions, including $400,000 to her daughter's private school; has bought a $30 million Gulfstream IV private jet; and has given $9 million to her husband, Wayne, who runs the Academy of Achievement, another nonprofit organization, which stages an annual multi-million-dollar weekend extravaganza to bring global glitterati together with outstanding graduate students. After all the negative media attention, Reynolds's student-loan business, which was already being downsized, was severely curtailed, and dozens of employees were laid off.

In 2002, Reynolds made headlines when she pledged $100 million to the Kennedy Center, but the project in question was abandoned, so in the end she paid nothing. She still pledges $1 million a year for special performances, and stages a lavish annual dinner there. The $38 million she pledged to



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the Smithsonian Institution she took back, because scholars at the museum thought she wanted too much say in the contents of its exhibitions. After pushing to have Laura Bush host a White House dinner to benefit the Dance Theatre of Harlem, to which Reynolds had pledged $1 million, she brought in her own producers to stage the entertainment. The event later aired on PBS. In 2005, when she became chairman of the board, she promised that she would help the dance company for three years, but she severed ties after a year. Lady Catherine Meyer had a similar experience with Reynolds and PACT (Parents and Abducted Children Together), a nonprofit Meyer began because her ex-husband, in Germany, had refused to return their two sons to her, and the German courts sided with him.

Lea Berman: Catherine Reynolds is very persuasive and very determined. She had very fixed ideas of what she wanted the evening to be and who the entertainers should be for the White House dinner for the Dance Theatre of Harlem. It was an intense experience.

Lady Catherine Meyer: She immediately said, "I'll help you." She organized a dinner at the embassy. We invited 85 percent of the people, and she paid for it. It was completely free for us, and whatever money people paid for the tickets went towards the charity. At that time, around 2000, nobody had ever heard of Catherine Reynolds. I said, "Why don't you join the board?" Every time we had a dinner or a lunch, we invited her and her husband. I wasn't born yesterday; I knew why she cultivated me. She wanted to be invited. She stepped into the British Embassy, met people, and then she dropped me.... She made a pledge of $100,000 with the condition I would match it. I went out and raised the money, but lots didn't stack up for her, and she only gave $38,000, which of course was very disappointing. I never heard from her again. I was completely shocked.

> "The fax machine spews out invitations for events for fund-raising—for $500, $1,000."

Buffy Cafritz: Catherine Reynolds has left behind a trail of broken friendships. This I will never be able to understand. She has none of the old relationships. The [Tom] Daschles [former Democratic Senate majority leader from South Dakota and his wife, Linda] are now her best friends. I can go through seven people she's dumped. Nobody understands her. She goes to the ladies' room and her husband stands outside. Why not? She's the bank.

Thanks to the explosion of information technology and the billions appropriated for domestic security in the last several years, Washington today is flush as never before, and a whole group of people not associated with politics is coming to the fore. However, the city is so polarized that even the caterers are characterized as Republican or Democrat. Members of Congress rarely socialize across party lines. They vote on bills at night, so they don't really go out much, and as a rule they do not bring their families to live in Washington anymore, because it's too expensive and many of their spouses work.

With the spread of the 24-hour news cycle and the rise of the Internet, interviewers and their subjects are occupied more than ever before, so there is little time for politicians or journalists to socialize. Also, social affability and compromise do not play well with the increasingly powerful bloggers who zealously patrol the Republican and Democratic bases.

Liz Stevens: The other night five new congressmen came to dinner. In the old days we used to see lots of congressmen and members of the Senate. Members had little contact by anyone. So they told us, "You are our new best friends! We haven't gone out at all." None has a family here. They are here for three days and then they go home and fund-raise. It seems to me it's a miserable life.

Ken Duberstein: The result of partisanship is gridlock—nothing gets done—and Washington and Capitol Hill have become the laughingstock of the nation. If you had a more nonpartisan social life, people would understand one another better as individuals, understand people's motives and integrity, and not see everything in terms of political one-upmanship. You also know that if they ever have to decide between being on a cable program and your dinner party, it's no contest.

Ted Kennedy, Democratic senator from Massachusetts: When my children were growing up and we had votes at night, the members' wives would bring picnics and we would watch our children play soccer on the lawn and listen to the various bands that would play on the Capitol steps. It was a way of getting to know the other members and their families, both Republican and Democrat.

Grega Daly, prominent hostess married to architect Leo Daly: Intimate, small dinners have always been the most intellectually stimulating, and still are, but they've changed over the past 10 or so years. It used to be that both Democrats and Republicans would attend, and interesting discussions would ensue, focused on the future of our country. Today the animosity between the two political parties is so great and so openly hostile that the blending of the guests at the dinners is no longer possible.

Letitia Baldrige: There is no question it is different here. The people who are giving the parties are the lobbyists. They eat lavishly all for a political reason. In the old days, 50 or 60 years ago, there was a real society here.

Bob Barnett, lawyer; book representative for Bill and Hillary Clinton, Bob Woodward, and Alan Greenspan; lawyer for my family; and husband of Rita Braver, of CBS News: Given the legal restrictions on lobbying, social occasions are used in a totally legal and proper way to advocate your client's position to a lawmaker or a regulator without having to spend money that is restricted.... Socializing is an important part of life for lobbyists and lawyers. A lot of old barriers have broken down.... The irony is, as more barriers are made official and written, the looser it is in the social realm.

Ken Duberstein: The pressure goes both ways. Everybody is getting leaned on, not just for presidential candidates but more importantly for Congress and the Senate. The fax machine just spews out these invitations for social events for fund-raising—for $500, for $1,000. I hear from people what kind of pressure they are under to contribute. Fund-raising has become insatiable.

One consequence of the fund-raising carnival is that embassies have been largely sidelined. The Bush White House barely socializes, so there is no one for embassies to honor in order to draw top guests. Embassies cannot contribute cash to members of Congress, so why should members bother to go to embassy parties? The British still make an effort to entertain, and from 1998 to 2005, when he was Colombia's ambassador to the United States, Luis Alberto Moreno was a highly visible social presence, gathering support for the $4 billion in U.S. aid under Plan Colombia. He became


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CAMELOT LITE Hillary and Bill Clinton dance at a White House dinner party, 1997. Below, their White House Historical Association dinner, 2000.

friends with Kay Graham by inviting her to a birthday dinner for Gabriel García Márquez, his country's Nobel Prize–winning author.

Luis Alberto Moreno, current head of the Inter-American Development Bank: Any ambassador has to influence 500 people [Congress and the White House], depending on the portfolio of his country. If you request a regular meeting, it takes two years. I would never say no, and I'd always try to go to big events. Nobody notices if you are late. I'd go into a room and say hello even if they were eating. Then I'd leave my little sound bite and get my feedback. You need to find ways to network and meet because Americans do business all the time.

Today, the only embassy making a big push is Kuwait—not the soft-spoken ambassador Salem Al-Sabah himself, but his intense, flamboyant wife, Rima, a former Lebanese journalist with platinum-blond hair down to the middle of her back, who in October gave birth to her fourth child, at age 45. Invitations to the first of four baby showers were mailed four months in advance, and 120 women attended. Rima Al-Sabah, who is known to call guests who have R.S.V.P.'d no to one of her dinners and plead with them to change their minds, draws Bush Cabinet members and top generals to her lavish evenings, which are always carefully photographed. Oil companies and their C.E.O.'s help sponsor her yearly benefit for various causes, where guests have included Angelina Jolie and Michael Douglas. About the only big private black-tie event last spring that both Republicans and Democrats attended was the Al-Sabahs' 60th-birthday party for Marvin Hamlisch, the principal pops conductor with the National Symphony.

Rima Al-Sabah: We came to Washington three weeks before September 11, and what happened was a shock. On September 12, I had a lunch invitation. I didn't think anyone would go, but the hostess said, "No, we want to show life goes on." The first question I was asked was "Did you see what you Arabs did?" I was horrified. So it is very important to change the stereotype. All countries have extremists. . . . After September 11 there became a need to be out there. I do big dinners for 120 or 140 and small dinners for 22 around a table. Entertaining is a crucial part of diplomatic work. I do four big dinners a year and small dinners twice a month and lunches. . . . A big dinner is a whole production. A successful party is not only a mix of beautiful setting and good food but who's on the chairs. The seating is very important. I always seat a guest next to one person they know and one they don't, but might be interested in. I didn't use to invite so much in advance, but then I started getting invitations two and three months ahead. You don't have to for small dinners as much, but for big dinners it's better.

Buffy Cafritz: Rima is the leading diplomatic hostess. She asks you to attend six months in advance. When my brother was asked to attend four months in advance, he said, "No, I'll be attending a funeral."

> "Jimmy Carter started the downward trend. He did not serve drinks at the White House."

Washington is far more diverse today than it was when Wasps with pedigrees who went into journalism and government service constituted the Georgetown set. These days in the capital, journalists are far more adversarial toward politicians, often looking to play "gotcha," so the easy camaraderie between observers and participants no longer exists. And while Washington has always had plenty of policy wonks, the new influx to the D.C. area of high-tech companies that thrive on government research and contracts has created a whole class of fabulously wealthy entrepreneurs. Money lubricates this once sleepy southern town, which used to consider people first as human beings and second as Republicans or Democrats. Recently, the social broadsheet *Washington Life* ran a cover story on the richest people in the city, which would have been considered in very poor taste, if not altogether unheard of, just a few years earlier.

Even the prestigious press dinners that everyone used to look forward to, which the president and vice president attended in order to be able to joust with the capital's key journalists, have become embarrassing and dreaded. Several years ago, heavy-metal rocker and reality-TV star Ozzy Osbourne, who was one of the growing number of notorious invited guests present at the White House Correspondents' Dinner, stood up on his chair and shouted, "I am fucking more famous than all of you!" He wasn't quite correct, but until a new administration takes office, Washington as a social organism is essentially dead. □



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VANITIES

DECEMBER 2007



Giovanna Mezzogiorno

AGE: 33. **PROVENANCE:** Rome (birth) and Paris (much of childhood). **HIT THE SMOLDERING-LATIN JACKPOT BY...** landing the female lead in Mike Newell's *Love in the Time of Cholera* (based on the novel by Nobelist Gabriel García Márquez), in which her husband is played by Benjamin Bratt and her yearning would-be lover by Javier Bardem. "The producers have been great, because it was not easy for them to choose an Italian actress that nobody knows in the United States," Mezzogiorno says. "I mean, I was just happy that I met Mike Newell." **BUT DON'T CALL HER AN INGÉNUE:** Mezzogiorno has already walked down the red carpet at the Academy

CONTINUED on page 290

Giovanna

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARLYNE CERF DE DUDZEELE



Giovanna Mezzogiorno CONTINUED from page 289

Awards—after the Italian psycho-thriller in which she starred in 2005, *Don't Tell* (original title: *La Bestia nel Cuore*, or "The Beast in the Heart"), was nominated for best foreign-language film. "It was an amazing night even though we didn't get the Oscar," she says. "It's such a great moment of cinema, really. In Europe we're not used to that kind of big, big machine. We have another mentality. We very much believe in minimalist things." ON *LOVE IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA*'S FLASH-FORWARD SEPTUAGENARIAN SEX SCENE: "Everybody prefers to see young people making love, but you know what? It's not as if you make love from 20 to 50, and then it's over. I hope that people can see how brave Mike Newell was to do that. We freaked out [filming the scene]. We were all very tense, because you have to have sweetness, it has to be believable, but at the same time, it has to be ironic. Because García Márquez is never one thing or another." —KRISTA SMITH



SEVEN CRUCIAL YEARS

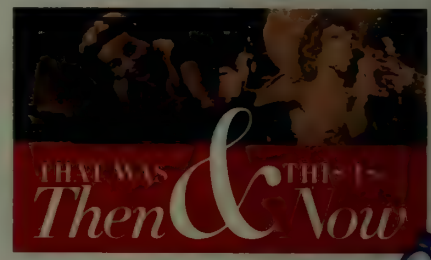


PAUL McCARTNEY, 1969–1976	AL GORE, 2000–2007
1969 Relations grow chilly with longtime professional partner John Lennon.	**2000** Relations grow chilly with longtime professional partner Bill Clinton.
1970 Broken and bearded, retreats into arms of loving blonde wife, Linda.	**2001** Broken and bearded, retreats into arms of loving blonde wife, Tipper.
1971 With Linda, sets out on homey, crunchy new path with albums *Ram* and *Wild Life*.	**2003** With Tipper, sets out on homey, crunchy new path with book *Joined at the Heart: The Transformation of the American Family*.
1972 Baffles some of his faithful by sprouting mullet, releasing a cover of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" as a single.	**2004** Baffles some of his faithful by campaigning for Howard Dean.
1973 Tarnished professional reputation restored with critically and commercially successful *Band on the Run*—abetted by the crapness of competitor-adversary John Lennon's *Mind Games*.	**2006** Tarnished professional reputation restored with critically and commercially successful *An Inconvenient Truth*—abetted by the crapness of competitor-adversary George W. Bush's war.
1976 Reaches apex of solo career with *Wings at the Speed of Sound*, which spends seven weeks at No. 1 on the *Billboard* albums chart.	**2007** Reaches apex of solo career with Nobel Peace Prize win.

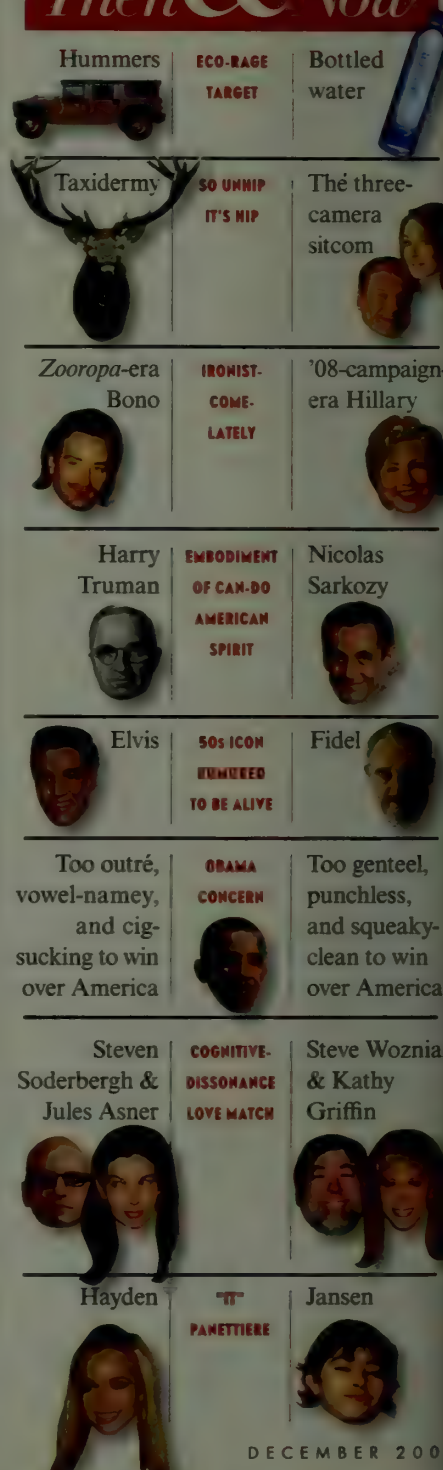


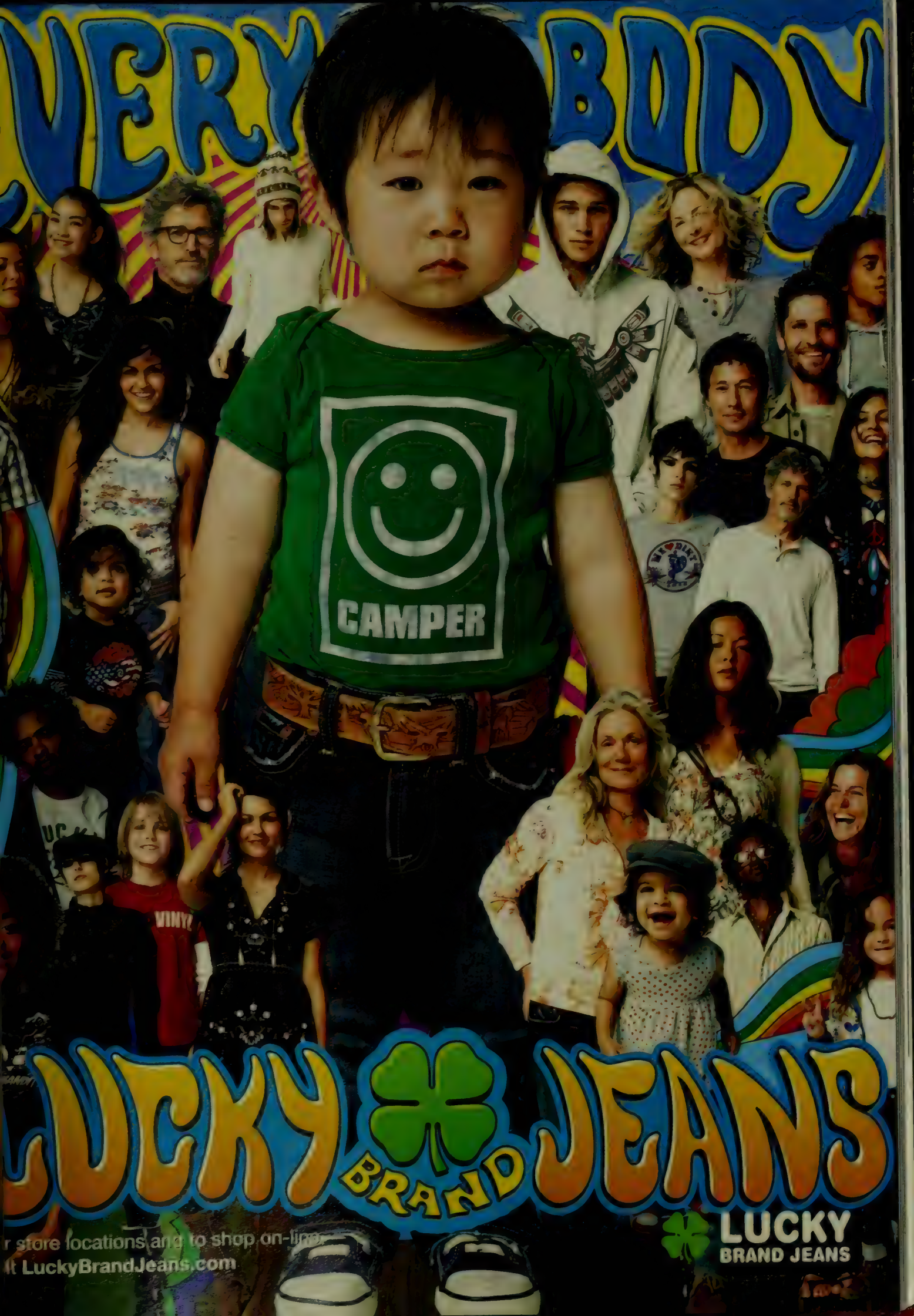


—L[illegible] AMP



Hummers	ECO-RAGE TARGET	Bottled water
Taxidermy	SO UNHIP IT'S HIP	The three-camera sitcom
Zooropa-era Bono	IRONIST-COME-LATELY	'08-campaign-era Hillary
Harry Truman	EMBODIMENT OF CAN-DO AMERICAN SPIRIT	Nicolas Sarkozy
Elvis	50s ICON RUMORED TO BE ALIVE	Fidel
Too outré, vowel-namey, and cig-sucking to win over America	OBAMA CONCERN	Too genteel, punchless, and squeaky-clean to win over America
Steven Soderbergh & Jules Asner	COGNITIVE-DISSONANCE LOVE MATCH	Steve Wozniak & Kathy Griffin
Hayden	"IT" PANETTIERE	Jansen




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PHILIP ROTH'S

CHRISTMAS FAIRY TALE

I HADN'T SEEN Snow White in 40 years. The last time I set eyes on her she'd been lying helplessly prostrate on my sofa, trying hard to impress her teacher with her impudent, beseeching breasts. Her energetic rump spoke to me of all that was female. She'd done well on the oral. I'd awarded her a B minus.

Now here she was, 40 years later, leaning over a bar in Newark, crazily waving her empty glass in the face of the hunchbacked bartender. Time hadn't been kind to Snow White. It had done to her what Bush was still doing to Iraq. Time was her occupying force, slackening her buttocks, thickening her flesh, making trenches in her skin. It was a massacre. She glared at me through her angry, demented spectacles. I was in the wrong place and she wanted me to know it.

"Who the fuck's sitting on my stool?" she rasped.

Her lipstick was awry. No precision bombing there: it had landed mainly on her cheeks, strafing them all the way to the ears. Her hair was the only thing still snow-white about her.

"That's just what the little guys said to you four decades ago," I responded.

"Sneezy was the worst," she said. "Always so insufferably curious. Snuffling about in other people's business like a pig. I said to him, 'Who the fuck are you to ask who's been sitting on your fucking stool?' So then up comes Grumpy and chips in. 'What I want to know,' he says, 'is who's been eating off my fucking plate.'

"That stunted asshole whining about his fucking plate! Give me a break! Who gives a fuck? And anyway, the bread was mine. It was mine! I baked it with my own fucking snow-white hands! Someone please tell me who's been eating my fucking bread! That's the only worthwhile question in the world at this exact moment. Who's been winding their dwarfy tongues around my baked dough made from flour leavened with yeast and masticating it with their midget fucking molars?"

"MY GOD!," SNOW WHITE SAID, slamming her brandy on the bar. "Who the fuck were these six—no, seven—squashed-up little morons to get so tight-assed over their kitchen arrangements?"

White's face shriveled to a fist. She looked like she'd been mauled by a Doberman. "This is how we end up," she cursed. "We think we're enjoying a light snack when no one's around, then we look up and find seven dwarfs busting in, setting up a public fucking inquiry into who stole their stool, their plate, their knives and their forks! Jeez! What kind of a merry Christmas d'you call that?"

She begged me to tell the true story of how she'd spent that Christmas with those hateful, narcissistic, overbearing, emasculated, impotent, squat, sniveling, grunting, obsequious, drunken dwarfs in their rotten hovel.

SHE HAD BEEN, in those days, a firmly made woman at the provocative edge of being just overweight, wearing some kind of kinky apron with her death-black hair all done up like a blow-up sex doll, and with a squeaky high-pitched voice like someone was busy squeezing hard on her tits. No wonder she caused the little guy's head to roll ecstatically back with a yearning groan.

"Who the fuck!" said Snow White, spinning round.

"I'm Sleepy!" said Sleepy.

"Like hell you are!" she cackled. Snow White delivered him a sharp kick in the groin with her razor stiletto. "Well, that should help you wake the fuck up!"

The six other dwarfs cowered beneath the table. Their heads level with her inviting rump.

"We'd best get down to work," said Doc, a thin spittle of saliva oozing its way down his mossy beard.

"And don't you guys even *think* of fucking whistling," said Snow White. "I hate whistling. Last time a man whistled on me, I crushed his head to a pulp between my thighs."

Immediately all seven dwarfs broke into a frenzied whistle like a madwoman's wail. Snow White thought of stowing them into a cupboard. But how? Maybe they were stackable.

"I'm the hell out of here," she said, opening the door. Just outside stood an ugly old dyke, the twin of Kissinger, apple in hand. An apple: stripped of its white flesh, it was nothing but a core, a skull-less skeleton. Chewing on an apple, you're chewing on your own desiccated brain.

With one movement, Snow White snatched the apple and shoved it into her own mouth and began crunching it with her pert, ripe teeth. Peeping out from behind a tea towel, Bashful marveled at the brazen death-defying eroticism of the woman.

Snow White fell to the floor.

"She's dead," said Doc, who'd been struck off the register years before for repeated interference with patients, nurses, elderly relatives, inspectors. The board had called it "transgression."

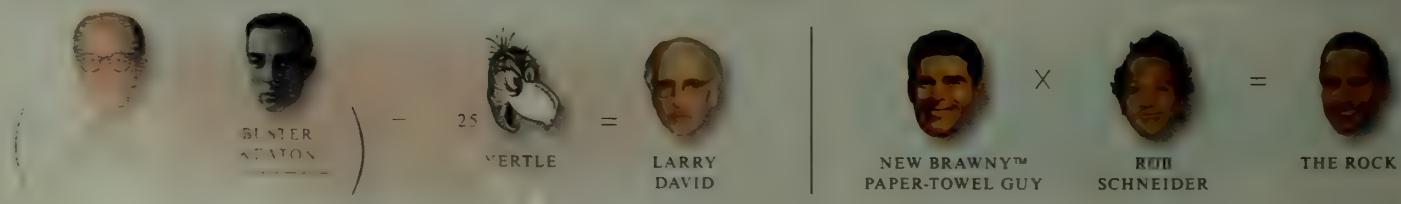
Dead. To one sex-crazed dwarf that news only made Snow White all the more alluring.

"Get off the corpse, Bashful!" said Grumpy. "And put that thing back in your filthy trousers!"

IN THAT SAD NEWARK BAR, the shriveled-up White smashed down her empty glass. "O.K., so I woke up, but what kind of a two-bit Christmas did that turn out to be? Those stunted guys were trying to feast on me like I was a turkey. I guess that's how we all end up: meat on a plate with a cold potato to keep us company. Christmas, Shmismas!"

—AS TOLD TO CRAIG BROWN

Celebrity Math BY MARK O'DONNELL



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VANITY FAIR

MICHAEL HOGAN
SENIOR ARTICLES EDITOR

October 19, 2007

Graydon:

Thanks for putting me in charge of running *V.F.*'s podcast. I'm very excited about this opportunity. Here are the first fruits of my brainstorming efforts . . .

On the fourth of each month, Broadway legend Jim Dale reads the entire new issue aloud. No.

V.F. Sports: our weekly take on events in the sporting world, featuring Buzz Bissinger and maybe one of the other heterosexuals on the masthead. No.

Dept. of Secret Talents: Did you know that Barlett and Steele have teamed with those guys you brought over from *The Atlantic*, Cullen Murphy and William Langewiesche, to form a barbershop quartet? They call themselves the Special Repor-Tones. They're evidently quite the hit at church suppers, summer fairs, and ground-breaking ceremonies. maybe

Finally, and forgive me for asking, what about Ed Coaster? I know he's not high on your list these days, but he has that great radio voice, and an audio essay he did for *All Things Considered*, "The Lanyard and the Laminate," has been No. 1 on N.P.R.'s most e-mailed list for three consecutive days! Claire — can you get me a transcript? Thanks, G.

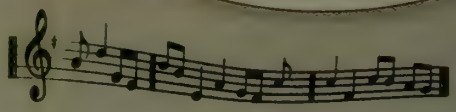
Thanks again,

Michael



The COASTER *Correspondence*

MORE OF THE VERY EXPENSIVE WORDS OF *Edwin John Coaster,* CONTRIBUTING EDITOR



The SPECIAL REPOR-TONES

October 23, 2007

Heidi-ho, Graydon!

We, the Special Repor-Tones, are thrilled in the key of deee-lighted to participate in the *V.F.* podcast!

It all started for us when Don Barlett and I discovered we were both members of SPEBSQUA, the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet singing in America. One thing led to another, and now the four of us are a big draw at church suppers, summer fairs, ground-breaking ceremonies, and other assorted shivarees and rowdy dows!

Our repertoire includes "Li'l Liza Jane," "Lida Rose," and "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie." And for those who like to "rock out," we do an "almost a cappella" version of "Penny Lane" in which Langewiesche demonstrates his formidable skills on the piccolo trumpet!

Give us a toodle-oo when you're ready for us!

Yours,

Cullen

Cullen Murphy
High Tenor

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The Lanyard and the Laminate

October 16, 2007, from *All Things Considered*

Edwin Coaster: The lanyard and the laminate hang loose from my wattled neck—a slack mockery of phallus and scrote, a nylon-weave emasculation. "Edwin John Coaster" reads my badge, "V.I.P. Keynot Speaker."

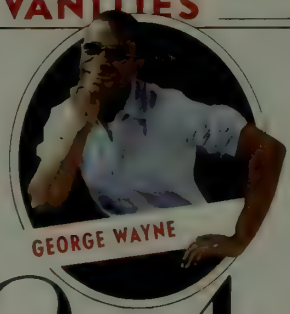
I am a famous reporter and novelist—or, rather, I used to be. Of lat I've slid off the syllabi of the universities, off the radar of the magaz for which I putatively write, off the front page of the Sunday review sections. Now I find myself relegated to the gilded purgatory of the speakers' circuit, addressing tax lawyers and pharmaceutical sales re at resort conferences, pocketing my poundage and per diem for thirt five minutes' worth of shopwor... reminiscence.

I step to the podium. I survey my ...ence: all corporate-logo polo shirts, the piqué mesh stretche... ...xtended bellies. I can ma out the outlines of some of their navels ... goatees—why so ma goatees?

"Good afternoon," I begin. "And don't worry—I'll have you out of ... by five. I have an appointment at the bar with a Mr. Blanton." I hate ... joke as much as I mean it. But it does always get a laugh, sometim...

new [yellow tail] sparkling wine

"He may talk like a hillbilly, but this guy has mined millions—and I do mean millions—from that aw-shucks, country-boy shtick."



"I will be in my Santa costume with a bottle of Veuve Clicquot in one hand before my brand-new HDTV console waiting for the premiere of Larry the Cable Guy's Christmas special."

"And he's rolling right along into 2008 with a new movie featuring one of my all-time favorite actors, Yaphet Kotto. For that he is definitely a bona fide member of G.W.'s Hall of Fame."

Q&A

"Dan Whitney confided in G.W. that he was a virgin until 22. He's a good ole boy, married to the same dame for years, and now they're celebrating their second child together."

Million-Dollar Bumpkin

Larry the Cable Guy OPENS UP ABOUT HIS INSPIRATIONS AND LOSING HIS VIRGINITY

Larry the Cable Guy, 44, was raised Dan Whitney on a pig farm in Pawnee City, Nebraska. Years later, the tongue-in-cheek, catchphrase-driven stand-up star who propelled the various Blue Collar Comedy incarnations to sensation status, and landed a role in Pixar's hit film *Cars,* sits atop the comedy world as the most lucrative man on the market—all goofy film and TV work aside, he laughed his way to the bank with $21.7 million in 2006 alone. With his Christmas special airing on VH1 this month, the deep-fried American hero hangs with our correspondent.

George Wayne: *Are you a titty man? I've watched* Blue Collar TV. *The female extras and the supporting cast—they all have the biggest knockers. It must be a requirement to get a gig on that show.*

Cable Guy: That was the casting director. I am more of a legs guy.

G.W. *To get on the Cable Guy's show, all you got to do is have a big ole pair of titties.*

C.G. You gotta have ratings.

G.W. *So how's it hangin', Larry the Cable Guy?*

C.G. It must be fall, my wife's finally losing her back hair.

G.W. *Someone is going to get spanked tonight! Tell me about the genesis of your comedy.*

C.G. I was always a fan of all the old-time comedians. My favorite comedian is Steve Martin. I was a fan of Monty Python's Flying Circus and Don Rickles, Milton Berle, Phyllis Diller.

G.W. *What made you give comedy a shot?*

C.G. I am not good at physical labor.

G.W. *I know you had a job as a bellhop at a Hyatt Regency in Florida.*

C.G. Yes, sir. That's when I started doing

G.W. *round*

"God bless America."

C.G. No, but you know what, George? I a good tipper, because I used to work in the service industry.

G.W. Forbes *magazine says you made more money in 2006 than any other stand-up comedian in America.*

C.G. That's right. I have awesome fans. When they like something they like, they are faithful to it. And I love 'em to death.

G.W. *Well, among your greatest fans are the Bears of America.*

C.G. Oh yeah?

G.W. *Yeah, the Bears—homosexuals who worship and fetishize big, burly, hairy blue-collar guys like you who love wearing cutoff flannel shirts.*

C.G. Too bad I'm married and off the market.

G.W. *Trust G.W., Cable Guy, the Bears of Castro Street would love nothing more than to have their way with you. Can you recall the first time you played tonsil hockey?*

C.G. You mean kiss a girl? I was about 10. I didn't get laid until I was 22.

G.W. *You were a virgin until 22? That's a little late to lose your cherry. Have you ever revealed that before?*

C.G. My dad was a preacher and I wanted to wait until I was married, and then I saw myself naked in the mirror one time. I said, "That's not going to happen. To heck with it." I was trying to remain pure, but it didn't happen. I never talked about it before.

G.W. *Another G.W. exclusive.*

C.G. I never talked about it because it's not funny.

G.W. *I can just see you and, say, Brett Favre dipping snuff. He loves chewing tobacco like you and hangin' out.*

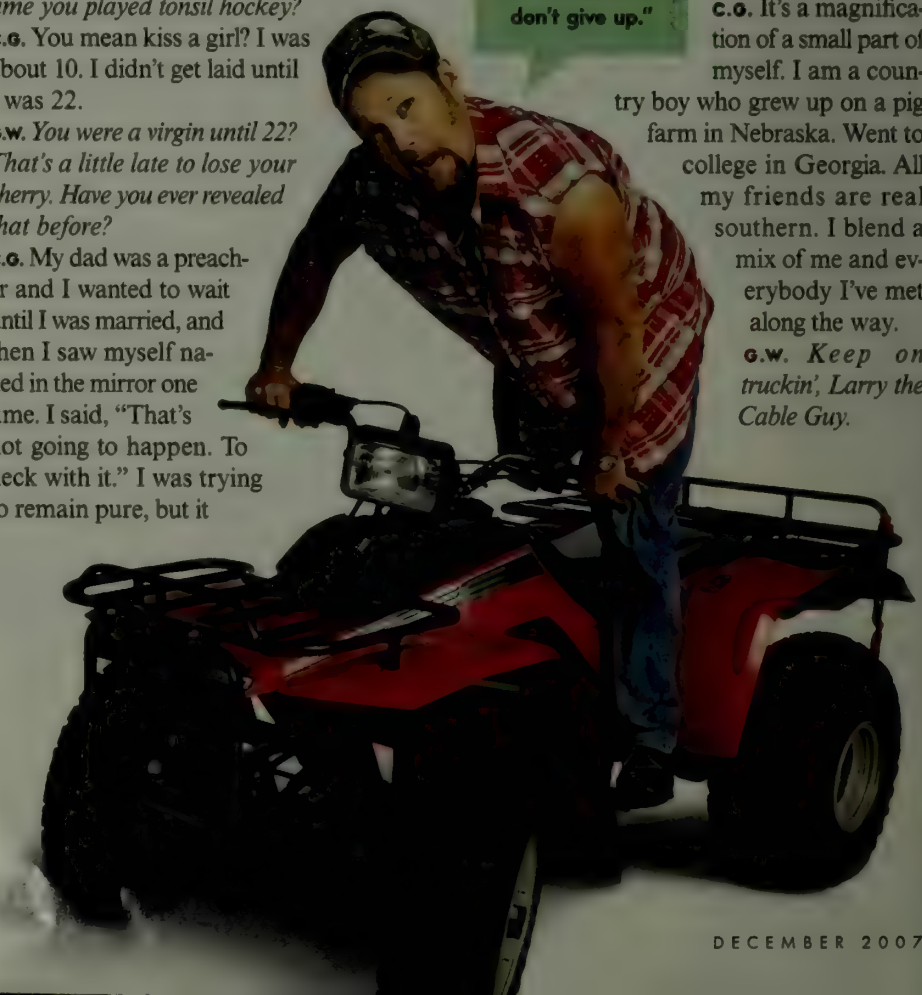
C.G. I met Brett Favre. He's awesome! He's a funny, down-to-earth guy—a great guy. I went to a Packers game once and sat in his booth with his wife. She told me that my CD never leaves his player. After the game we hung out for about an hour telling jokes and eating Cajun chili.

G.W. *Dan Whitney is not that far removed from his alter ego, Larry the Cable Guy.*

C.G. It's a magnification of a small part of myself. I am a country boy who grew up on a pig farm in Nebraska. Went to college in Georgia. All my friends are real southern. I blend a mix of me and everybody I've met along the way.

G.W. *Keep on truckin', Larry the Cable Guy.*

"Living the American Dream: Work hard and don't give up."



PHOTOGRAPH (BOTTOM) BY CASPER TRINGALE. FOR DETAILS, SEE PUBLISHER'S PAGE.

CHOCOLATE SANTA

ETER PAUL CHOCOLATE FACTORY AT MACCARONE GALLERY 820 GREENWICH ST NYC 10014

A COLLABORATION WITH HAUSER & WIRTH, ZURICH/LONDON PETERPAULCHOCOLATE.COM



MOMMY'S BEING FAMOUS RIGHT NOW

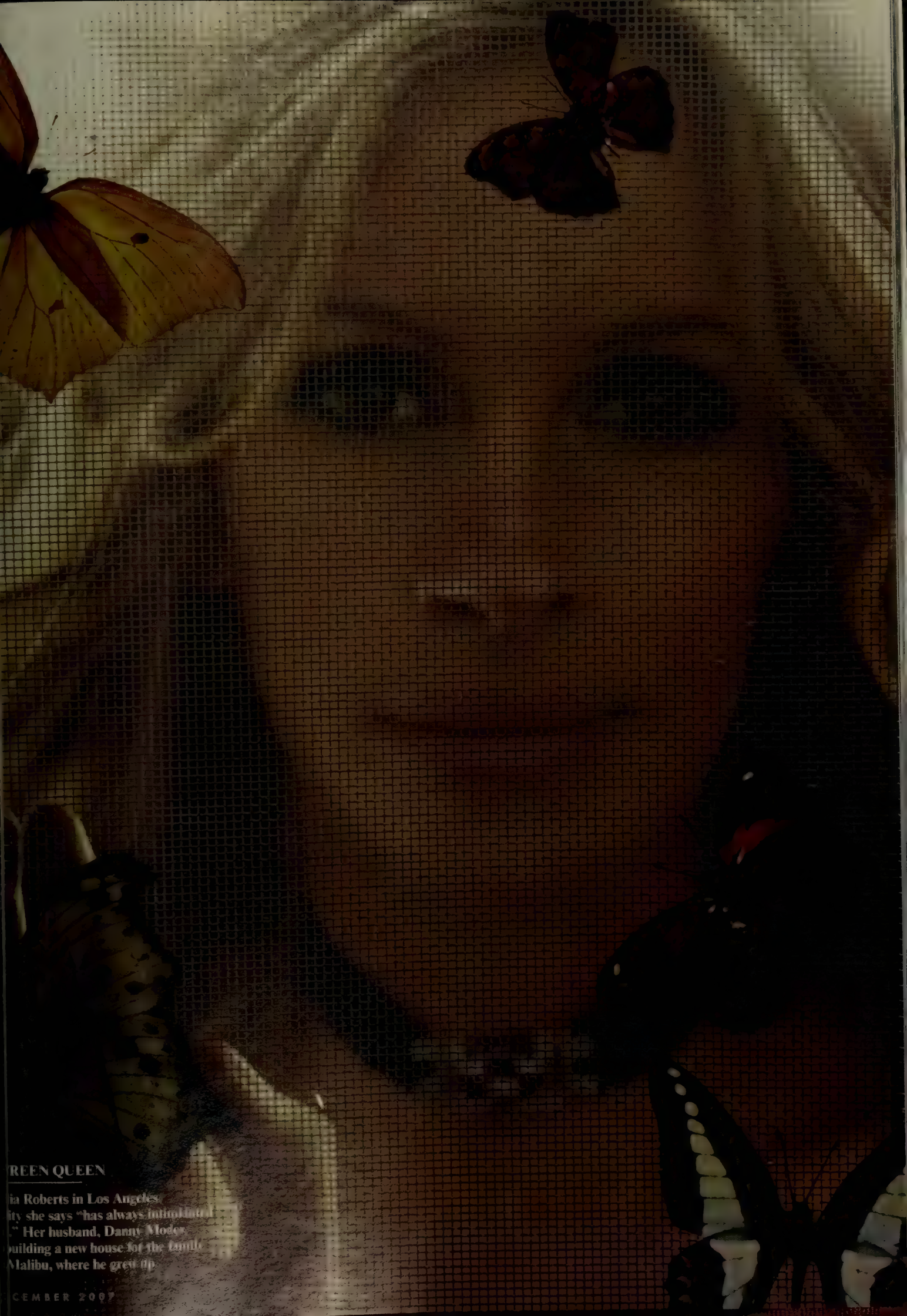
To Julia Roberts's kids, her latest on-screen incarnation—Tom Hanks's socialite co-conspirator in the new Mike Nichols film, *Charlie Wilson's War*—is "Cuckoo Mommy." To those who think of Roberts as the world's most famous actress, her low-key life with husband Danny Moder may be equally curious. JANE SARKIN and KRISTA SMITH get the first in-depth interview in years with a woman who has a handle on the grit as well as the glamour

Tucked away on a quaint street near the beach in Venice, California, sits a modest, Craftsman-style house. There are no 40-foot hedges, no long driveway, and no butler or live-in help. We ring the bell, and Julia Roberts buzzes us in to her home. As we pass through the gate, we spy her coltish figure—all five feet nine inches of it—on the back porch. When we join her there, we see that she's breast-feeding her son Henry, who was born in June.

Dressed in flip-flops, cutoff sweatpants, and a long-sleeved T-shirt, Roberts has her auburn hair pulled back, and wears tortoiseshell glasses that frame her big brown eyes. "I *did* put on mascara for you guys today," she says. Then she smiles, and suddenly we're reminded: This is the Most Famous Actress in the World, a title she's held for 17 years. She has three Oscar nominations and one win, for 2000's *Erin Brockovich,* directed by Steven Soderbergh. She commands $25 million per picture and over the course of her career has amassed more than $2 billion in box-office sales.

From the looks of things, however, none of that is terribly important to Roberts, who turned 40 on October 28. She and her husband, cinematographer Danny Moder, have lived here since

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL THOMPSON • STYLED BY ELIZABETH STEWART



REEN QUEEN

ia Roberts in Los Angeles
ity she says "has always intimidated
." Her husband, Danny Moder,
uilding a new house for the family
Malibu, where he grew up.

CEMBER 2007



"I was like, Here I am, *finally* going to put on a bathing suit in a movie, and I'm almost four months pregnant. And people didn't know. I thought, I'm really going to be screwed here."



AMERICAN BEAUTY

In 2000, Roberts became the first actress to earn $20 million for a role (in *Erin Brockovich*). Asked how it felt, she replies, "Just as good as it would if you were a man, I bet."

2002, and their twins, Hazel and Phinnaeus (Finn, for short), were born two years later. The place looks and feels lived-in. There's a homemade wooden swing tied to a tree in the backyard, and no piece of furniture appears to be off-limits to little people. Inside the house, a basket of little shoes sits on the kitchen floor, and the smell of a hamburger dinner being prepared by the babysitter permeates all corners.

After sorting through her vast collection of teas, Roberts brews a cup for each of us and we sit down at a weathered picnic table in the yard. This is the first in-depth interview she has given in years. The occasion is the December 25 release of *Charlie Wilson's War,* adapted by screenwriter Aaron Sorkin from the nonfiction book of the same name by the late journalist George Crile. Roberts plays Joanne Herring, the Houston socialite who conspired with the title character—a Texas congressman played by Tom Hanks—to fund the anti-Soviet jihad in Afghanistan in the 1980s. While their efforts helped topple the Soviet empire, they also laid the groundwork for the rise of Islamist extremism in Afghanistan. The film was directed by Mike Nichols, who first worked with Roberts on 2004's *Closer.* "The thing about great actors, and she is a great actor," Nichols says, "is that we don't know how they do it, we simply believe that they are alive on-screen and, whatever character they are playing, we believe that is their true self." He adds, "We feel we know her and are part of her life simply by looking at her."

Inside, the babysitter is keeping Finn occupied so that Roberts can talk to us. (Hazel is staying late at nursery school.) But every so often he comes outside to see his mom. At one point she takes Henry up for a nap, but he's back within an hour to be breast-fed again. In the few hours we spend with Roberts, she sings songs to the children, changes a diaper with impressive fluency, and calms a fussy three-month-old without breaking a sweat.

Our conversation covers the whole range of Roberts's life—her career, her children, her hopes and plans for the future. When she talks about her husband, and how much he means to her, her eyes well up with tears. Moder himself arrives carrying groceries around six, sends the babysitter home, and finishes the preparations for the family dinner. Meanwhile, we keep talking.

V.F. How did you come to take the role of Joanne Herring in *Charlie Wilson's War*?

J.R. Aaron Sorkin wrote a great script. When I read it, I was blown away. It's tricky material, but I love the tone of it. It's so Mike Nichols. I said, "I will do this movie if for no other reason than to be with my beloved Mike and Tom Hanks."

V.F. You voiced a character in *The Ant Bully,* which Tom Hanks produced, but this is your first time working together on-screen. How did you two get along?

J.R. All Tom and I talk about are our kids. He's got great stories. Everybody thinks their stories are great, but his stories about his kids *are* great. He'd be on my top-five list of people to sit and have a drink or dinner with and just talk to. You can talk about really deep topical things or just be a girlfriend and gossip. I love that about him.

V.F. In one of your scenes with him, your character says, "Unless I'm wrong, which would be *unusual* for me . . . " Did you just love saying that line?

J.R. I did! I have a love-hate relationship with a southern accent, but there are certain words that are so much fun to say. You know, "That would be un*uuuu*sual for me."

V.F. There's also a scene where you're sitting at the bathro mirror using the sharp end of a safety pin to separate your he ily made up eyelashes. Where did that come from?

J.R. Well, I *do* that. And my makeup artist is always sayi "Don't!"

V.F. It's a great moment, because at the same time that yo poking away, you're also delivering this intense speech about Afghan military situation to Wilson—who's wallowing in the t

J.R. Well, with makeup scenes, it's always the same f bullshit that you try, because you have to do it over and o again. You don't want to have to keep washing your face, you have an empty mascara wand or you do the powder thi So I was just trying to think of something interesting, and t dialogue is so crazy and nonstop. I loved the paradox of ta ing about war and rifles and guns and ammunition and do my makeup. Actually, I have to give credit to my longti makeup guy, Richard Dean, who said, "You know you do t thing with the safety pin?"

V.F. We asked Tom Hanks for a quote about what it was l to work with you, and he said, "Just say . . . she was pregnant whole time."

J.R. I wasn't! Well, I *was* pregnant the whole time, but I did *know* it the whole time.

V.F. Were you morning-sick?

J.R. I was pretty sick. But I had this looming bikini scene the movie, and I was like, Here I am, *finally* going to put o bathing suit in a movie, and I'm almost four months pregna And people didn't know. I thought, I'm really going to be screw here. I wasn't showing that much. I just looked like I had a fi pound paunch, but you don't want to be in a movie in a bik looking like that. The day before we shot that scene, Mike a Diane [Sawyer, his wife] came over here for lunch, so Dan and I thought it would be nice to tell them together. So we sa "We have some exciting news," and we told them we were go to have a baby, and they were all excited and happy. And I sa "So, that bikini scene tomorrow. Can we *not* do that?" But G is always hovering near in some form or another, because whe came time to shoot the scene my stomach was probably the fl test it had been in three months.

V.F. How did the wardrobe department deal with your growi bustline?

J.R. Well, that was fine. What I did was wear, like, double c lets to start with, and then as the movie progressed just start taking the things out.

V.F. What is it you like about working with Mike Nichols?

J.R. I just love to hear Mike share his take on a piece of ma rial or a film. It's so intricate. He's seen a lot of things in his li powerful things, and his interpretation of the world is so flu People decide things about the world and about who they are, a Mike is just made of water in a way. He shares his experience a takes in your experience and makes that part of his design. I and Steven [Soderbergh] and my husband are probably the th men I would go to for career advice. I'll turn to usually Dan first, but if it's a little puzzle or something, Mike and Steven ways have something interesting to say.

V.F. Did you know Mike Nichols before he cast you in *Close*

J.R. No. I think the reason Mike came to me was on the r ommendation of Steven, actually, because Cate Blanchett w supposed to play my part in *Closer* and she got pregnant, luc for me.

V.F. We asked some drama students at an all-girls school in olumbus, Ohio, what questions they would ask you if they had e chance. Here's one: "How did it feel as a woman to cross over e $20 million pay range [with 2000's *Erin Brockovich*]?"

J.R. Just as good as it would if you were a man, I bet. I mean, I ess I shouldn't belittle it like that. I should take pride in being a rerunner, even if it's something that seems kind of stupid, like be- g overpaid for a great job. But I don't really think about it. Elaine oldsmith-Thomas was my agent then, and she took a real position, a woman in the industry representing a woman, to make strides that way. So she really deserves credit. It was really a thing for her.

V.F. Here's another question from the school: "Were you ever scouraged in trying to act?"

career over years and many movies. Now it's like you do one good movie and they throw a ton of money at you and a ton of attention at you. You're being constructed outside of yourself before you even know who you are, and what you are, and how you want to do it, and *why* you want to do it.

I think one of the smartest things I ever did for my career was not working for two years in the early 90s. I was being offered a lot of different movies, but I just didn't see the point of any of them. People would say to me, "How can you just be passing on all these things?" And my response was "Tell me a movie you've seen in the last year that I should have made." I don't know how I knew to serve myself like that, but I think those two years of strength and fortitude are what allowed me to have a long career.

> "Before, you could build a career over years and many movies. Now it's like you do one good movie and they throw a ton of money at you and a ton of attention at you."

J.R. Yeah, I think everybody is. Even when it's full of accolades d pats on the back, there's still an undercurrent of a discourag- g life to an actor.

V.F. Which actresses do you admire?

J.R. Franny McDormand I love. Annette Bening. Susan Saran- n I just admire so much. There's so many fabulous actresses. achel McAdams. Reese Witherspoon.

V.F. Is there any actor you'd like to work with?

J.R. I would like to work with Johnny Depp. I've known him a ng time. I think he's so interesting, and I think we look alike in a nny way. So Johnny Depp. Johnny Depp and I will play brother d sister in something.

I'd love to work with Denzel Washington again [her co-star in 993's *The Pelican Brief*]. It's been way too long since that hap- ned. I'd love to have that experience now that I'm grown-up d have a family and feel like I have a stronger voice than I did en. It's hard to not just want to work with the same people that u like over and over again. I know if I'm going to be with Mike n going to have fun. I know if I'm going to be with Steven and eorge [Clooney] and Brad [Pitt], I'm going to have fun.

V.F. We missed you in *Ocean's 13.*

J.R. Oh, put that you missed me! Put the screws to those boys.

V.F. You were pregnant on *Ocean's 12,* weren't you?

J.R. Yes. I was the gatekeeper. I was the one who would wait o when they would go off in the boat at night. And I always took picture of the group as they left and would say, "I'm going to get lot of money for this picture if you guys don't come back. The st picture ever taken."

V.F. What do you think about the frenzy surrounding today's ung celebrities?

J.R. I think it's just grotesque. It's like a circus sideshow. I don't now why anybody would even want to go into show business ese days, with all of the different magazines and shows. It just ouldn't be worth it. And it's too fast. Before, you could build a

And I think it made all the difference that the movie that I went back to work on was *The Pelican Brief,* with Alan Pakula and Denzel and Sam Shepard. That movie changed my life. As much as people talk about *Pretty Woman* or even *Mystic Pizza,* there's something about *Pelican Brief* that, to me, is almost the beginning of my career. It was a mature part and it was a different kind of movie for a young girl. I mean, I know it was John Grisham, but I wasn't this girl in peril. It was deeper than that, and I think that had a lot to do with Alan.

It's such a funny job, because it really is just pretending. I do it here all day with my kids. And then sometimes I leave the house and get paid a lot of money to do the same thing. So it's kind of this funny, wacky, silly job.

V.F. But it's still a job.

J.R. It *is* still a job, and there are aspects to it that I really have a hard time with, that I really struggle with now, 20 years later. Something as ridiculous as the frenzy of publicity, the paparazzi. My stomach still drops when I turn and see someone with a camera.

V.F. So you *do* have your own issues with paparazzi.

J.R. I just feel like it's so demeaning the way they behave, and I hate the fact that I even put any of my energy into thinking about it or being stressed about it. And really, more than anything, it just has to do with my kids. There's no reason to take pictures of celebrities' children other than for people to say, "Oh, they're cute." I think magazines shouldn't run pictures of people's kids. I have a problem with that. I also have a problem with the whole notion that, if I have Henry in a sling, I'm hiding him. He's a baby and I'm carrying him around, and so's the lady across the street. I get pissed off, because I think that it's inhuman to chase a woman with her children. We're all the same. Why can't we get on board with this? That we're all the same. Some have cooler jobs, CONTINUED ON PAGE 369

FOR A RETROSPECTIVE OF JULIA ROBERTS PHOTOS FROM THE PAGES OF *VANITY FAIR*, GO TO **VF.COM**.

How many art-world stars can fit in a single room? ANNIE LEIBOVITZ captured the unparalleled talent and influence that assembled in New York last May to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the American Patrons of Tate, supporters of Britain's illustrious museum



TATE-A


ROBERT MANGOLD
American artist.
GUILLERMO KUITCA
Argentinean artist.
HELEN AND BRICE MARDEN
American artists.
VIK MUNIZ
Brazilian-American artist.
AGNES GUND
President emerita, Museum of Modern Art. Dinner benefactor.
JUSTINE WHEELER AND JEFF KOONS
American artists.

TÊTE


RICHARD TUTTLE
American artist.
JOEL SHAPIRO
American artist, married to Ellen Phelan.
SUSAN ROTHENBERG
American artist, married to Bruce Naum
LADY LYNN FORESTER DE ROTHSCHILD AND SIR EVELYN DE ROTHSCHILD
Chair of the American Patrons of Tate and of the Artists Dinner, and her husband. Dinner benefactors.
DAVID TEIGER
Honorary trustee of the Museum of Modern Art
Dinner patron.
MELVA BUCKSBAUM AND RAYMOND LEARSY
Trustee of the Whitney Museum of American Art and her husband. Dinner patrons.


JEFF
AND JEANNETTE WALL
Canadian artist
and his wife.
BRUCE
NAUMAN
American artist,
married to
Susan Rothenberg
ANDREA
AND JAMES A. GORDON
Trustee of the
Chicago Museum of
Contemporary Art
and his wife.
Dinner patrons.
VERONICA
HEARST
Dinner benefactor.
ELLSWORTH KELLY
American artist.
GUIDO
ALBI MARINI
Italian artist,
partner of
Ella Fontanals-
Cisneros.


SANDRA
ND SAMUEL NILES
Trustee of the
erican Patrons of Tate
nd her husband
nner benefactors.
DONALD
MARRON
President emeritus of the
Museum of Modern Art.
Chair of the American
Patrons of Tate Artists Dinner.
Dinner benefactor.
MIMI HAAS
Vice-chairman of the
Museum of Modern Art.
Dinner benefactor.
FRANCK AND
CATHERINE PETITGA
Dinner benefactors.
ELLA
FONTANALS-
CISNEROS
Trustee of the
American Patrons of Tate,
partner of
Tudo Albi Marini.
Dinner benefactor.
CHUCK CLOSE
American artist.
ERNESTO
NETO
Brazilian artist.


TERRY WINTERS
American artist.
LILIANA PORTER
Argentinean artist.
MERCEDES BASS
Dinner benefactor.
BILL VIOLA
American artist, married to Kira Perov.
JULIO LE PARC
Argentinean artist.
CINDY SHERMAN
American artist.



TRUDY AND PAUL CEJAS
Trustee of the Miami Art Museum and his wife. Dinner patrons.

ARNE AND MILLY GLIMCHER
Chairman, Pace Wildenstein Gallery, and his wife, an art historian. Dinner patrons.

KIRA PEROV
Executive director, Bill Viola Studio, married to Bill Viola.

ELI AND EDYTHE BROAD
Founders of the Broad foundations. Dinner benefactors.

CARLOS CRUZ-DIEZ
Venezuelan artist

SIR NICHOLAS SEROTA
Director, Tate.

GABRIEL OROZCO
Mexican artist.

JEANNE DONOVAN FISHER
Trustee of the American Patrons of Tate, chair of the Artists Dinner. Dinner benefactor.



A Who's Who of artists and collectors gathered in New York last May to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the American Patrons of Tate. Founded in 1987 with an endowment from Sir Edwin Manton and a mandate to acquire North and South American art for the illustrious British museum, the group has since raised more than $100 million. On that single night in May another $1.5 million was raised, and artworks valued at $5 million were donated—including paintings by John Currin, Ellen Gallagher, Ellsworth Kelly, Susan Rothenberg, Richard Tuttle, and Terry Winters. Lady Lynn Forester de Rothschild, a chair of the event, described her job of gathering the key figures as easy. "The event stood on the shoulders of all the years Nick Serota has traveled to the artists' shows around the world and the time he's spent with the collectors and patrons, all of whom have great respect for him." Donald and Catie Marron were also drawn to the Tate through their friendship with Serota, the museum's director. "The Tate is doing extraordinary things. Not only do they build great museums, but they are kept accessible—admission is mostly free," says Donald. "It's a global world, both in terms of artists and collectors.... And it's important for artists to be seen in different contexts—to bring the Tate to America and America to the Tate." The number and range of artists who attended the event illustrate the significance of the artists' and patrons' relationship to the museum. For Tate patron and event chair Jeanne Donovan Fisher the great joy of the evening was watching the artists interact. "They were so happy to see each other—rarely are they all together." Lady de Rothschild agrees: "We had the best of everything in that room ... people whose generosity was not just notable but colossal."

—A[illegible] HOMES

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF MR. BUSH

THE NEXT PRESIDENT WILL HAVE TO DEAL WITH YET ANOTHER CRIPPLING LEGACY OF GEORGE W. BUSH: THE ECONOMY. A NOBEL LAUREATE, JOSEPH E. STIGLITZ, SEES A GENERATION-LONG STRUGGLE TO RECOUP

When we look back someday at the catastrophe that was the Bush administration, we will think of many things: the tragedy of the Iraq war, the shame of Guantánamo and Abu Ghraib, the erosion of civil liberties. The damage done to the American economy does not make front-page headlines every day, but the repercussions will be felt beyond the lifetime of anyone reading this page.

I can hear an irritated counterthrust already. The president has not driven the United States into a recession during his almost seven years in office. Unemployment stands at a respectable 4.6 percent. Well, fine. But the other side of the ledger groans with distress: a tax code that has become hideously biased in favor of the rich; a national debt that will probably have grown 70 percent by the time this president leaves Washington; a swelling cascade of mortgage defaults; a record near-$850 billion trade deficit; oil prices that are higher than they have ever been; and a dollar so weak that for an American to buy a cup of coffee in London or Paris—or even the Yukon—becomes a venture in high finance.

And it gets worse. After almost seven years of this president, the United States is less prepared than ever to face the future. We have not been educating enough engineers and scientists, people with the skills we will need to compete with China and India. We have not been investing in the kinds of basic research that made us the technological powerhouse of the late 20th century. And although the president now understands—or so he says—that we must begin to wean ourselves from oil and coal, we have on his watch become more deeply dependent on both.

Up to now, the conventional wisdom has been that Herbert Hoover, whose policies aggravated the Great Depression, is the odds-on claimant for the mantle "worst president" when it comes to stewardship of the American economy. Once Franklin Roosevelt assumed office and reversed Hoover's policies, the country began to recover. The economic effects of Bush's presidency are more insidious than those of Hoover, harder to reverse, and likely to be longer-lasting. There is no threat of America's being displaced from its position as the world's richest economy. But our grandchildren will still be living with, and struggling with, the economic consequences of Mr. Bush.

Remember the Surplus?

The world was a very different place, economically speaking, when George W. Bush took office, in January 2001. During the Roaring 90s, many had believed that the Internet would transform everything. Productivity gains, which had averaged about 1.5 percent a year from the early 1970s through the early 90s, now approached 3 percent. During Bill Clinton's second term, gains in manufacturing productivity sometimes even surpassed 6 percent. The Federal Reserve chairman, Alan Greenspan, spoke of a New Economy marked by continued productivity gains as the Internet buried the old ways of doing business. Others went so far as to predict an end to the business cycle. Greenspan worried aloud about how he'd ever be able to manage monetary policy once the nation's debt was fully paid off.

This tremendous confidence took the Dow Jones index higher and higher. The rich did well, but so did the not-so-rich and even the downright poor. The Clinton years were not an economic Nirvana; as chairman of the president's Council of Economic Advis-


DAY OF RECKONING
The American economy can take a lot of abuse, but no economy is invincible
LOST MY COUNTRY
PLEASE GIVE WHAT YOU CAN
SOREL

ers during part of this time, I'm all too aware of mistakes and lost opportunities. The global-trade agreements we pushed through were often unfair to developing countries. We should have invested more in infrastructure, tightened regulation of the securities markets, and taken additional steps to promote energy conservation. We fell short because of politics and lack of money—and also, frankly, because special interests sometimes shaped the agenda more than they should have. But these boom years were the first time since Jimmy Carter that the deficit was under control. And they were the first time since the 1970s that incomes at the bottom grew faster than those at the top—a benchmark worth celebrating.

By the time George W. Bush was sworn in, parts of this bright picture had begun to dim. The tech boom was over. The NASDAQ fell 15 percent in the single month of April 2000, and no one knew for sure what effect the collapse of the Internet bubble would have on the real economy. It was a moment ripe for Keynesian economics, a time to prime the pump by spending more money on education, technology, and infrastructure—all of which America desperately needed, and still does, but which the Clinton administration had postponed in its relentless drive to eliminate the deficit. Bill Clinton had left President Bush in an ideal position to pursue such policies. Remember the presidential debates in 2000 between Al Gore and George Bush, and how the two men argued over how to spend America's anticipated $2.2 trillion budget surplus? The country could well have afforded to ramp up domestic investment in key areas. In fact, doing so would have staved off recession in the short run while spurring growth in the long run.

But the Bush administration had its own ideas. The first major economic initiative pursued by the president was a massive tax cut for the rich, enacted in June of 2001. Those with incomes over a million got a tax cut of $18,000—more than 30 times larger than the cut received by the average American. The inequities were compounded by a second tax cut, in 2003, this one skewed even more heavily toward the rich. Together these tax cuts, when fully implemented and if made permanent, mean that in 2012 the average reduction for an American in the bottom 20 percent will be a scant $45, while those with incomes of more than $1 million will see their tax bills reduced by an average of $162,000.

The administration crows that the economy grew—by some 16 percent—during its first six years, but the growth helped mainly people who had no need of any help, and failed to help those who need plenty. A rising tide lifted all yachts. Inequality is now widening in America, and at a rate not seen in three-quarters of a century. A young male in his 30s today has an income, adjusted for inflation, that is 12 percent less than what his father was making 30 years ago. Some 5.3 million more Americans are living in poverty now than were living in poverty when Bush became president. America's class structure may not have arrived there yet, but it's heading in the direction of Brazil's and Mexico's.

The Bankruptcy Boom

In breathtaking disregard for the most basic rules of fiscal propriety, the administration continued to cut taxes even as it undertook expensive new spending programs and embarked on a financially ruinous "war of choice" in Iraq. A budget surplus of 2.4 percent of gross domestic product (G.D.P.), which greeted Bush as he took office, turned into a deficit of 3.6 percent in the space of four years. The United States had not experienced a turnaround of this magnitude since the global crisis of World War II.

Agricultural subsidies were doubled between 2002 and 20
Tax expenditures—the vast system of subsidies and preferenc
hidden in the tax code—increased more than a quarter. Tax brea
for the president's friends in the oil-and-gas industry increased
billions and billions of dollars. Yes, in the five years after 9/
defense expenditures did increase (by some 70 percent), thou
much of the growth wasn't helping to fight the War on Terror
all, but was being lost or outsourced in failed missions in Ir
Meanwhile, other funds continued to be spent on the usual hi
tech gimcrackery—weapons that don't work, for enemies we do
have. In a nutshell, money was being spent everyplace exc
where it was needed. During these past seven years the perce
age of G.D.P. spent on research and development outside defe
and health has fallen. Little has been done about our decaying
frastructure—be it levees in New Orleans or bridges in Minnea
lis. Coping with most of the damage will fall to the next occup
of the White House.

Although it railed against entitlement programs for the nee
the administration enacted the largest increase in entitlements
four decades—the poorly designed Medicare prescription-dr
benefit, intended as both an election-season bribe and a sop to t
pharmaceutical industry. As internal documents later reveale
the true cost of the measure was hidden from Congress. Mea
while, the pharmaceutical companies received special favo
To access the new benefits, elderly patients couldn't opt to b
cheaper medications from Canada or other countries. The l
also prohibited the U.S. government, the largest single buyer
prescription drugs, from negotiating with drug manufacturers
keep costs down. As a result, American consumers pay far mo
for medications than people elsewhere in the developed world.

You'll still hear some—and, loudly, the president himself—arg
that the administration's tax cuts were meant to stimulate the ec
omy, but this was never true. The bang for the buck—the amou
of stimulus per dollar of deficit—was astonishingly low. Therefo
the job of economic stimulation fell to the Federal Reserve Boa
which stepped on the accelerator in a historically unprecedent
way, driving interest rates down to 1 percent. In real terms, t
ing inflation into account, interest rates actually dropped to ne
tive 2 percent. The predictable result was a consumer spendi
spree. Looked at another way, Bush's own fiscal irresponsibil
fostered irresponsibility in everyone else. Credit was shoveled o
the door, and subprime mortgages were made available to anyo
this side of life support. Credit-card debt mounted to a whoppi
$900 billion by the summer of 2007. "Qualified at birth" becar
the drunken slogan of the Bush era. American households to
advantage of the low interest rates, signed up for new mortgag
with "teaser" initial rates, and went to town on the proceeds.

All of this spending made the economy look better for a whi
the president could (and did) boast about the economic statisti
But the consequences for many families would become appare
within a few years, when interest rates rose and mortgages prov
impossible to repay. The president undoubtedly hoped the rec
oning would come sometime after 2008. It arrived 18 mont
early. As many as 1.7 million Americans are expected to lose th
homes in the months ahead. For many, this will mean the begi
ning of a downward spiral into poverty.

Between March 2006 and March 2007 personal-bankrupt
rates soared more than 60 percent. As families went into ban
ruptcy, more and more of them came to understand who had w
and who had lost as a result of the president's 2005 bankrupt
bill, which made it harder for individuals to discharge their deb

a reasonable way. The lenders that had pressed for "reform" d been the clear winners, gaining added leverage and protec- ns for themselves; people facing financial distress got the shaft.

And Then There's Iraq

The war in Iraq (along with, to a lesser extent, the war in Afghanistan) has cost the country dearly in blood and treasure. The loss in lives can never be quantified. As for the treasure, it's worth calling to mind that the administration, in the run-up to the vasion of Iraq, was reluctant to venture an estimate of what e war would cost (and publicly humiliated a White House le who suggested that it might run as much as $200 billion). hen pressed to give a number, the administration suggested 0 billion—what the United States is actually spending every v months. Today, government figures officially acknowledge at more than half a trillion dollars total has been spent by the

HERBERT HOOVER HAS BEEN REGARDED AS THE "WORST PRESIDENT" WHEN IT COMES TO THE ECONOMY. BUT BUSH'S LEGACY IS MORE INSIDIOUS AND LIKELY TO BE LONGER-LASTING.

S. "in theater." But in fact the overall cost of the conflict could quadruple that amount—as a study I did with Linda Bilmes of arvard has pointed out—even as the Congressional Budget Of- e now concedes that total expenditures are likely to be more an double the spending on operations. The official numbers not include, for instance, other relevant expenditures hidden the defense budget, such as the soaring costs of recruitment, th re-enlistment bonuses of as much as $100,000. They do not clude the lifetime of disability and health-care benefits that will required by tens of thousands of wounded veterans, as many 20 percent of whom have suffered devastating brain and spinal juries. Astonishingly, they do not include much of the cost of the uipment that has been used in the war, and that will have to be placed. If you also take into account the costs to the economy m higher oil prices and the knock-on effects of the war—for in- nce, the depressing domino effect that war-fueled uncertainty s on investment, and the difficulties U.S. firms face overseas be- use America is the most disliked country in the world—the total sts of the Iraq war mount, even by a conservative estimate, to least $2 trillion. To which one needs to add these words: so far. It is natural to wonder, What would this money have bought if we d spent it on other things? U.S. aid to all of Africa has been hov- ing around $5 billion a year, the equivalent of less than two weeks direct Iraq-war expenditures. The president made a big deal out the financial problems facing Social Security, but the system uld have been repaired for a century with what we have bled into e sands of Iraq. Had even a fraction of that $2 trillion been spent investments in education and technology, or improving our in- astructure, the country would be in a far better position economi- lly to meet the challenges it faces in the future, including threats m abroad. For a sliver of that $2 trillion we could have provided aranteed access to higher education for all qualified Americans. The soaring price of oil is clearly related to the Iraq war. The issue not *whether* to blame the war for this but simply how much to blame it. It seems unbelievable now to recall that Bush-administration officials before the invasion suggested not only that Iraq's oil revenues would pay for the war in its entirety—hadn't we actually turned a tidy profit from the 1991 Gulf War?—but also that war was the best way to ensure low oil prices. In retrospect, the only big winners from the war have been the oil companies, the defense contractors, and al-Qaeda. Before the war, the oil markets anticipated that the then price range of $20 to $25 a barrel would continue for the next three years or so. Market players expected to see more demand from China and India, sure, but they also anticipated that this greater demand would be met mostly by increased production in the Middle East. The war upset that calculation, not so much by curtailing oil production in Iraq, which it did, but rather by heightening the sense of insecurity everywhere in the region, suppressing future investment.

The continuing reliance on oil, regardless of price, points to one more administration legacy: the failure to diversify America's energy resources. Leave aside the environmental reasons for weaning the world from hydrocarbons—the president has never convincingly embraced them, anyway. The economic and national-security arguments ought to have been powerful enough. Instead, the administration has pursued a policy of "drain America first"—that is, take as much oil out of America as possible, and as quickly as possible, with as little regard for the environment as one can get away with, leaving the country even more dependent on foreign oil in the future, and hope against hope that nuclear fusion or some other miracle will come to the rescue. So many gifts to the oil industry were included in the president's 2003 energy bill that John McCain referred to it as the "No Lobbyist Left Behind" bill.

Contempt for the World

America's budget and trade deficits have grown to record highs under President Bush. To be sure, deficits don't have to be crippling in and of themselves. If a business borrows to buy a machine, it's a good thing, not a bad thing. During the past six years, America—its government, its families, the country as a whole—has been borrowing to sustain its consumption. Meanwhile, investment in fixed assets—the plants and equipment that help increase our wealth—has been declining.

What's the impact of all this down the road? The growth rate in America's standard of living will almost certainly slow, and there could even be a decline. The American economy can take a lot of abuse, but no economy is invincible, and our vulnerabilities are plain for all to see. As confidence in the American economy has plummeted, so has the value of the dollar—by 40 percent against the euro since 2001.

The disarray in our economic policies at home has parallels in our economic policies abroad. President Bush blamed the Chinese for our huge trade deficit, but an increase in the value of the yuan, which he has pushed, would simply make us buy more textiles and apparel from Bangladesh and Cambodia CONTINUED ON PAGE 375

L.A. *NOIR*



Gerald R. Ford died a year ago December, at age 93. To honor the 38th president, his White House photographer, David Hume Kennerly, has compiled *Extraordinary Circumstances*, a photo homage to his former boss. In sifting through his picture archive to produce the book, Kennerly discovered this previously unpublished study of a 1974 encounter between Ford and then governor Ronald Reagan, taken in a hotel room after an L.A. fund-raiser.

Today, the image conveys a touch of Rat Pack swagger, an architectural elegance, and a hint of the California glamour that Reagan would eventually import to Washington. At the time, however, Kennerly, who had won a Pulitzer for his work in Vietnam, considered the picture too dark and brooding; he almost overlooked the frame on his contact sheet. But that darkness captured something of the spirit of the time: less than three months before, Watergate had forced Richard Nixon from office; inflation, unemployment, and gas prices were on the rise; and the U.S. was facing defeat in Vietnam.

The picture also caught the sometimes frosty relationship between the two leaders. Both Reagan and Ford, after all, would nix the 1980 "dream ticket" idea, floated by some Republican mandarins, to draft Ford as Reagan's vice president. And Ford, during his unsuccessful 1976 campaign against Jimmy Carter, resented Reagan's political infighting. "Truthfully," Ford confessed to Kennerly years later, "I was upset when he challenged me [for the '76 Republican nomination]. I thought it was unwise for a Republican to challenge a Republican president. We had a pretty tough, knock-down, drag-[illegible]

[illegible] Kennerly, "and it looks [illegible] which had [illegible] the [illegible]

—DAVID FRIEND

FOR MORE OF DAVID HUME KENNERLY'S PHOTOGRAPHS GO TO **VF.COM.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID HUME KENNERLY



WARY ROOM

Governor Ronald Reagan and President Gerald Ford at the Century Plaza Hotel, in Los Angeles, October 31, 1974.

A few years ago, names such as Zhang Xiaogang, Liu Xiaodong, and Zhang Huan might have drawn blank stares from Western collectors. Now, with an explosion of museums, galleries, and prices, China has become the hottest stop on the international art circuit. In the emerging cultural capitals of Beijing and Shanghai, BARBARA POLLACK examines the forces in a stampede of new money, unleashed talent, and national pride, while JONATHAN BECKER turns his camera on this vast new canvas



Art's New

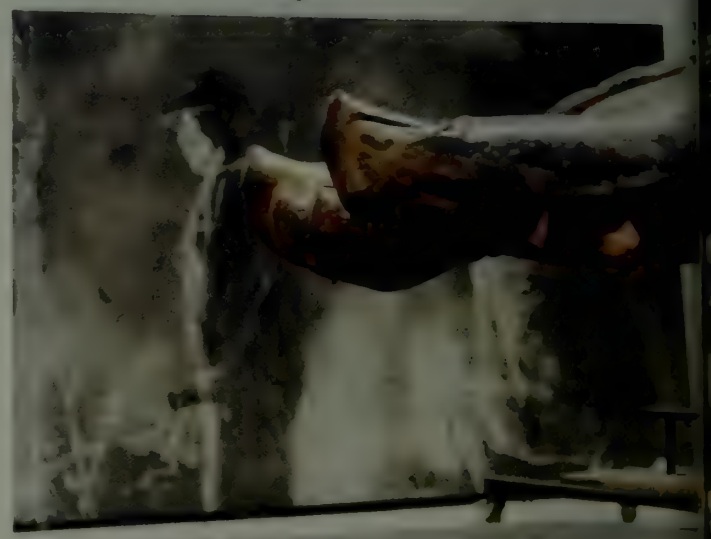


KIN' HOT

Minjun's Yuxi cigarettes, e, and sketchbook in his g studio. *Opposite,* artist e at his Beijing studio with use, Jenny Lui, who is also ed in the paintings in the ground.

Superpower





With his closely cropped hair, ever burning cigarette, and trademark round eyeglasses, Zhang Xiaogang has become the face of Chinese art, an unlikely rock-star figure at the head of a mania sweeping auction houses from Beijing to New York. In the mid-1990s, his work was banned in his home country. Now it hangs in state-approved galleries, with his individual paintings fetching between $500,000 and $3 million.

Zhang, 49, didn't come by his status easily. When he was a boy, in the tumultuous years of the Cultural Revolution, his parents were sent to a "study camp" in the countryside, forced to give up their government posts and leave their children behind. Raised for several years by an aunt, Zhang immersed himself in drawing, only to be sent to re-education camp as a teenager. Following the collapse of the Cultural Revolution upon Mao's death, in 1976, he made it into the prestigious Sichuan Institute of Fine Arts, where he didn't really distinguish himself. After hitting upon his mature style in the early 1990s, Zhang ran into another obstacle when authorities deemed his paintings unfit for public display.

As the country gradually opened itself economically and culturally, he found himself back in favor. In 1997, Beijing galleries started showing his work—which mainly comprises large, haunting portraits of hollow-eyed Chinese citizens—and now he is one of China's highest-earning artists. Film director Oliver Stone bought a Zhang, as did the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, in New York.

Zhang's big international moment came in 2006, when London gallery owner Charles Saatchi purchased *A Big Family* for $1.5 million at a Christie's London auction. Since that sale, Zhang's prices have continued to explode: his *Tiananmen Square* fetched $2.3 million at a 2006 Christie's auction in Hong Kong, and another canvas, *Chapter of a New Century: Birth of the People's Republic of China*, went for more than $3 million at a September 2007 Sothe-



A boom of this magnitude requires distinctive artists and eager collectors with cash to burn. China has both.

WENDY STARK MURRISSEY



AWAKENING THE BUDDHA WITHIN

Zhang Huan, in his Beijing studio, with *Two Legged Buddha*.

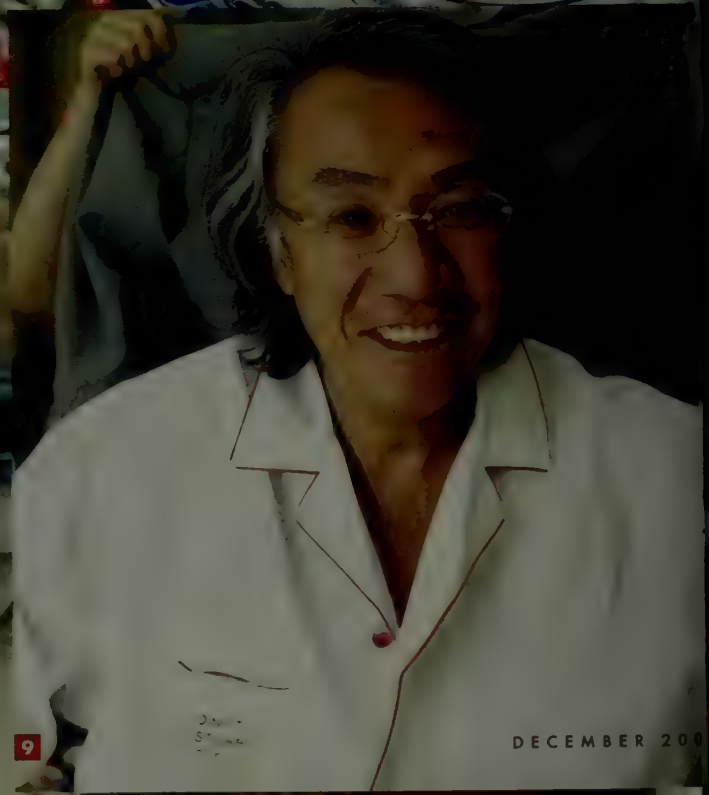






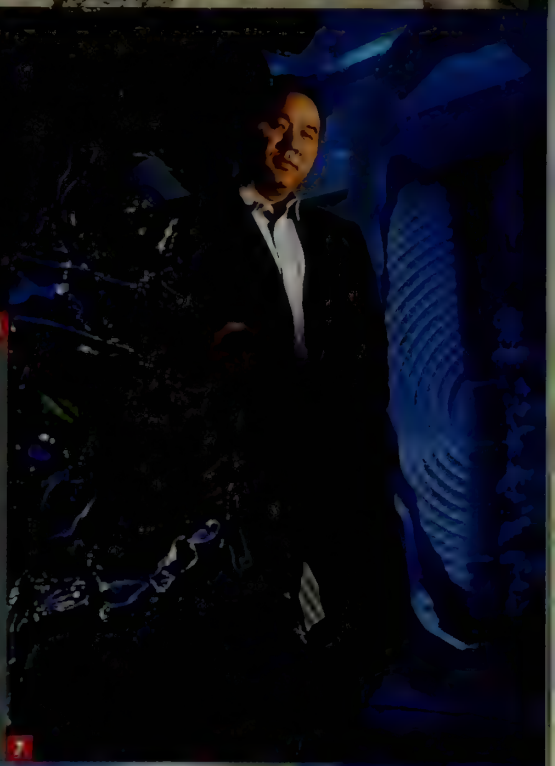






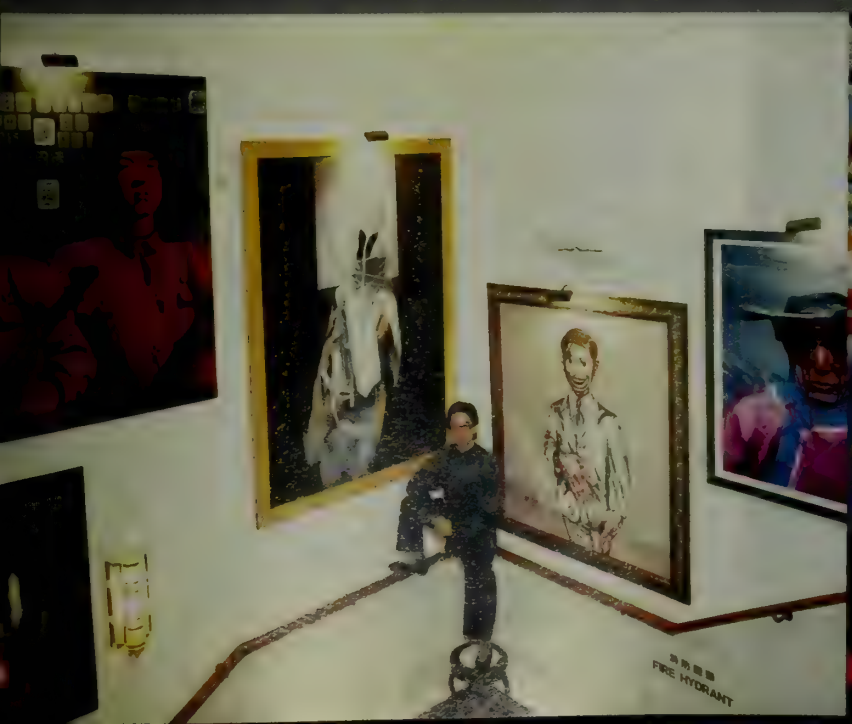






DIO CITY

leg Maggio in her Pekin Fine Arts gallery. (2) Cai Guo-Qiang in the courtyard of the 18th-ury house that he's renovating for his studio/residence, two blocks from the Forbidden City. Zhang Huan and assistants in the crematorium of his Shanghai studio, where he creates ash l in his art. (4) Leng Lin, the director of the Beijing Commune gallery, in the Factory 798 ict of Beijing. (5) Fan Di'An, the director of the National Art Museum of China. (6) A work from Jianhua's polychrome ceramic series, *Game*. (7) Art patron Bonko Chan, photographed in -estate heiress and collector Pearl Lam's apartment in Shanghai. (8) At his private museum in ing, collector Guan Yi stands with a Yang Maoyuan sculpture. (9) Collector David Tang, who s the China Club restaurant. (10) Curator and gallery owner Johnson Chang in the stairwell of China Club. (11) Pearl Lam in her Shanghai apartment in front of an untitled painting by He Jie.



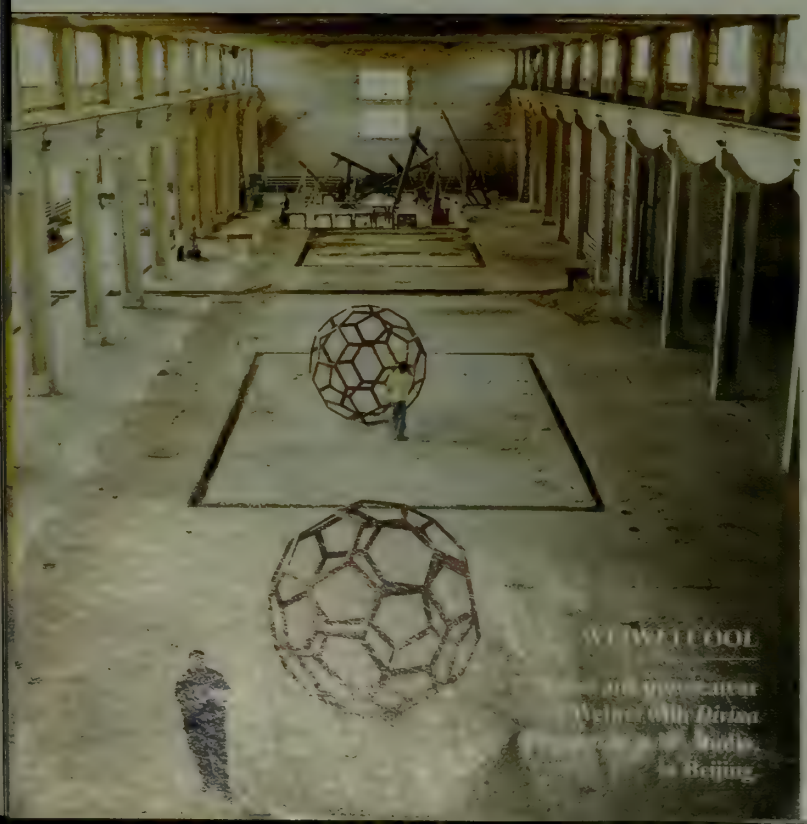


by's sale in New York. Unlike so many Chinese artists of his and previous generations, Zhang has not had to expatriate to make his fortune. He runs a studio in Beijing, where he smokes and paints like a fiend to keep up with demand.

Once an empire of enforced egalitarianism, this nation of 1.3 billion is waking up from a stupor of isolation as Shanghai and Beijing prepare to become capitals of a China-dominated world culture. And once wary state officials have managed to befriend a few of the country's most rebellious artists just in time for Beijing's giant 2008 photo op, the Games of the XXIX Olympiad. "The place is just an environmental disaster, but there's a kind of energy," says noted New York architect Basil Walter, who has collected Chinese art during visits to his Shanghai office. "In the art districts, ladies in Bentleys pull up, dressed to the nines, and slog through the mud to get to a gallery where they're seeing a new artist's work, while some deranged person is quivering off to the side. There's a visual bombardment that makes the place really exciting."

A boom of this magnitude requires distinctive artists and eager collectors with cash to burn. China has both. Consider the case of *Newly Displaced Population,* a 2004 canvas by realist painter Liu Xiaodong, which presents a critical view of the Chinese government's displacement of more than one million people as a result of building the Three Gorges Dam. Not only was this painting left uncensored but it sold at the Beijing Poly International Auction in November 2006 for $2.75 million, at the time a world record for a painting by a contemporary Chinese artist. It was snapped up by a mainland collector: Zhang Lan, a female restaurateur who is becoming the Wolfgang Puck of China. Her upscale chain, South Beauty, earned a reported $25 million in 2006, and she aims to open 100 new locations by 2008. Expressionist architect Philippe Starck has designed a showpiece South Beauty restaurant for Times Square, which is to come complete with a gallery to show off her purchases.

Another major Chinese collector is Hong Kong real-estate heiress Pearl Lam. At her penthouse soirées, I have run into American collector Stephan Edlis, Tate Liverpool curator Simon Groom, and Art Basel emeritus Samuel Keller, as well as local stars Lorer Helbling, founding director of ShanghART Gallery, and Victor Lu, formerly creative director of the Museum of Contemporar Art (MoCA) Shanghai. "I thought to myself, For Chinese conten porary art to be strong, I had to be a bridge," says Lam.



Until recently, Chinese contemporary art was purely an expo market. Baron Guy Ullens, a Belgian philanthropist, was an ear collector, beginning with purchases he made in the mid-198 on business trips to China. Uli Sigg, Swiss ambassador to Chin from 1995 to 1998, was another who put together an encycloped selection of Chinese contemporary art at a time when most work sold for a few hundred dollars. Another important "foreigne from this period was David Tang, the entrepreneur who turne Mao jackets into the Shanghai Tang brand. Born in Hong Kon but the product of a British education, Tang assembled his colle tion by combing through the squalid studios where Chinese artis worked in the late 1980s.

Tang did everything to promote Chinese contemporary art i the 1990s, even inviting Princess Diana to the 1995 Venice Bie nale, which featured several Chinese artists. "I said, 'Would yo please come?' and she agreed," Tang says. Just one problem, a Tang recalls: when Princess Di's private secretary conducted walk-through of the show, he was stunned by Liu Wei's graph paintings. "He wasn't going to allow the Princess to stand befor [works like these] and have her picture taken," Tang says. Wit the photographers banned, they took her through the gallery wit her back turned to the most scandalous pieces. At a celebrator dinner held afterward, Tang stood on his chair and announced "This is a new dawn for Chinese art!" The crowd applauded. H remembers thinking, "I've got the most famous person in the worl to come and give us a lift. If this doesn't succeed, nothing will."

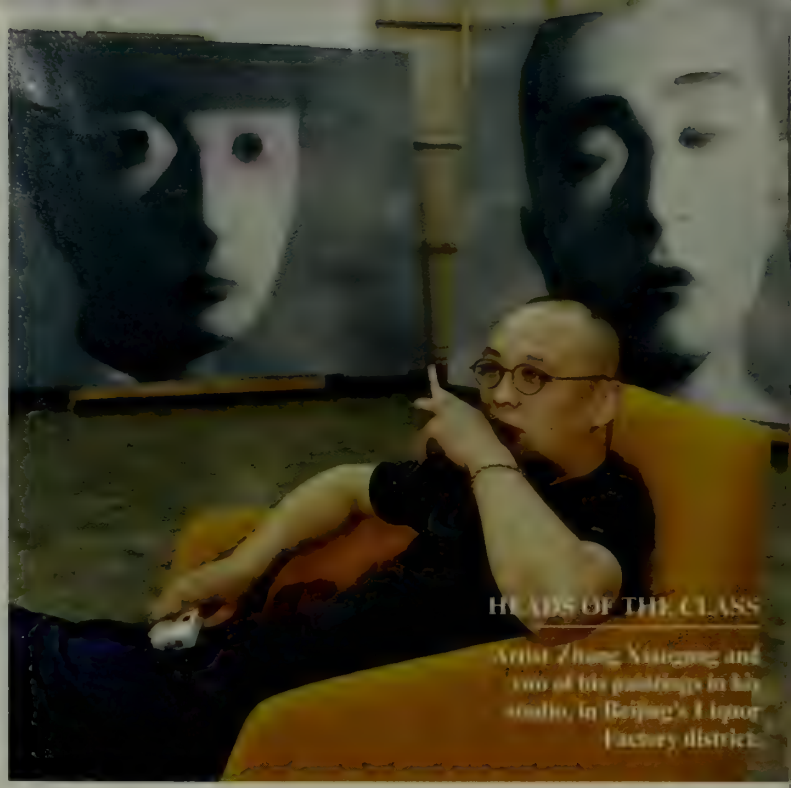
More than a decade later, the rest of th world caught on. In March 2006, Sothe by's held its first New York sale of Ch nese contemporary art, attracting bot Asian and Western collectors, bringin in $12.7 million, and establishing auc tion records for Zhang Xiaogang, Zhan Huan, Liu Xiadong, and Fang Lijun, among 20 other artists. I their springtime 2007 auctions, Christie's saw $36 million an Sotheby's $27 million in sales of Asian contemporary art at thei Hong Kong branches, with Chinese artists delivering the majorit of the lots on offer.

Mainland auction houses have also entered the fray in the las two years. Poly Auctions, the most lucrative auction house in Chi na, is one of a number of cultural enterprises affiliated with Bei jing Poly Group, a former unit of the People's Liberation Arm now owned by the state. Its chief competitor, Guardian, opened i 1993. It was founded by Wang Yannan, daughter of Zhao Ziyang the late Communist Party leader who was deposed and put unde house arrest when he opposed the use of armed troops in Tianan men Square, in 1989.

The Chinese houses seem to encourage speculation. It's not un common to see the same piece sold over and over again in a singl year, rising in price at each sale. Nor is it rare for an artist or deale to place new works directly into auction, then bring along friend and sympathetic collectors to bid up the price. But with the marke this hot, buyers from New York and London have been showing little compunction in flipping contemporary Chinese artworks Today's $500,000 painting could fetch $1 million tomorrow.

"When people talk about the high prices, I would say that Chinese artists believe that their top artists deserve to be right alongside the best artists from anywhere else," says Charles Saatchi, who plans to mount a show called "The Revolution Continues: New Art from China" at his new London gallery this spring. "I like to think that any of the works I will be showing could be included in a Whitney Biennial, and you wouldn't have to stand in front of it and say, 'That's pretty good for a Chinese artist.'"

A possible Chinese counterpart to Saatchi—someone who can single-handedly send prices skyrocketing—is Joseph Lau, a Hong Kong real-estate mogul, who bought Andy Warhol's *Green Car Crash* for $71.7 million at Christie's New York in 2007. But collectors from the mainland are seemingly more circumspect. Yang Bin, an automotive dealer in China, and Zhang Haoming, owner of Beijing's upscale Le Quai restaurant, have helped the boom along with big purchases, but they have yet to pay Saatchi prices. And then there is Guan Yi, who has an enviable private collection on display in his Beijing warehouse. Guan refuses to put a cash value to his collection, saying, "I think about art—I care about art."



HEADS OF THE CLASS

Artist Zhang Xiaogang and two of his paintings in his studio, in Beijing's Liquor Factory district.

Even as late as 2002, none of this seemed possible. Beijing had just begun developing its contemporary-art district, Factory 798, a former munitions plant whose Bauhaus-style architecture attracted dozens of artists and dealers. The most notable gallery in the 798 complex is the Beijing Commune, founded by Leng Lin, a curator who has known artists such as Zhang Xiaogang and Yue Minjun throughout their careers. Today, Factory 798 has been designated a "historic district" by the city of Beijing, and visitors already complain that it has become overgrown and too commercial. And in the few years since Factory 798 established itself, additional galleries have sprung out of the crowded streets. "If you go to the other art centers of the world—London, New York, or Los Angeles—you may hear about a new gallery opening up here or there," says Basil Walter. "In Beijing, you hear about an entire neighborhood opening up overnight. The construction happens so quickly, and the number of galleries and the amount of art that's proliferating is just astounding."

Shanghai's smaller gallery district, named 50 Moganshan Lu, for the address at which it is located, has begun to spread out to the adjoining neighborhood and is in the midst of an explosion of new museums. MoCA Shanghai (founded by Hong Kong jewelry designer Samuel Kung), the Pompidou Center's Shanghai satellite branch (scheduled to open by 2009), and the Zendai Museum (backed by Shanghai real-estate developer Dai Zhikang and scheduled to open in 2010) join the state-run Shanghai Art Museum and municipal Duolun Museum of Modern Art.

"It is an extraordinary scene," says Arne Glimcher, an éminence grise who just returned from a tour of China during which he signed Zhang Xiaogang and Zhang Huan to Pace Wildenstein, his prestigious New York gallery. "It is a little bit like Germany after the Second World War. With the culture being annihilated, it was fresh to start again. Or like America in the 50s, when we didn't really have an indigenous style, so we were fresh to start from scratch."

Painter Yue Minjun built a splendid compound for himself on the outskirts of Beijing in the Songzhuang district, a kind of Chinese East Hampton, given the number of artists living there. His neighbor Fang Lijun went further, opening a chain of art-filled restaurants in Beijing. On a recent trip, Agnes Gund, the president emerita of New York's Museum of Modern Art, feasted on a buffet on Yue Minjun's lawn. She also stopped by the studio of Lin Tianmiao, the sole female artist in this group of alpha males, whose home and studio are contained within a restored farmhouse.

Back in Shanghai, bad-boy artist Zhang Huan has taken over a vast industrial complex in the southern part of the city, which exceeds in size and scale even the most lavish studios in Beijing. In 1994, this artist covered himself in honey and fish oil at a public toilet, remaining motionless for an hour as insects covered his flesh. Now he has a production line that rivals that of Damien Hirst or Jeff Koons, employing more than 100 craftsmen who live in an adjoining dormitory. Wood-carvers chip away at blocks for prints that will be larger than billboards, and welders work on sculptures more

In their spring 2007 Hong Kong auctions, Christie's saw $36 million and Sotheby's $27 million in sales of Asian contemporary art.



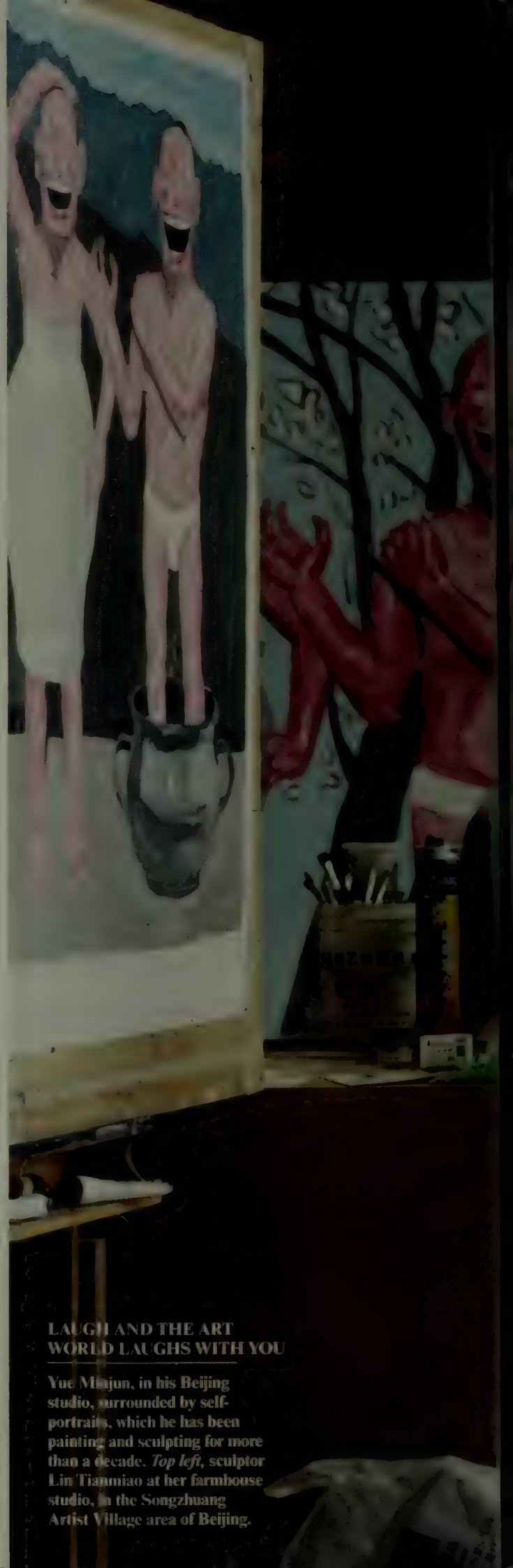
than 25 feet tall. In a room filled with hundreds of canvases, assistants sprinkle ash, like Buddhist monks making sand mandalas, to create photo-realistic images. The powdery substance is created in his studio, as well as collected from temples where people burn incense; the artist has his own truck to drive around to collect it.

Topping the list as the most independent of all of the self-made artists in China, Ai Weiwei was born in Beijing, grew up in Xinjiang, and saw his father, once Mao's favorite poet, discredited during the Cultural Revolution and forced to clean latrines. He left for New York in 1981, completely pessimistic about the future of art in China, only to return 12 years later, when his father fell ill. During the 1990s, he was the chief agitator in the Beijing art scene, his antics culminating in a show he curated called "Fuck Off," which coincided with the Shanghai Bienniale 2000. With little hope of a further art career, either inside or outside of China, Ai Weiwei built a home for himself, modeled on the traditional gray brick courtyard houses found in central Beijing, and launched himself as a self-taught architect.

Now heralded as an international artist of the first rank, Al Weiwei sent 1,001 Chinese citizens to Kassel, Germany, this past summer as his contribution to the Documenta arts festival. In 2008 he will see his crowning achievement unveiled at the Summer Olympics: Beijing's new Olympic stadium, often called "the bird's nest," on which he collaborated with the architecture firm of Herzog & de Meuron. But he still works with a wary sense of freedom. "It's like the movie *Home Alone*," he told me when I visited his studio. "The parents have gone away . . . but they can always come back."

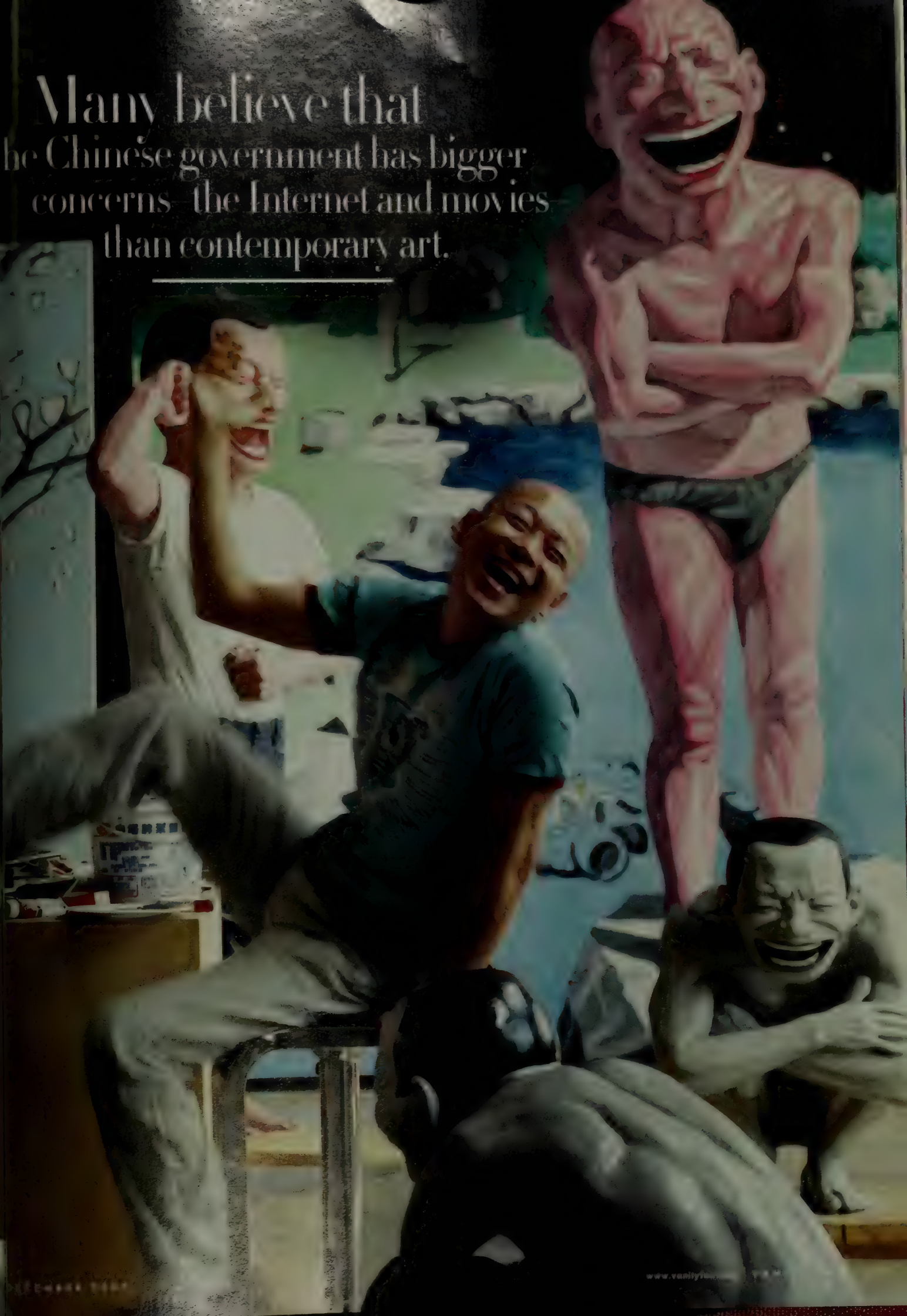
His sense of caution may be justified. Just two summers ago, government agencies in Shanghai and Beijing removed numerous artworks from galleries after a long period when censorship of the arts had seemed to cease. Earlier this year, the staff of the Duolun Museum of Modern Art, in Shanghai, walked out over disagreements with authorities about what art could or could not be shown. Wang Qingsong, an artist who stages large photographic tableaux akin to movie sets that sell for up to $320,000 at auction, was questioned for two days and had his negatives seized after a model complained about the nudity in his latest production.

Yet the feeling of suppression has definitely subsided. Many believe that the Chinese government simply has bigger concerns: the Internet and movies—mass culture that more people see and are



LAUGH AND THE ART WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

Yue Minjun, in his Beijing studio, surrounded by self-portraits, which he has been painting and sculpting for more than a decade. *Top left*, sculptor Lin Tianmiao at her farmhouse studio, in the Songzhuang Artist Village area of Beijing.


Many believe that
he Chinese government has bigger
concerns the Internet and movies
than contemporary art.

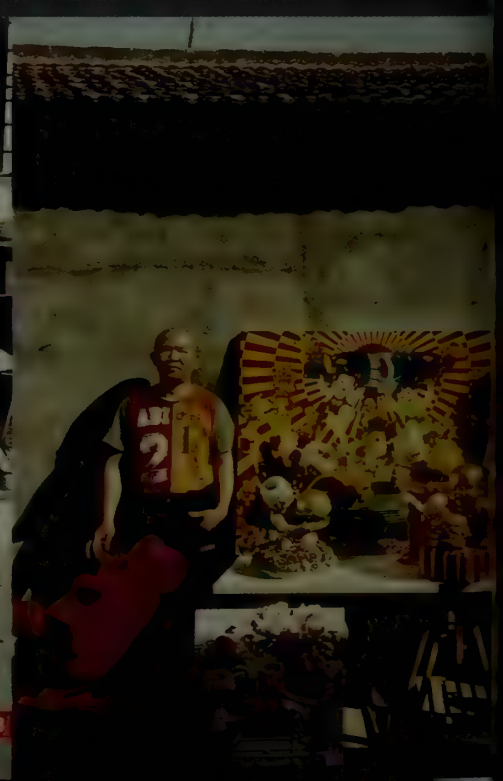


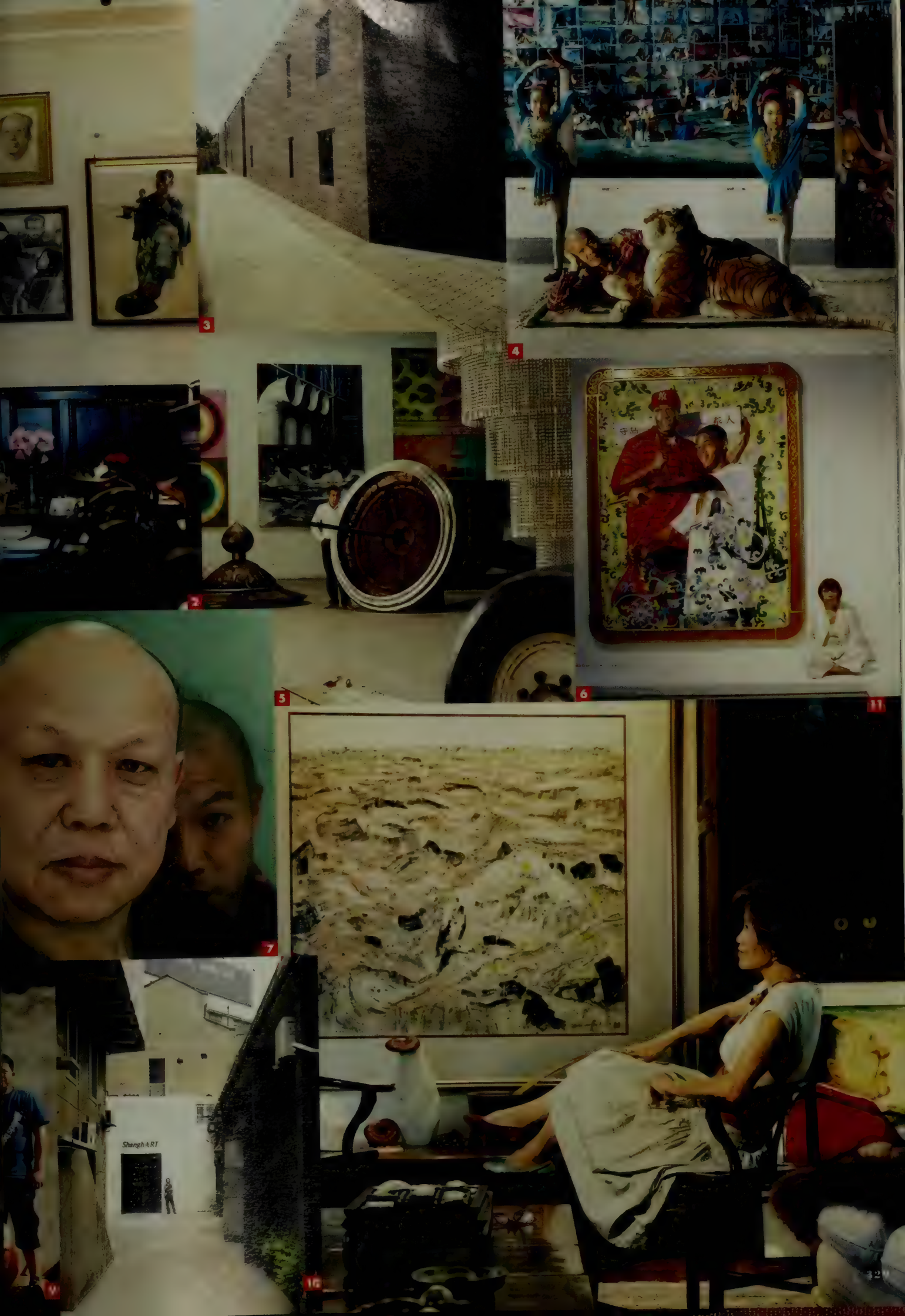




CHINESE NEW GEAR

(1) Sculptor and painter Chen Ke at her studio, in the Liquor Factory neighborhoo
(2) David Tang's restaurant China Club. (3) The Beijing Gallery, designed by Ai
Weiwei. (4) In his Beijing studio, photographer Wang Qingsong works with acrob
for his 2008 Olympics photo series. (5) Collector Guan Yi with a Huang Yong
Ping sculpture; the chandelier is by Ai Weiwei. (6) Former creative director Victo
Lo and a Kehinde Wiley painting at MoCA Shanghai. (7) Li Guosheng, owner of
the Chinablue Gallery, in Beijing, with photographer Wang Qingsong. (8) Zhang
Huan's wood-carving shop inside his studio complex, in the southern part of Shang
(9) The Luo brothers with their recent work, in Beijing. (10) Lorenz Helbling pictu
in front of the ShangART Gallery, on Moganshan Road in Shanghai. (11) Kai-Yin
an international jewelry designer and art collector in Hong Kong.




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influenced by than contemporary art. On a more cynical note, it could be that promoting contemporary art counterbalances China's human-rights record, in addition to generating lots of cash.

If anything demonstrates a change in mood, it is the inclusion of the iconoclasts Cai Guo-Qiang and Ai Weiwei in the Olympic program. Cai is possibly the most famous Chinese art expatriate, having left his homeland in 1986 and launched a spectacular international career. Despite his status as a "foreigner," Cai was permitted to be the curator of China's first pavilion at the Venice Biennale, in 2005. Now he will bring one of his famous fireworks displays—seen in the skies throughout the world—to the Olympics. In acknowledgment of his new role within China, Cai is building a studio within the ruins of a double-courtyard house two blocks from the Forbidden City, the 18th-century imperial residence that was handed over to the mayor of Beijing when the Communists took over, in 1949.

A key player in bringing the often politically inconvenient artists into the state's embrace is Fan Di'an, head of the National Art Museum of China, in Beijing. He has been selected to orchestrate the cultural activities at the Olympic Village and other key sites in Beijing. In addition to commissioning fireworks maestro Cai Guo-Qiang, Fan has persuaded Chinese film director Zhang Yimou to help with the ceremonies. (Steven Spielberg, a consultant on the project, has threatened to resign over China's role in the Darfur genocide, but has yet to do so.)

Most established Chinese artists built their careers without the benefit of gallery representation (in contrast to Western artists, who can't seem to tie their sneakers without a major dealer). Zhang Huan, who moved to New York in 1998 and now has returned to China to set up his studio in Shanghai, jumped from Max Protetch to Jeffrey Deitch to Luhring Augustine, burning bridges along the way. China's other powerful artists—Ai Weiwei, Cai Guo-Qiang, Yue Minjun, Fang Lijun, as well as Zhang Xiaogang—reached the international market without a gallery. Foreign dealers, while welcomed for sales, were not trusted enough for long-term relationships.

China's rising art stars are more likely to go the gallery route. Yang Fudong, born in 1971, an artist whose atmospheric films have been featured at virtually every biennial and major art museum in the past five years, has worked with Helbling at ShanghART and more recently with the Marian Goodman Gallery in New York and Paris. Wang Qingsong began his career through his association with Meg Maggio, who brought the artist to the attention of the Albion Gallery, in London, and art dealer Jeannie Greenberg Rohatyn, in New York.

Twentysomething dealer Fang Fang, director of the Star Gallery, in Beijing, has made a specialty of scooping up artists fresh out of school, a generation he calls "the naughty kids." As opposed to their elders, who often came from poverty, these artists have had travel visas from an early age. Chen Ke, one of Star's stars, graduated from the Sichuan Institute of Fine Arts in [illegible]nd has already had a gallery show [illegible] tale-like pieces, peopled with fo[illegible] and sad-faced clowns, might have [illegible] anywhere. In interviews, she talks ab[illegible]pression, apparently seeing no need to define herself or her [illegible]rly Chinese.

FOR MORE OF JONATHAN BECKER'S PHOTOS OF CHINA'S ART SCENE, GO TO VF.COM.

Young Chinese artists are free to think as [illegible]s anyone who wields a paintbrush in Brooklyn or or the Lo[illegible] Side. It seems the Chinese government has managed to defuse [illegible]plosive potential of contemporary art simply by allowing it to [illegible]sh. □

ACT OF *ATONEMENT*

Score one for the writers. When Ian McEwan's best-selling novel *Atonement* entered the film-adaptation factory, soon after its publication, in 2001, it faced the standard de-lousing process: its nonlinear structure was streamlined, and entire scenes and characters were, as they say, reimagined. But then along came director Joe Wright, the gifted Englishman who in 2005 had successfully adapted Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, starring Keira Knightley (also seen currently as the face of Chanel's Coco Mademoiselle in a massive media campaign). Wright, along with Oscar-winning screenwriter Christopher Hampton (*Dangerous Liaisons*), had a heretical idea. "Filmmakers always say, 'There comes a point when you have to throw the book away,'" Wright says. "I never understood why." And so he commenced making a fairly literal adaptation of the novel, a three-part metafiction about doomed lovers in World War II–era England. Knightley plays the heroine, opposite James McAvoy (*The Last King of Scotland*). But Wright's toughest casting job involved a smaller role (the surprising specifics of which will not be revealed here) that ultimately went to Vanessa Redgrave, whom Wright had long admired. "The only way I'll get to talk to her," Wright told himself, "is by hiring her." After spending three anxious hours at Redgrave's London apartment, gulping tea and smoking, Wright couldn't believe his ears. "Are you offering me the part?" Redgrave asked. As if "No" was ever an option. —NED ZEMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN BROAD



UPSTAGED BY ANOTHER DAMN CLASSIC WALLPAPER

Director Joe Wright, James McAvoy and Keira Knightley at the Master Shipwright's House in London.

Richard Prince's

Young artists may dream of being Richard Prince, but the 58-year-old former Time Inc. staffer spent years in obscurity before his "joke" paintings, re-photographed Marlboro Man ads, and muscle-car sculptures began to fetch record-breaking prices. With the Guggenheim Museum spiral turned over to Prince's work, STEVEN DALY visits the art world's man of the moment, who talks about hitting bottom, being on top, and his own exquisite collection of 20th-century hipster culture



Outside Streak



One evening this past summer, a ferocious electrical storm swept through the Hudson Valley in upstate New York. Residents cowered in their homes as thunder shook the area with alarming violence; at around seven P.M. a fearsome lightning bolt struck a remote one-story building. By the time the local fire brigade arrived on the scene the damage was irreparable.

"The lightning hit right here," says artist Richard Prince, pointing to the charred remains of a fuse box just inside his front door, and the black scorch marks that streak upward from it. "I couldn't believe it. I mean, this place has stood here for 30 years . . ."

Prince purchased the house in 2001, sight unseen, from a New Jersey policeman who used it as a hunting lodge. Although he is clearly put out by the incineration, Prince, 58, seems more bemused than crestfallen—perhaps because in 2005 he donated the place to New York's esteemed Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. Fortunately for the museum, when the lightning struck, the Second House, as it's called, was being renovated for its opening as a unique Guggenheim outpost, and most of the art that normally resides there was in storage elsewhere.

All that remains of the interior now is carbonized wood and ugly entrails: bales of pink insulation spew forth from the rafters like toxic cotton candy; light fixtures dangle from the ceiling like post-industrial vines. Out front, Plexiglas sliding doors have melted into Dalí-esque grotesques. Virtually the only thing left intact is the silver insulation wrapping around the house, a feature that Prince left in place when he bought it as a kind of personal clubhouse a few miles away from his primary residence.

"My studio is the only place I feel good in. There I

The ghoulish remains of the Second House could almost pass for an actual artwork created by Richard Prince, who over the last couple of decades has become known for documenting in great depth the underbelly of demotic American culture. This season the famous spiral of the Guggenheim Museum is given over to an exhibition of Prince's oeuvre in all its sprawling glory: his early "rephotography" of advertising images is there, as are his found pictures of bikers' molls and surfer gangs, his "Check Paintings," his "Nurse Paintings," his montages of autographed celebrity photos (many of them Prince-made forgeries), and his painted fiberglass muscle-car hoods. "I refer to this as my first review," Prince remarks as he takes one last look around the charred shell of the Second House.

For Richard Prince the Guggenheim show represents a coming-out party of sorts. He may have been celebrated with a high-profile retrospective exhibition at the Whitney Museum in 1992, but his reputation has soared dramatically since then, and the commercial value of his work has increased fivefold in the last three years alone.

Yet despite his formidable renown in the art world, mainstre culture did not really become aware of the Prince phenomenon u November 2005, when Christie's auctioned one of the artist's 1989 photographs of the Marlboro-ad cowboys for $1,248,000. At the ti this was the most expensive photograph ever sold—and it was li ally a photograph of a cigarette advertisement, minus the text. Un standably it got people asking, "How does this guy get away with

For an artist whose work is so dependent on r diated images, it seems appropriate that Rich Prince started his art career in the belly of p lishing giant Time Inc. He joined the company 1973, after working countless "shitty jobs" on low end of the service industry. For Prince, indignities of the workplace were a small pr to pay for staying in the city of his dreams.

Growing up in Braintree, Massachusetts, Prince was an obsess youngster who would re-arrange his bedroom furniture dozens times a day and vacuum his carpet in different geometric patter The boy was a budding pop-culture aesthete who'd swoon ev time one of his favorite film stars or musicians made some new st breakthrough. "Who gave him permission to look like that?!" Prin remembers asking himself. "And where the fuck do you get clot like that?! The answer was always New York."

His job at the Time Inc. library involved providing the comp ny's various magazines with tear sheets of articles, which left h with stacks of advertisements piled up on his desk. Prince decid to re-photograph some of these ads and—starting with a set four bland advertisements for a furniture store—present them his original work. "It looked like a real photo. People would lo at it and say, '*Wait* a minute . . .'

"I guess I approached the camera just like a kid who picks his first guitar and goes onstage a week later. It's nothing to do w theory and academia. It was a personal crisis—I didn't believe anything, certainly not the editorial part of the magazine."

In 1986, Prince was still struggling, living in tiny railroad apa ments where he'd have to throw out the refrigerator and the sto just to have enough room to think about his art. "I'd hit rock b tom," he says. "I'd been working 10 years and I still wasn't know

So I wrote a joke in pencil on a piece of paper, and I'd invite peop over and ask them, 'Will you give me $10 for this?' I knew I was on something—if someone else had done it I would have been jealou You couldn't speculate about it. So much of art depends on the crit as the umpire. With a joke there's nothing to interpret."

The art-buying public was slow to respond. "People wou look at these things and say, 'Is this a joke?'" Prince did mana to persuade one person, art dealer Josh Baer, to buy three of the $10 masterworks. "And he asked for a discount," notes Princ

With the help of influential art dealer Barbara Gladstone, Princ eventually broke the Masonic code of the art world, and his prev ously derided works began to sell out, including the joke series, no paintings done on a larger scale. Someone, somewhere, would eve tually pay more than half a million dollars for a two-panel canv bearing the words, in unpunctuated block capitals, I NEVER HAD PENNY TO MY NAME SO I CHANGED MY NAME.

As his commercial star rose, Prince flitted from one style to a

ther, each one—from his re-photographs to his car hoods—offering distinctively puckish take on some banal piece of Americana, each elected with an adroit curatorial eye. The only thing that tied them ogether was the artist's name. "I have no fear of changing looks," ays Prince. "In a way I pattern myself after all the bands I used to ke as a kid. Every time they put out LPs, they had a whole new look nd a new sound. For me it's 10 or 11 pieces—that's this year's deal."

One of Prince's artist contemporaries remembers his surprise t finally seeing Prince break into the major leagues. "I always remember him as this awkward little guy," says the artist. "No one ver thought he'd end up being a star."

Prince admits to not being the most socially adept individual, ven at this point in his life. "My studio is the only place I feel ood in," he says. "There I'm fearless; outside I'm a mess. The editorial world, the square world. The studio is a hipper world where can operate according to my own artificial reality."

That reality is primarily based on pleasure—as is most of Prince's ork. Although he's been hailed for his "sophisticated critiques . . . f American consumer culture," Prince insists that his motivation s far more basic in nature. "Art has always made me feel good," e says. "Anything I do, I hope it would make you feel good. It's as imple as that. There's no real mystery."

This hedonist millionaire is an unprepossessing figure, a slightly uilt, balding individual who favors the washed-out sweatshirts, hapeless jeans, and paint-splattered sneakers of the eternal art student. Unlike his good friends Jeff Koons and Damien Hirst, there is ttle of the art-world huckster about Prince, who speaks with great leliberation, and who assiduously shuns media exposure. "You have o be careful," he intones. "It can be like a vampire."

The bulletproof mystique surrounding Richard Prince seems to ave been something he was already crafting even when he was living n painful obscurity. For instance, in 1983 Prince opened a temporary rt gallery on the Lower East Side to exhibit *Spiritual America,* his rehotograph of a picture of a semi-nude 10-year-old Brooke Shields. Prince slipped out of town and let the receptionist answer questions. Later he faked an interview between himself and British author J. G. Ballard, and you can't quite tell if Prince is serious when he repeats he old story about his father working for the Office of Strategic Services, the precursor of the C.I.A., and defoliating forests in Vietnam.

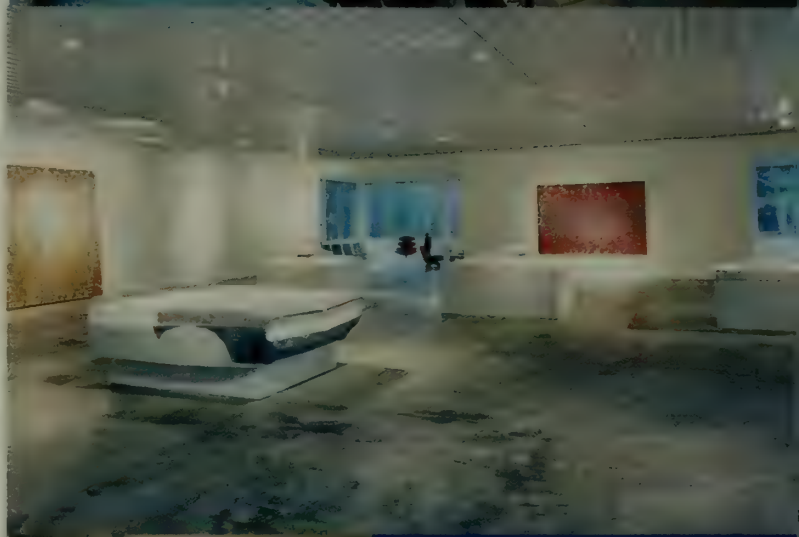
arless; outside I'm a mess."

As Prince went from success to success in the downtown art world of the late 80s and early 90s, he began partying harder and harder, to the point where something had to give. "Substance abuse was very much part of everyday life," he recalls. "Sometimes it was a lot of fun. But one day you wake up and you look in the mirror and you know it has to stop." Although Prince has long since curbed his own excesses, there were times when substances fueled his work. "They were the secret ingredient in the [early-90s Prince series] 'White Paintings.' Those were basically fueled by . . . the powder."

In 1996, Prince relocated himself and his family 150 miles away in the foothills of the Catskills, where he proceeded to create his own artificial reality on a grand scale. Prince lives with his second wife, the artist Noel Grunwaldt, and their two children in an expansive, well-appointed farmhouse on 88 acres of land. (Prince's real-estate portfolio also contains a $4 million house in Southampton, to which he recently added an adjacent property.)

Prince's main house and its adjacent guest cottage are surround-

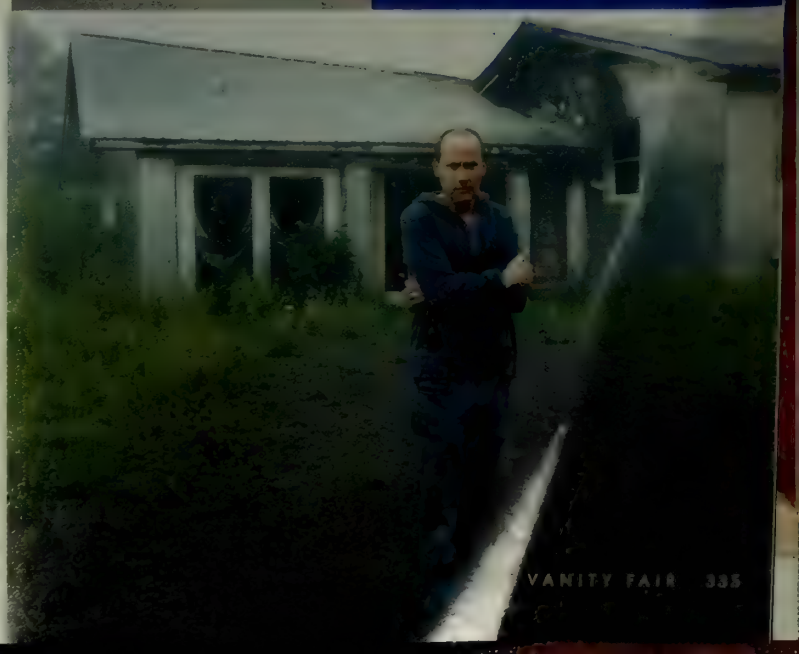






REPO MAN

From top: **Prince's 35,000-pound clay Ford GT—the real thing (in blue) sits in his driveway; the interior of one of Prince's buildings on his upstate property; a Pamela Anderson canvas leans behind the detachable roof of one of Prince's sports cars; Prince in front of the burned-out Second House, which he had donated to the Guggenheim in 2005.**



ed by a cluster of large, purpose-built structures in which the artist spends most of his days. Adjoining his two-room workshop is a garage that contains, as well as many of Prince's larger works, an over-decorated 1954 Harley motorcycle and a 35,000-pound clay model for a prototype of the Ford GT. Prince says he's the only civilian who owns one of these items; a real version of the GT, dark blue with white racing stripes, sits in Prince's driveway alongside a more practical Volvo station wagon.

The psychic epicenter of Richard Prince's rural empire would have to be his "Library"—this 1821 brick building, located on a street corner in the town nearest to Prince's upstate compound, is filled with a collection of mind-boggling worth. In a way, its contents tell you most of what you need to know about Richard Prince.

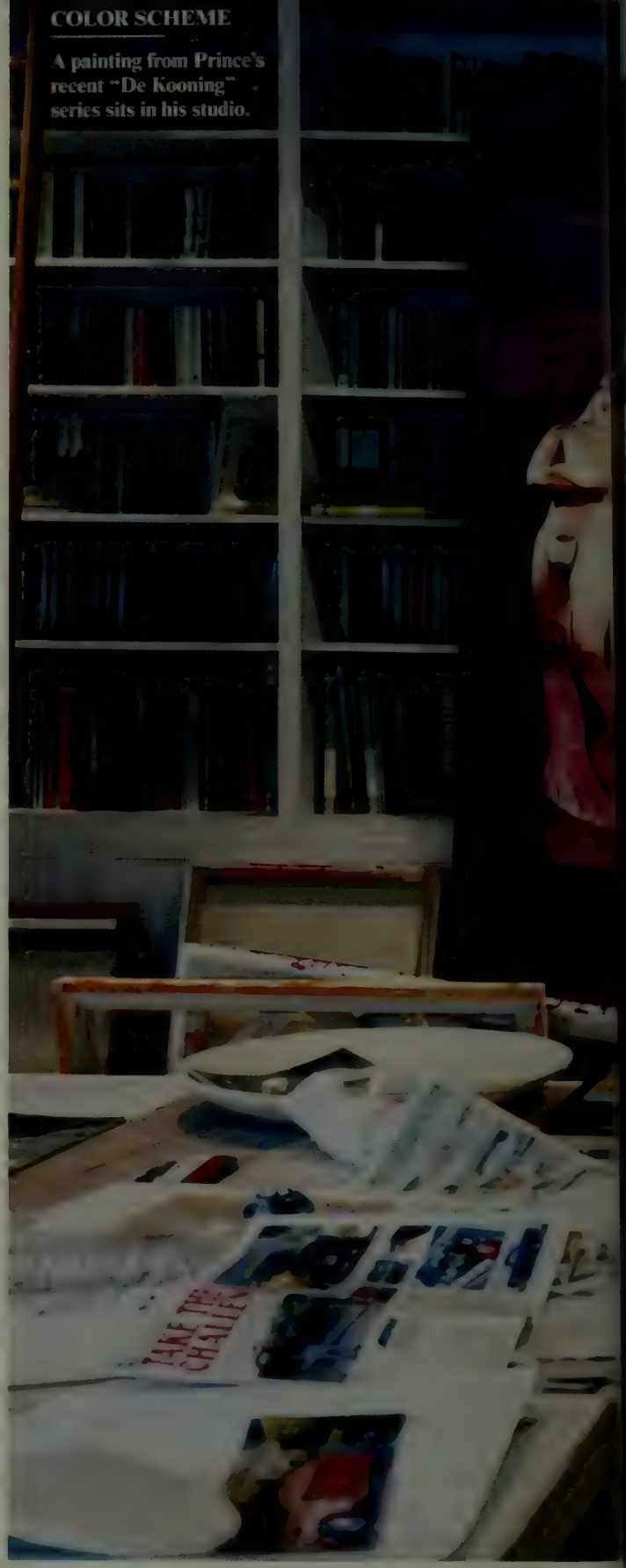
The Library is a climate-controlled shrine to midcentury hipster culture; it's like the most exquisite bookstore on the planet, except nothing is for sale. On the ground floor you'll find mint-condition first issues of *Mad* magazine, *Playboy,* and *Zap Comix,* and acres of Beat-sploitation paperbacks. You might well drool over photo books like *Young London: Permissive Paradise,* the "Do-It-Yourself Beatnik Kit," the poster for a (canceled) Los Angeles concert by the Velvet Underground, and row upon row of artist monographs by the likes of Larry Clark, Ed Ruscha, Martin Kippenberger, and Christopher Wool. And, of course, Andy Warhol, with whom Prince shares more than a birthday. As Prince's writer friend Glenn O'Brien once put it, "He's to Andy Warhol what Jean-Luc Picard is to Captain James T. Kirk."

Upstairs, locked behind thick metal doors designed to withstand a 14-hour fire, is the heart of Prince's collection, ceiling-high shelves filled with ultra-rare inscribed editions of works by 20th-century literary icons such as Dashiell Hammett, William S. Burroughs, and Jack Kerouac, among countless others. (Prince has 65 versions of *Lolita,* including Vladimir Nabokov's hand-corrected desk copy.)

Prince is quite happy to discuss the prices of his exotic acquisitions, revealing that he recently paid "a little bit over $100 grand" for the only known first edition of Hammett's *The Glass Key* in a dust jacket. Then there was the copy of Philip K. Dick's 1968 novel, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?,* inscribed to Dick's fellow science-fiction writer Tim Powers. "I paid $150,000 for that," says Prince. "I was more than happy to pony up—it's an important book for me."

For Prince there is little separation between spending and creating, but while the grand scale of his collection is made possible only by the spectacular prices of his own art, Prince insists that commercial concerns never drive the work itself.

"Of course, there's a big difference between something selling for $22 and something selling for $22 million," the artist allows. "But you get used to it—the novelty wears off after a while, and you expect it. It's not something you really think about that much. Just because something sold for a lot of money doesn't mean it's going to affect my next body of work . . . It's hard to talk about it . . . It's still a fairly new experience, I suppose."



COLOR SCHEME

A painting from Prince's recent "De Kooning" series sits in his studio.

The most recent Richard Prince works featured in the current Guggenheim exhibition are a series of paintings that the artist has called his "De Koonings," in tribute to the Abstract Expressionist master. "It was time to pay homage to an artist I really like," says Prince. "Some people worship at the altar—I believe in de Kooning." Prince's offering to his idol involved first creating a montage of body parts cut from catalogues and vintage girlie magazines, then having it blown up onto a large canvas via ink-jet printer. He then paints over most, if not all, of the original material with dark sludgy colors before conjuring up crude figures in vague homage to de Kooning's "Women" series.

The idea for these aesthetically challenging paintings came to Prince when he was leafing through a catalogue of de Kooning's work. "I started to sketch over the paintings," he explains. "Sometimes I'd draw a man to his woman. There's a contribution—for me it's all about 50/50.

"Making art has never been a mystery to me," Prince continues. "It's never been something that's very difficult."



The "umpires" of the art world could re-purpose that same statement as an indictment of Prince's work. "I'm old enough to not worry about being judged," Prince responds. "Most artists have made their decision about their work before it goes out of the studio. What am I going to say about something I did 30 years ago? There's nothing to say."

Prince admits that the de Kooning paintings might be a different story, since they find him abandoning the why-didn't-I-think-of-that immediacy of his early works. "One way to look at it is that it could be a bit risky because those particular works could be really criticized," he admits. "But I can't worry about it." It helps that the whole series has already been bought by collectors, the larger ones fetching upwards of $1 million at the Gladstone Gallery.

Among major collectors, Prince's personal equity is higher than ever. According to one Manhattan art-world insider, "All these boy artists like Nate Lowman and Dash Snow, they all want Richard Prince's mystique and his money, and they want it now. They all want to be Richard Prince."

The 58-year-old Prince greets this news with wry amusement. "They're welcome to it," he says. □



PRIDE OF LIONS

This month the New York Public Library celebrates the 10th anniversary of the Library Lions, which honors remarkable cultural figures in the fields of literature, art, the performing arts, history, and science. Past Lions have included Maurice Sendak, Philip Roth, Renée Fleming, James D. Watson, and Oprah Winfrey, and this year's luminaries are Martin Scorsese, Jhumpa Lahiri, Tom Stoppard, and John Hope Franklin. Aside from raising money to benefit the library's many worthy programs, president Paul LeClerc seeks "to establish how essential libraries are to civilization, to the cultural, artistic, and intellectual life of the nation." Imagine a world without the works of Mike Nichols and George C. Wolfe, both of whom courted the muse in the performing arts library at Lincoln Center, or Robert Caro, who wrote *The Power Broker* in the bosom of the main library, or Martin Scorsese, who relied on library research to realize *Gangs of New York* and might never have become a director had it not been for a book of film stills he discovered as a boy in the Tompkins Square Library. "That book," the director has said, "cast a spell on me." As these honorees can attest, libraries are where ideas are born, where people are inspired to make art and, later, history. —ELISSA ECHARRI

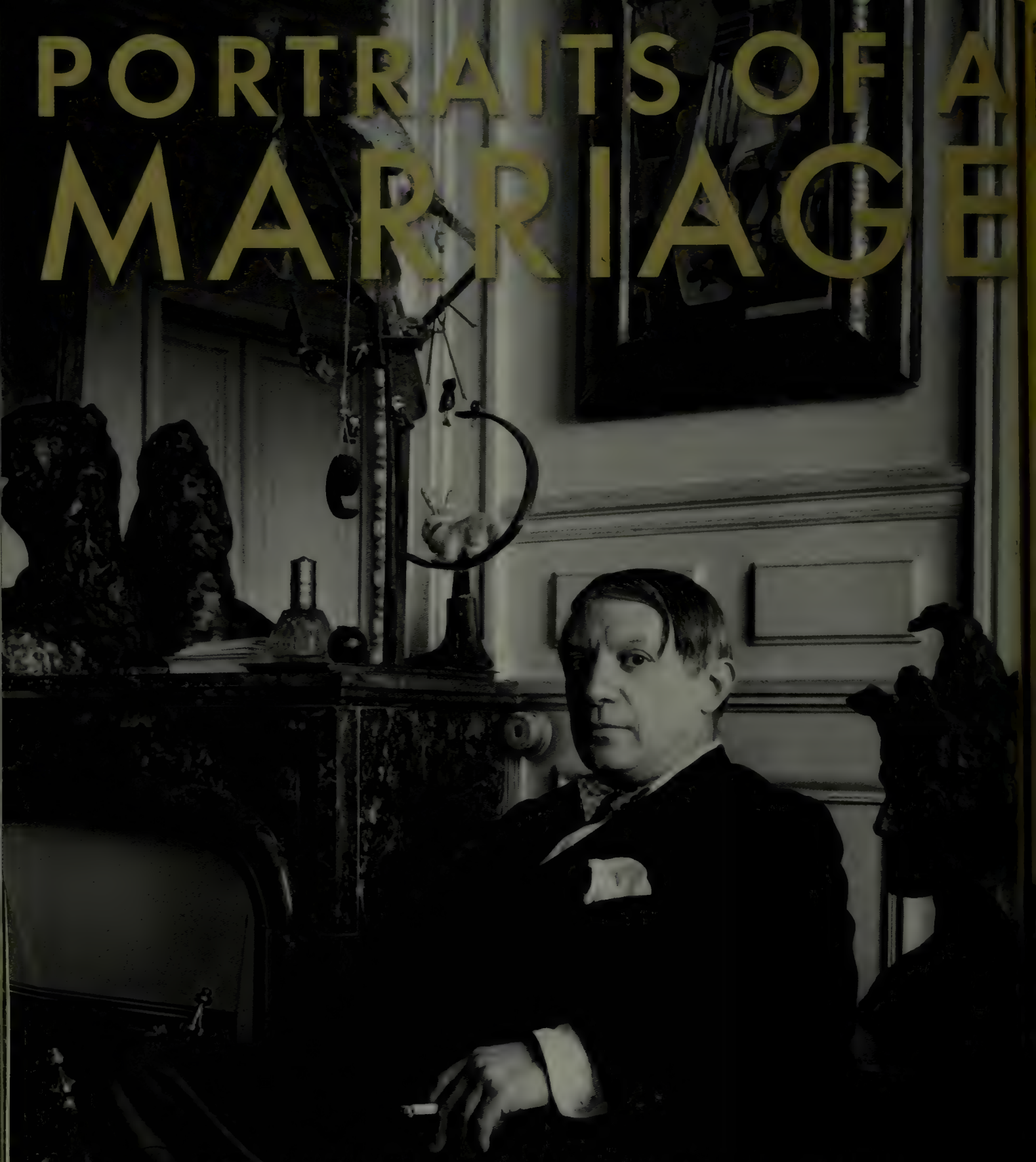
PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD CORMAN



IN GOOD COMPANY

New York Public Library Lions, from left: novelist Shirley Hazzard, *New Yorker* editor David Remnick, film director Martin Scorsese, theater director George C. Wolfe, set designer Ming Cho Lee, art historian John Richardson, choreographer Susan Stroman, historian David Levering Lewis, Nobel scientist James D. Watson, writer Elie Wiesel, conductor James Conlon, novelist Jhumpa Lahiri, novelist Orhan Pamuk, musician Billy Taylor, and biographer Robert Caro, photographed in the reading room of the Carl H. Pforzheimer Collection of Shelley and His Circle.

PORTRAITS OF A MARRIAGE



At 36, eager to settle down and have a son, Picasso married the beautiful Russian ballerina Olga Khokhlova, who embraced the role of Mme. Picasso, social hostess and zealous mother. But he came to resent the bourgeois grip of his increasingly sickly wife, turning to the bohemian sensuality of a mistress, Marie-Thérèse Walter. In an excerpt from the third volume of his epic biography, JOHN RICHARDSON explores the split in Picasso's psyche, through the rage, fear, and cruelty of some of his most famous paintings.



E ART OF REVENGE

tail of *Bust of a Woman h Self-Portrait,* 1929 (oil canvas, 28 in. by 24 in.), e of Picasso's furious images his wife, Olga, 11 years er their marriage. *Opposite,* asso in their apartment the Rue la Boétie, ris, 1933, photographed Cecil Beaton.

Picasso's first visit to Rome, in February 1917, had originally been conceived as a wedding trip, but at the last moment his on-again, off-again mistress, Irène Lagut, who had promised to marry him, changed her mind, as had her predecessor, Gaby Lespinasse, the year before. Instead of Irène, Jean Cocteau accompanied Picasso. In a vain attempt to set himself at the head of the avant-garde, this ambitious young poet had inveigled Picasso into collaborating with him on *Parade,* a ballet about a couple of shills who lure the public into their vaudeville theater by tantalizing them with samples of their acts. Cocteau had desperately wanted Serge Diaghilev to stage this ballet in Paris, and Picasso's Chilean patron and mother figure, Eugenia Errázuriz, had persuaded the impresario to agree, provided Picasso did the décor, Erik Satie the score, and Léonide Massine the choreography. Sets, costumes, and rehearsals were to be done in Rome, where the impresario had his wartime headquarters.

Picasso's Cubist followers were horrified that their hero should desert them for the chic, elitist Ballets Russes, but he ignored their complaints. After two and a half years of war, with its appalling death toll, hardships and shortages, and above all the absence of some of his closest friends, who were at the front (notably fellow Cubist Georges Braque and the poet Guillaume Apollinaire, who both suffered severe head wounds), Picasso was elated at the prospect of leaving the war behind to spend a couple of months in the relative peace of Rome, which he had always wanted to see.

When he arrived there, he was still suffering from *chagrin d'amour.* Eager to find a replacement for the woman who had turned him down, he promptly fell for one of Diaghilev's Russian dancers, 25-year-old Olga Khokhlova. Although he courted her assiduously and did a drawing of her, Olga proved adamantly chaste. Chastity was a challenge that Picasso had seldom had face. Diaghilev warned him that a respe able Russian woman would not sacrifi her virginity unless assured of marria Olga was indeed more respectable than t bohemian models of his past; she was t daughter of Stepan Vasilievich Khokhl who she always claimed was a general b who was in fact a colonel in the corps of gineers in charge of the railway system. A pointed to a post in the provinces in 19 the colonel had taken his three sons a a second daughter with him, but had l Olga behind. Egged on by a friend's sis who had joined the Diaghilev ballet af graduating from the Imperial Ballet Scho she decided to become a dancer.

Despite a late start at a St. Petersburg b let school, Olga got an audition with Diag lev. A daunting committee—besides Vasl Nijinsky, the star dancer, it included Enri Cecchetti, the greatest of classical ballet m ters—put her through her paces and acce ed her. Nijinsky was sufficiently impressed pick her out of the corps de ballet. Massi who had taken Nijinsky's place in Diaghile company as well as in his heart, had chos Olga to play a role in *Les Femmes de Bon*

"OLGA LIKES TEA, CAVIAR, PASTRIES," PICASSO TOLD ONE OF HIS MODELS. "ME, I LIKE SAUSAGE AND BEANS!



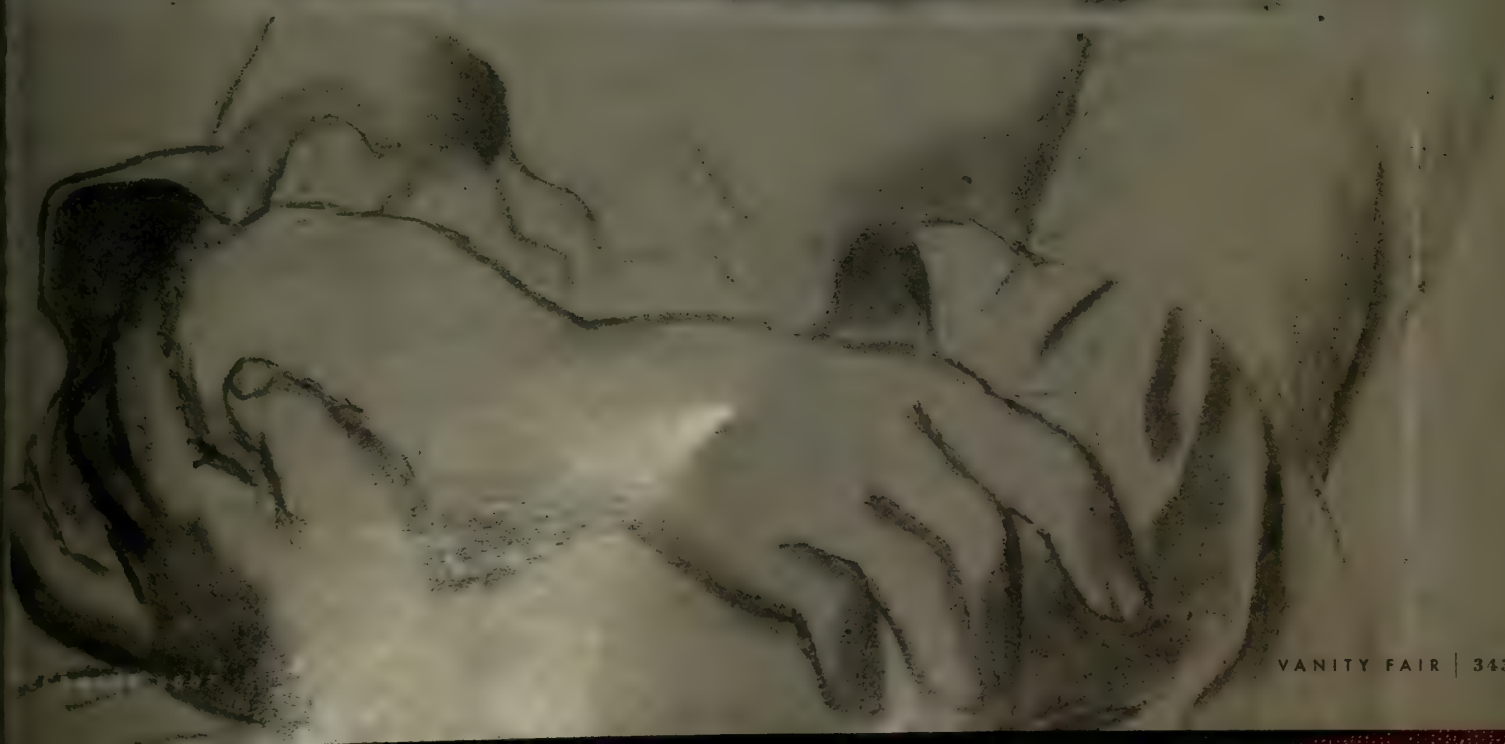
Humeur, based on a comedy by the 18t century Italian playwright Goldoni, with s by Léon Bakst. At a rehearsal for this ball Picasso spotted Olga and set about courti her. To familiarize himself with the tec niques of theatrical décor and observe h new love dance, he helped the scene painte execute Bakst's designs. To watch Olga bac stage, Picasso even helped the stagehands the ballet's premiere. Fifteen months late Picasso would marry Olga.

Ten years younger than Picasso, Olg had fine features, dark-reddish hair, gree eyes, a lithe body, and a look of wistfu *Swan Lake* melancholy. Photographs reve her to have been a beauty—an unsmilin one as a rule, although in early snapsho with Picasso and Cocteau in Rome sh is actually grinning. The celebrated ba lerina Alexandra Danilova declared tha Olga "was *nothing*—nice but nothing. W couldn't discover what Picasso saw in her On the other hand, Lydia Lopokova—th

Excerpted from *A Life of Picasso: The Triumphant Years, 1917–1932,* by John Richardson, to be published this month by Alfred A. Knopf;
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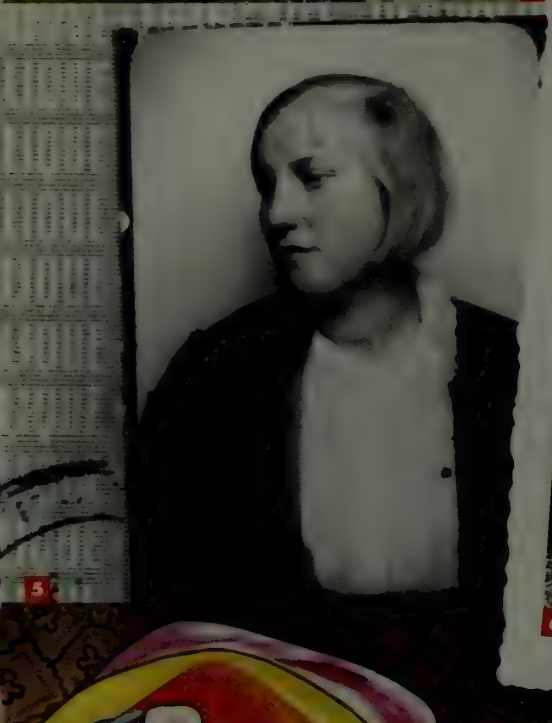
l of *Portrait of Olga*, (charcoal and l on paper, 50 in, 8 in.), in which sso depicts her as ıtiful young wife. *site*, the Picassos ut of a Ballets es poster featuring f his designs for *de*, London, 1919.

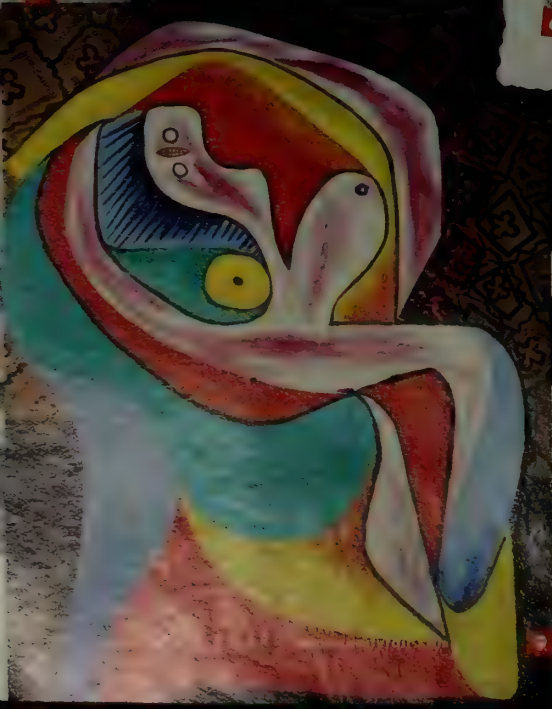














A DOUBLE LIFE

(1) *Olga Khokhlova in a Mantilla,* 1917 (oil on canvas, 25 in. by 21 in.). (2) A Brass photograph of Picasso's Paris studio, 1932 (3) Picasso, at right, with friends in Paris, 1916. (4) *The Bathers,* 1918 (oil on canvas, 11 in. by 9 in.). (5) A 1930s passport photo o Marie-Thérèse Walter. (6) An early Picasso photo of Olga, 1918. (7) Picasso with stage c on a curtain for *Parade,* 1917. (8) Olga, Pabl and Jean Cocteau, Rome, 1917. (9) *Repose,* 1932 (oil on canvas, 64 in. by 51 in.), depicts a hysterical Olga. (10) Olga in Picasso's studio with works in his classical style, 1921. (11) Picasso's photo of Marie-Thérèse at Din 1928. (12) Olga at Picasso's sculpture studio, with a phallic head of Marie-Thérèse inside, 193 (13) *Olga in Ballet Costume,* 1920 (pencil and turpentine on canvas, 51 in. by 38 in.).



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most intelligent of Diaghilev's ballerinas—was Olga's best friend in the company. Besides being challenged by Olga's virginal stance, Picasso sensed the victim within. Her vulnerability would have appealed to his possessiveness and protectiveness—especially when the Russian Revolution cut her off from her family—and also to his sadistic side. (Picasso expected the women in his life to read the works of the Marquis de Sade.) His desperation at being rejected by the two women he had hoped to marry should also be taken into account. He was 35 and wanted to settle down with a presentable wife and have a son.

The gala opening of the exceedingly avant-garde *Parade* took place in Paris on May 18, 1917, at the Théâtre du Châtelet. Due to the wartime blackout, the performance was scheduled for 3:30 in the afternoon. "The audience wanted to kill us, women rushed at us armed with hatpins," Cocteau claimed. "A bayonet charge in Flanders [was] nothing compared to what happened that night at the Châtelet. *Parade* was the greatest battle of the war." This was nonsense, and infuriated anyone who had suffered in the trenches. The women armed with hatpins had been invented by Cocteau to drum up publicity. In fact, there were just a few boos; applause prevailed.

When the company left to perform in Barcelona, Picasso went along with Olga and took his fiancée to meet his mother. As he later told Françoise Gilot, the painter and mother of his children Claude and Paloma, Doña María took a very dim view of Olga as a daughter-in-law. "You poor girl, you don't know what you're letting yourself in for," she supposedly told her. "If I were a friend, I would tell you not to do it under any conditions. I don't believe any woman would be happy with my son. He's available for himself but for no one else." Might the artist have been putting words into his mother's mouth? Doña María later became extremely fond of Olga.

Whether or not her future mother-in-law approved, Olga was dead set on marriage. The Russian Revolution's descent into a holocaust had left her with no alternative. Also, she would have seen how rapturously Picasso was received in France and Spain and realized that he was far more of a celebrity than she could ever be. Her best hope of stardom was to sacrifice her career as a ballerina and become Madame Picasso. The only problem: Olga refused to sleep with her lover before they were married.

A Long Engagement

The company's departure for a tour of South America left Olga marooned in a country where few spoke French, let alone Russian. Neither Doña María nor Picasso's sister Lola took Olga to their hearts, and Picasso would not let her meet his raffish, bohemian friends. Fraught with worry at the news from Russia, Olga became totally reliant on Picasso, with whom she proceeded to fall passionately in love. When he was off working in a friend's studio, Olga stayed in a *pensión*. She exercised every day at the barre in a local dance studio. Otherwise, as drawings reveal, she spent her time on a sunny balcony, reading and sewing and waiting for her French visa to come through. Hitherto, Olga had had no difficulty crossing frontiers. Having left the troupe, she was now stateless, stuck in Spain without a passport.

Evenings, Picasso would pay court to her. She would get herself up in the gauzy black dress her fiancé had picked out for her at Barcelona's fashionable Grand Gérard shop. Arm in arm in the dusk, they would stroll ceremoniously up and down the famous promenade known as the Ramblas.

PICASSO'S IMAGES OF MARIE-THÉRÈSE ARE SUFFUSED WITH RAMPANT SEXUALITY, WHEREAS THOSE OF OLGA REEK OF RAGE.

Picasso enjoyed showing Olga off, and soon he set about painting a lifelike portrait of her, costumed *à l'espagnole,* complete with a spit curl and a mantilla, improvised out of a fringed lace tablecloth pinched from a hotel. These trappings are at odds with the sitter's melancholy gaze. This, his first portrait of her, is surprisingly unaffectionate. Olga's reproachful eyes and pursed lips look ahead to the cruel, exorcistic portraits Picasso would paint 15 years later, when their marriage had soured.

At first, Olga would not allow Picasso to spend the night in her room at the *pensión.* For a sex-obsessed Andalusian, the brothel would therefore have been a daily or nightly necessity. The stress generated by Olga's resistance might well explain the ambiguity and coolness of her expression in the portrait. However, the closeness that sitting f the portrait entailed seems to have melt Olga's resolve. She finally allowed Picas to sleep in her room.

Sketchbook drawings reflect the co ple's ever increasing intimacy. We see Ol in a negligée with her mane of reddish h loose around her shoulders or done up a chignon. And yet, for all their affectio these drawings reveal no trace of Picass predatory physicality. One of the few evoke desire rather than pride of own ship is a study of a languorous-looki Olga on a chaise longue, clutching a ted bear—Daddy's little girl, but very much woman. In another touching sketch of h on her balcony, dated July 21, Picasso p trays her feeding a canary.

After a six-month wait for a visa, th were finally able to return to Paris—Ol to the luxurious new Hôtel Lutétia, I casso to his rented suburban villa at Mo rouge. The winter of 1917–18 was bitt but despite the cold and the discomfo he was happy to be home. They wou live apart for most of the next six month Olga went off to do daily exercises at ballet school, but there were also portra to sit for, so she spent most of her days Montrouge. Sometimes the bombing m have obliged her to stay there overnight. nighttime trip with shrapnel raining dow could be fatal.

On meeting Picasso's former associat Olga made a major tactical error. She dro a wedge between Picasso and his olde French friend, Max Jacob, the great poe who had chosen the artist as his godfath when he converted to Catholicism. Sl could not stand his dirtiness, drunkenne and addiction to rough trade. Jacob h usually managed to stay close to the art by insinuating himself into the affections his women, but Olga refused to have hi around. Knowing what she did about t homosexual ties that held Diaghilev's co pany together and sometimes blew it apa she likely sensed the amorous nature Jacob's feelings for her fiancé. As a resu the artist would have to sneak off and s him on the sly.

To commemorate his engagement, P casso painted a very traditional portrait Olga in all her glory. She wears the blac dress he had bought for her in Barcelon holds a fan, and is seated on a slipper cha The painting is Ingresque in the pose b not in the handling. At the same time, it one of the first examples of Picasso's u of a camera in preparation for a portra He had photographs taken of Olga an followed them closely on canvas. Even t color is virtually monochrome, delicate tinted as if by a retoucher.

Originally scheduled for May 1918, the marriage had to be postponed. The ballerina had woken up one morning with an agonizing pain in her foot. She could not move it or get out of bed. Dancers can be reticent about their injuries, so we have to guess at the cause of Olga's. Presumably she had suffered an accident in the course of her daily workout at the barre; it could also have been the result of a previous injury. (An old photograph of Olga with a walking stick, taken before she met Picasso, hints at an earlier injury.) After a spell in a nearby clinic, she was obliged to undergo an operation, which left her entire right leg encased in plaster.

By the end of June, the leg had healed sufficiently for a date to be set for the wedding: July 9. Her plaster cast would be off by then, and her papers would be in order. At the last moment there was a hitch—seemingly occasioned by Olga's injury—and the wedding had to be postponed a few more days. Even then the bride had to hobble around with a cane—a galling experience for a ballerina. The marriage certificate lists the clinic as her address. "Wedding photographs" were taken much later. The civil ceremony was held at the *mairie,* and the religious ceremony at the Russian church in Paris. The witnesses for Picasso were Apollinaire and Jacob; for Olga, Cocteau and a Russian ballet critic.

Following the wedding, there was a luncheon; afterward, Olga returned to the clinic. A few days later, the Picassos left to spend their honeymoon in Eugenia Errázuriz's villa in Biarritz, where Picasso did a great deal of work, including some lighthearted frescoes in one of the rooms. Since Olga was confined most of the time to an armchair or chaise longue, Picasso could draw her all he wanted. She enjoyed this ritual, but she still comes across as a bit distant. Sometimes he depicts her as a noble, classical beauty; sometimes less formally, as a soulful young wife; sometimes as a Cubist construction. However, he always keeps his libido buttoned, which was not necessarily the case when he drew the gorgeous South American girls Eugenia knew.

On August 20, Olga wrote Jacqueline Apollinaire that she was still bedridden. Ten days later she was beginning "to walk a bit," but it was not until late September that she finally appeared to be fully recovered. Before being able to dance, she would have had to undergo months of agonizing rehabilitation. Whether or not she did so, Olga never danced again in public. The shadow of her injury would darken Picasso's future relationships with women. "Women's illnesses are always women's fault," he said to me many years later, as if to shift the guilt from his shoulders onto hers.

The honeymooners returned home at the beginning of October and set about searching for a suitable apartment in central Paris. Picasso's dealer, Paul Rosenberg, saw to it that they did not have far to look. To keep his valuable new artist under surveillance, he arranged for him to rent an apartment at 23 Rue la Boétie, the building next to his. Rosenberg had a lease drawn up, and by mid-October they had moved from Montrouge to the Lutétia, the better to supervise the decoration.

Former friends denounced Picasso's new address as too redolent of bourgeois affluence and commerce. The Rue la Boétie had recently become the center of the Paris art trade. It was lined with galleries and expensive antiques shops. Why, in view of his denunciations of "dealers [as] the enemy," did Picasso choose to live in their very midst? Had he returned to the more bohemian Montparnasse, where he had previously resided, he would have encountered disgruntled Cubists and former girlfriends at every turn. Also, Olga was determined to woo him away from his formerly louche life.

The Picassos moved into their new apartment a week before Christmas 1918. It consisted of a single, spacious floor divided into his and her realms. Picasso and Lotti, his huge Pyrenean sheepdog, took over the rooms looking onto the street for his studios; the rooms at the back were his wife's domain. To judge by the artist's drawings of the salon and dining room, Olga did up the place in a stylish but relaxed way. Apart from the paintings on the walls, the only Picassian touches were the upholstery of the armchairs in the salon, each in a different bright color, and a screen he painted for Olga's sitting room. Olga turned out to be an exemplary *maîtresse de maison,* according to the photographer Brassaï, "not the slightest disorder, not a grain of dust." Picasso, on the other hand, was a compulsive hoarder with an idiosyncratic relish of dust: it enabled him to tell whether anybody had disturbed his piles of old journals, letters, and smoker's debris. The bedroom smacked of Olga: twin brass bedsteads, as in the Hôtel Lutétia.

To keep her domain just so, Olga assembled an impeccable staff: butler, cook, maid, and chauffeur. She took her role as hostess very seriously. With the guidance of Cocteau and that supreme social operator Misia Sert, she was soon giving suitable little dinners—lots of caviar—for the beau monde after first nights at the ballet or theater. By virtue of their celebrity, the Picassos starred at the fancy-dress balls organized by such scions of "*le gratin*" as Count and Countess Étienne de Beaumont and the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Noailles, who had one of the greatest collections of old and modern masters in France.

Of all Picasso's Parisian friends, the one Olga was fondest of was that enormously gifted jack-of-all-trades (poet, novelist, playwright, cinéaste, painter) Cocteau. He was elegant, *mondain,* witty—a social Rigoletto. Also, he was always at pains to charm her. Hopelessly, masochistically in love with Picasso, Cocteau managed to make himself indispensable—a mercurial manipulator—at the cost of being mercilessly mocked and yet in the end always taken back into favor, for he was without question the most coruscating wit of his time. Picasso doted on him and defended him against his enemies, the Surrealists.

The Bourgeois Life

On February 4, 1921, Olga gave birth to a son who would be christened Paul "Paulo" Joseph (after his father, Pablo, and grandfather Don José). The godparents were Misia Sert and Picasso's rich Argentinean fan Georges Bemberg, who was supposed to bring a Spanish archbishop to preside over the ceremony. Gertrude Stein, whom Picasso used to call his "pard," was not asked to be a godparent. They had quarreled: "They neither of them ever knew about what," wrote Gertrude in her *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.*

At first Picasso was delighted to have a son, the only male heir born to his branch of the family. Paintings and drawings of the baby in his mother's arms testify to paternal pride and love. Unfortunately, Olga became an obsessively overprotective parent and would behave as if the birth of a son and heir entitled her to a great deal of deference as the wife of the world's foremost painter. From now on, she would play the part of Madame Picasso as if it conferred stardom. A bohemian at heart, Picasso would try to adjust to her notion of how a celebrated artist should live. He was proud of Olga and the ambience she provided, but this enjoyment would come under increasing attack from erstwhile friends. Seeing Man Ray's photograph of Picasso dressed as a torero at one of Étienne de Beaumont's very grand balls, Braque said, "I ought to recognize that gentleman." To counter criticism, Picasso blamed his wife. "You see, Olga likes tea, caviar, pastries, and so on," he told one of his models. "Me, I like sausage and beans." Around this time, a friend caught Picasso looking at himself in a mirror and murmuring, "*Comedia.*"

The birth of a son triggered a monumental change in Picasso's work. During the

summer of 1921, which he spent in a rented house at Fontainebleau, he executed a number of huge, highly finished paintings of hefty nudes inspired by the classical sculptures he had admired in the Naples Museum. Modernists criticized this return to representationalism, but two no less sizable Cubist paintings entitled *Three Musicians,* which he worked on simultaneously, reveal that he saw these totally dissimilar styles as two sides of the same coin.

The momentum generated in the course of the summer at Fontainebleau carried him through into the following year. Back in the Rue la Boétie apartment, he did his best to fill the role of a dutiful husband and father, but sometimes the tedium of these responsibilities and the Russian chitchat of Olga's ballet associates became intolerable, and he would go off and cruise the boulevards. Then, in October, an attractive American couple, Gerald and Sara Murphy, entered his life, and for the next three or four years they would enliven it.

TO CONCEAL MARIE-THÉRÈSE IN HIS WORK, HE ALLEGORIZED HER AS A GUITAR, A JUG, HIS PENIS, OR HER VAGINA.

In the summer of 1922, which the Picasso family spent in the northern resort town of Dinard, Olga fell seriously ill. The nature of her illness has never been divulged. Rather than having anything to do with her leg, it was seemingly the first manifestation of the gynecological problems that would cloud the rest of her life—"women's troubles," friends were told. In mid-September she had to be rushed to Paris for an emergency operation. Picasso had a difficult drive to the city, coping with Paulo's car sickness while applying ice packs to Olga's temples. A sanguine drawing of Olga, done around the middle of September, shows her looking haggard and sick. This drawing evidently had a malign significance for Picasso: 41 years later he gave it to his son Paulo for Christmas—seemingly the only work he ever inscribed to him. There would be many more representational portrayals of Olga, but none of them manifests the anguish that makes this one so memorable. After Olga's operation, Picasso went back to Dinard to collect the work he had done there. His return attracted attention: while in Paris he had bought a costly new car and hired a driver. The car was a fancy Panhard, impressive enough to be written up in the Dinard newspaper. From then on, everything Picasso did would be news.

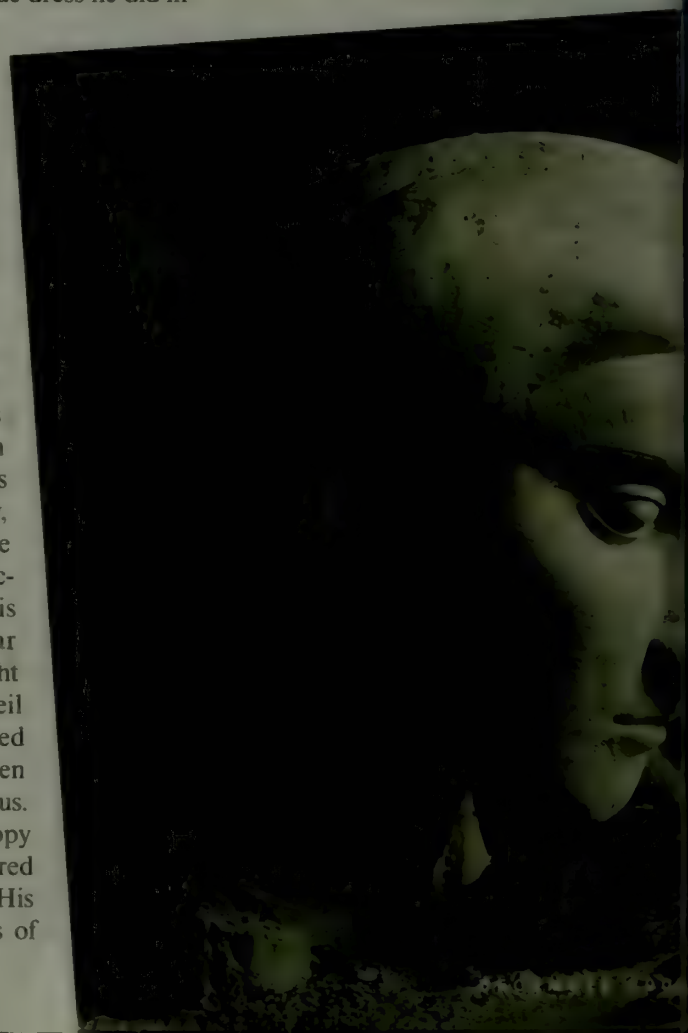
Picasso's acquisition of a chauffeur-driven automobile was attributed to Olga. Many of his fellow artists and writer friends had acquired expensive cars—roadsters or racing cars for the most part—but they always drove them themselves. Francis Picabia had some 15 of the finest makes; André Derain owned a Renault and a racing Bugatti; Braque had an Alfa Romeo. Unlike most of his artist friends, Picasso refused to learn to drive. He would later tell Françoise Gilot that he was frightened of spoiling the suppleness of his hands and wrists. If a painter could afford to buy a car, Picasso thought, he should be able to afford a chauffeur.

The change in Picasso's attitude to Olga is reflected in his portraits of her after her recovery. There is a sadness to them, which bears out something Picasso told Gilot: that "he tried to placate his wife by having her sit for him." Olga figures in her husband's early portraits of her as a trophy wife, almost never as a sexually desirable woman. The three highly finished paintings of her in a fur-collared blue dress he did in 1923 are not so much likenesses as idealizations—pastiches of the great French 18th-century pastelists. She was still an object of admiration and pride to Picasso, but his desire for her was evidently cooling.

The numerous portraits Picasso did of his son are more alive than those he did of the boy's mother. Paulo figures in many different costumes and poses: on a donkey, with a toy lamb or a horse or a motorcar. On one occasion Picasso took his sleeping son's model car and repainted it in bright colors with trompe l'oeil cushions and a checkered carpet on the floor. When Paulo awoke, he was furious. The father was not happy at the way Olga pampered and monitored the boy. His upbringing at the hands of music teachers, dancing instructors, an the like became yet another bone of conte tion. Like his father, the son would come t resent Olga and ultimately to loathe her.

Now that the Picassos were pi lars of the beau monde, the were condemned to a consta round of fashionable fun tions. New Year's Eve 192 they were guests at a party given by Pa Rosenberg's in-laws, the Jacques Helft who were silver dealers. Everyone wo fancy dress, except Picasso, who enjoye dressing up only as long as it was not ma datory. Olga put on a tutu; Rosenberg we as a chauffeur. Picasso was so impresse by the antique French silver on the Helft dining table that he asked whether he coul buy a set of 18th-century knives, forks, an spoons. Helft took him down to the vaul and the deal was done. Picasso would giv Helft a watercolor of a knife, fork, an spoon to commemorate the purchase.

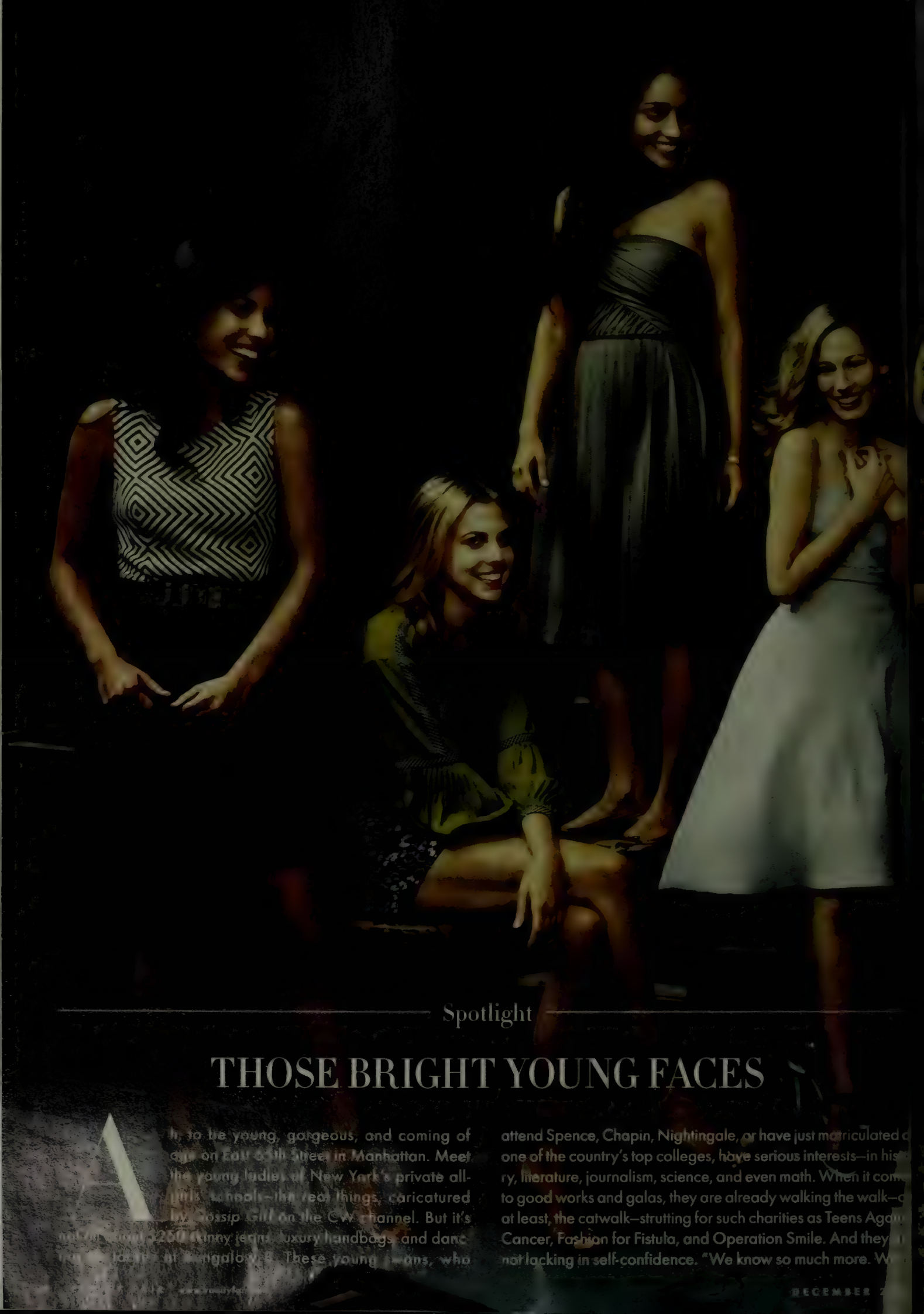
The summer of 1923 would prove a hi toric one, not just for Picasso and his friend the Murphys, but for the future of the Côt d'Azur. In asking the proprietor of the Hô tel du Cap at Antibes, which had hithert been limited to a winter season, to keep few rooms open for the summer, the tw couples unwittingly transformed the Rivier into a year-round resort. The Murphys wer almost too adept at CONTINUED ON PAGE 3





ECT OF DESIRE

owing depictions
arie-Thérèse: *The*
, 1932 (oil on
s, 51 in. by 38 in.),
ich she is bifurcated
sensual standing
and the victim of a
owing accident; *Bust*
of a Woman
e-Thérèse), 1931),
graphed by Brassaï.



Spotlight

THOSE BRIGHT YOUNG FACES

Ah, to be young, gorgeous, and coming of age on East 79th Street in Manhattan. Meet the young ladies of New York's private all-girls' schools—the real things, caricatured by Gossip Girl on the CW channel. But it's not all about 250 skinny jeans, luxury handbags and danc[illegible] at Bungalow 8. These young women, who attend Spence, Chapin, Nightingale, or have just matriculated [illegible] one of the country's top colleges, have serious interests—in his[illegible] ry, literature, journalism, science, and even math. When it com[illegible] to good works and galas, they are already walking the walk—[illegible] at least, the catwalk—strutting for such charities as Teens Agai[illegible] Cancer, Fashion for Fistula, and Operation Smile. And they[illegible] not lacking in self-confidence. "We know so much more. W[illegible]



CLASS DISTINCTION

From left: Anaïs Watanabe-Fifer, Paige Kringstein, Katie Scheeter, Olivia Sandelman, Quinn Jackson, Caitlin Fraser, Elizabeth Lagno, Ashley Camerini, Stephanie Linka, and Lily Fraser.

so much more cultured," says one now in college, about growing up in their distinctive milieu. "[In college] you meet people who don't even know how to pronounce 'Prada.'"

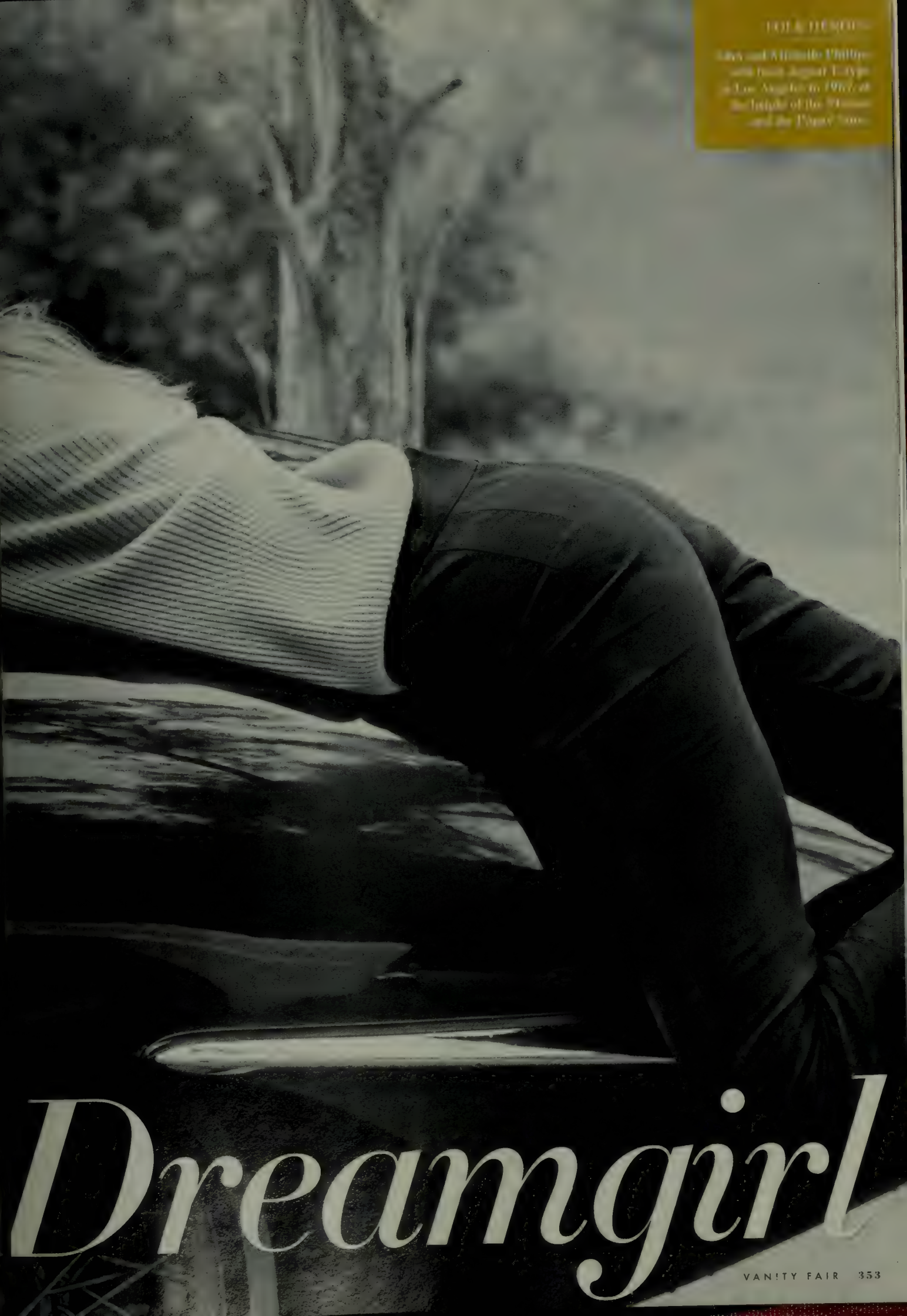
What would Edith Wharton have made of it all? No doubt, she would have found ample prey for business and silliness to skewer. But she might have found much more, too. For instance, Stephanie Linka, a warm, slightly [illegible] daughter of jazz guitarist Rudy Linka, she started an underground newspaper called *The Tempest* and spent her summer vacation working at *The Prague Post*. Or perhaps Wharton would have been inspired by Riverdale graduate Ashley Camerini, a former Ford model, now at Harvard, who's deciding between economics and pre-med, while learning about the world beyond Park Avenue—thanks to friends from Nigeria, Norway, and Italy. Now, *that's* culture.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN JEAN ROY • STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE

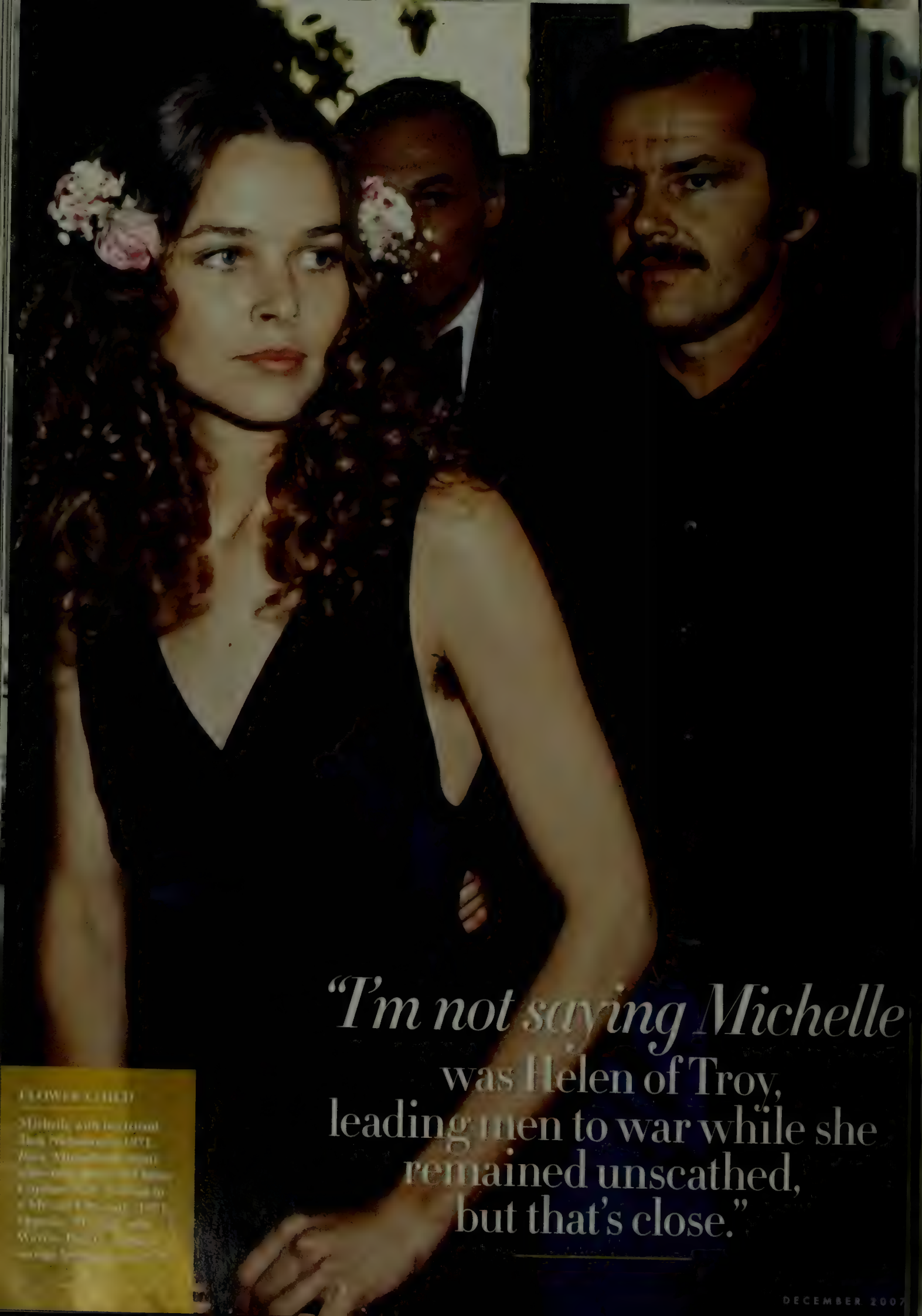


When Denny Doherty died, in January, Michelle Phillips became the last of the Mamas and the Papas, the 60s foursome that made hippie sexy and topped the charts for almost two psychedelic years before breaking up. At 63, the muse of "California Dreamin'" gives SHEILA WELLER the real story of her stormy marriage to the group's leader, John Phillips; her very brief marriage to Dennis Hopper; her liaisons with Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty; and the tangled emotions that bound four musicians—Michelle, John, Denny, and Cass Elliot—for life

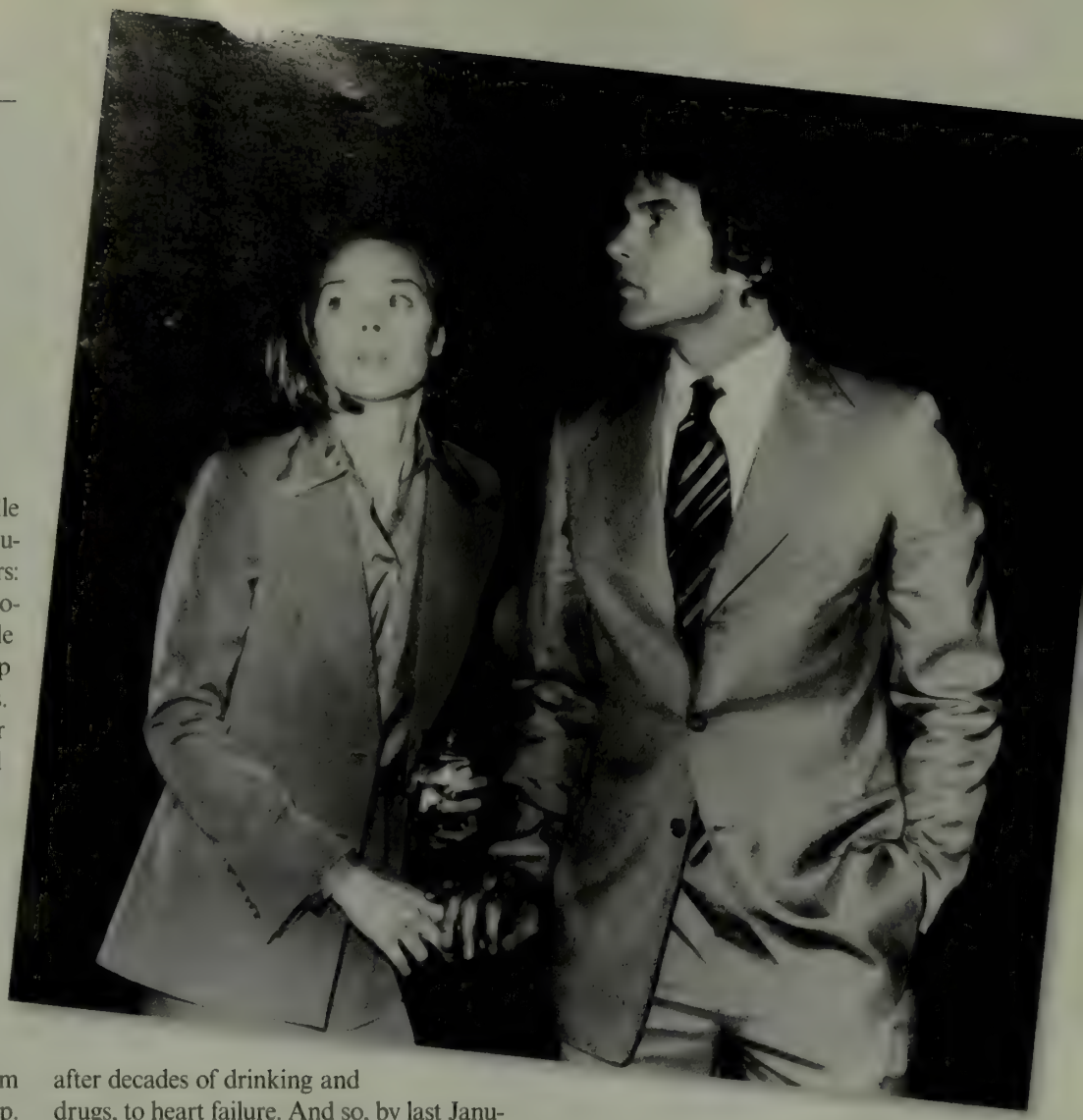
California



Dreamgirl



"I'm not saying Michelle was Helen of Troy, leading men to war while she remained unscathed, but that's close."



When Michelle hillips and Denny Doherty spoke on Janu-y 18, they did as they'd done for 40 years: We made it a point to keep things very pro-ssional and not . . . *slip back,*" Michelle ys in that arch, bemused way of hers. "Slip ack" into talking like lovers, she means. enny was about to undergo surgery for n abdominal aneurysm, and she'd called ith moral support, her reliable compas-on delivered with its usual frankness. "I as gung-ho and positive. 'If it has to be one, just get it over with!'"

The Mamas and the Papas had always emained a family—a shadow of the old, amorous family, to be sure ("It was two nd a half years of total melodrama," Michelle fondly recalls), but touchingly ose, even through the decades of Sturm nd Drang that postdated their breakup. arly on, their ranks had been thinned from ur to three (in 1974, Cass Elliot died, at a agically young 32, of a heart attack); then, uch later, from three to two: in 2001, John hillips, 65, finally succumbed,



after decades of drinking and drugs, to heart failure. And so, by last January, only Denny, 66, and Michelle, then 62—like the little Indians in the children's rhyme—remained standing, their old, red-hot affair, which had nearly torn the group apart, self-protectively excised from their frequent reminiscences.

That two people in the seventh decade of their lives would need to *try* to bury several months of ancient lust is a testament to the mystique that has long outlived the group's thin songbook and brief domination of the pop charts. The Mamas and the Papas were cannon-shot onto the airwaves when the country was still shaking off its post-Camelot conventionality; girls were wearing go-go boots, and boys were growing out their early-Beatles haircuts. No group had ever looked like them—a magnetic fat girl, a pouty blonde beauty, two sexy Ichabod Cranes in funny hats—or sounded like them: Cass's wry-beyond-her-years alto and Denny's aching choirboy tenor lacing through that creamy, 1950s-prom-worthy close harmony, kissed with all those *ba da da das.*

The Mamas and the Papas were the first rich hippies, stripping folk rock of its last vestiges of Pete Seeger earnestness and making it ironic and sensual. They made the rock elite part and parcel of Hollywood. (Michelle's eventual serial conquest of its three top young lions—Dennis Hopper, Jack Nicholson, and Warren Beatty—nailed for her its femme fatale sweepstakes.) And then, just as fast as they'd streaked across the psychedelic sky, they burned out in some unseen solar system.

The day after her pep talk to Denny, Michelle got a phone call from Cass's daughter, Owen Elliot-Kugell. Denny was dead. He didn't survive the operation.

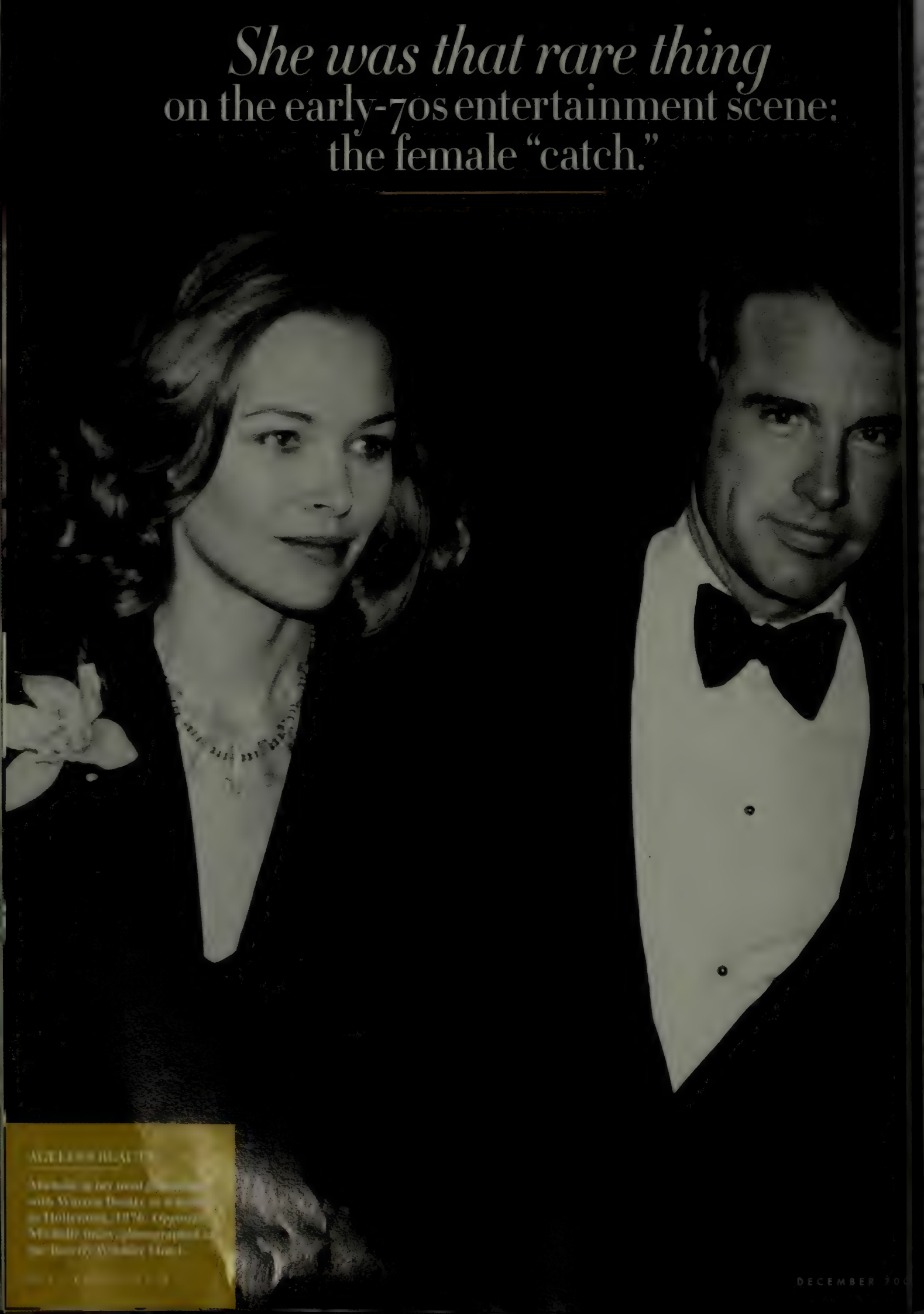
"I'll bury you all!," Michelle had screamed at the other three one night in 1966, when they'd (temporarily) evicted her from the group for her romantic transgressions. Now that wounded taunt revealed itself as prophecy. Michelle flew to Toronto for Denny's funeral and then to Halifax for his burial. No one loved the group more than she. For 25 years she had tried to bring a Mamas and the Papas movie to fruition. (The right script is in the process of being written.) She was the group's impeccably preserved face on a PBS tribute. Now she was the last one standing.

Yet people who have seen Michelle mature into a consummate rescuer know she's repaid


STEREO
IF YOU CAN BELIEVE YOUR EYES AND EARS
THE MAMA'S AND THE PA
1
2
5
6
11


3
4
2
DUNHILL
"DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE"
"SCREAMING ALLEY"
8
12

She was that rare thing
on the early-70s entertainment scene:
the female "catch."



AGE-LESS BEAUTY

Marlene at her most [illegible] with Warren Beatty at a party in Hollywood, 1976. Opposite: Marlene more contemporary [illegible] Beverly Wilshire Hotel.



her luck. According to Cass's sister, Leah Kunkel (who started out "unsure Michelle had my sister's best interests at heart"), "Michelle has rescued a *lot* of people over the years. I've come to really respect her." Plastic surgeon Steven Zax, Michelle's beau of eight years, says, "She is the most generous person I know. She drives hours to visit friends who are shut-ins. Every Saturday and Sunday she packs bags of fruit and sandwiches and money and takes them to the homeless, who know her by name." And those who watched her mint the shrewd-chick archetype in the midst of the reckless, sexist counterculture don't doubt her resilience. "I'm not saying Michelle was Helen of Troy, leading men to war while she remained unscathed, but that's close," says her onetime musical partner Marshall Brickman. "She was a *very* clever, centered girl, to have kept afloat in that environment. There's steel under that angelic smile." According to Lou Adler, the Mamas and the Papas' producer and Michelle's lifelong friend and at one time romantic interest, "Michelle is the ultimate survivor—so loyal and 'street' that John and I called her Trixie. And, unlike John—who was swept away . . . who was a *devil,* on drugs—Michelle was more logical, more constant. She had an anchor, her dad."

"My father was six foot three, dashingly handsome, and so unflappable *nothing* could rattle him," Michelle is saying, sitting in her picture-windowed living room in L.A.'s leafy, off-the-status-track Cheviot Hills. In pride of place on the coffee table is a photo album of her three grandchildren from daughter Chynna, 39, and actor Billy Baldwin, yet she's sipping wine in the early afternoon like any self-respecting sybarite.

Gardner "Gil" Gilliam, a movie-production assistant and self-taught intellectual, was all Michelle and her older sister, known as Rusty, had after their mother, Joyce, a Baptist minister's daughter turned bohemian bookkeeper, dropped dead of a brain aneurysm when Michelle was five. Gil took the girls to Mexico for several years, then back to L.A. There, as a county probation officer who smoked pot and never made a secret of his love affairs (he would eventually marry five more times), he seemed to model the axiom "Hedonism requires discipline." "My father had very few rules, but with those he was *steadfast.* 'Clean up your messes.' 'Be a good citizen.'" (The code stuck. "I have never been late for work a day in my life, I refused to ask John for alimony, I have never been in rehab," she enumerates proudly.) But young Michelle needed more than a *male* guide. "In retrospect, I see that I was looking for a girlfriend/mother figure." In 1958 she found, through her sister's boyfriend, a 23-year-old who had an unsurpassable store of harrowingly acquired female survival skills to impart.

The Black Dahlia Heritage

Tamar Hodel was one of six children—by three different women—of the most pathologically decadent man in Los Angeles: Dr. George Hodel, the city's venereal-disease czar and a fixture in its A-list demimonde. She'd grown up in her father's Hollywood house, which resembled a Mayan temple, was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright's son, and was the site of wild parties, in which Hodel was sometimes joined by director John Huston and photographer Man Ray.

George Hodel shared with Man Ray a love for the work of the Marquis de Sade and the belief that the pursuit of personal liberty was worth everything—possibly even, for Hodel, gratuitous murder. What has recently come to light, by way of two startling investigative books (2003's *Black Dahlia Avenger,* by Hodel's ex–L.A.P.D. homicide-detective son, Steve Hodel, and—building upon it—*Exquisite Corpse,* 2006, by art writers Mark Nelson and Sarah Hudson Bayliss), is that George Hodel was a prime suspect in the notorious Black Dahlia murder. (According to *Black Dahlia Avenger,* Hodel was the killer, and the Los Angeles District Attorney's office conducted extensive surveillance of him. There were nu-

merous arrests, but no one was ever charged with the murder.) A striking, graphic array of evidence in the two books strongly suggests that it was Hodel who, on January 15, 1947, killed actress Elizabeth Short, then surgically cut her in two and transported the halved, nude, exsanguinated corpse—the internal organs kept painstakingly intact—to a vacant lot, where he laid the pieces out as if in imitation of certain Surrealist artworks by Man Ray.

Without knowing any of this, 13-year-old Michelle Gilliam walked through Tamar Hodel's porch into a room decorated *all* in lavender and beheld a sultry Kim Novak look-alike. "Tamar was the epitome of glamour," Michelle recalls. "She was someone who never got out of bed until two P.M., and she looked it. It was late afternoon, and she was dressed in a beautiful lavender suit with her hair in a beehive. I took one look and said, *New best friend!*" With Tamar was her cocoa-skinned daughter, Debbie, five; folksinger Stan Wilson, an African-American, was Tamar's current husband. (She'd married her first—who was also black—at 16, in 1951.) "Tamar was so exotic! She was instantly my idol."

Tamar's sophistication had a grotesque basis. In her father's home—where she had often "uncomfortably" posed nude, she recalls, for "dirty-old-man" Man Ray and had once wriggled free from a predatory John Huston—George Hodel had committed incest with her. "When I was 11, my father taught me to perform oral sex on him. I was terrified, I was gagging, and I was embarrassed that I had 'failed' him," Tamar says, telling her version of her long-misreported adolescence. George plied her with erotic books, grooming her for what he touted as their transcendent union. (Tamar says that she told her mother what George had done, and that, when confronted, George denied it.) He had intercourse with Tamar when she was 14. To the girl's horror, she became pregnant; to her greater horror, she says, "my father wanted me to *have* his baby." After a friend took her to get an abortion, an angry George—jealous, Tamar says, of some boys who'd come to see her—struck her on the head with his pistol. Her stepmother, Dorero (who was John Huston's ex-wife), rushed her into hiding.

George Hodel was arrested, and the tabloid flashbulbs popped during the sensational 1949 incest trial. Hodel's lawyers, Jerry Geisler and Robert Neeb, painted Tamar as a "troubled" girl who had "fantasies." Tamar's



"Michelle grew into her name,"
says Cass Elliot's daughter, Owen.
"She became *everyone's* Mama Michelle."



PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN JEAN ROY • STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE

treatment by the defense and the press during that time wounds her to this day. George was acquitted.

When Michelle appeared on Tamar's porch, Tamar saw in her "a gorgeous little Brigitte Bardot" and sensed that she could rewrite her own hideous youth by guiding a protégée through a better one. "Meeting Michelle felt destined, as if we'd known each other in another life," says Tamar. "I wanted to champion her, because no one had championed me." Michelle says, "I moved in with Tamar; she 'adopted' me right away. Then *everything* started."

Tamar took the lower-middle-class bohemian's daughter and polished her. She bought her the clothes Gil couldn't afford, enrolled her in modeling school, taught her how to drive her lavender Nash Rambler, and provided her with a fake ID and amphetamines, Michelle says, "so I could make it through a day of eighth grade after staying up all night with her. Tamar introduced me to *real* music—Bessie Smith and Paul Robeson and Josh White and Leon Bibb. And I, who'd been listening to the Kingston Trio, was just entranced." To keep Gil from being bent out of shape by the fact that his daughter had been spirited away, Michelle says, "Tamar put on perfect airs around my dad, and when it became necessary she would sleep with him." One day Tamar's husband, Stan, made the mistake of crawling into Michelle's bed. Michelle shoved him out, and Tamar ended the marriage, leaving the two young blonde beauties on their own, with sometimes a third one visiting them, Michelle's fresh-faced teen-model friend Sue Lyon. "Sue was innocent and naïve, not like *us*," Tamar says. Sue's mother bawled Michelle out for sneaking her daughter a copy of *Lolita*. Tamar says she had to explain the famous masturbation scene to the sheltered ingénue. (A few years later, Sue was cast in the title role in the 1962 Stanley Kubrick film of the novel—a role Tamar insisted should have been played by Michelle.)

In early 1961, Tamar and her teenage sidekick moved to San Francisco. They painted their apartment lavender, and, like two Holly Golightlys on uppers, they did the town, watching Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl spew their subversive humor at the hungry i and the Purple Onion. They got to know the cool guys on the scene; Michelle fell for singer Travis Edmonson, of the folk duo Bud and Travis, and Tamar fell for activist comedian Dick Gregory.

Both girls thought that Scott McKenzie (original name: Phil Blondheim), the wavy-haired lead singer in a folk group called the Journeymen, was, as Michelle puts it, "very, very cute." Tamar won his heart. She took Scott back to the apartment to listen to *La Bohème*, and, as Michelle remembers it, with a laugh, they never left the bed. The Journeymen's leader, whose name was John Phillips, appeared at the door every night, annoyed to have to yank his tenor out of Tamar's arms to get him to the club by showtime. A native of Alexandria, Virginia, Phillips was tall and lean and exotically handsome: his mother was Cherokee; his secret actual father (whom he never knew) was Jewish, though he'd been raised thinking that the square-jawed Marine captain his mother had married was his father. From the moment Michelle saw him in the hungry i phone booth—long legs stretched out, ankles propped on his guitar case—she knew two things: one, he was married ("You could tell he was making The Call Home"), and, two, she had to have him. "I fell in love with his talent, his poise, his ability to be leader of the pack."

Michelle "stepped out of a dream," John Phillips would rhapsodize in his 1986 autobiography, *Papa John*. She was "the quintessential California girl. . . . She could look innocent, pouty, girlish, aloof, firey." Michelle says, "John was 25, married with two children, from an East Coast Catholic military family. He had gone to Annapolis, he performed in a suit and tie—he had *never met* anyone like me!" Her uniqueness in John's eyes was no small thing, since he was a habitual trend surfer ("a charismatic snake-oil salesman' how Marshall Brickman puts it). He'd start a doo-wop group when doo-wop was in, th switched to ballads with his group the Smoo ies—just in time for *American Bandstan* body-grinding slow-dancers—then jumped the folk bandwagon. To John, Tamar Hód protégée was a fascinating hybrid just o the *Zeitgeist*'s horizon: a street girl, to be s ("She would have fit into the Ronettes or t Shangri-Las perfectly," he'd later say), seasoned in high culture and political ide ism—and with that angelic face. John used tell Michelle she was the first flower child had ever met.

Married to a Genius

Gil had recently married a 16-year-old hi self, so he couldn't exactly be indigna about his 17-year-old daughter's paramo "She hasn't finished high school, so if I we you I would throw a book at her now a again" was his paternal blessing. John and S san Adams, a ballerina from a society fami prepared to divorce in 1962. She had put up years with his many affairs and never thoug that the teenager who'd recently knocked her Mill Valley door and brazenly announc "I'm in love with your husband" would act ally steal him. (With perfect manners, Sus had invited her little visitor in, made her tuna sandwich—and herself a stiff drink—a then, with deft condescension, informed h that John had a girl like her in every city.)

John and Michelle moved to New Yo and married. He was so possessive th when he left town on Journeymen tours he board her at a supervised dorm for teena professionals.

To keep her where he could see her (a because he knew her face on posters wou rake in the crowds), he pulled her away fro the teen-modeling contract she was abo to sign and—with the help of voice lesso to shore up her thin soprano—made her singer alongside him. Jump-starting the Ne Journeymen, he tapped as its third memb Marshall Brickman, of the disbanded gro

MORPHOLUTION

ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED



PRE... HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON... ...DONALD TRU...

e Tarriers. "I was the polite, grateful Jew
om Brooklyn, infatuated with folk music,
nd now here I was, thrown without a life
reserver into the cyclone—the maelstrom—
at was John and Michelle," says Brickman
the day he entered their studio apartment
o tiny "both sides of the bed touched the
alls"), which was filled with WELCOME TO
HE GROUP! balloons. "There were drugs,
ut not for me, and sex, but not for me."
Michelle, who'd soon have affairs with all of
hn's best friends, says jokingly, "Marshall
ft the group too soon.")

John lived on his own circadian rhythm—
working 40 hours straight and sleeping 10,"
rickman continues. "Everyone fell into his
avitational pull, and it was very seductive
nd ultimately adolescent, but he emerged
om the chaos with brilliant songs. In fact,
hn was one of the few folksingers in Green-
ich Village writing his own songs in the very
rly 60s." Another was born-and-bred Villager
hn Sebastian. "One night I ran into John,"
ys Sebastian. "We puffed on a joint and
alked to his apartment. I was stunned by
lichelle's beauty." They settled in and started
assing a guitar around. Sebastian played the
ng "Do You Believe in Magic?," which com-
ned folk with jug-band music (pre-Depression-
a blues, hokeyed up for vaudeville), and which
ventually launched his group, the Lovin'
oonful. After he left, Michelle told John,
That's the direction we should go in."

The path from straight folk to something
w got an even bigger boost about a year
ter, when another Village folkie, Roger
cGuinn, a friend of Sebastian's and the
hillipses', inserted eight notes inspired by
ach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" into Bob
ylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" and played
e song in the beat he says the Beatles had
icked up from Phil Spector, the songwriter
rned music producer. The result: McGuinn's
roup the Byrds' version of "Mr. Tambourine
an" helped give birth to the phenomenon
nown as folk rock.

Even before this signal moment, John Phil-
ps—guitar strapped to his chest, prowling
e streets on amphetamines—was coming at
e folk-plus-other mix a third way: by chan-
eling the smooth balladeers of his early teen
ears. One day, late in their first autumn in
ew York, John set a verse—"All the leaves
e brown / and the sky is grey / I've been for
walk on a winter's day"—to a moody, slight-
somber melody. Later, in their room in the
lotel Earl, Michelle recalls, a speed-addled
ohn "woke me and said, 'Help me write
is!'" She groggily muttered, "Tomorrow."
No," he said. "Help me *now.* You'll thank
e for this someday."

Michelle sat up and summoned a recent
isit to St. Patrick's Cathedral (her years in
lexico had given her an affection for Catho-
c churches) and came up with: "Stopped into a church I passed along the way / Well, I got down on my knees and I pretend to pray." John, who'd loathed parochial school, "hated the line," Michelle says, but kept it in for lack of anything better. Lucky he did; the line gave the song its arc of desperation to epiphany. Thus was born one of the first clarion calls of a changing culture, "California Dreamin'."

The more John tried to dominate his young wife, the more she rebelled. "One day when we were in Sausalito they had a fight, and Michelle just got in the car and drove to L.A.," stranding the other two, Brickman recalls. During another trip home to L.A., Michelle was even more rebellious. Her sister, Rusty, was dating a handsome 19-year-old fledgling songwriter and musician named Russ Titelman. Late one night Michelle was in Gil's kitchen when Russ walked in—"and here was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. We fell madly in love, standing there at the refrigerator," recalls Titelman, who later produced hits for Randy Newman, Chaka Khan, Eric Clapton, and Steve Winwood. In December 1963, Michelle moved back to New York, and Russ followed. "I *was* in love with Russ," Michelle says. "We put a deposit down on an apartment in Brooklyn Heights." But the in-over-his-head young man broke up—just in time—with his married girlfriend. John called, warning, "You know, a different kind of guy would be waiting outside your door with a shotgun." Still, no amount of John's anger could incite remorse or shame in Michelle, who'd grown up viewing free love as perfectly normal. In frustration, John wrote "Go Where You Wanna Go" about Michelle's affair with Russ. The narrator's incredulousness at his girlfriend's independence—"Three thousand miles, that's how far you'll go / And you said to me, 'Please don't follow'"—captured not only his blithe, guilt-free bride but also the slew of other girls like her, who'd soon tumble into the cities.

Even before Brickman quit the group to become a writer (eventually he worked on screenplays for *Annie Hall* and other Woody Allen movies and co-wrote the book for the current Broadway-musical hit *Jersey Boys*), John started wooing Denny Doherty, who looked to him like some "fragile lute player in Elizabethan England," and whose poignant tenor was a legend on the folk circuit. Denny sang lead for the group John Sebastian briefly played harmonica with, the Mugwumps, whose improbable scene-stealer was the obese daughter of a Baltimore delicatessen owner; she had changed her name from Ellen Naomi Cohen to Cass Elliot. "Here was my big sister," says Leah Cohen Kunkel, "a fat girl with a 190 I.Q.—so witty she never made the same stage quip twice—who'd come to New York to try to make it on Broadway, knowing *no one,* living in a cockroach-filled apartment, yet believing in herself. It was her hopefulness that people loved!" John Sebastian adds, "Cass was a *star.* Whatever room she was in became her salon. She had this wonderful charisma. She was aware of what this moment was going to be—she'd say, 'Man, if we're here now, just think where we'll be in another five years.' And she was incredibly funny about being madly in love with Denny. I can't imagine how it took him so long to realize it."

Making It

John, Michelle, and Denny took the vacation to the Virgin Islands that would become the basis of their autobiographical "Creeque Alley" (which starts, "John and Mitchie were gettin' kind of itchy"). Every morning they drank rum from chopped-open coconuts, Michelle recalls, and then "we might do a little bit of acid and we might snorkel." Cass flew down ("We knew she'd come e-*ven*-tu-ally," the song goes) to waitress in the dive where the three were singing—"she sang the fourth part from the back of the room," Michelle says. In one recounting ("the *Johnist* version," says Leah, who thinks her sister's overwhelming popularity made John a little jealous), Cass begged to be let into the group. "Not true! Cass did *not* have to beg!" insists Michelle. According to the account in *Papa John,* Cass was catcalled "Fatty!" by the customers. Michelle says evenly, "If I had heard anyone say that to Cass, I would have lunged over the table and *killed* them. I adored Cass. She *made* our sound, while I could barely sing (although I *was* the only one of us who could read music). John, a genius at harmonizing, loved the four voices and that huge octave range." Maxing out their credit cards, high on acid, they got themselves to L.A. They were invited to crash at a place where Cass was staying with her musician friends. One day Cass turned on the TV and saw a biker gang calling their molls their "mamas." They had found their name: the Mamas and the Papas.

"I closed my eyes and listened to 'California Dreamin'," Lou Adler is recalling, in his house atop a Malibu cliff, its wraparound windows serving up what seems like the entire Pacific Ocean. (In the next room, the most famous of his seven sons, starlet-romancing gossip-column staple Cisco Adler, is noisily recording an album.) "You never heard four-part harmony in rock 'n' roll in late 1965! They reminded me of groups I'd loved—the Hi-Lo's, the Four Freshmen, the Four Lads. And the girls' voices—you didn't have mixed quartets then! John was the tallest rock 'n' roller I'd ever auditioned; Denny reminded me of Errol Flynn; Cass was in a muumuu; Michelle was this beautiful blonde. I felt like George Martin the first time he met the Beatles."

'California Dreamin'" became a huge hit, followed by "Monday, Monday" (a song Michelle and Cass thought so dumb that they snickered over their gin-rummy game when John excitedly previewed it for them). Tamar,



Michelle Phillips

in San Francisco, received a postcard: "Watch us on Ed Sullivan and meet us at the Fairmont before the concert." She took her father with her—"If you're abused, you stay emotionally a little girl until someone helps," she explains. "Michelle looked him in the eye and said, 'I've heard *all* about you,'" Tamar recalls. Michelle says, "He knew that I knew so much that he didn't want me to know about, yet he stared at me without a flicker of guilt. He looked like he wanted to kill me—I was also his type!" The evening featured "a hash pipe being passed around, mounds of pot on the table that the dogs were eating, and people knocking on the door every 10 minutes to hand us *more* dope," as Tamar sums it up.

"There were so many soap operas," says Lou Adler, "but it never stopped the artistry. John was the ultimate controller, but as much as he liked to build up, he also tore down, including himself. He was so intelligent and yet so challenged. And Michelle—Mitch, Mitchie, Trixie: we had so many names for her—she could always push John's buttons."

Denny and Michelle's affair began just as fame was hitting. "The four of us would sit around, saying, 'O.K., you're gonna sing the third,' and 'You're gonna do the *bop da bops*,' and there'd be so much sexual energy between Denny and me that we'd be playing footsie under the table, and Cass and John didn't notice it," says Michelle. (But Cass, who had emerged as the fans' favorite, was a hump, fighting with Jo[illegible] all the time, constantly chiding Michelle. "How do you let him [illegible]ss you around like th[illegible]" In their different ways, the two women were tough-chick bookends.) John's reaction to his wife's affair was seethingly pragmatic. Michelle recalls, "He said, 'You know, Mitch, you can do a lot of things to me, but you *don't fuck my tenor!*' I'm thinking, Am I really hearing this? You can fuck the mailman, the milkman, but not my tenor?" As he had with her Russ Titelman affair, John used Michelle's infidelity as material, co-writing, *with* Denny, "I Saw Her Again." The group got a hit out of it, just as they had with "Go Where You Wanna Go."

By now John and Michelle were temporarily living apart, and John had a girlfriend, Ann Marshall, a witty, young L.A. socialite who was working as a model and salesgirl for the trendy boutique Paraphernalia, and who would become (and remains) one of Michelle's best friends. Michelle struck back with what she calls a "quiet affair" with Gene Clark, of the Byrds. It didn't stay quiet for long. At a Mamas and Papas concert, Clark arrived in a bright-red shirt and sat smack in the middle of the front row, and Michelle (and partner in crime Cass) proceeded to sing *right* to his beaming-boyfriend face all night. That public cuckolding was too much; after the show, John stormed at Michelle, "I made you who you are, and I can take it away. *You're fired!*" The others joined in his decision; Michelle was replaced by Lou's girlfriend, Jill Gibson.

Michelle didn't take the expulsion lying down. She crashed the "new" Mamas and Papas' recording session—"They looked at me as if I'd walked in with an AK-47"—and "when Denny refused to stick up for me, I took a swing at him." That's when she screamed that she'd "bury" them all. "I sat in my car, shaking and despondent and crying hysterically. I had just been fired by my husband and my best friends. I thought my life was over." In short order, Michelle was reinstated in the group. She retaliated against Jill the best way she knew how: she marched into Lou and Ji[illegible] hotel room just as they were celebrating w[illegible] Dom Pérignon and brightly announced th[illegible] she was in love with Lou. "Lou and Jill [illegible] there with their champagne flutes frozen m[illegible] toast," Michelle recalls, laughing. "Then L[illegible] walked over to the big silver ice bucket a[illegible] stuck his head in it!" Adler says he doesn't [illegible] member the head dousing but comments w[illegible] a flattered smile, "Anything is possible wh[illegible] she's on a mission to get even."

Michelle did eventually seduce Lou, [illegible] 1972. "I was in love with Lou," she says [illegible] their "hush-hush" affair, conducted when I [illegible] serious girlfriend, the actress Britt Ekland, w[illegible] living in London. "For the first time I felt lik[illegible] backstreet girl. Then one day Lou said, 'Brit[illegible] back.' I said, '*I* don't care.' He said, 'And sh[illegible] five and a half months pregnant'"—with I[illegible] first son, Nicholai. That ended the affair.

Monterey and a Brief Marriage

John and Michelle bought 30s actres[illegible] singer Jeanette McDonald's grand Bel A[illegible] mansion. Lou was already living in th[illegible] Old Guard hillock of estates, as was Bea[illegible] Boy Brian Wilson, who'd painted his hou[illegible] purplish-pink. "John and Michelle kept pe[illegible] cocks," Lou says, "who make a sound lik[illegible] women being raped," and they would str[illegible] the streets in their shimmery, sultan-worth[illegible] Profile du Monde caftans, intriguing th[illegible] neighbors. They were always having big pa[illegible] ties, for not only the Laurel Canyon rocke[illegible] but also that hitherto separate species: mov[illegible] stars. "Everyone came: Ryan O'Neal, Marlo[illegible] Brando, Mia Farrow, Peter Sellers, even Z[illegible] Zsa Gabor," says Michelle. "One night [illegible] had to ask Warren Beatty to leave the hou[illegible] because he was screwing some girl in the nu[illegible] sery [that was being prepared for Chynna[illegible] imminent birth]."



"I didn't feel comfortable in that house; it was dark—and so was John's vibe," says Leah Kunkel. Tamar remembers "John not letting Michelle come out, once when I went to see her." There was only one incident of domestic violence. "It was serious," Michelle says. "I ended up in the hospital. That's all I'll say about it."

Still, "spring and summer 1967, *that* was the moment," Michelle recalls fondly. And brief, shining *moment* it was, when everything that immediately thereafter would be stale-priced as a silly cliché was suddenly wildly glamorous: beautiful sybarites wafting around in clothes from other centuries: life as sensual, acid-fueled private joke. At a meeting at the house with Lou, John and Michelle were asked by a music promoter to perform at a 12-hour music festival he was organizing. John and Lou, along with singer-songwriters Paul Simon and Johnny Rivers and producer Terry Melcher, bought the investor out, turned the festival into a charitable event, and expanded it to three days. They secured the Monterey Fairgrounds, which had jazz and folk festivals, as the venue in order to validate rock. Michelle manned the phones at the festival's office on Sunset Boulevard every day, calling record executives, culling sponsors. There was a problem when the San Francisco groups at the heart of the new sensibility balked. "John and I represented what they didn't like about the business. [We were] slick. We were successful," and, says Lou, relatively Establishment. Only the persuasiveness of beloved Bay Area music columnist Ralph Gleason enabled the world to view the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, and Big Brother and the Holding Company. (Janis Joplin was so much still the striving Texas naïf that she performed in a ribbed-knit pantsuit.)

The Monterey Pop Festival also premiered the electrifying sight of Seattle urchin turned 101st Airborne paratrooper turned British sensation Jimi Hendrix (the first psychedelic black sex idol of young white women) making love to his guitar and then immolating it. Laura Nyro, whose amazing soul operatics and zaftig, black-gowned appearance were decidedly non-psychedelic, knew that she had bombed and, worse, was sure she'd heard boos. She left the stage crying hysterically. ("Laura carried the baggage of that booing all her life," Michelle says. In a tragic irony worthy of Maupassant, in the 1990s Lou and Michelle listened closely to the tapes of Laura's performance. "It *wasn't* booing; it was someone whispering, 'I *looove* you,'" says Lou. Nyro died of ovarian cancer before they could deliver the news to her.) Michelle, who was newly pregnant, "was at her most beautiful at Monterey," recalls Lou. John wrote "San Francisco (Be Sure to Wear Flowers in Your Hair)" and Scott McKenzie recorded it. It was the Summer of Love's anthem at the dawning of the Age of Aquarius. And it had all started when Tamar and Michelle had their excellent adventure with Scott and John in the lavender apartment.

Not long after Chynna was born, in 1968, John and Michelle divorced and the Mamas and the Papas disbanded. "I was John's muse, and now I was gone. I was the person John drew all his despair and joy from, and he didn't know where to go from here," says Michelle—self-serving, perhaps, but true. He fell in love with a blonde South African gamine, Genevieve Waite, the girl-of-the-hour actress (in the 1968 film *Joanna*, she daringly starred as a white girl romancing a black man during apartheid) who socialized with the British rock and film elite. John was "like Svengali to me—I fell in love with him immediately," Genevieve admits today. Despite a weathered face, she is still credulous, fragile, and baby-voiced, years after a bruising on-and-off two-decade relationship with John that included, by her admission, four years of being addicted to drugs with him—mostly Dilaudid, a highly potent narcotic sometimes called "drugstore heroin," and, for a brief time, heroin itself. John's addiction was so out of control that once, when they were houseguesting with Keith Richards and Anita Pallenberg, and John was shooting cocaine, Genevieve says, "Keith said, 'This might sound strange coming from me, but you have to leave.'"

"Michelle didn't have those doormat tapes—the man comes first," says Genevieve with wistful admiration. Genevieve had loved the Mamas and the Papas since hearing them in South Africa ("They were bigger than the Beatles there! They played their songs in the *mines!*"), and practically from the moment she met John she thought of him as a genius. "Gen loved John to distraction—she was practically his slave," Michelle says, implying that he could lead her astray. Genevieve contends that she did not take drugs during her pregnancy, but that John did. In his autobiography John says that Genevieve "had been on a low dose of Dilaudid" and went to London for an "emergency cleanout" two months before daughter Bijou was born. (They also had a son, Tamerlane, who was born in 1971.) Genevieve says, "I just wish I had lived in another time, when there were not so many drugs. The early 70s was really a bad time to be a mother. I've gone through so much misery over this." (Bijou Phillips eventually became a tempestuous teenage "It girl"; she had a long-term relationship with John Lennon's son Sean; she's now a steadily



Michelle Phillips

working actress.) "Gen wanted to fill the void that I'd left," Michelle continues, "and John made her pay for that." Genevieve agrees: "John slept with *everyone,* and he said it was because Michelle had made him feel so bad about himself."

While John, with Genevieve in tow, was starting his long skid into the dark side, Michelle was trying to make the transition from musical stardom to acting—a task that was harder than it looked. She started to date Jack Nicholson around the time she tested for the role of Susan in Mike Nichols's *Carnal Knowledge,* which she lost to Candice Bergen. When Jack went off to star in the film, she signed on as the female lead in Dennis Hopper's *The Last Movie.* She flew to Peru to work with Hollywood's *enfant terrible,* who was fresh from directing the counterculture epic *Easy Rider.* In a madness-venerating time, Hopper was madder than most. According to his ex-wife Brooke Hayward's account in Peter Biskind's authoritative *Easy Riders, Raging Bulls,* Hopper not only struck her but also once jumped on the hood of the car she was sitting in, shattering the windshield. Hopper told Biskind that he doesn't recall the incident. (Contacted for this article, Brooke Hayward, who since 1985 has been married to the orchestra leader Peter Duchin, declined to discuss Hopper's behavior during *their* marriage because, she said, "we have a child together.")

Michelle fell in love with Dennis, drawn to him in part, she says, by "this Florence Nightingale instinct. (And, just for the record, girls, it doesn't work.) I was so overloaded emotionally by this point in my life, I didn't know what I was doing." They married in Taos in late 1970; Ann Marshall and her boyfriend, Don Everly, were visiting there, and Don bought the marriage license. (Marshall, the droll, Bel Air–raised sophisticate, had romances with both Everly brothers, the pompadoured Kentucky twangers who'd been worshipped by the Beatles. "Phil left me on my 20th birthday, and I left Don on my 30th birthday," she says. "I sent their mother a telegram: HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY. AND THANK YOU FOR NOT HAVING A THIRD SON.")

In the days after the wedding, Dennis behaved dangerously with Michelle. Whatever Hopper did was "*excruciating*" is all Michelle will say. She got herself and Chynna back to L.A., where "my father dragged me into his attorney's office and said, 'Men like that never change. File for divorce *now.* It'll be embarrassing for a few weeks, then it will be over.' It was embarrassing for *more* than a few weeks. Everybody had the same question: 'A divorce after eight days? What kind of tart *are* you?'" When she and Hopper (who married three more times) run into each other, "we are *civil,*" Michelle says with a freighted crispness.

On the heels of her week-long marriage to Hopper, Michelle picked up with Jack Nicholson when he was casting *Drive, He Said.* She was now, along with Carly Simon, that rare thing on the early-70s entertainment scene: the female "catch." Nicholson, not yet having arrived at his Cheshire-cat-smiling *Über*-coolness, set out to win her. Around this same time, according to Genevieve, "Mick Jagger also had a big crush on Michelle. He was *crazy* about her. When she'd visit us in Bel Air, he'd come over." Genevieve pauses, squints, and waxes puzzled at a memory: "Mick and Bianca had the *weirdest* marriage. They were never together."

Jack, Warren, et Al.

Michelle and Jack became a couple, a she and Chynna rented a house adjace to his, making it easy for him "to spy on me says Michelle, adding, "I only mean that as joke. Dear Jack. He was a lovely guy: charr ing, sweet, and fun to be with." The relatio ship went well for a year, she says, "and the one morning, Jack had a life-changing expe ence. I was having breakfast in bed with hi when the phone rang." The caller, accordi to Michelle, was a man from Jack's Ne Jersey hometown. "I'm eating my toast a drinking my orange juice and Jack is sayin '*Mm-hmm, mm-hmm.*' Then he hangs up a dials a number"—that of his sister, Lorrain with whom he was very close. "He says, 'Lo raine! Are you my sister? Or my *aunt?*'" Nic olson had just been told that his and Lorraine deceased older sister, June, was not his sist but his *mother,* and that the deceased woma he thought was his mother was his gran mother. Lorraine immediately confessed t the decades-long fiction. "Jack was incred lous," says Michelle.

The news, she continues, "was *horrible* f him. Over the weeks, the poor guy had a ver very tough time adjusting to it. He'd bee raised in this loving relationship . . . surrounde by women. . . . Now I think he felt women we liars." Even though, she says, "I'm not sure was aware of it at the time," in retrospect sh believes that the news about his family co tributed to a changed atmosphere betwee them. The actual breakup with Jack, she say was about "something so minor—some stupi thing like a comb or the car keys—[but it wa the straw that broke the camel's back." Or day soon after, Chynna recalls, her mothe told Jack, "'I'm done.' She packed up our fe things, we got in the car with my nanny, an we never went back." Lou Adler says, "At th



bint, she'd been through John and Hopper. ne probably saw the signs. She falls, but she oesn't fall so far that she can't get up."

At about this same time, summer 1974, Mi-nelle and Cass were sitting by Cass's pool one ay watching Chynna, six, and Cass's daughter, wen, seven, swim. (By now Cass was, as Gra-am Nash reverentially puts it, "the Gertrude ein of Laurel Canyon.") Cass had kept Owen's aternity a secret. "I said, 'Come on, tell me ho he is,'" Michelle says. "Cass laughed and aid, 'I'll tell you when I get back from Lon-on.' She never got back, of course." Cass's ster, Leah, and her then husband, drummer uss Kunkel, raised Owen as their daughter.

Supporting Chynna alone, Michelle called screenwriter Robert Towne one day and sked him to let her be an extra in the party cene in Warren Beatty's new movie, *Sham-oo.* After doing the scene, she says, "I went nto the trailer, not to start up a romance, just o say hello." The party boy she'd evicted from hynna's nursery now looked considerably nore appealing. Beatty was still with Julie hristie. "She had Warren wrapped around er finger," says Michelle. "He *adored* her, ecause she didn't really go for the big-movie-tar thing. Julie was *so* cool, so beyond the Hollywood scene. He took Julie and me to ne *Shampoo* wrap party." Then Julie blithely noved on, and Michelle moved in with Beatty. he John-and-Denny friction was replaced by Varren-and-Jack friction. The two men were hooting *The Fortune* together. "Mike Nichols ad to bar me from the set, because I would how up and disappear into the bungalow with Varren, and it was terribly painful for Jack."

Warren was The One. "I was madly in love vith him," Michelle admits. "She had dia-nonds in her eyes when she was with Warren; 'd never seen Michelle so happy," says Tamar. Warren was a good stepfather figure to Chyn-na, Michelle says. "He helped her with her homework; he talked to her, and he is *notorious* for talking." But Michelle bumped up against his passive-aggressiveness. "I wanted to have another child, and we talked about marriage a lot, but he was very noncommittal." She pauses. "Warren is an old-fashioned man," she allows. Michelle believes Warren would have married her if she'd found herself pregnant. But whatever else Michelle had done, luring a man into marriage through an intentional "ac-cidental" pregnancy was not her style. "I never pressured him to marry me. I waited for him to ask." He didn't. And despite his "carrot dan-gling" talk about their doing a movie together, she says, no movie materialized.

After a while, she says, "I couldn't live un-der the same roof with him; we were fighting all the time." (Michelle says she "fell off the couch laughing" years later when she watched Beatty tell Barbara Walters words to the effect of "*They* broke up with *me!*" "*That,*" she says, "is what Warren *makes* his women do!") Ac-cording to Michelle, Warren "didn't want me to act. He wanted me to be with him all the time. When I told him I was going to do *Val-entino* [which would mean six months of film-ing], he said, 'Well, that's probably the end of our relationship.'" After she finished the mov-ie, they broke up. On the rebound, Michelle married radio executive Bob Burch, in 1978. "I threw myself at him, as I tend to do," she says. (Michelle's last words on Beatty: "I love Annette [Bening] and I pray for her every day! She can manage the guy, and I never could. He drove me nuts!")

"My mom always seemed to have a rela-tionship going on, but she was never a chameleon, never an extension of her boy-friends—she never compromised herself," says Chynna Phillips Baldwin, sitting at a café near the Westchester County, New York, home where she lived with Billy (whom she's been with for 16 years), their daughters Brooke (known as Chay Chay) and Jameson, and their son, Vance, before they moved to California for his role in TV's *Dirty Sexy Money.* "Growing up, I always saw her as Wonder Woman, as a tough cookie. I had respect for her—and fear! She was very pas-sionate and emotional, and I didn't want to rock the boat." Chynna's early childhood was "hard," she admits with a sigh, "because I didn't have strong, positive connections with either of my parents." Her absent father (whom she idolized) was largely on drugs and alcohol, and, though mother and daugh-ter loved each other, Chynna feels she didn't get all the one-on-one attention she wanted. As a result, she says, "being a mom is chal-lenging for me—my perspective is warped. How much time is enough to spend with your kids? How much is too little? Do they feel intimate with me, and I with them? Are my feelings *real?*"

In the 90s, Chynna was the most glamor-ous member of Wilson Phillips, the second-generation-rock-royalty group (Brian Wilson's daughters Carnie and Wendy were her group-mates); they had four hit songs. But she left the family business for a sensibility foreign to her parents: she's a fervent born-again Christian. She was baptized in brother-in-law Stephen Baldwin's bathtub, and she'd love to share "the power of God" with Michelle. "When Mom says she's coming to town, I say, 'I'm filling the bathtub.' We have a good giggle over that."

Michelle was with Bob Burch for two years. Then, 26 years ago, yearning for an-other child, she got her beau of six months, the handsome, easygoing actor Grainger



Michelle Phillips

Hines, "absolutely smashed on martinis," she recalls, and proposed a deal: if he fathered a baby for her, she would take full responsibility for it. "The minute you tell a guy that he doesn't have to parent, he becomes the *best* parent," she says of the father of her son, Austin Hines, who is 25. "Grainger has been the greatest!" Michelle purchased her house in Cheviot Hills, and in 1986 she was cast as Nicolette Sheridan's mother on *Knot's Landing,* a role that put her back in the public eye through the beginning of the 90s. Sheridan says, of their "deep and caring" friendship, "I admire Michelle's zest for life and fearless nature, and I feel blessed to be part of her intoxicating world." During these years Michelle was involved in a serious relationship with singer-songwriter Geoff Tozer.

After the relationship ended, Michelle accepted, in 1999, a dinner date with Beverly Hills plastic surgeon Steven Zax. "The little hippie chick and the surgeon don't seem like a real match, but we've been able to bring each other closer to the center," she says. They spend weekends together, and they travel frequently. Lou, Ann, and Genevieve say it's her best relationship ever. ("She'll want to slug me for [saying] this," says Chynna, "but it's her first truly *mature,* grown-up relationship.")

Being a Good Citizen

In the end, the romantic statistics of Michelle Phillips's last 30 years don't tell the story of what she has become. Something else does: "Michelle grew into her name," says Owen Elliot-Kugell. "She became *everyone's* Mama Michelle." As the others flamed out, her character expanded to fill the Mama/Papa role—the parent to the whole burgeoning brood.

First step: rescuing John and Genevieve's son, Tamerlane. In March 1977, Chynna came home from a visit to her father and Genevieve (who lived on the East Coast) with some pretty heavy memories. "It was your typical heroin scene," Chynna recalls. "A lot of needles and a lot of blood and very sick people. Genevieve asked me to please not tell my mom what I just saw." Chynna recalls asking Michelle, "Mommy, can drugs kill people?" Alarmed, Michelle flew out to see John and Genevieve. "I told them, 'I'd like to take care of Tam.' They put up a little bit of a fight, but not too great of a one." (Genevieve concedes that what Chynna says she saw "was right," and "I knew it would be better for Tam because John was pretty bad off." However, in her mother's heart, she says, she believes "Michelle stole Tam.") A court granted legal custody to John's sister, Rosie, with the understanding that Tam would remain in Michelle's care. Tam moved in with Michelle, Chynna, and Bob Burch, and for two years he thrived. "I was in therapy with a really nice therapist in Beverly Hills," says Tamerlane, a former mortgage broker and now a musician (his upcoming pop-rock album has three tracks produced by Sean Lennon). "His teachers were telling me how great he was doing," Michelle says. She loved the little boy, and Chynna was happily bonded with her half-brother.

But, for Genevieve, losing her child was painful. "I spent hours and days talking John into kidnapping Tam," she says. "I said, 'John, if we do, people will think you have normal feelings.'" Genevieve (who was then pregnant with Bijou) flew out to L.A. and, on a ruse to take Tam to Disneyland, spirited him to Las Vegas, where they met up with John. Then they all drove across the country. Child-stealing charges were filed against John and Genevieve in Californ and an anguished Michelle flew east wi Rosie to try to reclaim Tam. In the Connec cut courtroom, the tension between Michel and Tam's parents "was thick enough t cut," Michelle recalls. "John and Geneviev convinced the judge that I was just a di gruntled ex-wife." They won custody of Tam "I left feeling Tam was in a lot of danger: cried on the plane the whole way home, an partly because Bob wanted me to get over and I couldn't get over it, we divorced soo after." (Genevieve says a psychiatrist told h that "kidnapping Tam was the best thing v could do, because otherwise he would hav felt that we didn't love him.") About eigh months after John regained custody, he wa arrested by federal agents for narcotics tra ficking. (He disclosed in his book that h had had an illegal deal with a pharmacy t buy drugs without prescriptions.) Using th promise of anti-drug media outreach, he ba gained his maximum-15-year sentence dow to a mere 30 days.

Michelle's next project was less fraught. A some point in the mid-80s, when Owen Ellio was in her late teens, she called Michelle an said, "You have to help me find my father! Michelle spent a year running down lead through musician friends. Once she ha pried loose the name Cass had kept so clos to her vest, she placed an ad in a musician publication, urging the man to call an "ac countant" (hers), implying a royalty windfal Like clockwork, Cass's long-ago secret love took the bait. When Michelle phoned him she recalls, "he wasn't all that shocked. and, the next day, Owen says, "Michelle gav me a plane ticket and said, 'Go meet him.' (Owen and Michelle will not reveal the name Owen says only, "I had envisioned this Nor wegian prince.") The meeting "answere



a lot of questions," says Owen, who is now married to record producer Jack Kugell and has two children. Since then, she says, "there have been times when I've been devastatingly upset about things in my personal life, and I've really leaned on Michelle. She's been a mother to me in a way that would make my mom definitely chuckle."

In the late 80s, Michelle took in a boy, Aron Wilson, and became his foster mother, thereby in effect giving Austin a "twin." From that day on, Michelle regarded both boys as her sons. There were hairy times ("When the cops come to your door and say, 'Hello, *again,* Mrs. Phillips'—after the boys skateboarded after 10 P.M. and put a firecracker in the neighbor's mailbox—you think you're *all* going to jail"), but mostly good ones. And there were many baseball, soccer, and football games that Michelle—who would rather have been shopping or lunching—rooted them through. Michelle adopted Aron when he was 24. Today he is a budding chef, and Austin is an actor and a college student.

"Why do you do this *every* weekend?" Steven Zax asked Michelle as she made her sandwiches to take to the homeless. Her answer was immediate: "To be a good citizen." The man who had instilled that motto in her, her father, died 11 years ago. He was true to form until the end. "He was a dog," Michelle says, laughing. "I'd say, 'Dad, why are you going to A.A. meetings to pick up women? You *drink!*' He'd say, 'So?'"

Nevertheless, Gil had given her a great foundation—as, in a different way, had another man. And so, on the night of March 17, 2001, she entered the intensive-care unit of U.C.L.A. Medical Center. "There was a blue light on, and he was lying there with his eyes closed, breathing very heavily. I knew he was dying." But he couldn't die *yet,* not until he saw her again. So, just as he had roused her from sleep on that long-ago night in the Hotel Earl, she says, "I woke him up. I looked him in the eye and I said, 'You made me the woman I am today.'" It was not untrue, but if she gave him a little too much credit—well, she let that be her gift.

And John Phillips smiled and closed his eyes and the next day drifted off to his final California dream. □

Julia Roberts



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 303 some have less cool jobs, some have longer legs, some are nicer people, but we're all the same. We're all orbiting the same sun.

V.F. Is there any prop or costume that you've kept that you treasure?

J.R. I've kept a lot of things. The one thing that I don't have that I sold at auction was the little $5 skimpy polyester dress that I wore in *Pretty Woman* that had the little rings on it.

V.F. How much did that fetch?

J.R. I think it was $8,000 or something. If I remember correctly, it got sold to some Japanese office building. That was a long, long time ago.

V.F. Well, the movie was released in 1990. Let's just run through some of the numbers on *Pretty Woman.* It was made for $14 million, and you got paid $300,000. In the time since then, it has grossed $463 million worldwide—$178 million in the U.S. alone. You were nominated for an Oscar for best actress.

J.R. And I'd only graduated high school in 1985. Isn't that funny? Going back to these girls and how they don't have a chance, that was, what, my fourth movie? And there was still a sense of: Who is this girl? And I'd been in movies that had done well. *Mystic Pizza* [1988] had done well, and I'd been nominated for an Oscar for *Steel Magnolias* [1989]. You were allowed to take steps and take strides.

V.F. What are your thoughts on Britney Spears, whose implosion seems to be playing out on TV every day?

J.R. I see and hear what's happening to Britney Spears and it's all I can do not to move her into my guesthouse and say, "O.K., this is how it's going to be!" And just take care of her. I've stopped watching those shows, because Danny hates it and I feel that it creates a negative energy in our very peaceful home.

V.F. What would you do if your kids wanted to get into acting?

J.R. I would call Natalie Portman's mother. Natalie is such a good actress, but she



Julia Roberts

seems like such a sensible person. I asked her about it one day when we were doing *Closer,* and she said she only worked with people that her parents trusted, and she only worked when it didn't impact her school. So there were definitely guidelines. No one does it that way, but *they* did it, so it can be done. I hope I don't face that, though, because I think kids should be kids and childhood should be filled with . . . you know that smell, when your kids come in and they smell like dirt and sweat and sunshine? That's what I hope for my kids.

V.F. How do you explain to them what you do?

J.R. I don't. I haven't had to. I just say, "Mommy's going to work," and they know that my work somehow involves a trailer. But when I played Joanne Herring, we had done some portraits of me, copying pictures of Joanne, to use around her house. So I brought home this picture of me in this emerald-green gown, and I have these big diamonds on and the nails and the whole thing. The picture was sitting on the dining-room table, and Finn and Hazel came to dinner, and Hazel said, "Oh, look at that picture. Cuckoo Mommy." I couldn't believe she even knew it was me. So when they came to work, I didn't want them to be scared to see their mom looking like a completely different person, so I would say, "I'm going to look like Cuckoo Mommy when you come, so come and see me." So they would just think it was funny.

V.F. Your husband has a long career as a camera operator and cinematographer. You met on the set of *The Mexican,* in 2000, and you've since worked together on *Full Frontal, Mona Lisa Smile,* and next year's *Fireflies in the Garden.* What is it like to work with him?

J.R. Nerve-racking to start with. You know, I'm always—I just want to look pretty for him! But he's so great and supportive. He's a real creative force I like to be next to. You can fall in love with someone and not necessarily have that appeal there, but his creativity, his vision of things—I love it. When I stay home all day and the most creative thing I do is dress my kids for school, you kind of get into that rhythm and that becomes O.K. But then he comes in with a book or a thought or a story about something, and it re-energizes me.

V.F. What was it about him that made you think, He's the one?

J.R. Sometimes intellectually you're on the same plane as a person, but you don't feel connected to them in your soul, or you don't like their politics or the way they tell jokes, but with Danny it's *all* there. It's still that way. When he comes home, I always do this [she pinches her cheeks] so I'll look pretty. It's the most correct decision I've ever made in my life—not that it was even a decision, because it just overtakes you. My whole body knew: "*Yes.*" He's just my favorite guy.

V.F. How did you end up here in Venice?

J.R. Well, we lived in an apartment on Sunset Boulevard for a long time and that building just got torn down. But it's nice out here. It seems less like you're in a show-biz town. There's more creativity. There are more artists here. Everybody kind of looks out for everybody around here.

V.F. Are you going to stay here long-term?

J.R. No, we're building this house in Malibu that was supposed to be done a few months ago. We even registered the kids in pre-school out there. I was nervous about moving, but when we took them to their first day of school out there everybody just looked like normal moms, and all the kids seemed really cool, and it wasn't intimidating. And Danny went to that same school. So there I am sweating and trying to nurse Henry, and Danny's like, "Hey!" He knows all these people. So it was a pretty cool vibe out there—a small-town feeling, which was really surprising to me.

The house in Malibu is one of the things that Danny has tried to create for me, to kind of join our dreams. He grew up in Southern California, and I respect his heritage, but he also knows I'm a small-town girl. [Roberts grew up in Smyrna, Georgia.] It was one thing to be a New Yorker. I wear that really proudly. I moved there when I was 17, and it's a city that means something to me. But Los Angeles has always intimidated me. So I think that him building this house is as much a marriage as our relationship is of the things that I love and that he loves. It's a place where I think we'll be really content.

V.F. Is it green?

J.R. It's totally green. The house is built with the remains of the house that was there and, like, an airplane hangar or something from Canada. It's all recycled wood and solar power. Someone said to me yesterday, "What percentage of power do you think is gleaned from wind in the state of California?" And I said, "Ten percent?" It's 0.2 percent. It's insane.

V.F. You also have a ranch in Taos, New Mexico, and an apartment in Manhattan, on Gramercy Park. So where do you keep your Oscar?

J.R. It's in my sister's apartment. And it's always been there, because after the Oscars I went straight from Los Angeles to Las Vegas



r *Ocean's 11.* So I had this thing in my ho- l room on the edge of the tub, in this very old bathroom. I thought, No one's going notice it here. It blends in. My sister and r husband were in Las Vegas with me, and eir apartment in New York is downstairs om my apartment, so I said, "Will you take is with you?" And she said, "O.K. Do you ant me to check it, or is it carry-on?" So e took it home with her, and by the time I ot home there had become this thing about living in her apartment. People who came ver to see her would take their picture with , and she was making a photo album.

V.F. You've produced two *American Girl* ovies, based on the popular line of dolls, nd a third is due this year. Do you still en- y doing that?

J.R. It's fun, and as Hazel gets older, it's ice to feel like I'm participating in something at little girls go to. And producing is a nice ay to work and be creative and still dress ke this. Because I just want to be home, but still want to be who I am—who my husband arried.

V.F. Now that you're 40, is there anything lse you're determined to accomplish?

J.R. Making less garbage in every way ossible. My dream is to be a highly fulfilled nd productive stay-at-home mom and wife. he highest high would be growing our food hat I then make, and then composting and rowing more—that kind of circle. But also o have my own creative outlet, even if it's illy needlework and stuff like that. To have hat high-functioning fulfillment, and to have hat radiate into my children so that I'm here with them, I'm connected with them, nd I'm with Danny and we're all together, nd yet my motor is revving.

V.F. Has being a mother made you more ware of your environmental impact?

J.R. You can't help but be aware, because now we are a home of five people. We make a lot of garbage. How can we make less garbage? This is our plight. I use Seventh Generation [chlorine-free, nontoxic] diapers for Finn and Hazel, and then I was turned on to the [plastic-free, flushable] gDiapers. Henry's got a gDiaper on.

V.F. How are they?

J.R. I would recommend them overall. It *is* flushable, but you've got to stir that thing! If you don't really break it all the way up, it doesn't go all the way down.

V.F. Do you want to have another child?

J.R. No, I don't think so, because at this point I'm having so much fun with them. You only have so much energy and you want to put so much energy into each child. I wouldn't know how to have five kids. And they're a really good trio, these three.

V.F. Is there any fear or weakness that you battle against as a mother?

J.R. Not consciously. I mean, if I sat here and thought about it long enough, I'm sure there are lots of things about being half of the team solely in charge of these three human beings that I could get pretty scared about, but then, that's no fun. Danny's so good about helping them be brave and courageous and jump off things and everything else, and I'm always like, God, they're going to get hurt. But they *will* get hurt. That's the thing. And he's teaching me to show them that they can get up from that, or show them how to jump off of it.

V.F. You look amazing, by the way. Have you always worked out or do you just have good genes?

J.R. I have been working out, but listen, it *is* 97 percent genetics. Don't let anybody tell you any crap about anything else, because that's what it is: 97 percent genetics and 3 percent just get your ass moving. Because I've never met a cookie I didn't like.

V.F. With the 2008 presidential election looming, are you going to get behind any candidate publicly?

J.R. If I have the time to dedicate to it, I will. I mean I'll certainly make my position known, but to get out there and campaign and stuff, I don't know if I'll have a chance to do that. I'm really digging Obama. For anybody good to want this job, they must be so good. I think it just draws extremes now. It's either the so good or the so evil.

V.F. You've said that you were born with a "destiny of joy, and you can't fight destiny." Can you explain that?

J.R. Spiritually speaking, I think that we do have our Manifest Destiny. And I think you have to listen to it, and get in touch with it, and then cultivate it. I've known my fair share of deep sadness, when my father died when I was a young girl and things like that, and yet somehow I've always known that there's that joy. You just have to keep trying to believe that, even in the midst of something horrible, and keep coming back to that. That's how you prevail over and over again. I mean, look: I'm standing here in sweatpants and I'm going to be on the cover of *Vanity Fair,* and you guys came all the way here to talk to me, and I'm holding my baby, and somebody's cooking in the kitchen. You know, destiny is joy, to be able to appreciate all those things.

Music is playing and forts are being built when we poke our heads inside to say good-bye. Moder and the kids have waited until the interview is over to start eating. "I staved them off with applesauce," he explains. At that, Julia Roberts unleashes that supersize smile, and we depart. □

Picasso



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 348 organizing treats for their children and friends. The picnics on the beach, boating trips, treasure hunts, dances, alfresco dinners, and cocktail parties left Picasso little time for work. Much as he enjoyed the Murphys' American *joie de vivre,* he would eventually tire of the constant cocktails, the wisecracks in a language he did not understand, and the egomaniacal behavior of the Murphys' literary friends F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. Sara Murphy is the model for some drawings and a couple of sand paintings, but there is no basis to the story that Picasso fell obsessively in love with her, which was thought up by a former director of New York's Museum of Modern Art. Sara was famously virtuous, and Picasso was averse to affairs with women who had had children. In subsequent summers, he would rent his own villa and distance himself from Sara's celebrity-filled fun house, the Villa America.

At the end of the summer of 1923, Picasso had taken possession of the floor above his apartment in Paris. This meant that he had his own realm and his own front door and was able to lead a much more independent life. No maids were allowed up there, and even Olga had to ask permission if she wanted to visit him. The Ingresque classicism that matched her conservative nature would soon give way to a more revolutionary, more metamorphic style. Picasso's way of life followed suit. He resumed his old habit of visiting brothels and cruising the *grands boulevards.*

The Triangle

Unbeknownst to their friends, the Picassos' marital life began to fall apart in January 1927. One evening, while walking the streets in search of *l'amour fou,* the 45-year-old artist came upon the *femme-enfant* of his dreams, who was shopping in the Galeries Lafayette. She was an adolescent blonde with piercing, cobalt-blue eyes and a precociously voluptuous body—big breasts, sturdy thighs, well-cushioned knees, and buttocks like those of the Callipygian Venûs. Physically, the girl was the antithesis of skinny Olga, as well as of the boyish, flat-chested flappers whose look was de rigueur in the mid-1920s. Marie-Thérèse Léontine Walter was 17; and for the next nine years or so she would be Picasso's greatest love.

In 1972, a year before Picasso's death, Marie-Thérèse, who was unusually candid, allowed herself to be interviewed by Lydia Gasman, the only scholar to have successfully decoded Picasso's imagery. Gasman was particularly successful in winning Marie-Thérèse's confidence and persuading her to talk without constraint about her relationship with Picasso. Marie-Thérèse told Gasman how Picasso had accosted her on their first meeting. His broad smile, beautiful red-and-black tie, wide gold ring—off an expensive umbrella—and huge mesmeric eyes instantly disarmed her. She remembered him saying, "You have an interesting face. I would like to do a portrait of you. I feel we are going to do great things together."

"I am Picasso," he announced, but the name meant nothing to Marie-Thérèse, so he took her to a bookstore and showed her a book about him. The fact that he was a painter touched her, she said, "because my mother had had a great romance with a painter." Picasso's comment that she was beautiful gave Marie-Thérèse particular pleasure. Her family—three sisters who lived with their single mother in a riverside ho on the outskirts of Paris—had always tea her for having an ugly "Greek" nose inst of a cute little Parisian *retroussé* one.

Picasso's "lovemaking [was] at times timidating and terrible," Marie-Thér confessed, "[but] in the end a complet fulfilling experience.... [He] was very ile.'" What excited him was having to psychological power over her, as his imag reveals. Picasso's boast to the poet Paul E ard—"You know, in my love affairs there l always been a lot of gnashing and sufferi two bodies entangled in barbed wire, r bing against each other, tearing themsel to bits"—should not be taken too seriou The artist wanted to outboast a fellow ciple of the "divine marquis."

To conceal Marie-Thérèse from Ol Picasso rented an apartment near wh he had picked her up; to conceal her in work, he was obliged to allegorize her the form of a guitar, a jug or a fruit di or interlocking monograms: he would a depict her in the form of his penis or vagina. Sometimes he would portray other woman in the pose he had devised Marie-Thérèse.

In Cannes with Olga for the summer 1927, Picasso missed his new girlfriend much that he dashed back to Paris to with her. The trip left him more obsess than ever. Back in Cannes, he filled t sketchbooks with some of his most ast ishing images: a series of highly finish biomorphic drawings of Marie-Thérès pumped-up body in the guise of his o engorged penis—hybrids composed of er tile tissue. Picasso turns his mistress into ithyphallic figure with a penis for a he alone on a sandy beach sunning her ru bery limbs and ballooning breasts. In one the most spectacular of these masturbat fantasies, he shrinks her head to the size a pea set high in the sky to give her infin height; she trails a beach towel and insert tiny key into her cabana.

MORPHOLUTION

ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED



SUP... COURT CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN ROBERTS... ...MIKE OV

The romance of Picasso's seduction of Marie-Thérèse Walter should not blind us to the fact that Picasso lived under the same roof as an obsessively jealous wife, who took the role of Madame Picasso—elegant consort, zealous mother, impeccable hostess—very much to heart. Olga had no intention of relinquishing this role, nor did Picasso, who had Spanish reservations about such things, want her to do so. Granted, Olga's gynecological problems had worsened and left her prone to psychological ones, but much as Picasso would fulminate about her affliction and her terrible attacks on him, his wife would inspire images that are far more dramatic than his loving and lyrical images of Marie-Thérèse.

Like many another unfaithful husband, Picasso soon found himself leading two separate lives: as an overtly conventional *père de famille* who would take his wife and child off to trendy Normandy resorts on weekends, and a secretive bohemian who hid his mistress away from his friends. This bifurcated pattern would be reflected in Picasso's bifurcated imagery. Marie-Thérèse's images would be suffused with rampant sexuality, whereas those of Olga—the subject of far more paintings than people realize—would reek of rage: the consequences of Picasso's shamanic effort to exorcise her troubles.

In the summer of 1928, Picasso forsook the Riviera for Dinard, where he kept Marie-Thérèse secreted in a *pension de jeunes filles,* well out of his wife's sight. Olga, Paulo, and his governess kept to the beach immediately below their villa; Picasso and Marie-Thérèse kept to the Plage de l'Écluse, with its rows of tempting cabanas. To justify his daily absences from Olga, Picasso likely rented a studio for his work as well as for his trysts with Marie-Thérèse.

At Dinard, Picasso did several marvelous small paintings of her. At first he depicted her as an assemblage of sticks, beach balls, and boomerangs, and then gradually transformed her into a cutout, playing ball with identical cutouts of herself. In one of the paintings, Picasso portrays himself crouching inside a phallic-looking cabana, waiting to catch the ball she is about to throw him. And whereas the previous summer Picasso had pictured her volumetrically, not only as a male organ but also as a bionic gas pump extending a hosepipe arm to unlock her cabana, this summer he portrays her two-dimensionally as a cutout. This time the key in her hand is to *his* cabana.

Dinard—or was it Marie-Thérèse?—had an adverse effect on Olga, just as it had had in 1922. Her hemorrhages started up again, more seriously than ever. They became so grave that the family returned to Paris on September 5. The following day, Olga entered a clinic, where she would undergo an operation that necessitated a lengthy convalescence. Picasso wrote to thank Gertrude Stein for a recent letter: "Olga is getting better, but she must remain in the clinic for some time. I'll keep you informed about her health, but what a summer we have had! In spite of everything, I've worked and I will show you what I've done when you return." This letter was also signed by Olga, who would leave the clinic on October 10, only to return a month later for a second operation. In early December she returned home, but not for long; she was back in the clinic for Christmas.

Olga's absence solved a major problem: Picasso and Marie-Thérèse could finally see each other as often as they liked without marital constraints. Buoyed by love and sex and freedom from stress, Picasso turned to sculpture. With the help of an old friend from Barcelona, the sculptor Julio González, he whittled his big, classical girls on the beach down to a cat's cradle of metal rods, thereby advancing triumphantly into a new age of iron.

Soon Picasso envisaged another monumental beach sculpture, but, lacking the necessary facilities, he conceptualized it in paint. The uplifted arms of *Nude Standing by the Sea* represent Marie-Thérèse rather than Olga. Picasso evidently wanted to see how his beautiful, trim young mistress would be enhanced by being portrayed in the pose identified in earlier works with his ballerina wife. A decorative obelisk topped with a ball that was part of the furniture of their Left Bank hideaway inspired the tapered neck and tiny head, which enables Marie-Thérèse to tower up into the sky. Sculptural gigantism had become a fixation.

Early in 1929, Olga finally emerged from the clinic, where she had spent most of the previous four or five months. Her reappearance triggered some of Picasso's most harrowing images. Up to then, his passion for Marie-Thérèse had generated the psychic energy that fueled his work. But his resentment and superstitious fear of sickness in women—Olga, above all—proved to be an even more powerful source of inspiration. Olga's hysterical scenes and threats to kill her husband saw to that. Had the distraught wife discovered that "the other woman" had become a fixture? She had only to look in her husband's wallet to see that Marie-Thérèse's photograph was always with him, or visit the studio to be confronted by loving images of her. "How awful," Picasso once told me, "for a woman to realize from my work that she is being supplanted." Not that there was much question of that happening to Olga. The status quo suited the artist. Marie-Thérèse would have been miscast as Madame Picasso. Olga may have sensed that her rival had no marital ambitions, and to that extent she accepted her existence. Acceptance did not preclude resentment, but it would have been easier for Olga to bear than the promiscuity of the past.

Taking Revenge

A loved one's tears evoked a predatory tenderness in Picasso, but the tears of Olga evoked only guilt and rage—rage that could be assuaged in paint. *Bust of a Woman with Self-Portrait* (1929) depicts Olga as a scrawny succubus, with eyes sewn onto her cheeks like buttons and a dagger-sharp tongue protruding from her gaping mouth. Perversely, Picasso has given his wife, who had begun to dye her hair, a chignon dyed the color of Marie-Thérèse's. More hurtful, he has set this travesty of Olga off against a fine, cool profile of himself incised into a puddle of paint redder than blood.

In another, bifurcated head of Olga—goggle-eyed and manic on the left, depressed and tranquilized on the right—Picasso diagnoses her perturbed state, the better, perhaps, to exorcise it. Another, similar head, entitled *The Kiss,* is a hybrid: a demonic dark-haired profile

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of Olga on the left with a serene blond-haired Marie-Thérèse on the right. They sprout from the same neck. The ferocity in these images suggests that, for all his passion for women, Picasso may have suffered from the atavistic misogyny that supposedly lurks in the psyche of every full-blooded Andalusian male.

It is above all in the two masterpieces of this spring, *Large Nude in a Red Armchair* (May 5) and *Large Bather* (May 26), that Picasso pits his demons against Olga's demons. The shadows of two very different artists fall across *Large Nude:* Matisse and Goya. The positioning of Olga's right arm flopping bonelessly over the arm of the chair like a damaged leg is a cruel replay of the pose of Matisse's *Odalisque with a Tambourine.* The darkness of Goya—a shadow Picasso seldom provoked—falls no less strongly across this stridently colored work. *Large Nude* bears a disturbing resemblance to that artist's misogynistic masterpiece, *Time,* or *The Old Ones:* a bedizened hag gazing into a mirror, its back emblazoned with the words *Qué tal?* (What's up?), which a no less hideous attendant holds up to her. The similarities—malevolent distortions, ominously flabby flesh—are self-evident. Primed with Goya's merciless Spanish irony, Picasso gets back at his wife of little more than 10 years by picturing her as old and decrepit.

In 1930, Picasso purchased a smallish, handsome, hidden-away château called Boisgeloup. An hour's drive northwest of Paris, it was the perfect place to work in peace, and the old stables provided him with a badly needed sculpture studio. During the week, Marie-Thérèse would materialize and fulfill her duties as mistress, model, and muse. Weekends, Olga would appear with Paulo and play the role of châtelaine. If Olga arrived unexpectedly, Marie-Thérèse would scoot off on her bicycle to an inn at Gisors. Snapshots reveal that when Olga was around Picasso dressed up as an affable country gentleman in a smart three-piece suit, complete with watch chain and spats. Paulo would put on the costume of a torero, jockey, harlequin, *maréchal de France,* or 18th-century page. Home movies show the châtelaine emerging from the house, a wistful smile on her face as she pulls the petals off a daisy—he loves me; he loves me not—a heartbreaking image difficult to reconcile with *Large Nude in a Red Armchair.* For poor Olga, life had become a charade.

Supposedly, the scales did not fall from Olga's eyes until Picasso's first major retrospective, at the Galeries Georges Petit in 1932. Painting after painting would have left her in no doubt as to the appearance [illegible] the identity, of her rival. However, Bernard Picasso, Picasso's only legitimate grandson, questions this assumption. He believes that his grandmother knew about Marie-Thérèse. Olga was jealous and suspicious by nature, but she was no fool, and she is likely to have made inquiries of the concierge or people in the village. Had Picasso perhaps told her? How else to explain the rows? Boisgeloup has come to be associated with Marie-Thérèse's imagery, but it was never her turf; it was Olga's. Insofar as Picasso and Marie-Thérèse had a place of their own, it was the hideaway on the Left Bank, and later an apartment a few houses down from his on the Rue la Boétie. It was not Boisgeloup. Ironically, after no more than five years the artist would lose possession of the château to Olga, as a condition of their separation. Their grandson, Bernard, has inherited the place and transformed it into an exceedingly attractive and comfortable house.

Like many another married man passionately in love with a mistress, Picasso repeatedly promised to marry Marie-Thérèse. These promises were not kept. As he told his later mistress Dora Maar and his second wife, Jacqueline Roque, he would never remarry until Olga was dead. Spaniards are averse to divorce, and although Picasso contemplated it, he changed his mind when he discovered that Olga would be entitled to half his property, including his paints and brushes and sketchbooks as well as his vast holdings of his own work. In the end, he settled for a separation.

Over Christmas of 1931, Picasso painted one of his most harrowing images of Olga; it is based on Jacques-Louis David's great painting of the murder of the ideologue Jean-Paul Marat at the hands of the royalist Charlotte Corday at the height of the French Revolution. Picasso's version, *Woman with a Stiletto,* is deceptively sketchy. Besides being stabbed in the heart, the little figure of Marat (a surrogate for Picasso) is about to be snapped up in the toothy maw of Corday (a surrogate for Olga). Once again, Picasso takes preposterous liberties with scale. The disproportionately large leg and foot belong to the otherwise minuscule Marat.

Picasso envisions oozing gobs of vermilion gore, which end up as the red in a tricolor flag. This grotesquely farcical image implies that for Picasso demonic mockery was the most effective way to exorcise Olga's murderous threats. Better that he purge himself of his wrath on canvas than on her. (When they were about to split up, in 1934, Picasso would do an even more fiendish drawing of the murder of Marat. This time round, a maniacal Olga is cutting Marie-Thérèse's throat with a huge knife.)

Picasso finished this horrendous *Woman with a Stiletto* on Christmas Day. While he was working on it, Olga was busy arranging a festive tea party for Paulo and his friends as well as the Picassos' inner circle in an effort, perhaps, to demonstrate what a united family they were. The party was to take place on December 30. Olga's memo has survived. Presents included 16 dolls, 17 toy cars, 8 ducks, 10 fountain pens, 14 necklaces, and candy. Her guest list was equally meticulous: 4 boys, 4 girls, and 18 adults, among them Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas. The catharsis of *Woman with a Stiletto* left Picasso all the readier to adulate Marie-Thérèse. Three days later, he did a languorous, loving painting of her asleep, lilac-skinned, her head cradled in flipper-like arms. The next day he painted Marie-Thérèse again, in the famous *Dream,* which in 2006 the Las Vegas casino owner Steve Wynn would put his elbow through as he was about to sell it for $139 million.

Amazingly, Olga continued living with Picasso. It was not until Marie-Thérèse became pregnant in the winter of 1934–35 that there was talk of divorce. On discovering that their marriage stipulated "*communauté des biens,*" Olga had her lawyer send an officer of the courts to make an inventory of her husband's property. Picasso would never forgive her. She moved out of the apartment and took Paulo to live with her at the nearby Hôtel California. Eugenia Errázuriz, Picasso's elderly mother figure, moved in with him to keep him company at what he later described as "the lowest moment in my life." In his despair, Picasso gave up painting for poetry: successive images of apocalyptic mayhem, obscene sexual fantasy, and the blackest comedy. It took the outbreak of civil war in Spain in 1936 to summon him back into the studio.

Olga went to pieces. For the next 20 years she would live partly at Boisgeloup, partly in Paris hotels, and partly in the Riviera resorts frequented by Picasso so that she could persecute him and his subsequent mistresses. I happened to visit Picasso when she was dying at a clinic in Cannes. Madame Ramié (the wife of Picasso's potter) used to see Olga most days in order to keep Picasso posted. All Olga had kept was a steamer trunk chockablock with old costumes, empty perfume bottles, letters, and hundreds of photographs. She spent her last days frantically going through them, begging Madame Ramié to persuade her husband to come and see her. Picasso adamantly refused. When she died, she was buried by mistake in an English, rather than a Russian, cemetery.

As for Marie-Thérèse, Picasso continued to see her and her daughter, Maya, regularly until the mid-1950s. She, too, moved to the Riviera, but Picasso's second wife, Jacqueline Roque, put an end to their meetings. Picasso's death, in 1973, was a terrible blow to Marie-Thérèse. She could not live without him and commemorated the 50th anniversary of their meeting by committing suicide. □

Bush Consequences



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 315 instead of China: our deficit would remain unchanged. The president claimed to believe in free trade but instituted measures aimed at protecting the American steel industry. The United States pushed hard for a series of bilateral trade agreements and bullied smaller countries into accepting all sorts of bitter conditions, such as extending patent protection on drugs that were desperately needed to fight AIDS. We pressed for open markets around the world but prevented China from buying Unocal, a small American oil company, most of whose assets lie outside the United States.

Not surprisingly, protests over U.S. trade practices erupted in places such as Thailand and Morocco. But America has refused to compromise—refused, for instance, to take any decisive action to do away with our huge agricultural subsidies, which distort international markets and hurt poor farmers in developing countries. This intransigence led to the collapse of talks designed to open up international markets. As in so many other areas, President Bush worked to undermine multilateralism—the notion that countries around the world need to cooperate—and to replace it with an America-dominated system. In the end, he failed to impose American dominance—but did succeed in weakening cooperation.

The administration's basic contempt for global institutions was underscored in 2005 when it named Paul Wolfowitz, the former deputy secretary of defense and a chief architect of the Iraq war, as president of the World Bank. Widely distrusted from the outset, and soon caught up in personal controversy, Wolfowitz became an international embarrassment and was forced to resign his position after less than two years on the job.

Globalization means that America's economy and the rest of the world have become increasingly interwoven. Consider those bad American mortgages. As families default, the owners of the mortgages find themselves holding worthless pieces of paper. The originators of these problem mortgages had already sold them to others, who packaged them, in a non-transparent way, with other assets, and passed them on once again to unidentified others. When the problems became apparent, global financial markets faced real tremors: it was discovered that billions in bad mortgages were hidden in portfolios in Europe, China, and Australia, and even in star American investment banks such as Goldman Sachs and Bear Stearns. Indonesia and other developing countries—innocent bystanders, really—suffered as global risk premiums soared, and investors pulled money out of these emerging markets, looking for safer havens. It will take years to sort out this mess.

Meanwhile, we have become dependent on other nations for the financing of our own debt. Today, China alone holds more than $1 trillion in public and private American I.O.U.'s. Cumulative borrowing from abroad during the six years of the Bush administration amounts to some $5 trillion. Most likely these creditors will not call in their loans—if they ever did, there would be a global financial crisis. But there is something bizarre and troubling about the richest country in the world not being able to live even remotely within its means. Just as Guantánamo and Abu Ghraib have eroded America's moral authority, so the Bush administration's fiscal housekeeping has eroded our economic authority.

The Way Forward

Whoever moves into the White House in January 2009 will face an unenviable set of economic circumstances. Extricating the country from Iraq will be the bloodier task, but putting America's economic house in order will be wrenching and take years.

The most immediate challenge will be simply to get the economy's metabolism back into the normal range. That will mean moving from a savings rate of zero (or less) to a more typical savings rate of, say, 4 percent. While such an increase would be good for the long-term health of America's economy, the short-term consequences would be painful. Money saved is money not spent. If people don't spend money, the economic engine stalls. If households curtail their spending quickly—as they may be forced to do as a

SKETCHBOOK BY BRUCE McCALL

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED COMMANDING GENERAL, MULTI-NATIONAL FORCE–IRAQ, IS WEARING



Camp David Golf Tournament high-handicap runner-up, 2006.

Founding member, Greater Inner Baghdad Litter-Cleanup Campaign, 2006–7.

Presidential Medal of Optimism, 2005.

General Westmoreland Award for Best Op-ed Article by a Serving Military Officer, 2004.

Capitol Hill Cocktail-Reception Iron Man Campaign, summer 2007.

U.S. Hummer Dealer Council Golden Circle member, 2007.

Basra Victory Campaign, 2003.

Top fund-raiser, Baghdad Green Zone Neighborhood-Watch Volunteer Campaign, 2007.

Basra Pacification Campaign, 2005.

Sell-the-Surge Campaign, 2007.

2007 Camouflage Garment Fashion Institute "Camo" for Crispest-Looking Senior Officer in a Laundry-Challenged Environment.

Basra Evacuation Campaign, 2007.

Honors graduate, U.S. Army War College Chart, Graph, & PowerPoint Presentation Skills Course, 2003.

Inductee, Air Force One 100,000-Mile Club, 2007.

Presidential Medal of Loyalty, 2006.

I ♥ RUMMY Bumper-Sticker Campaign, 2001.

Congressional Overseas War Zone Junketeers' "General Hospitality" Award, 2007.

Presidential Medal of Agreeability, 2007.

Bush Consequences

result of the meltdown in the mortgage market—this could mean a recession: if done in a more measured way, it would still mean a protracted slowdown. The problems of foreclosure and bankruptcy posed by excessive household debt are likely to get worse before they get better. And the federal government is in a bind: any quick restoration of fiscal sanity will only aggravate both problems.

And in any case there's more to be done. What is required is in some ways simple to describe: it amounts to ceasing our current behavior and doing exactly the opposite. It means not spending money that we don't have, increasing taxes on the rich, reducing corporate welfare, strengthening the safety net for the less well off, and making greater investment in education, technology, and infrastructure.

When it comes to taxes, we should be trying to shift the burden away from things we view as good, such as labor and savings, to things we view as bad, such as pollution. With respect to the safety net, we need to remember that the more the government does to help workers improve their skills and get affordable health care the more we free up American businesses to compete in the global economy. Finally, we'll be a lot better off if we work with other countries to create fair and efficient global trade and financial systems. We'll have a better chance of getting others to open up their markets if we ourselves act less hypocritically—that is, if we open our own markets to their goods and stop subsidizing American agriculture.

Some portion of the damage done by the Bush administration could be rectified quickly. A large portion will take decades to fix—and that's assuming the political will to do so exists both in the White House and in Congress. Think of the interest we are paying, year after year, on the almost $4 trillion of increased debt burden—even at 5 percent, that's an annual payment of $200 billion, two Iraq wars a year forever. Think of the taxes that future governments will have to levy to repay even a fraction of the debt we have accumulated. And think of the widening divide between rich and poor in America, a phenomenon that goes beyond economics and speaks to the very future of the American Dream.

In short, there's a momentum here that will require a generation to reverse. Decades hence we should take stock, and revisit the conventional wisdom. Will Herbert Hoover still deserve his dubious mantle? I'm guessing that George W. Bush will have earned one more grim superlative. □

Anya Schiffrin and Izzet Yildiz assisted with research for this article.

CREDITS

FASHION

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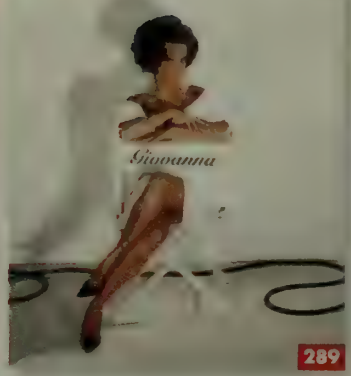
BEAUTY

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PAGE 160: **BECKER** [illegible] **SHAYA** Golden Amber exclusively from Bergdorf Goodman; **DIOR** La Collection Particulière from Dior boutiques; **FRESH** Sweet 16 Luxury Box exclusively from Barneys New York; **GIVENCHY** Prisme Solitaire and Lash Sparkles from selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores and Sephora stores nationwide, or go to saks.com, or sephora.com; **JO MALONE** Candle Trios from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., selected Neiman Marcus stores, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to jomalone.com; **KIEHL'S** Crème de Corps Collection from Kiehl's stores worldwide and selected specialty retailers, or go to kiehls.com, or call 800-KIEHLS-1; **LAURA MERCIER** Mini Brush Set, Lip Colour Set, and Lip Plumper Set from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or go to lauramercier.com; **L'OCCITANE** Honey and Lemon Foaming Jelly and Delicious Bath from L'Occitane boutiques nationwide, or go to usa.loccitane.com, or call 888-623-2880; **MICHAEL KORS** Island Capri from Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus, Nordstrom, and Sephora stores nationwide; for **YVES SAINT LAURENT** go to yslbeautyus.com; Yves Saint Laurent Rouge Pur Lipstick No. 19 from Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus, Nordstrom, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. PAGES 172, 174, AND 175: Scott McMahan for artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGE 184: Grooming by Danielle Decker for artmixbeauty.com. PAGE 188: **THE ROCKETTES'** hair styled with **REDKEN** Headset 25 Extra Strength Finishing Spray; Patrick Melville for Redken/Patrick Melville Salon. On their eyes, **REVLON** 3D Extreme Mascara in Blackest Black; on their lips, Super Lustrous Lipstick in Fire & Ice; Susan Giordano for Kramer & Kramer. PAGE 248: Jamal Hammadi for Hamadi Beauty/magnetla.com. PAGE 252: Jamie Taylor for the Wall Group. PAGE 260: **PADMA LAKSHMI'S** hair styled with **BUMBLE AND BUMBLE** Thickening Spray, Classic Hairspray, and Surf Spray; Ben Skervin for Bumble and Bumble/magnetny.com. On her face, **SHU UEMURA** Pro Spot Concealer in Medium Light, Water Perfect Smoothing Water-In Fluid Foundation in Light Peach Beige, and Face Powder Matte in 5YR Light; on her eyes, Dignified Grace Pressed Eyeshadow Palette, Liquid Eyeliner in Black, and Fiber Xtension Lengthening Mascara in Xtra Black; on her cheeks, Glow on Blush in P Wine 29; on her lips, Rouge Unlimited Beige Collection Lipstick in Matte Nude-Lavender; Rose-Marie Swift for RMS Beauty/Streeters. PAGE 289: **GIOVANNA MEZZOGIORNO'S** hair styled with **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** Bouffant Lifting & Texturizing Spray Gel, and Fini Sheer Hold Hairspray; Michel Aleman for Frédéric Fekkai. On her face, **CHANEL** Professional Finish Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Natural Beige, and Natural Finish Loose Powder in Translucent 2; on her eyes, Quadra Eye Shadow in Influences, Automatic Liquid Eyeliner in Noir, and Lash Building Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Powder Blush in Tempting Beige; on her lips, Luminous Satin Lip Colour in Boudoir; Keiko Takagi for Chanel/See Management. On her nails, **SALLY HANSEN** Salon Nail Lacquer in Can't Bare to Know; Jin Soon Choi for Jin Soon Natural Hand and Foot Spa. PAGE 296: **LARRY THE CABLE GUY'S** grooming by Jill Oshry. PAGES 299–301: **JULIA ROBERTS'S** hair styled with **JOHN FRIEDA** Tousled Tresses Fine Mist Wax Texturizing Spray, and Crystal Clear Shape & Shimmer Hairspray; Serge Normant for Serge Normant/John Frieda Salon. On her face, **CHANEL** Professional Finish Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Cool Beige, and Natural Finish Loose Powder in Translucent 1; on her eyes, Quadra Eye Shadow in Dreams, Intense Eye Pencil in Black Jade, and Mascara Multi Dimensionnel in Noir; on her cheeks, Silky Bronzing Powder Sierra; on her lips, Sheer Colour Lipshine S.P.F. 15 in Deauville; Genevieve for sallyharlor.com. On her nails, **L'ORÉAL** Pro Manicure Nail Polish in Sweet Nothings; Lisa Jachno for L'Oréal/cloutieragency.com. PAGE 331: **JOE WRIGHT'S** and **JAMES McAVOY'S** faces moisturized with **DERMALOGICA** Power Rich Moisturizer; Yvette Edmond for Dermalogica, carolhayesmanagement.co.uk. McAvoy's hair styled with **BUMBLE AND BUMBLE** Sumotech. **KEIRA KNIGHTLEY'S** hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Holding Spray; Ben Skervin for Bumble and Bumble/magnetny.com. On her face, **CHANEL** Professional Finish Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Shell, and Natural Finish Loose Powder in Translucent 1; on her eyes, Quadra Eye Shadow in Dreams, Intense Eye Pencil in Noir, and Lash Building Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Powder Blush in Tempting Beige; on her lips, Luminous Satin Lip Colour in Passion; Kate Lee for Chanel/magnetla.com. PAGES 338–39: Max Pinnell for Bumble and Bumble; Birgitte Philippides for Kiehl's/Vernon Jolly Inc. PAGES 350–51: **ASHLEY CAMERINI, CAITLIN FRASER'S, LILY FRASER'S, QUINN JACKSON'S, PAIGE KRINGSTEIN'S, ELIZABETH LAGNO'S, STEPHANIE LINKA'S, OLIVIA SANDELMAN'S, KATIE SCHECTER'S,** and **ANAÏS WATANABE-FIFER'S** hair styled with **TED GIBSON** Build It Blow Drying Agent, Fix It Styling Gel, and Tame It Shine Lotion; Ted Gibson for Jed Root/tedgibsonbeauty.com. On Camerini's, C. Fraser's, L. Fraser's, Jackson's, Kringstein's, Lagno's, Linka's, and Sandelman's faces, **CHANEL** Satin Smoothing Creme Concealer in Candlelight, Professional Finish Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Beige, and Natural Finish Loose Powder Translucent 1; on Schecter's face, Satin Smoothing Creme Concealer in Ivory Rose, Professional Finish Makeup S.P.F. 1[illegible]



ON THE COVER

At 40, with three perfect kids, a loving husband, and a $25 million paycheck, Julia Roberts has every reason to beam. Hair products by John Frieda. Makeup products by Chanel. Nail enamel by L'Oréal. Hair by Serge Normant. Makeup by Genevieve. Manicure by Lisa Jachno. Styled by Elizabeth Stewart. Photographed exclusively for Vanity Fair by Michael Thompson in Los Angeles.



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n Cool Beige, and Natural Finish Loose Powder in Translucent . on Watanabe-Fifer's face, Satin Smoothing Creme Concealer n Medium Beige, Professional Finish Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Sand, nd Natural Finish Loose Powder in Translucent 2; on their yes, Mascara Multi-Dimensionnel in Noir-Black; on their lips, Glossimer in Glaze; Romy Soleimani for Tim Howard Management. Roseann Singleton for Art Department. **PAGES 359–61: MICHELLE PHILLIPS'S** hair styled with **NEXXUS** Comb Thru Natural Hold Design and Finishing Mist, and Mousse Plus Alcohol Free Volumizing Foam Styler; Kevin Mancuso for Nexxus/Rita Hazan Salon. On her face, **NARS** Concealer in Custard, Oil-Free Foundation in Mont Blanc, and Loose Powder in Eden; on her eyes, **CHANEL** Quadra Eye Shadow in Demure, Automatic Liquid Eyeliner in Noir, and Lash Building Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Powder Blush in Horizon; on her lips, Nars Sheer Lipstick in Belle du Jour; Lisa Storey for the Wall Group. **PAGES 360–61:** April Foreman for the Wall Group.

WHERE TO FIND BEAUTY PRODUCTS

BUMBLE AND BUMBLE, Bumble and Bumble salons nationwide, or go to bumbleandbumble.com. **CHANEL,** go to chanel.com or sephora.com. **DERMALOGICA,** go to dermalogica.com. **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI,** Frédéric Fekkai Salons, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to sephora.com. **JOHN FRIEDA,** drugstores nationwide, or go to drugstore.com. **L'ORÉAL,** drugstores nationwide, or go to loreal.com. **NARS,** Barneys New York and other major department stores nationwide. **NEXXUS,** drugstores nationwide, or go to nexxus.com. **REDKEN,** Redken Gallerie, N.Y.C., or go to redken.com. **REVLON,** drugstores nationwide. **SALLY HANSEN,** go to sallyhansen.com. **SHU UEMURA,** Shu Uemura, N.Y.C. and San Francisco, or go to sephora.com. **TED GIBSON,** Sephora stores nationwide, or go to sephora.com.

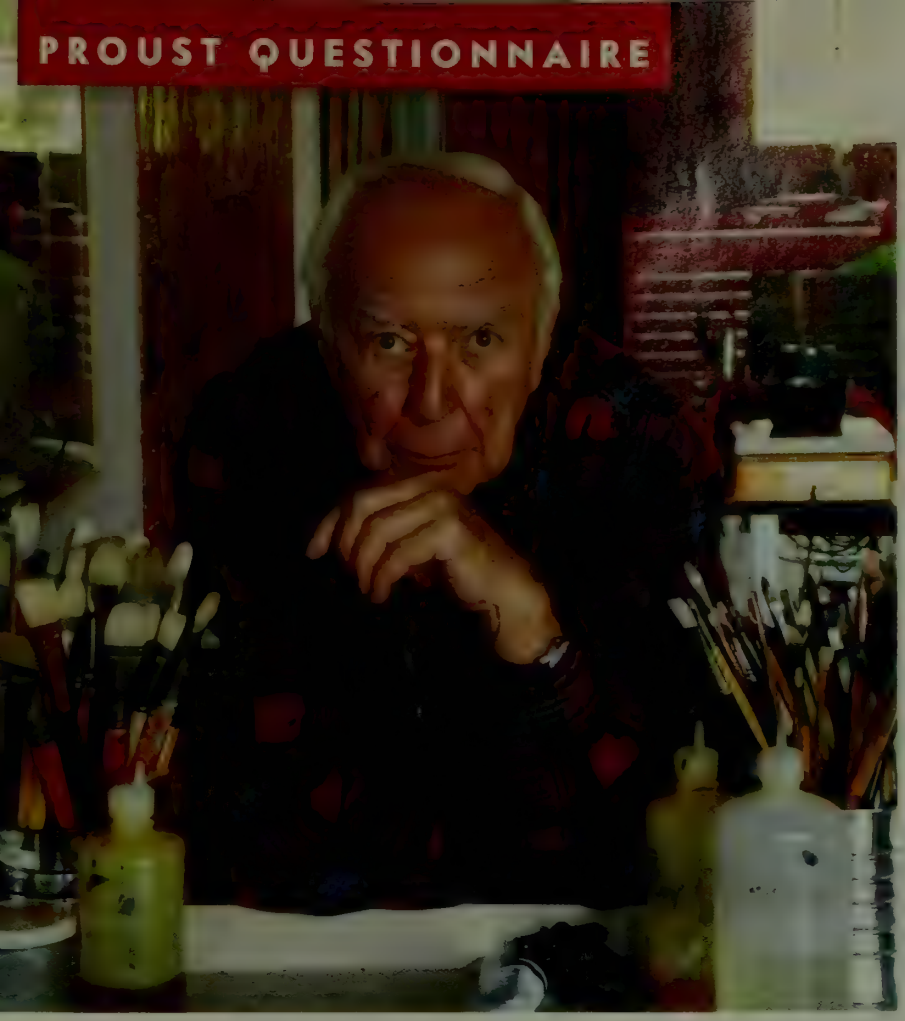
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Images (Jobs), Paul Sakuma/A.P. Images (Page), Justin Sullivan/Getty Images (Brin). **PAGE 182:** by Paul Sakuma/A.P. Images. **PAGE 188:** Production by Ruth Levy. **PAGE 190:** From left: by Kevin Winter/Getty Images, Charles Harris/Admedia/Sipa Press, Kevin Winter/Getty Images, Victoria Will/Polaris, Byron Purvis/Admedia/Sipa Press, Steve Granitz/wireimage.com/Getty Images, Lucas Jackson/Reuters/Landov; background from Allstar/Globe Photos. **PAGE 192:** From Admedia/Sipa Press. **PAGE 197:** From WireImage. **PAGE 200:** From Reuters/Corbis. **PAGE 227:** Top, from AFP/Getty Images; bottom, courtesy of Palazzo Grassi. **PAGE 230:** Top, © 2007 Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts/Artists Rights Society (ARS), N.Y./DACS, London; bottom, from AFP/Getty Images. **PAGE 231:** Top, from AFP/Getty Images; bottom, © 1998 by Kate Rothko Prizel and Christopher Rothko ARS, N.Y., and DACS, London 2007. **PAGE 232:** Large photograph by Kevin R. Morris/Corbis, inset by James Leynse/Corbis. **PAGE 234:** Both courtesy of Christie's, New York. **PAGES 238, 240, AND 246:** Insets courtesy of the Kentucky Department of Corrections. **PAGE 252:** Set design by Peter Gargagliano for Peter G Design, Inc. **PAGE 254:** Courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics. **PAGE 256:** By Cos Aelenei/Courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics. **PAGE 258:** Courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics. **PAGE 260:** Ed Gabriels for Halley Resources. **PAGE 267:** By Arnaldo Magnani/Getty Images. **PAGE 270:** Clockwise from left, courtesy of the John F. Kennedy Library, from Bettmann/Corbis, courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library. **PAGE 272:** All courtesy of the John F. Kennedy Library. **PAGE 274:** Top and center, courtesy of the John F. Kennedy Library; bottom, from Time Life Pictures/Getty Images. **PAGE 275:** Top, from Polaris; bottom, from Pool/CNP/Corbis. **PAGE 278:** From Bettmann/Corbis (4), from *The Washington Post*/pictopia.com (2). **PAGE 281:** Top, courtesy of the Richard Nixon Library; center and bottom, from Corbis. **PAGE 282:** From Getty Images. **PAGE 286:** Top, from the White House/Time Life Pictures/Getty Images; bottom, courtesy of the William J. Clinton Presidential Library. **PAGE 289:** Kevin Hertzog for Ford Artists, N.Y.C. **PAGE 290:** Left: clockwise from top left, by Dave Hogan/Getty Images, Justin Sullivan/Getty Images, Kevin Lamarque/Reuters/Corbis, John Russell/A.P. Images, Tannen Maury/Landov, Ted Spiegel/Corbis, no credit, no credit, from Corbis, from the Hulton-Deutsch Collection/Corbis, from Corbis. Right: by Evan Agostini/Getty Images (Asner), Bruce Benedict/Transtock Inc./Alamy (Hummer), from Bettmann/Corbis (pies), from blickwinkel/Alamy (taxidermy), from EFE/Zuma Press (Fidel), by Sean Gallup/Getty Images (Soderbergh), Steve Granitz/wireimage.com/Getty Images (Hayden), D. Hurst/Alamy (water), Rainer Jensen/Dpa/Corbis (Sarkozy), Sam Jones/© by 20th Century Fox Film Corp./Everett Collection (sitcom), Jeffrey Mayer/wireimage.com/Getty Images (Griffin), Kevin Mazur/wireimage.com/Getty Images (Bono), Frank Micelotta/Getty Images for LOGO (Hillary), from Michael Ochs Archives/Corbis (Elvis), by Jason Moore/Zuma Press (Obama), Clinton H. Wallace/Globe Photos (Jansen), Oscar White/Corbis (Truman), Ron Wolfson/wireimage.com/Getty Images (Wozniak). **PAGE 292:** From A.P. Images (Roth), from the Everett Collection (David, Keaton, Silvers), from Globe Photos (the Rock), from wireimage.com (Schneider). **PAGE 296:** Top, by Corey Miller; bottom, set design by Megan Caponetto. **PAGES 299–301:** Tom Bell for Jed Root, Inc. **PAGES 304–11:** Photographed at the NY Waterway Pavilion on the Hudson River in Manhattan. **PAGE 331:** Produced on location by Ragi Dholakia Productions. **PAGE 340:** Courtesy of the Cecil Beaton Studio Archive, Sotheby's. **PAGE 341:** Private collection/Photograph courtesy of Sotheby's/© Artists Rights Society, N.Y. **PAGE 342:** From Rue des Archives/The Granger Collection, New York. **PAGE 343:** From Réunion des Musées Nationaux/Art Resource, N.Y./© ARS, N.Y. **PAGES 344–45:** From Archives Olga Ruiz-Picasso, courtesy of Fundación Almine y Bernard Ruiz-Picasso para el Arte; photographer unknown; all rights reserved (6, 12). By Jean Cocteau, © RMN/Art Resource, N.Y./© ARS, N.Y. (3). 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(5, 7, 8). **PAGES 348–49:** Left, © Estate Brassaï-RMN/Art Resource, N.Y.; right, from Fondation Beyeler, Riehen/Basel/Photograph of painting by Robert Bayer/ARS, N.Y. **PAGES 350–51:** Maria Santana for raybrownpro.com. **PAGES 352–53:** From Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images. **PAGE 354:** From Ipol/Globe Photos. **PAGE 355:** Top, from Fotos International/Getty Images. **PAGES 356–57:** From Corbis (3, 6), from the Collection of Tamar Hodel (9), from Globe Photos (1, 4, 10), from Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images (11). **PAGES 359–61:** Produced on location by Ricardo Martins for North Six. Thomas Thurnauer for supercube.net. **PAGE 362:** From FilmMagic/Getty Images (Trump), from UPI/Landov (Clinton). **PAGE 372:** From Getty Images (Ovitz, Roberts).

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JASPER JOHNS

Having grown up in Allendale, South Carolina, a setting in which "there were no artists and there was no art," Jasper Johns came to New York in 1949 and changed the course of American painting with his imagery and iconography. Here, the artist reflects on remembrance, silver-skinned fish, and the afterlife

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
I am not strong on perfection

What is your greatest extravagance?
a frugality that seems to confuse people who work with me

What is your current state of mind?
something like very slow panic

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
desire for approval

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
the tendency toward self-description

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
virtue itself

What is your favorite occupation?
painting

What is your most marked characteristic?
never knowing whether to expand or contract

What do you most value in your friends?
tolerance, I suppose

When and where were you happiest?
Pearl Street in 1950s NYC, but memory distorts

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
what I imagine to be the general effect

Which living person do you most despise?
there is none

On what occasion do you lie?
when I think it is useful

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
no one, no thing

Which talent would you most like to have?
the ability to remember or forget at will

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
my inability to sing or dance

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
no one thing would do the trick

What is your most treasured possession?
my refrigerator

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
intolerable pain of any sort

Who are your favorite writers?
among them, Freud, Helen Keller, Edwin Arlington Robinson

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Jack (be nimble)

Who are your heroes in real life?
dead artists and, a few, alive

What are your favorite names?
William, Mary, Augusta

What is it that you most dislike?
seeing fish with silver skin marinating in cream

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
only my work suggests, perhaps wrongly, an effort in that direction

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
unlikely

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
must I decide *before* I die

Where would you like to live?
not in the past

How would you like to die?
effortlessly

What is your greatest regret?
an absence of clarity

What is your motto?
I have none

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN A. LUND

hen you have nothing to hide behind, you tend not to hide anything.



Naked Vodka

Made from pure glacial spring water, untouched, untainted, and unspoiled.

Keep your judgement pure. Drink responsibly.

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